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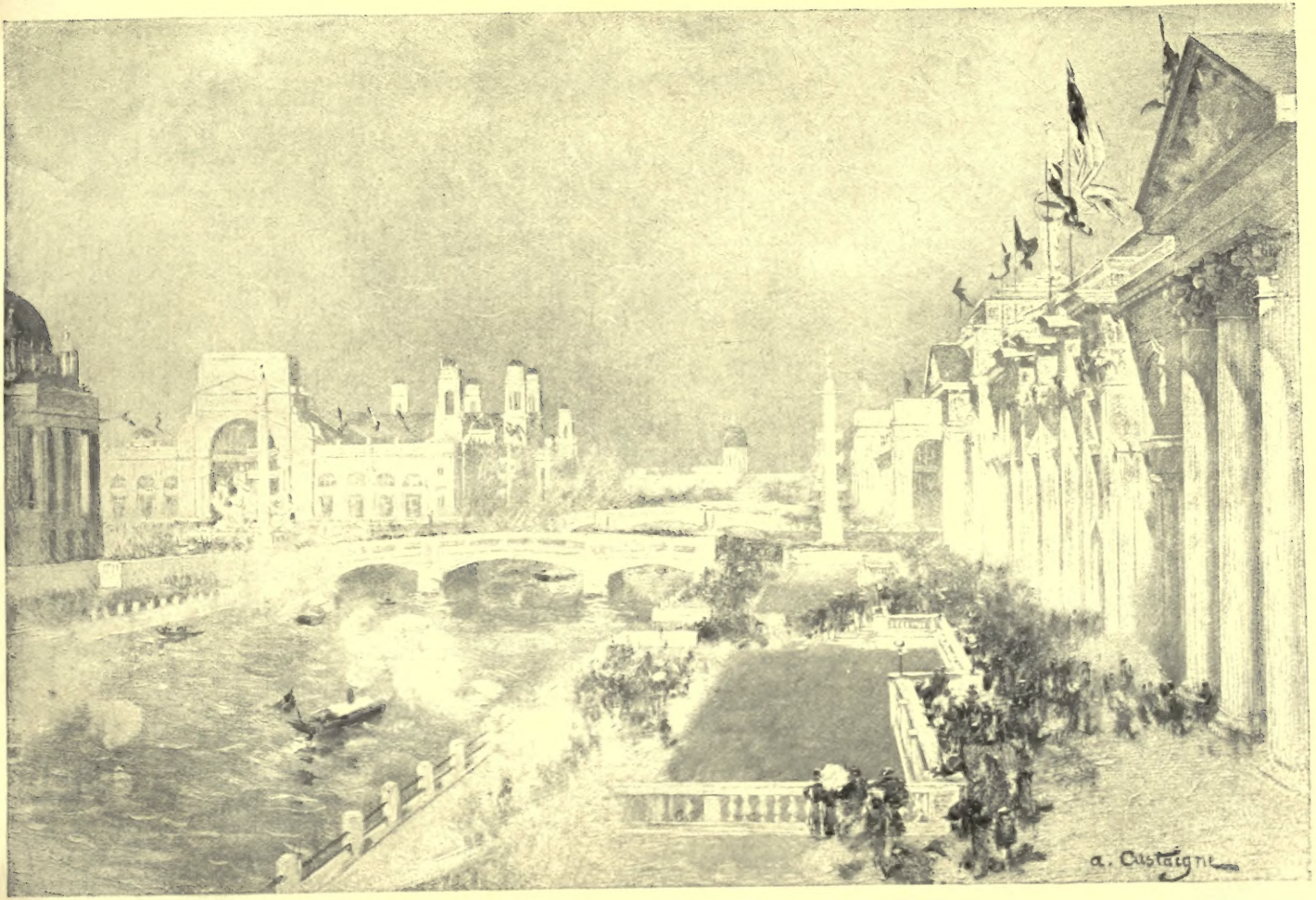

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THE WORLD'S FAIR—LOOKING NORTH FROM LION FOUNTAIN.

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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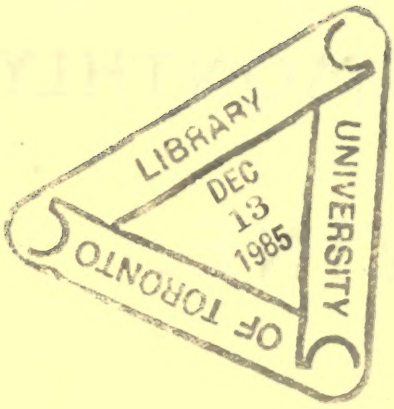

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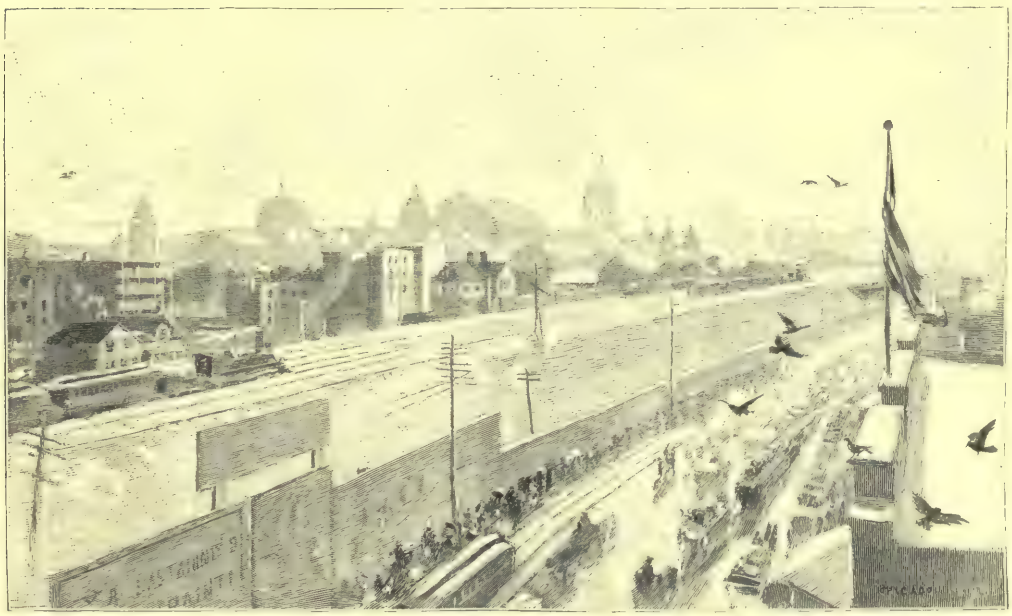
AT THE FAIR.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE WORLD'S OBJECTIVE IN THE SUMMER OF 1893.

TWO years ago Chicago was beginning to put up the buildings for her Fair. "Absurd!" cried America; "ten-acre, twenty-acre lots roofed in — how can they ever be filled?" Yet, of late, up and down the land has gone the cry of the disappointed exhibitor, shorn of his hoped-for quantum of space. The East has called out to the West, "You are keeping it all for yourself"; the West has replied to the East, "You want to crowd us out entirely"; and the fact is that there has been no space at all for many claimants, and not nearly enough to satisfy the more fortunate. The mass of offered exhibits has surpassed the utmost anticipations of the organizers of the Fair; and indeed they would have been a

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DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING — TOWARD EVENING.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

THE ART PALACE—EARLY MORNING.

great deal happier if it had been a great deal smaller.

And now has come the time for the crowd of spectators. Long ago we stopped asking, "Who will wish to go to a Fair at Chicago?" To-day the question is, "What may we best do, what may we best choose to look at, when we get there?" Of course no one can see the whole of a Fair like this, inside and out; and time, energy, and disappointment will be saved if a plan of campaign is prepared in advance, and the mind is trained to feel that it must be followed.

It is not easy to follow any plan in such sight-seeing if one has the usual American mind, as alive with mere curiosity as it is with a craving for instruction — pleased to look at anything, discontented only to think that other people are seeing things with which it cannot make acquaintance. But a plan, and the power to stick to it, will be your only safeguards from disaster if, beneath your shifting, purposeless wish simply to see, there lies a genuine desire to profit by sights of a certain sort. If you are going to enjoy your visit to the Fair in the way that will leave the best residuum, that will best satisfy you when the prickings of mere rivalry in sight-seeing have died out, when the excitement of crowds and vast architectural panoramas will have faded, when the temptation to sit in the shade on a plausibly marble bench under a deceptively marble colonnade, and watch the sun shine on fluttering flags and party-colored awnings and reaches of shining water, will seem, in the retrospect, to have been a devil's drug narcotizing your sense of duty — if you are a conscientious person with a real practical interest in any one department of the Fair, you must take at least part of your pleasure in the Fair very sternly.

I know whereof I speak, for I went to Paris in 1889 with an insistent need to acquaint myself with modern art. I stayed five weeks; I did not go every day to the Fair, but I went very often; I tried to do my duty, and I did devote myself especially to the art galleries: but while I hardly saw the contents of any of the other buildings, and did not even set foot within so vast and varied and interesting a one as the Palace of the Liberal Arts, I left Paris with a sense of shame and defeat. I did not really see the pictures and statues; I did not really learn about modern art.

Nor, at Chicago, will you learn about the things which are dear to you unless you are very wise and steady, patient and self-denying. Take a day first to satisfy your curiosity, to gratify your sense of wonderment and your love of beauty, to get your bearings and discover how much exertion you can support. Go all over the Fair grounds, and to the top of at least one of the big domes or towers. See the Fair, as a Fair, from its various centers, and from different parts of its circumference, especially from the lake. I think you can do this in one or two days, if you start early and end late, if you are strong, and if you have yourself conveyed by all available means of conveyance,— encircling railways, boats, and rolling-chairs,— and if you do not step inside a single building except for the ascent in search of your bird's-eye view. Then go home, stay in bed the following day, if you are wise, and the next day spread the wings and stiffen the spine of your conscience, and go in search of the things you have come to study — steam-boilers or roses, fishes or stuffed birds, needlework or statistics of idiot asylums, methods of slaughtering men or cattle, or of preserving human life or edible fruits. Stay at this task until you have finished it, or until it has exhausted your powers of application. Then release and relax yourself. Go to see something else — palms if you have been studying plows, pictures if you have been studying electric motors. The things you know least about, and care least about, will then seem delightful, for you will have purchased the right to idle, and only its purchasers know the whole of the charm of idling. There are few pleasures like looking at things in which one feels no concern after looking with profit at those which concern one deeply. There is no exultation like the cry of the spirit when, tired but self-approving, it says to itself, "It does n't matter an atom whether I understand this or not, whether I remember it always or forget it to-night." If you take your idling first and your working afterward, you will miss, I say, the fullness of the pleasure of desultory looking, and you will probably never get to your working at all in such an idler's paradise as our Fair will be.

Of course, after what your rustic fellow-countrymen would call a "good spell" of idling you will be ready to come back, refreshed, to your work again. Or, if you have completed it, you will go home with the satisfactory feeling that you have enjoyed both sides of the Fair, its instructive side and its mere pleasure-giving side.

One more word: While you are trying to work,— to learn, to appraise, to remember, to profit,— be by yourself, or be sure that your comrade is exactly of the same mind as yourself. The Fair will be a safe place, and there will be so many people in it that no one individual will be annoyingly observed. You need not fear to part from your wife for a time, or, on the other hand, to let your husband part from you. Each of you has special tastes, spe-

cial curiosities; and if you try, hand in hand, to examine ethnological antiquities and dolls dressed to represent the changes of fashion, or sporting goods and kindergarten methods, neither of you will see what you should as you should, and both will be dissatisfied. Every woman knows that two women shopping together do not "accomplish" half as much as

Most Americans, I think, will go to the Fair with some serious purpose before them—if not to study carefully any of the collections, then to make a careful general survey of the Fair itself, as illustrating the present condition of our nation from many points of view, and likewise its promises and prospects for the future. The desire for self-instruction is a very broad,

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A CONTRAST OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE — EARLY MORNING.

though they had shopped separately, while their tempers are doubly tried. The crowded galleries of the Fair will be like colossal shops with the counters for different wares sometimes a mile apart. If you want to accomplish anything there, you had better try by yourself. It is delightful to study interesting things just as one chooses; but although I have experienced both fates, I do not know which is more exasperating—to drag an unsympathetic soul about with you while examining anything, or to be an unsympathetic soul dragged about by some one else.

bright thread in the mixed fabric of the American temperament, and the organizers of the Fair have done well, even from the advertiser's standpoint, to lay particular stress upon its educational possibilities.

Nevertheless, not all Americans have minds which are eager for new knowledge. There must be many who do not intend to visit Chicago because of any profit they may gain. They are going because they hope to amuse themselves. They, too, will have their reward. They, too, have been prepared for in manifold ways. Perhaps they will spend less time within the

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH FROM THE DOME OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—JUST BEFORE SUNSET.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE GOLDEN DOORWAY AND PART OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING—ON A QUIET AFTERNOON.

true boundaries of the Fair than in the great annex called the Midway Plaisance, where a merely commercial ingenuity has been allowed fuller sway. Here, however, they will see many amusing, strange, or beautiful sights, some of longingly of one of its quieter chambers. It tires and distresses them even to imagine this vast *table d'hôte des nations*, where preparation has been made for the daily entertainment of some two hundred thousand guests.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

VIEW LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE TOP OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING — BY MOONLIGHT.

which have hitherto been visible only in far odd corners of the world, while others have never before been seen at all. Here, I say, the most frivolous may disport themselves well; and they will carry home some instruction, if only in the shape of a wider knowledge of possible kinds of entertainment.

But even these two classes do not include all Americans. Some — chiefly born at the East, I think — have voices which refuse to join in the general chorus of anticipation. Although never so well assured that the Fair will be a "great success," they declare that the last thing they want to do is to visit it. They profess themselves *flâneurs* by nature — or by diligent cultivation. They know all they need to know about the world's progress in all directions, or they think that further knowledge would be bought too dearly by a long journey, probable discomfort, much fatigue, and a constant mingling with crowds. When their daily tasks do not claim them, what they crave is repose, refreshment, freedom from mental no less than from physical effort. When they seek their summer pleasuring they want to take their ease in the world's great inn, and so they think

Perhaps they visited "the Centennial" in 1876, and found it crude and ugly, confused and confusing, tiresome as well as tiring. Perhaps they visited the Paris Exposition in 1889, and found it so gay and charming that, they think, no other exhibition can give them new emotions of pleasure. Or perhaps it is only on general principles that they say they dislike big exhibitions, hate sight-seeing, detest the name of a catalogue, and think any object deprived of its charm by being placed in a collection. But in any case they protest that the Fair's chief value in their eyes is the value of a huge magnet which will draw off the crowds from other places, leaving them more in peace for their peaceful pleasure-seeking.

Often such people take great pride in their apathy. They think that it is banal to want to do what every one else is doing; and they say to themselves that it is not lack of intelligence which keeps them away from Chicago, but an especially keen degree of intelligence; they say that they can amuse and instruct themselves, and therefore need not try to profit by the biggest object-lessons, the showiest illustrative panoramas, the most emphatic

lecturing to the eye, the most stupendous variety-show, that the times afford.

But such people, if they are true *flâneurs*, will make a great mistake in keeping away from Chicago. Of course there are dawdlers of an inferior sort, people who are simply stupid, and can enjoy nothing but doing and thinking nothing; and it makes no difference whether these go to Chicago or stay at home. But your true *flâneur* feels a genuine interest in one thing — his own capacity for the reception of such new ideas and emotions as may be received without exertion of any kind. He does not care for facts or objects as such, or for what they teach, but he does care for their momentary effect upon his eyes and nerves. He does not crave knowledge, but he delights in impressions. He likes to idle in the city because, if he keeps himself purely receptive, the city prints each instant a fresh picture on his brain; or to idle in the country because nature, or the contemplation of his own soul, more slowly does the same. He loathes the thought of Chicago, because it suggests hard work at sight-seeing, and his ideal is the easy work of holding himself passive yet perceptive.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

DOME OF THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING — BY NIGHT.

But he loathes this thought either because he does not know what the Fair will be, or, more probably, because he has some little shred of the true American intellectual conscience in his make-up. It is hard for an American to get wholly rid of the feeling that he ought to improve himself. If his intellectual conscience is not potent enough to turn him into a worker,

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE

FRENCH'S STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE PERISTYLE — AN HOUR AFTER SUNRISE.

it suffices to hamper his pleasure as an idler. He is perfectly happy only where every one else is idling too, and, therefore, much more often in Europe than at home.

But, if you belong to this guild, you had better stifle your mental conscientiousness altogether for a time, and go to the Fair. Certainly it will torment you if you take any last remnant of it with you; but if you go in perfect freedom, you will find such an idler's paradise as was never dreamed of in America before, and is not equaled anywhere in Europe to-day.

If, I say, you go wholly conscienceless, — not like a painstaking draftsman, but like a hu-

man kodak, caring only for as many pleasing impressions as possible, not for the analyzing of their worth,—you will be delighted in the first place by the sight of such crowds of busy human bees, and the comfortable thought that, thank heaven! you are not as they. And what a setting for these crowds! What a panorama of beauty to drink in and dream over, and to carry home, in general views and bits of detail, for the perpetual adornment of your mental picture-gallery!

You need not avail yourself of all the quick means of getting about. You can hire a little boat for yourself, if you choose, and drift slowly around all day in this new white Venice of the West; or, when the sun beats too hot through your awning, land on the island, be refreshed by green shrubberies, and fancy yourself lolling in true gardens of Japan. Or, not caring whither you go or when you get there, you can saunter about on foot, on sunny marble *quais* or canopied bridges, in sound of splashing fountains, along great shadowy arcades of columns, pausing at last under palm-trees beneath the tropic dome of Flora's temple, or in the veranda of some little rest-house on the esplanade where the brilliant stretches of Lake Michigan will give your imagination room and verge enough to convince you that you have passed out of the old workaday world altogether—that you are looking from this great palatial bit of fairy-land into a further realm of mystery and marvel. If the beautiful in nature especially appeals to you, Lake Michigan will indeed furnish you with fine emotions, exquisite sensations. There is no water like it in more eastern regions. It has twenty moods for one that the ocean shows; and compared with the famous lakes of Europe, it is like a string of many precious stones—beryls, opals, amethysts, aquamarines—compared with a single sapphire.

But if you like best to win from humanity your changing vague delights, you will have it before you in great plenty and variety, against astonishing piled-up backgrounds of commercial products, mechanical marvels, artistic elaborations, which you can placidly contemplate as backgrounds, not trying to appraise their monetary, scientific, or artistic worth. Or if you care particularly for esthetic impressions, these you will get in wonderful reaches of architectural magnificence, emphasized by the shifting lights and shadows of a variable but sometimes almost tropic climate, accented by gay passages of color, enlivened by the flutter of a myriad flags and awnings, and everywhere doubled in beauty by their reflection in the waters which, after all, are not the waters of Venice, since they are pure and blue; and these marvelous panoramas, again, you can accept at their high pictorial worth, not troubled, like the critic or the student, by the need to appraise, consider, and recollect.

Something of what you, a happy idler, may perpetually enjoy at the Fair our artist has tried to show, telling of its colossal effectiveness by night as well as by day, and giving glimpses from those quieter points of outlook which will stand in picturesque contrast to the showier, gayer panoramas. If, this artist tells us in his pictures, Turner would have found good material in certain places, Corot would have found as good elsewhere. Indeed there is no artist concerned with interminglings of natural and architectural beauty, or with human beings of modern types, who would not be enchanted by the opportunities of our Fair. One wishes only that during its short six-months' life it might be painted by as many hands as, in the last four centuries, have painted the Italian Venice; and one feels sure that no two painters who may attempt the task are likely to paint the American Venice in identical ways.

I have always wished for a chance to celebrate a certain friend of mine who, with great trouble, got himself a holiday and journeyed from the far West to see the Centennial Exhibition. He arrived on a very hot day; near the entrance of the grounds he found a Hungarian band playing delightfully in a delightful little restaurant; there he sat down for mental and physical refreshment; there he sat all day; and thither he returned each subsequent day during his hard-earned week of leisure, and sat till eventide. He saw no more of the exhibition than this, but he still declares that he got "more good" out of it than any one else, and looks back upon it with feelings of unmixed self-approval.

He, indeed, was a true *flâneur*. People of his kind will probably be tempted at Chicago to do a little more than he did at Philadelphia; there will be so many enchanting spots for placid contemplation that they will not remain for a week in one. But if they really are of his kind, they will not be tempted into overexertion, or disturbed by the conscientious activity of others; and the longer they stay, the oftener they pitch their mental camera on a new spot, the richer will be their feeling of pleasure and self-approval in after days of retrospection.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

DECORATIVE PAINTING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE WORKS OF GARI MELCHERS AND WALTER MACEWEN.

DRAWN BY GARI MELCHERS.

WALTER MACEWEN AT WORK.

WE were not without art before the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, but nobody will quarrel with the statement that our great art impulse dates from that exhibition. It is therefore only three or four years younger than the new Chicago. Why should not that city produce a great work of art? She has wealth, pride, and boundless ambition, and around these art will gather and artists rally, for we moderns have changed only the manner, not the spirit, of art patronage. We have no Cosimo de' Medici to pet and pamper the artist; no Philip IV. to confer honors and titles. Cosimo's work, however, is carried on in an unconsciously coöperative manner by our merchants, bankers, and others, through dealers and exhibitions; and rulers, such as the Bavarian Regent, sometimes assume — as in the case of Carl Marr and Gari Melchers — the rôle of the Spanish king.

This matter of art patronage, divested of all verbiage, simply means that the artist, no matter how exalted his inspiration, has physical

needs which must be satisfied; that the rich man has intellectual needs which must be gratified; and that the gratification of the latter provides for the physical needs of the former. If artists have but lately congregated in Chicago, it is not because in the West "the perfumed flower of imaginative genius" has not soil to grow in, but because Chicago has been in the habit of coming East to buy its pictures.

That the White City on the shore of Lake Michigan is a wonder, a marvel, an embodied dream, all admit; but our surprise ought not to be that Chicago, but that America, has produced it. The art initiative was Chicago's, and in the carrying out of this initiative it has proved itself an art center of the first magnitude; but while giving due praise to the directorate (and that is high praise indeed), we ought to remember that the result is not a local product. Chicago has only been Aladdin's lamp, the rubbing of which has summoned the genii Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Landscape-Gardening.

We should be grateful to Chicago for the fair-mindedness which could forget local pride and local interests, and in so large and open-handed a manner could call from New York, Kansas City, Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia architects, sculptors, painters; and reaching out further, could follow the trail of American artists across the Atlantic, and allure them from Rome and Paris, in order that all might participate in the first great public recognition of the allied arts they practise, might help in the sowing of the seed which, germinating, must bring forth a fruitful crop of beauty.

I see that already we are accused in certain foreign quarters of overestimating what America has done in Jackson Park. These accusations take the form of implying that the collection of buildings which compose the World's Fair is not perfect. Perhaps we do overestimate its beauty,—it goes without saying that there are eyesores there,—but I think we may be forgiven if we are not more stoical —forgiven if Jackson Park shapes itself in our minds as a union of Rome, Palmyra, Athens, Venice, Constantinople, and in reality is only a collection (save its crowning glory, the Art Building) of plaster shells. "Man cannot live by bread alone." He is blind indeed who sees nothing more in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" than imperfect drawing. Moreover, we can reply to our critics that the gage of merit is comparison, and where in the wide world to-day is its equal?

We frankly acknowledge its shortcomings; for while we do not cease to love and admire the beauty of its *ensemble*, we have no doubt that Mr. Atwood would sleep easier should the Illinois State Building burn down, and the designers of the Agricultural, Liberal Arts, and Machinery halls would feel more respect for the Federal authorities should the Government Building be engulfed by an earthquake. Speaking for myself, I feel that sculpture, excellent as much of it is, has been overdone to the exclusion of painting. When I stood under the domes of the towers of the Liberal Arts Building, and saw the paintings by Shirlaw, Blashfield, Reed, Beckwith, Simmons, Weir, Reinhart, and Cox, and stood before Maynard's work in the porticos of the Agricultural Building, and turned from these to the magnificent flat wall-spaces on the Transportation and other buildings, and imagined what might have been done thereon, I could not help wondering why I should be compelled to crane my neck in the search for paintings, and why bas-relief in some instances should have been preferred. But after this is said, I cannot help admitting that it savors of captious criticism: for the whole country should be thankful for what painting has been done (and I am told that more is to be done by Millet, Earle, Dora Wheeler, Mrs. MacMonnies, Miss Cassatt, and perhaps La Farge) — thankful to Chicago for having taken the initiative in showing to the people who are too busy to go abroad what a powerful adjunct to architectural effect painting may be; for proving what those who know our art best have for several years asserted, that our painters are particularly fitted for this branch of art activity; and for the hint, not to the builders of great public buildings only, but to those who seek beautiful and artistic homes.

Another cause for thankfulness lies in the rare skill and judgment displayed first by Mr. Prettyman, and later by Mr. Millet, in the selection of painters; for while there are many who perhaps could have done as good work, those selected have shown their competence in so extraordinary a degree, that although when it is viewed as decoration there must be differences of opinion about the work done, its merit is of such an even degree that it is difficult to accentuate the effort of any one man.

Because I saw them grow, I was most interested in the pictures for the tympana of the towers of the Liberal Arts Building, by Melchers and MacEwen. In discussing the World's Fair, we all like to avoid the subject of bigness. We knew it would be big, and that it would be none the more esthetic for that; but the bigness of these pictures, and the studios in which they were being painted, were not without their effect. It has seldom happened that an artist has had for atelier a whole art gallery in which to paint two pictures, even when the pictures were forty feet long, but such was the happy fate of these two gentlemen; and while seated beside the enormous stove into

PAINTED BY GARI MELCHERS.

THE ARTS OF WAR.

PAINTED BY GARI MELCHERS.

THE ARTS OF PEACE.

PAINTED BY WALTER MACEWEN.

MUSIC.

PAINTED BY WALTER MACEWEN.

LIFE.

DRAWN BY WALTER MACEWEN.

GARI MELCHERS AT WORK.

which coal was poured by the wheelbarrow load, shouting chat at the artists, who looked absurdly small — like Palmer Cox's Brownies — when compared with the colossi they were painting, I could not help drawing a comparison between their comfort and the discomfort of those who, painting on top of risky scaffolds, in an uneven, uncertain light,— and developing that particularly irritating ailment, crick in the neck,— had decorated the Liberal Arts domes, or of the Dodge brothers, in the dome of the Administration Building, making each morning their aërial flight up 287 feet of spindly ladders, and their earthward and bedward descent in the darkness after midnight. Surely MacEwen and Melchers, in their comfortable, atelier-like surroundings, were the fortunate ones of the art colony in Jackson Park. Little wonder that the inhospitable sign "Keep out" was posted on their doors: a warning, by the way, effective with the workmen and laborers, but of no avail with the industrious women of the fourth estate who had paid a license fee of two dollars per day for the privilege of using a camera, and were all too faithful to the papers they represented, but who, I am glad to say, received a kindly if a grudging welcome from the artists.

Five minutes in the ateliers was long enough to demonstrate that the artists were by counsel and advice mutually helpful, that they were good comrades, and that their comradeship was

based upon respect for the artist in each other and on the fact that each was strong enough to stand alone; for while the works of both are conceived from the same standpoint of decorative effect, there all resemblance ceases. MacEwen's temperament has led him to the gentle, the poetic, to the more feminine of the arts. In his two compositions womanhood and childhood take the leading places. Women and children form the central groups, and man, while not wholly absent, occupies a secondary and unimportant place, as though but for artistic reasons the painter would have dispensed with him altogether.

Melchers, on the contrary, has been impelled toward the grand, the heroic. In his strongest composition, "The Arts of War," man, and the most manlike of the brute creation, play every part. I was much impressed with this picture, with the fullness without crowding of the composition. How gallantly, how like a god, the old warrior carries himself, and how intelligently the lines of the attendant figures support him! In the second composition the artist is not so happy, because here the heroic and grand have little place. In it, however, man still predominates. I should say that the chief quality of Melchers's compositions is their masculinity without brutality, seen in the fullest extent in the "Arts of War"; of MacEwen's, their femininity without feebleness, as seen in the sweet, subtle charm of his "Life." I cannot justly compare their color, having never seen the completed pictures; but judging from the finished studies, little changed in the large painting, it will show these same opposing qualities.

The true artistic temperament of these men was well exemplified on two occasions when I was with them. Melchers had just begun "The Arts of War," and had painted in the head of the central figure. He descended from the scaffolding, walked across the floor, stood for a few minutes irresolute, and then, opening a door which communicates with the atelier of the sculptor Baur, called to the only one in sight, Baur's assistant, "Come in here, please, will you? I want to ask you something. What do you think of the key of that head? It is too dark, is it not, for out-of-doors?" and waited as anxiously for the answer as though it would come from one of the most celebrated of painters. Then turning to me, "What do you think? It is so hard to know when one has struck the right key, so easy for a fellow to mistrust himself. Ah, I have it. It is not too dark, but too bricky in color. It wants better grays," and in ten minutes the head was repainted.

It tormented me to see MacEwen day after day spending himself on the sixty or seventy feet of border around his pictures while the compositions called aloud to him, and I remarked, "Why don't you let Cameron [his clever assistant] do that?"

"I suppose I ought to. Cameron would do it as well as I, but — oh, well, it won't take long; it 's a part of the work, and naturally a fellow, given a chance, wants to show what he can do, and nothing ought to be slighted."

It was to me most melancholy, as I looked at the decoration of the Liberal Arts domes and the porticos of the Agricultural Building, that so much excellent art had been put upon raw plaster, that up to date the greatest efforts of so many of our leading painters must in a few months pass out of existence, — be but a memory, — and I am glad that the pictures for the tympana, being painted on canvas, and therefore removable, are not to perish in the using; that these examples of two American artists, the recipients of many honors abroad, but all too little known in the land of their birth, are likely to remain with us.

Gari Melchers was born in Detroit in 1860, studied in Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris, and received honorable mention and a third class medal at the Salon, the former in 1886, the latter in 1888; two medals of the first class in Amsterdam in 1887 and 1888; and two medals of honor, one in Paris, 1889, the other in Berlin, 1891. He was created last year, by the Bavarian Regent, a Knight of the Order of Saint Michael. Mr. Melchers is a member of the Society of American Artists, Society of Munich Artists, and Associate of the National Fine Arts Society, Paris. By comparing the dates it will be seen that he received the major part of his honors before he was thirty.

Walter MacEwen is also a Westerner, born in Chicago in 1859, and has studied in Munich and Paris. He has been an exhibitor at every Salon since 1885, and has been the recipient of many honors.

W. Lewis Fraser.

"THE WHITE CITY."[1]

I.

GREECE was; Greece is no more.
Temple and town
Have crumbled down;
Time is the fire that hath consumed them all.
Statue and wall
In ruin strew the universal floor.

II.

Greece lives, but Greece no more!
Its ashes breed
The undying seed
Blown westward till, in Rome's imperial towers,
Athens reflowers;
Still westward — lo, a veiled and virgin shore!

III.

Say not, "Greece is no more."
Through the clear morn
On light winds borne
Her white-winged soul sinks on the New World's breast.
Ah! happy West —
Greece flowers anew, and all her temples soar!

IV.

One bright hour, then no more
Shall to the skies
These columns rise.
But though art's flower shall fade, again the seed
Onward shall speed,
Quickening the land from lake to ocean's roar.

V.

Art lives, though Greece may never
From the ancient mold
As once of old
Exhale to heaven the inimitable bloom;
Yet from that tomb
Beauty walks forth to light the world forever.

February 11, 1893. *R. W. Gilder.*

[1] The Columbian Fair Buildings at Chicago have thus been named by Mr. H. C. Bunner.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

XIV.

THE principal person, strange to say, to take umbrage at Mrs. Vernon's rapid rise was her original backer, Lady Shorthorn. One afternoon in July, when town was thinning fast, the dowager's one-horse brougham stopped before the house in Prince's Gate, and the dowager, going in, was encountered on the threshold by her son, who bowed to her, smiling, and hurried on to a hansom for which one of Mrs. Vernon's footmen had been whistling from the step.

Lord Shorthorn was a handsome young man, with a blond mustache, and legs so long that when he sat down they seemed to stretch interminably across the room. He was well dressed, from his shining hat and perfectly rolled umbrella, to the polished shoes upon his uncommonly large feet. Lady Shorthorn did not smile on him. She went at once up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Vernon sat, and refused tea from that lady's hands, as well as bread and butter in thin slices from a large silver plate.

"I thought you would be leavin' town," she said. "Every one is leavin' town."

"I have the kindest invitations to Lord John's, and the Duke's, and those dear Cholmondeleys," said Mrs. Vernon, easily; "and I dare say I shall manage to do them all. But that is for August."

"You might go to — well — Eastbourne — for a while."

"Oh, I hate Eastbourne," said Mrs. Vernon, who, two months ago, would not have ventured to hate any place named by the dowager. "I have knocked about so much, I really like it better here."

"I saw my son goin' out of here. I am surprised he is not at Ensilage."

"Yes; every one says it is a most beautiful place."

"Beautiful in situation, yes; but damp, as I told you once before. I don't think any one living at Ensilage could long keep their health. And those three children — no, four, there are four — have their mother's temper; and I am obliged to say Shorthorn's own temper is — I told him so when they gave him his divorce — Shorthorn's own temper is dreadfully tryin', as any one who lives with him must find."

"Are you going to the Princess Argentine's garden-party at Lean Lodge?" said Mrs. Vernon, pleasantly.

"No; I 'm not asked — are you? Well, nothin' surprises one to-day. I suppose Shorthorn will be goin', too. I should think he 'd be careful about doin' as much as I hear he does. I believe it 's not generally known Shorthorn has a — er — a valve in his heart. Sir James warned him about it when he was quite a lad at Oxford."

"It is very sad," murmured Mrs. Vernon, looking at her with sympathetic eyes.

"He has undoubtedly a valve; and he has lived so fast, and got himself into such a ridiculous lot of debts, I don't know what 's to become of him. The only hope we have is the marriage with his cousin Kelso's girl."

"Lady Sybilla is a charming person," Mrs. Vernon answered.

"It is so suitable; just what both families want. You will be interested, because you have a married son."

"Yes, I have a married son."

"Who must be nearly Shorthorn's age, is n't he? You know how you 'd have felt, if people had said he was goin' to throw himself away upon — er — ah — a nobody old enough to be his mother," said the countess, getting on her feet, losing her temper, and blurting out her words.

"Lord and Lady William Hampshire. The 'onorable Harthur Fitz-Greene. Sir Lionel Delacour," chanted a man-servant, withdrawing the portière.

"You will show Lady Shorthorn to the door," said Mrs. Vernon to this functionary, after greeting her new guests; and down-stairs puffed the large countess, in helpless, speechless wrath. She stepped into her brougham and drove away, feeling that she had not helped Lady Sybilla's chances, and registering a vow to have done with all Americans. Meeting Mrs. Vane-Benson in the park, she began by cutting that unoffending lady dead.

"LORD AND LADY WILLIAM HAMPSHIRE."

Soon after the onslaught of the irate countess, Mrs. Vernon was called, on her own account, to experience certain pangs of anxiety regarding a son of whom other women took kind heed.

A few days later, when she was making ready to receive Gerald and Eleanor, who were due to arrive in Prince's Gate for a visit on their way to the Continent, came a startling note written by Jerry on the steamer and posted at Queenstown, telling her that he had crossed the ocean alone, leaving his wife with her mother in America — an arrangement of which he saw no definite prospect of change, and in consequence of which it would hardly be pleasant to meet his mother until feeling on the subject had had time to die down. He gave the address of a hotel in Paris where a letter from her might reach him, but warned her that no attempt at mediation would have a hearing from him, and that he meant to "travel till further notice."

Now, indeed, the world seemed for a while dark before the mother. But with characteristic energy she decided her plan of action, and, crossing by the night boat, was in Paris the next day, and early in attendance at the address given by her son.

Jerry, who at the most had expected from her an angry telegram or letter to which he would turn a deaf ear, as he had done many times before, was taken disagreeably by surprise. He received his mother sullenly, and she at once saw that he was under the influence of a mixture of emotions among which wounded pride was uppermost.

"Answer me one question, Gerald Vernon, or you are no son of mine," the widow said fiercely. "Has any other woman got to do with this mad performance of yours?"

"I don't know what business you have to ask," her son said, "and I wish to heaven you'd let me alone and go away. I got a chill, or something, on that infernal ship, and I have n't slept all night, and my back and head are as heavy as lead."

"You do look ill," his mother said, struck, as he had meant her to be, with sudden solicitude. "But, Jerry, I can't rest till I know all. I 'm not going to appeal to you for myself, or for that poor girl you 've left in America, who 's worth twenty such women as you 've let make a fool of you. I will change my question. Where is Hildegarde de Lancey, who was a passenger on the ship with you, as I saw by the published list?"

"At a hotel, or on a train — or — how should I know?" cried he, stung into open answer. "It 's all somebody's mischief. I 've not seen her since we landed. She went up from Liverpool with a lot of people to London on an earlier train, and left me no address."

"She 's flying for higher game, Jerry, my lad," said the widow, a satiric smile breaking upon her countenance. "She knows now you get every cent you have from me; and she 's a deep one."

"Don't abuse her. I won't stand it," he cried violently, a dull red flush settling around his heavy eyes. "She 's the best friend I have, and the noblest woman I know — the only woman who understands me, and gives me the sympathy I need."

"If that is your case, my dear boy," said the widow, seating herself deliberately beside the lounge on which he had cast himself, and taking out an envelop, "perhaps you will run your eye over this letter, written recently by Hildegarde to her sister-spirit, Mrs. Shafto, and giving her frank opinion of a certain dangler at her apron-string. Don't ask me where I got it. It 's *hers*, and that 's enough."

That night Mrs. Vernon with her son recrossed the Channel. They reached Prince's Gate for breakfast. But no consideration of the matin meal was of interest to Jerry, or would be so for many a morning to come. By the time he stepped out of the hansom, following his mother, the footman who came to take out the bags had to give him his arm across the pavement to the door, and within five hours Gerald was in bed, with a doctor and a trained nurse in attendance, in the first stage of a serious attack of typhoid fever.

XV.

Ten days before these things took place on the other side of the great Atlantic ferry, Eleanor Vernon in New York was joyously concluding her final preparations to go abroad with her husband. Their passage having been engaged in a ship leaving the next day, her heart was full of happiness at thought of what awaited her.

After a farewell visit to her mother's place on the Hudson, where the Hallidays were enjoying country life with their laurel-crowned hero Jack, she had come with her maid to town, to join Jerry at their own house.

Nell could not believe it was she whose spirit bounded with such delight at the prospect of putting the sea between herself and the old home. She was past reasoning. For so long she had dwelt upon this thought — if she could get Jerry away, off to herself, the happy time of their honeymoon would surely again return. Now it was soon to come; Jerry had ceased to vacillate, their plans were made, she was to taste of a deep, brimming cup of joy, Jerry's shortcomings were washed away in a flood of new tenderness. No need to go back to their sad days like the one upon the yacht. Since Betty's

engagement with Theobald had been announced, Jerry had asked his wife's pardon for what she considered his greatest offense against her—asked in such manly fashion that her heart melted with pleasure in yielding it. Mrs. De Lancey and the Shaftos had gone on a cruise along the eastern coast in Van Loon's yacht, and the young couple had been perforce thrown upon each other for entertainment. During the visit to Eleanor's mother, they had lived together for a brief restful time, and then Gerald had been summoned back to town by Mrs. Vernon's man of business, to consult about some of her affairs.

It had been arranged between husband and wife, their establishment being mounted for the summer in picnic fashion, that he should take her for dinner to Delmonico's. As the hot summer's dusk fell over the dull streets, and Jerry did not appear, Eleanor began to feel the pangs of her healthy appetite deadened by growing anxiety. When Elsa brought up and pressed upon her a tray of food, she made pretense of eating, but, as the girl left the morning-room where she sat, returned quickly to the window, and strained her eyes into the gathering night. The gas-lamp near their house, flaming out, seemed to mock her with dancing in her tears.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and a ring at the front door. Eleanor, springing to the head of the staircase, saw below a messenger boy's cap and uniform. The note Elsa handed her was in an unfamiliar hand, and once or twice she turned it over without opening, after the foolish fashion many people have of speculating about what can so quickly be ascertained.

Eleanor had had no previous experience with anonymous letters, and this, her first, was a bitter one. She could not comprehend why there should be no signature, and looked again ere she read the hateful lines that forced their way into her bewildered understanding. An older, wiser woman would have destroyed the note without reading, upon the first indication of its contents; but knowledge so to deal with the most cruel implements of modern social warfare comes only with experience. She was still clutching the paper, staring at what it told her, when her husband came into the room.

"Nell dear, you must have thought I was a wretch not to telegraph you I could n't come," he said, leaning down to kiss her. "But I was kept by a disagreeable thing: a man—an old college-mate of mine—got himself into a mess with drink and foolishness, and sent for me; and I had to haul him on his feet, and pack him out of town to his wife in the South. I 'm just back from Jersey City, where I saw him to the train—why, what on earth is the matter, Eleanor?"

"It is not the first, but the most plausible, story you have made cover deceit to me," she said fiercely, facing him, and crumpling the paper in her hand. She lighted it above the lamp, and threw it into the fireplace, watching it blacken to tinder. "Oh, if I could only burn up as easily the shame my life with you has brought me!"

"Eleanor, are you insane? What is that letter? What has put you into this state? Come, calm yourself. Are n't you well? Do you need a doctor?"

"There is no doctor who could help me," she said drearily. "And I 'm not one to hide and equivocate like you. I 'll tell you what the letter said—not all—you may guess the rest. It said that woman—the woman you still loved when you married me—is going in the ship with us to-morrow, and that I am the laughing-stock of all who know us."

Jerry was silent for a minute. He had fancied Eleanor always the loving, pardoning creature she had hitherto shown herself. He had absolutely no conception of the hard scorn and anger now in her face and voice. It drove out of him the soothing words and kinder impulses he had brought up-town to her, together with the truth upon his lips about the cause of his detention.

"Oh! why is there no angel to stand by with a flaming sword, and warn young girls what married life is really?" she cried. "No one tells—no, not one living soul—what we have to meet. The parents that give us away, the clergyman that binds us, the books we read, all lead us to the altar and leave us to our fate! Who could dream of what I 've suffered in half a year? And what help have I? None—God help me—none!"

The burst of vehement indignation had dropped suddenly into pathos, but Gerald was not moved.

"If you expect by this to make me fall down on my knees, and own I 'm a wretch, you 're out of your reckoning," he said frigidly. "There 's not one person out of ten you could get to say you 're anything but a jealous, hysterical girl. And what you hint about another woman I don't mean to notice further than to say it 's the first time I 've heard of expecting any one to overhaul a big ship's list, and say who shall or shall not sail in her."

"She is going, then, with us?" said Eleanor.

"With us? Certainly not. I am not so sure about our going at all, if this is the kind of traveling companion I 'm likely to have. Mrs. De Lancey has decided to take her daughters and their governess to Switzerland for the summer; and *we*, as you know, intend to go direct to my mother's house in London."

"I will not go," she cried, with a swelling heart.

"Try to understand what you are doing,"

Gerald answered, after a pause wretched to both of them. "It may come to you too late to be sorry you made this stand against your husband."

Eleanor interlaced her hands, and her breath came panting. She looked at him with a wild appealing glance. He stood before her, determined, stolid, treating the whole affair like the outburst of a silly child. There was no sign of softening in his face.

"I refuse to go with you — and *her*," she said again, doggedly.

"Then you may go home to your mother, and ask her to teach you reason," he answered — and left her to herself.

SHE lay sobbing alone, all night, and early in the morning heard Gerald go out of the house. The hours wore on; men came and took away his luggage, already packed; and Eleanor, dreary and bewildered, felt as if each piece were a coffin carried down. By noon, shortly before the hour fixed for the ship to leave, she had made some excuse to her servants about a delay in their journey, and, calling a cab, drove in desperation to the steamer's wharf.

Even in the full air from the water she seemed to stifle as they drew nearer to the pier. Leaving the cab, she went, thickly veiled, along the passenger-way to the gang-plank, and stood for a moment behind a crowd of onlookers, gazing up at the thronged decks of the steamer. She had a wild idea that Jerry might even then see and know and want her; might beckon to her, and she would follow him to the death. But she did not catch a glimpse of her husband until after the warning gong had cleared the deck of visitors, and the little groups of passengers were beginning to congregate behind the rail to wave good-by to their friends on shore. At last, emerging from the throng, she saw him, alone, looking down as if searching in the crowd.

A keen delight filled Eleanor, and instinctively she darted forward with the impulse to fly up the gangway and fasten upon his arm, never to leave her darling more. Just then a carriage drove swiftly up, intercepting her, and a party of belated passengers were hurried by the steamer's men on deck. They were a governess, two dainty, pretty children, and a beautiful blonde woman, her arms full of flowers.

A moment, and the gang-plank was withdrawn. The last mail-sack was hoisted on board, the last longshoreman scrambled down his ladder bridge, the great steamer cast off from the wharf, and bore majestically down-stream.

As Eleanor went back to her cab, a gentleman looked after her, paused, looked again, and then hurried to her side.

"My dear Nell, what does this mean?" said Theobald. "Surely you were to have gone today. I came down at the last minute to see a friend off, and sought for but failed to find you in that extraordinarily genteel mob on board. Where is Vernon, and why have you changed your plans?"

"Will you drive up-town with me, Tony?" she said, under her mask of heavy gauze.

Seeing that something was amiss, he acquiesced without further query. When they were seated, and driving off, her head dropped on her breast, and she broke into gasping sobs.

"Oh! to whom can I turn, if not to you?" she said despairingly. "Tony, my heart is broken. He told me to go back to my mother, and — oh, my God! — what shall I do? He has forsaken me."

"The brute!" Theobald said between his teeth. He could hardly speak for the sudden violence of emotion she excited. It was not only the sight of the shipwrecked young life driven by storms back into port that moved him. In this moment of tenderness, the restraint of years was dashed away like a cobweb at a touch. He forgot himself, the time and place, his pledge to Betty; and the man's heart inside of him burst into fierce speech.

"Ah, let him go!" he said, hoarse and tremulous. "You can be free. You can be happy. And I 'm here to help you — I who 'd give my life to save you tears like these."

Eleanor started and shrank as if she had been stung.

"This from you!" she cried wildly. "Oh, it is more than I can bear!"

Then Theobald's brief madness passed from him, and he was filled with bitter self-reproach.

"Don't draw back from me, Eleanor," he said, striving to steady his tones. "Don't be afraid to trust me. Do I need to tell you that you are sacred to me? Let me take you to your mother; and I will go, and you need never look at me again. Oh, how you pain me with those eyes like some innocent creature's that I 've shot to the heart! Speak to me, Nell, little cousin; tell me I am forgiven."

Behind this man's one offense there was a lifetime of unselfish tenderness; but, womanlike, she withheld from him whom she could never have loved the pardon always poured in full measure at Jerry's feet. Drawing the veil again over her face, she leaned back in her corner in silent anguish until her own door was reached.

When Theobald, who dared not offer to go in, awaited her instructions upon the threshold, she put her fingers into his faintly, coldly, and bade him good-by in accents barely audible.

"Then I may do nothing — save you nothing?" he pleaded, cut to the quick. "You

dismiss me without pardon, or hope that I may come to you again?"

"Not now," she answered, in a voice he would not have recognized as Nell's; "but it is not that I don't believe in you. Go, please." And she passed away from him.

THE day wore to its interminable close, and Eleanor had beaten about in a dreadful circle of indecision as to what course to pursue. One thought was dominant — she must try to hide from those who loved her the wrong done her by him she loved. Among all the people who had been her friends and intimates since childhood there was no one to whom she could bare this bleeding wound. Theobald, almost her brother, would have been the first to occur to her, and he — Eleanor's face flushed hotly with the remembrance of that shock.

What was right? What was best and truest to Jerry and to her higher self to do? It might be that she could find still in town the rector who had officiated at their marriage, and who had held her in his arms at the baptismal font; and stealing from the house, she walked, veiled as before, through the cool of evening to his home.

"Would the rector see a lady for a moment only?" was the message she sent in, waiting with an odd sense of the change from her position of command and influence wrought in her own mind by the cause of her present visit.

She sat, trembling, and was presently relieved, in a degree, by the appearance in the room of the rector's wife.

"If you will tell me your errand, I will speak to my husband —" she began, peering curiously at the stranger, and when Eleanor, lifting her veil, came forward, uttered an exclamation of jocular surprise.

"Nell Vernon! Why, child, who could suppose it was you? If you knew the watch I have to keep on ladies who visit the doctor! They take up so much time, and worry the life out of him with their fads and fancies. Men are men, and the clergy are human, though the laymen never make allowances. The way the women hang upon my good man's words — no wonder he 's a little short when we contradict him at home sometimes. And they tell him everything, from quarrels with cooks to spats with husbands. The truth is, child, he is dressing to go out to dinner, and if I will do as well — some of your 'Girls' Lodging House' business, no doubt."

"What I had to say need not disturb him now," said poor Eleanor, quietly moving toward the door.

"Then you 'll call again or write? I heard you were going to the other side. And how 's that handsome husband of yours, my dear? My girls are just wild over him, but I believe all women are. Take my advice, and don't let him flirt too much."

"I ASKED for bread, and ye gave me a stone," the girl murmured involuntarily, as she found her way again into the street, and the crushed spirit that had yearned to be made whole by the healing touch of God's pity expressed through his minister was sent out unhelped to wander stumbling in the night of its despair. She looked down the vista of a side street, and knew that it ended in the river.

"When a tie like ours is wrenched apart, and there is no help, death were sweet and merciful," she thought, staying her steps for a confused moment upon the curbstone of the crossing.

Then two girls, accompanied by a young man, walked by her, laughing lightly. The voice and manner of one of them put her in mind of her sister Beatrix, and instantly the claims and duties of her life of every day rushed back to take possession of the distracted citadel from which grief had temporarily dislodged them. With the thought of Trix came that of the girl's happy young love, just now on probation with the authority at home, and Eleanor was cheered by it as if a warm hand had taken her frozen fingers into its clasp. It roused in her human interest, and melted the hard resentment against Fate that had begun to glaze over her sympathies, and that made her forget the world contained others than Jerry and Hildegarde.

Unconsciously she quickened her steps in the direction of her home, but, at the corner nearest it, stopped again, overcome by the thought that her servants, already in possession of an evening paper, might see, perhaps, some announcement that Jerry had gone without her, and thus her miserable pretense of a delay would be exposed. How could she face Elsa's smooth civility, veiling the servant's galling knowledge of a domestic skeleton? Oh, for brief respite from the humiliation of public comment or sympathy!

To-morrow — there was no help for it — she would be forced to go back battered and bleeding to her mother's home, carrying her shame to be shared by those tender hearts! But now, ah, now — only to escape another night in her desolated home!

The image of Gerald's aunt, the avoided and isolated Miss Tryphena, presented itself in sudden invitation. Eleanor, hastily, lest she should repent, retraced her steps to the avenue, and got into an omnibus bound up-town.

The long, jolting expedition gave her time to reflect on the temerity of expecting sympathy from the source she sought. Of the passengers who climbed in and dropped out of the vehicle along its route none were known

to her; for the society element of town was off on its annual hejira, and people who remained within its limits were of the fraternity of workers. She found herself studying the faces of these strangers, eagerly wondering if their hearts carried a dead weight like her own, envying the couples who were bound together to their homes, envying the gossips who sat, knee to knee, gaily discussing important trivialities. And when a young woman, laden with parcels, gave her hand to her husband, who helped her to descend, beaming on him with a transparently loving smile, Eleanor turned away fretfully, and wondered if she should never reach her goal.

Aunt Tryphena's house, one of sad brownstone exterior in a long, forbidding block of buildings from which it varied not a whit, was inhabited, and her butler, in coming to open the door, stopped on his way to light the gas in the hall from a fixture like a shepherd's crook. This homely sign gave Nell courage to send up her name to the mistress of the castle, who, if an ogress, lived in the conventional way of other householders; and at once Miss Tryphena descended to her long drawing-room swathed in gray linen coverings, and illumined by a single jet of gas.

"I was bitten by a mosquito here last night," she said severely. "Edmunds knows I told him to keep this room quite dark. There is light enough from the electric globe across the way." And, to Nell's satisfaction, the offending luminary was at once put out. "Now, you will tell me, if you please, what brings you here when the soup is just ready to be sent up. Unless Jerry 's in jail for debt, or Luella 's married, I can't imagine what you can have to say to me."

"Oh, Aunt Tryphena, be kind to me," cried the girl, seizing one of the old lady's large, rough hands in both of hers, and bursting into bitter sobs that could no longer be controlled.

"Do?" said the spinster, when, the belated soup discussed, and dinner over, the two resumed their talk. "There, child, you look like a human being, not a ghost, now you are fed, and have had a glass of wine. Why, there is but one thing to do. I will go down-town first thing to-morrow morning, and engage a room in the quickest steamer we can get for Saturday. I will take you straight to London, and leave you at Luella's house before even your mother has had time to find out the condition of affairs. And I will then catch the first boat by the Dover-Calais route, and go to a place in Switzerland I left three years ago. It is a place that suited me exactly, but I could n't stand a pair of esthetic idiots from England who were stopping there, who used to complain of the sunsets because they were too crude. Now, write a line by Edmunds to your maid, and have some things sent here for the night, as it will be lonely for you in that house, and cheer up, child, for heaven's sake, for I could never abide to have anybody complaining but myself."

"But, Aunt Tryphena," said Eleanor, a crimson tide overwhelming the pallor of her face, "even if Jerry is there, I ought not to — should I? — thrust myself upon him. Oh, did n't I tell you how he cast me off, and killed my love?"

"For better, for worse, child; you must remember that for both of you," said the old woman, with a break in her gruff voice. "Whatever comes, you will have been true. And your love 's not dead; don't think it. Keep it alive, — breathe new breath in it, — it will make this struggle strengthen you. And, as certainly as I live, if anything will bring him back to you love will."

"Back from another — oh, no, no!" cried Eleanor, tortured by the thought.

"My dear, it is for you to choose. But I think you 'll find your jealous miseries have exaggerated things. The chief offender is that De Lancey person, backed up by your 'best society.' Jerry 's had the bad luck, from all I hear, to fall into the hands of a woman who has the consciousness of disappointed schemes to help on her love of coquetry. It 's not a common experience you 've had to bear so early in married life — even among what I call the most frivolous and brainless set of people on this continent. But that creature will continue to go at large, and ruin other homes, no doubt. Our boy 's weak, but he 's not all bad. If his father had n't had the misfortune to die and leave all that money in the hands of a silly woman, Jerry Vernon would have been, as men go, a fair sort of man; I don't suppose you know, or he cares, but the fact is I loved Jerry dearly when he was a boy. I thought he would grow up to be — but that 's neither here nor there. In my opinion, it is for you to straighten out this snarl. If you think enough of an old maid, tough as a nut, who 's nobody's friend, to take advice from her — don't let the gulf widen, don't let your husband go without stretching out your hand to bring him back. Come with me, Eleanor, and leave your pride behind."

There was silence for a moment in the shadowy room, and the sound of a woman's short, quick, gasping sob; then Eleanor

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd
in music out of sight.

"I will go," she breathed, and with a sudden movement cast herself upon Aunt Try-

phena's neck, and let the delicious cordial of new hope warm the sad current of her widowed heart.

Two years have passed since the green shades of the widow Vernon's marble palace in the higher regions of Fifth Avenue first proclaimed that lady out of town. The wide portal is boarded over, and the premises are in charge of an Irishman and his wife, whose frowzy children gambol behind the basement windows, and skate on rollers over the asphalt of the adjacent street. Above the area level all is silent, gloomy; and as yet there is no hint that the mistress of the palace will resume possession.

From within doors the best of the bric-à-brac and pictures and books, with the portraits of Gerald and his mother, since admired at the Royal Academy, were long ago taken to be boxed and expressed to the domicile in London, where the dowager Lady Shorthorn has not yet called upon her son's recently made wife. The American Lady Shorthorn can, however, afford to be indifferent to this blow of Fate, as she is already a social power in her adopted home, and as her young husband, upon whom she has settled a liberal income, in addition to paying his debts, makes an attentive and good-humored spouse. She is also on excellent terms with her son Gerald and his wife, who, of course, spent all of that summer at her house while he was convalescing from the long attack of typhoid through which Eleanor, arriving just in time from America, nursed him so devotedly. And the new countess ("Martha Louisa Anne, daughter of Colonel William Judd, United States Army, U. S. A."—you will find her recorded in Burke and Debrett and Dod) has had lately the satisfaction of refusing a card (requested through a friend) for her world-famous ball to a Mrs. Van Loon of New York, who has been stopping at Claridge's.

Mrs. Calliope Jane Ketcham is at present in one of her periodical states of eclipse. When and where she may next appear it is impossible to predict, but my Lady Shorthorn will, no doubt, be among the first to ascertain.

Miss Tryphena Vernon, not in the least like the crusty benefactor of the novelist who, under the impulse of a good action in the last chapter, reforms and remains angelic ever after, would probably take the head off any inquirer as to her relations with her niece and nephew. But Nell knows that they are affectionate, and both she and Jerry submit to be hectored by the old lady in grateful memory of her influence at the crisis of their married life.

Nell's home people suffered, as may be imagined, from the strange reports that were set afloat at the time when Gerald left his wife to follow him across the ocean. But although slander did its best, nothing was fixed upon any participant in the affair, beyond the fact of "some foolish quarrel between the young couple about Hilda de Lancey, who it was well known was chaperoned on that voyage over by the Blanks and the Dashes," and, it was equally well known, meant nothing serious by her little flirtation with Jerry Vernon, now said to be "the shadow" of his wife.

And so even Mrs. Halliday, her other daughters, and her son knew little of the darkest chapter of the young wife's experience. In the autumn after these events Nell's mother and sisters joined her in Paris for a fortnight before the Vernons set out for their winter's journey in the East, and, during that time, satisfied themselves that the first year of her married life bid fair to round itself peacefully to a close.

The wide old Halliday house in New York, facing the railed square on the eastern side of town, and noticed by passers for its growth of wistaria looped between the chimney-tops in great ropes tasseled in spring with purple under a mist of greenery, is forever deserted by its former occupants. For months workmen had it in their hands, coming and going between piles of brick and mortar encumbering the street. Its front has been transformed with plate-glass windows and gilded balconies. Within marble halls, a buttony page keeps watch where once old Andrews came creaking to open the front door. A prosperous club has taken possession, and the Hallidays will be known in it no more.

Beatrix, who was, after all, the chief sentimentalist about this change, is supplied with a fount of private happiness that enables her to rise above minor considerations of every material kind. In her eyes, as in those of his mother, to whom and his grandfather Trix will one day go for a visit when the roses are in bloom, Brock Vyvan is a "man of to-morrow," as to whose future there can be no doubt. Betty's marriage with Mr. Theobald occurred upon her return from Europe. And Jack, for whom the four years of college life leave the imagination no room to vary occupations, is still at Yale, holding the blue banner manfully as he ascends.

A piece of news that afforded almost a fortnight's gossip for the fashionable world was the marriage of the heir of the Van Loons with Mrs. Hildegarde de Lancey, "privately," at Nice. Betty Theobald says the fur has not ceased to fly in the Van Loon family, but then, as Mrs. Van Shuter would observe, everybody knows how Betty Theobald will talk.

The other home in New York in which we have been called on to take passing interest—Eleanor's first nest, fitted up for her occupancy with such lavish love—remained for a time

vacant after Mr. and Mrs. Vernon set out for their two years' wandering. In January an agent had orders from Lady Shorthorn to find for it an occupant, and succeeded in placing there the Hempstead Hunters, who take a different house every year, but are in demand as tenants because they are conscientiously childless, and dine out six nights in the week.

And so — fortunately, if temporarily — our young couple have dropped out of the society that claims them for its own, and that came so near breaking the bond it once assembled to applaud. In the companionship of their nomadic existence, each has learned dependence on the other; and the irresistible habit of married life has had time to weld their chains. Already they have learned to look back upon that early ordeal, bitter though it was, as an episode that may be forgotten in the memory of happier days.

THE END.

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE KNIGHT OF PENTECOST.

PRONE as he lay before the dim, high altar,
No strain of any solemn prayer or psalter
Disquieted the stillness of the night;
No long roll of the organ's golden thunder,
No voices, keyed to sweet and joyous wonder,
Fled like a flight of angels into light.

The painted panes of the rose-window sparkled
A moment, as some cold star shone and darkled,
And awful shadows filled the vaulted space.
Prone on the flint he lay and kept his vigil,
All his soul waiting for the sign and sigil
That should appoint him to his knightly place.

Nor sound nor silence, light nor dark, he noted.
Up from the under-world the slow moon floated,
And looked upon the trance that held him there;
With half her snowy glimmer stooped and wrapped him:
Naught knew he of the gracious bloom that lapped him;
He waited flame more glorious, sight more fair.

Far, far, the night swept on through deeps unbroken,
While his thought, seeking the supremest token,
Mounted among unknown infinitudes,
Where still beyond his dreaming or his seeing
The Soul that fills the universe with being
Above all calm, above all tumult, broods.

As if a star burst, with a clang of warning
The great bell tolled the holy hour of morning:
No blessed chrism had found him where he lay.
He rose like one long worn with weary marches,
And, passing underneath the heavy arches,
He came out to the open break of day.

Wide, wide, the wash of the free air was flowing,
And high the soft gray flower of dawn was blowing,
Fresh, fresh, the dewy wind that sighed and ceased!
Into eternal heavens the heaven was lifting,
Light, radiant light, across the world was sifting,
The fire burned on the altar of the east.

Not in the dark the tongue of flame came leaping
Upon his lips, across his forehead sweeping;
Not prostrate in great glooms of temple shade:
But while he gazed, one only with his Master,
In deathless circles swelling vast and vaster,
The dawn, swift-sworded, flashed his accolade.

Glory of argent space all space ensphering!
Sweeter than sound a voice surpassed his hearing!
Close on his heart he felt great pulses swim!
He knew not as he stood there, trembling, yearning,
All heaven about him in that moment burning,
That spirits came and ministered to him.

Weapons of skyey temper had they wrought him,
Deific armor from afar they brought him,
And bound it on with touches swift and fine.
There stood the good steed ready for his guiding,
Through the dark places of the sad land riding,
Light for the watchword, Love the countersign.

A mighty shape, scarfed with the sun uprisen,
Where tears distilled, where spirits were in prison,
Where doubt went groping, and where dolor lay,

Where in despairing death the dying languished,
Wherever sin, wherever suffering anguished,
He in their service took his shining way.

And soaring, an aërial apparition,
Ever before him hung a splendid vision,
Where, far within the sapphire crystalline,
Unstained by wrong, unspotted by a sorrow,
The sweet earth floated in a gleaming morrow,
And joy welled through it from the heart divine.

Full of the word that made the sunlit weather,
Full of the strength that holds the stars together,
White with the whiteness of the Holy Ghost,
By all the forces of the day surrounded,
Then rode he forth, his trump of onset sounded,
All sacrosanct, a Knight of Pentecost.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD TENNYSON.

AN EVENING AT THOMAS WOOLNER'S.

PREFATORY NOTE.

WHEN I was a young man of twenty-five, it was my good fortune to spend an evening in company with the great and noble poet whose loss all England is now deploring. I had a very retentive memory at that time, and was able afterward to write down accurately not only my impressions, but also the conversation which I heard. The manuscript has lain by me all these years, and though I have enjoyed many opportunities of conversing with Lord Tennyson, I never recorded so much of his talk as upon that first occasion. It seems so very long ago that I feel justified in publishing the passage from my diary just as it stands.

While doing so, I ought to pay a tribute here to the memory of our host of that evening, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, who died only a few weeks after Tennyson. Inspired by the early enthusiasm for nature of the Preraphaelite school, he broke away from the traditions of the English academic line of sculptors, and adopted a style of marked individuality. The realism of Woolner remained crude, imperfectly harmonized with motives of imaginative art. Still, he claims a place of honor for the sincerity of his aims and the honesty of his practice. We owe to him vivid portraits of some great Englishmen who will live forever in the Valhalla of the nation—Tennyson, F. D. Maurice, W. E. Gladstone, and others. Among my own cherished possessions I reckon a bust of my father chiseled by Woolner's hand.

The diary is dated Friday, December 8, 1865. Woolner's house was at 29 Welbeck street, London.

My father came to us this afternoon. He is going to dine with Woolner, to meet Tennyson, Gladstone, and Holman Hunt. I am to go in the evening at 9:30.

When I arrived at Woolner's, the maid said she supposed I was "for the gentlemen." On my replying "Yes," she showed me into the dining-room, where they were finishing dessert. Woolner sat, of course, at the bottom of the table, Tennyson on his left, my father on his right hand. Next Tennyson sat Gladstone, and Hunt next my father. I was seated in an arm-chair between Woolner and my father.

The conversation continued. They were talking about the Jamaica business, Gladstone bearing hard on Eyre, Tennyson excusing any cruelty in the case of putting down a savage mob. Gladstone had been reading official papers on the business all the morning, and just after I had entered said with an expression of intense gravity, "And that evidence wrung from a poor black boy with a revolver at his head!" He said this in an orator's tone, pity mingled with indignation, the pressure of the lips, the inclination of the head, the lifting of the eyes to heaven, all marking the man's moral earnestness. He has a face like a lion's; his head is small above it, though the forehead is broad and massive—something like Trajan's in its proportion to the features. Character, far more than intellect, strikes me in his physiognomy, and there is a remarkable duplicity of expression—iron, vise-like resolution combined with a subtle, mobile ingenuousness.

Tennyson did not argue. He kept asserting various prejudices and convictions. "We are too tender to savages; we are more tender to a black than to ourselves." "Niggers are tigers, niggers are tigers," in *obbligato, sotto voce*, to Gladstone's declamation. "But the Englishman is a cruel man—he is a strong man," put in Gladstone. My father illustrated this by stories of the Indian Mutiny. "That 's not like Oriental cruelty," said Tennyson; "but I could not kill a cat, not the tom-cat who

scratches and miawls and keeps me awake"—thrown in with an indefinable impatience and rasping hatred. Gladstone looked glum and irate at this speech, thinking probably of Eyre. Then they turned to the insufficiency of evidence as yet in Eyre's case, and to other instances of his hasty butchery—the woman he hanged, though she was recommended to mercy by court-martial, because women had shown savageness in mutilating a corpse. "Because *women*, not the *woman*—and that, too, after being recommended to mercy *by court-martial*, and he holding the Queen's commission!" said Gladstone with the same hostile emphasis. The question of his personal courage came up. That, said Gladstone, did not prove his capability of remaining cool under, and dealing with, such special circumstances.

Anecdotes about sudden panics were related. Tennyson said to my father: "As far as I know my own temperament, I could stand any sudden thing; but give me an hour to reflect, and I should go here and go there, and all would be confused. If the fiery gulf of Curtius opened in the City, I would leap at once into it on horseback. But if I had to reflect on it, no—especially the thought of death—nothing can be weighed against that. It is the moral question, not the fear, which would perplex me. I have not got the English courage. I could not wait six hours in a square, expecting a battery's fire." Then stories of martial severity were told. My father repeated the anecdote of Bosquet in the Malakoff. Gladstone said Cialdini had shot a soldier for being without his regimental jacket. Tennyson put in, *sotto voce*, "If they shot paupers, perhaps they would n't tear up their clothes," and laughed very grimly.

Frank Palgrave here came in, a little man in morning dress, with short beard and mustache, well-cut features, a slight cast in his eye, an impatient, unsatisfied look, and some self-assertion in his manner. He directed the conversation to the subject of newspapers. Tennyson all the while kept drinking port, and glowering round the room through his spectacles. His mustache hides the play of his mouth, but, as far as I could see, that feature is as grim as the rest. He has cheek-bones carved out of iron. His head is domed, quite different from Gladstone's—like an Elizabethan head, strong in the coronal, narrow in the frontal regions, but very finely molded. It is like what Conington's head seems trying to be.

Something brought up the franchise. Tennyson said, "That 's what we 're coming to when we get your Reform Bill, Mr. Gladstone; not that I know anything about it." "No more does any man in England," said Gladstone, taking him up quickly, with a twinkling laugh; then adding, "But I 'm sorry to see you getting nervous." "Oh, I think a state in which every man would have a vote is the ideal. I always thought it might be realized in England, if anywhere, with our constitutional history. But how to do it?" Soon after came coffee. Tennyson grew impatient, moved his great gaunt body about, and finally was left to smoke a pipe. It is hard to fix the difference between the two men, both with their strong provincial accent—Gladstone with his rich, flexible voice, Tennyson with his deep drawl rising into an impatient falsetto when put out; Gladstone arguing, Tennyson putting in a prejudice; Gladstone asserting rashly, Tennyson denying with a bald negative; Gladstone full of facts, Tennyson relying on impressions; both of them humorous, but the one polished and delicate in repartee, the other broad and coarse and grotesque. Gladstone's hands are white and not remarkable, Tennyson's are huge, unwieldy, fit for molding clay or dough. Gladstone is in some sort a man of the world; Tennyson a child, and treated by Gladstone like a child.

Woolner played the host well, with great simplicity. His manner was agreeably subdued. He burst into no unseasonable fits of laughing, no self-assertive anecdotes. Palgrave rasped a little. Hunt was silent. My father made a good third to the two great people. I was like a man hearing a concerto: Gladstone first violin, my father second violin, Tennyson violoncello, Woolner bass viol, Palgrave viola, and perhaps Hunt a second but very subordinate viola.

When we left the dining-room we found Mrs. Woolner and her sister, Miss Waugh (engaged to Holman Hunt), in the drawing-room. Miss Waugh, though called "the goddess," is nowise unapproachable. She talked of Japanese fans like a common mortal. Mrs. Woolner is a pretty little maidenly creature, who seems to have walked out of a missal margin.

Woolner gave Gladstone a manuscript book to read containing translations from the Iliad by Tennyson. Gladstone read it by himself till Tennyson appeared. Then Woolner went to him and said, "You will read your translation, won't you?" And Palgrave, "Come you! A shout in the trench!" "No, I sha'n't," said Tennyson in a pettish voice, standing in the room, and jerking his arms and body from the hips. "No, I sha'n't read it. It 's only a little thing. Must be judged by comparison with the Greek. Can be appreciated only by knowing the difficulties overcome." Then, seeing the manuscript in Gladstone's hand, "This is n't fair; no, this is n't fair." He took it away, and nothing could pacify him. "I meant to read it to Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Symonds." My father urged him to no purpose, told him he would be reading to an intelligent audience; but he cried, "Yes, you

and Gladstone; but the rest don't understand it." "Here's my son, an Oxford first-class man." "Oh, I should be afraid of him." Then my father talked to him about his poems — "Mariana in the Moated Grange." This took them to the Lincolnshire flats, as impressive in their extent of plain as mountain heights. My father tried to analyze the physical conditions of ideas of size, but Tennyson preferred fixing his mind on the ideas themselves. "I do not know whether to think the universe great or little. When I think about it, it seems now one and now the other. What makes its greatness? Not one sun or one set of suns, or is it the whole together?" Then, to illustrate his sense of size, he pictured a journey through space like Jean Paul Richter's, leaving first one galaxy or spot of light behind him, then another, and so on through infinity. Then, about matter. Its incognizability puzzled him. "I cannot form the least notion of a brick. I don't know what it is. It 's no use talking about atoms, extension, color, weight. I cannot penetrate the brick. But I have far more distinct ideas of God, of love, and such emotions. I can sympathize with God in my poor way. The human soul seems to me always in some way — how, we do not know — identical with God. That 's the value of prayer. Prayer is like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels." Then of eternity and creation: "Huxley says we may have come from monkeys. That makes no difference to me. If it is God's way of creation, he sees the whole, past, present, and future, as one." Then of morality: "I cannot but think moral good is the crown of man. But what is it without immortality? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. If I knew the world were coming to an end in six hours, would I give my money to a starving beggar? No; if I did not believe myself immortal. I have sometimes thought men of sin might destroy their immortality. The eternity of punishment is quite incredible. Christ's words were parables to suit the sense of the times." Further of morality: "There are some young men who try to do away with morality. They say, 'We won't be moral.' Comte, I believe, and perhaps Mr. Grote, too, deny that immortality has anything to do with being moral." Then from material to moral difficulties: "Why do mosquitos exist? I believe that after God had made his world the devil began and added something."

A move was made into the dining-room. Tennyson had consented to read his translations to Gladstone and my father. I followed them, and sat unperceived behind them. He began by reading in a deep bass growl the passage of Achilles shouting in the trench. Gladstone continually interrupted him with small points about words. He has a combative House-of-Commons mannerism, which gives him the appearance of thinking too much about himself. It was always to air some theory of his own that he broke Tennyson's recital; and he seemed listening only in order to catch something up. Tennyson invited criticism.

Tennyson was sorely puzzled about the variations in Homeric readings and interpretations. "They change year after year. What we used to think right in my days I am told is all wrong. What is a poor translator to do?" But he piqued himself very much on his exact renderings. "These lines are word for word. You could not have a closer translation: one poet could not express another better. There! those are good lines." Gladstone would object: "But you will say 'Jove' and 'Greeks.' Can't we have 'Zeus' and 'Achæans'?"

"But the sound of Jove! Jove is much softer than Zeus — Zeus — Zeus."

"Well, Mr. Worsley gives us Achæans."

"Mr. Worsley has chosen a convenient long meter; he can give you Achæans, and a great deal else."

Much was said about the proper means of getting a certain pause; how to give equivalent suggestive sounds, and so on. Some of the points which rose between the recitations I will put down.

Τανύπεπλος — My father asked why Gladstone translated this "round-limbed." He answered that he had the notion of "lateral extension" of the robe, since a long trailing dress was not Achæan, but Ionian. Homer talks of the Ionians, ἑλκεχίτωνες. Tennyson did not heed this supersubtle rendering, but said, "Ah! there 's nothing more romantic than the image of these women floating along the streets of Troy with their long dresses flying out behind them. Windy Troy! I dare say it was not windier than other places, but it stood high, open to the air. As a schoolboy, I used to see them. A boy of course imagines something like a modern town."

Φυσίζοος αἶα — My father instanced this as a curious fixed epithet, and incongruous for a burial-field of battle. Gladstone objected that it was not a common epithet. He and Tennyson agreed in the pathos which it strikes by way of contrast with death. The exactness of Homer's epithets — not nearly so fixed and formal as supposed.

Γλαυκῶπις — Tennyson translated this "gray-eyed," in the Shaksperian meaning of "blue-eyed." Gladstone said it ought to be "bright-eyed." Homer knew nothing about colors: the human eye had not yet learned to distinguish colors. Question raised whether it were not that the nomenclature of colors had not yet been perfected. Gladstone preferred to think that the sense itself had not been edu-

cated to perceive colors. No green in Homer—χλωρῇς ἀηδών means truly "the nightingale that loves the greenwood." But this is a rare instance, and the idea of greenness is not predominant. [Query, whether this has not reference to the color of the bird itself. Scholiast says, ἡ ἐν χλωροῖς διατρίβουσα: Liddell and Scott add, "but wrongly."] Again, πορφύρεος means simply dark-brown or blue; even ἰοειδής is applied to sheep. [Query, what ἴον really meant—a violet? or some other flower?] There was, of course, some probability in this argument; but Gladstone overworked it, and denied that even Egyptians understood color, who, however, in frescos at least as old as Homer, as my father suggested, evinced a most accurate sense of color. [*E.g.*, the Negroes, Nubians, and Assyrians, black, red, and yellow, under Rameses; even complexions finely distinguished — the different colors of the lotus, etc. On the other hand, they paint some skins of men blue.] It seemed as if Gladstone were a champion in the medieval schools, throwing down theses and defending them for pure argument's sake, not for any real love of truth — a dangerous quality in a statesman, and apt to make him an untrustworthy debater. The only contribution I made to this discussion on color was to quote the fragment from Xenophanes about the rainbow.

Καλλίτριχες ἵπποι—Tennyson rendered "beauteous horses." He thought it meant sleek, etc.; might have said "fair-haired," but wanted same quality of sound which beauteous had. Gladstone said what had occurred to me, that καλλίτριχες was meant as a picturesque epithet, to describe the flowing mane of the horses as they stopped suddenly and turned, affrighted by the shout of Achilles. This seemed supersubtle.

Ἤϋδα, φθέγξατο—Tennyson had made the first *spake*, the second *shouted*. Gladstone said, "I think rightly, that it ought to have been ἀπάτερθε." What did this exactly mean? Tennyson had an image of Pallas standing above Achilles with her ægis, and shouting above him—but he had been told ἀπάτερθε meant a sort of echo from behind doubling her voice.

Difficulty of getting Homer's meaning. The old conventional translations. Αἰζήϊος, Gladstone said, used to be rendered *youth;* ought to be *able-bodied man;* from youth, when the scepter is taken into a prince's hand, to old age, when he puts his garden-gloves on, like *Laertes*, and leaves it to his son. Tennyson instanced γέφυρα, "bridge, ridge, bridge, ridge," in successive editions of Liddell and Scott.

Other points:

(1.) Gladstone said Virgil had misrepresented Homer intentionally; had used him, but altered, so that we could gain nothing from reading Homer in Virgil's light.

(2.) His deep meaning. Gladstone thought a special significance might be found in the list of Thetis's nymphs. They have pure Greek names, whereas Nereus was an old non-Hellenic Pelasgic god. Homer, Hellenizing Thetis, the mother of his Greek hero Achilles, invents a train of pure Greek ladies for her. He never mentions Nereus by name, calls him "the old man," keeps him in the background. Is not this supersubtle? He was angry with Lord Derby for cutting up these names.

(3.) "Lord Derby's not blank verse; prose divided into five beats." Said to have been improvised as the mood seized him, and wondered at by some people accordingly.

(4.) Could Homer be got into hexameters? Tennyson repeated some quantitative hexameters, "beastly bad," which he had made. English people could not understand quantity. "I showed 'em to a man, Allingham; he wanted to scan 'em; could n't see they had quantity." Gladstone observed that modern Greek readings of Homer must be all wrong. We have lost accent, which was not emphasis, but arsis and thesis of voice. At end of word, *e. g.*, the grave becomes the acute, and the voice is raised. There are three parts in pronunciation: time, emphasis, and pitch.

Palgrave suggested a translation of Homer into biblical prose. He began it. Jowett dissuaded him, saying he thought he had not enough command of English. [How like Jowett!] "Rather disparaging to you," said Tennyson.

Tennyson said he had read the "Odyssey" offhand in old English to his wife. "And it struck me I did it very well."

(5.) Real difficulty of translation. No two languages hit each other off. Both have some words "like shot silk" [Tennyson's metaphor, good]. These cannot be rendered. We can never *quite* appreciate another nation's poetry on this account. Gave as an instance the end of "Enoch Arden," "calling of the sea," a phrase well known to sailors, for a clear night with a sea-sound on the shore in calm. A German translator rendered it "geschrei," which suggested storm, etc., wrongly. He meant a big voice of the sea, but coming through the calm. [The Venetian sailors say, "Chiama il mare."]

Gladstone, just before we parted, said he always slept well. He had only twice been kept awake by the exertion of a great speech in the House. On both occasions the recollection that he had made a misquotation haunted him.

At about one we broke up. Gladstone went off first. My father and I walked about the studio, then shook hands with Tennyson, and got home.

MY LAST INTERVIEW WITH LORD TENNYSON.

THE last time I saw Tennyson was on August 28, 1892, not quite six weeks before his death. Fortunately, I related what happened in a letter to my daughter, from which I will now proceed to make extracts.

Angelo (my Venetian gondolier) and I came here (Haslemere) yesterday; and to-day we walked over with our host to Aldworth. It was a lovely day, after storm and rain. The road leads through a lane overarched with witch-elms, up to moorland deep in purple heath and bracken. The prospect from those ridgy hills included the whole weald of Sussex, with Fairlight just visible above Hastings at one end of the horizon, and Leith Hill at the other. Surveyed in a straight line, the extent is said to be sixty miles. The whole panorama — so green, so violet, so blue, so dappled with cloud-shadows, so diversified by heavy-tinted copses, meadows, yellow corn-fields — lies stretched out before the windows and the terraces of Aldworth. The house, embosomed in trees, and thickly planted with conifers, seems to be suspended on a steep descending slope.

We left Angelo in the shrubbery, and were taken up to Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Tennyson's sitting-room. After a few minutes' conversation, we went down to Lord Tennyson's study, a large room longer than its breadth. He was sitting near a window at one end of a wide lounge-sofa; shawls over his knees, and a velvet skull-cap defining the massive, nobly sculptured bones of his forehead. He welcomed me very kindly as an old friend, and began immediately to talk of former meetings. I reminded him how he once asked me at Farringford what I thought Shakspere meant by "long purples" in the speech about *Ophelia's* death, and how I promptly answered "arums" to his satisfaction. "Aye, aye; you were right. I think he meant jack-in-the-box" (a name I had not heard before for "lords and ladies"); "but I have used the word in my poetry to signify a hedgerow vetch with trailing lilac flowers." We also spoke about the daisies on the lawn at Farringford, and how a lady's skirts sweeping over these flowers will make them bend their heads, and show the crimson of their under petals — a fact recorded in that line of "Maud":

> For her feet have touched the meadows
> And left the daisies rosy.

He showed me a French translation of "Enoch Arden," which was intended to be used in schools by teachers of English. This led him to discuss grammar. "I don't understand English grammar. Take *sea-change*. Is *sea* here a substantive used adjectively, or what? What is the logic of a phrase like *Catholic-Disabilities Annulling Bill?* Does *invalid chair maker* mean that the chair-maker is a sickly fellow?" Apropos of the French book, he repeated Renan's story about himself and the Breton landlady, winding up: "She made me pay her bill, though. Renan was wrong there." Then we got on to English meters, how they had never yet been reduced to rules of prosody. "True; and just as I don't understand English grammar, so I don't understand English verse." "For one man who can read poetry, there are a hundred who can whistle a tune. I heard some one the other day read out that line of mine — beneath a picture of Lear's — *Lit by a large low moon.* The proper accents are, of course, on *lit* and *large*." I remarked how, in spite of the English heroic line being described as an iambic, you could often find only one iamb, and that at the end. I quoted from his own "Lucretius":

> Ruining along the illimitable inane.

"True," he said; "but you will find five beats." I replied that there sometimes seemed to me to be but three beats in a blank verse, and instanced from "Paradise Regained":

> Lancelot, and Pelleas, and Pellenore.

He admitted there were only three strong beats, and repeated a line of his own from one of the "Idyls of the King" constructed on the same type as Milton's. The verse in question is repeated several times in "The Coming of Arthur":

> Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere.

"But you must be sure to say Pellenôre, Pellenôre," he added.

Then he began to talk of Milton and Virgil, reciting passages from both to show how the English poet had modeled the pauses and cadence of his blank verse upon the Latin hexameter. "Strange, considering the difference between the languages and meters." Next he told me that he was going to write a poem on Bruno; and Hallam showed me the seventh volume of my "Renaissance in Italy," which they had been reading together. He asked whether I could understand Bruno's attitude toward Christianity. I tried to express what men like Pomponazzi, and Bruno himself before the Venetian Inquisition, maintained about the possibility of speculating like a skeptic and believing like a churchman. Tennyson observed that Bruno's great discovery was the infinity of the universe, filled with solar systems like our own, all penetrated with the divine life. "That con-

ception must react on Christianity — I mean its creed and dogma; its morality will always remain invulnerable." Somebody had told him that astronomers could calculate 550,000,000 solar systems. "There is no reason why each of these should not have one planet inhabited by people like ourselves. Then see what becomes of the sacrifice for fallen man upon this little earth!" At this point a neighbor, dressed in a very neat suit of lavender-colored cloth, came in. "How d' ye do?" said Tennyson. "You look like the gray dawn, so fresh and clean!" We all laughed; and he went on: "Well, so you do. Look at those fellows [myself and my friend], how dingy they are!" The conversation turned on Ireland and Gladstone. Tennyson disbelieves in Home Rule, and thinks Gladstone mischievous in politics. In his view, the Irish are the people least capable of political freedom and self-management under the sun. It was nearly time to go, when he accused me of having said he borrowed his *Margery* from *Dame Quickly*. I had forgotten utterly what and who his *Margery* is,—a character of one of the plays, I suppose,—and protested that I never said anything of the sort. "Oh, but you did. I have got the article in print, signed by your name, and pasted into that book yonder." This proves me, if it be so, to be an "irresponsible reviewer" with a vengeance; for I cannot remember *Margery*, or my remarks upon her at all, *at all*. Then the great man wanted to see Angelo, whom I called up from the shrubbery. He looked very soldierly and handsome in his gondolier's costume, bending over the poet's outstretched hand, and kissing the long, shapely fingers. I said in Italian: "Questo signore, Angelo, è il più grande poeta di Inghilterra—forse del mondo. Non ti scordar mai di questo momento."[1] "Eh? What 's that you 're saying to the fellow?" asked the bard. I repeated my words in English, and he looked as though he thought I had not overshot the mark. He then asked me about Davos, and said he had once been in Chur, but could remember nothing there except a grotesque incident in the hotel corridor. That was after crossing the Splügen, as recorded in "The Daisy." This beautiful poem, so original in rhythm and so perfect in its succession of carefully executed landscape-vignettes, is comparatively little known, I think; which justifies me perhaps in citing the stanza in question:

> What more? we took our last adieu,
> And up the snowy Splügen drew,
> But ere we reached the highest summit
> I plucked a daisy, I gave it you.

Angelo seemed to remind him of Italy, and he suddenly exclaimed: "All the Tennysons have big calves. My brother was bathing at Naples, and as he came up the hotel-steps in his bathing costume, a maid cried out: "Santissima Madonna, che gambe!" The impression left on me by this visit to Lord Tennyson was of a vigorous and green old age, full of cheer and interest and humor, intellectually acute as ever. He complained only of a chronic cough and of gout in the jaws, which made mastication painful.

John Addington Symonds.

[1] "This gentleman, Angelo, is the greatest poet of England — perhaps of the world. Never forget this moment."

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE land whose loveliness in verse of thine
Shows lovelier yet than prank'd on Nature's page
Shall prove *thy* poet in some future age,
Sing thee — *her* poet — not in measured line
Or metric stave, but music more benign;
Shall point to British Galahads who wage
Battle on wrong; to British maids who gage,
Like Agnes, heart and hope to love divine.
Worn men like thy Ulysses, scorning fear,
Shall tempt strange seas beneath an alien star;
Old men from honored homes and faces dear
Summoned by death to realms unknown and far
Thy "Silent Voices" from on high shall hear;
With happier auspice cross the "Harbour Bar."

DECEMBER 12, 1892. *Aubrey de Vere.*

AN EMBASSY TO PROVENCE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, SÒCI DÒU FÉLIBRIGE,

Author of "Stories of Old New Spain," "The Uncle of an Angel," "Color Studies," etc.,

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PART FOURTH.

I.

THAT we should go to the Fountain of Vaucluse was a matter of necessity. As the ambassadors of a poet we were, in a sense, poets ourselves; and for even a vicarious poet to be within a dozen miles of this time-honored shrine of poetic love and yet not visit it would be a sort of negative sacrilege, an outrage of neglect.

To be sure, as troubadours, we were disposed to look with but little favor upon the chillingly precise verses which the calm Petrarch addressed to his calm Laura; to regard somewhat disdainfully an ardor so prudently iced. But — whether we approved or disapproved of his methods of love-making — the fact remained that this Signor Petrarch merited some token of outward respect from us, for the reason that he belonged to our brotherhood, and was one of ourselves. Therefore we decided that before going to Saint-Remy and to Salon we would bear away eastward to the Fountain of Vaucluse, and pay his memory a passing call.

La Ponette and the shabby little carriage were brought forth from the stables of the Hôtel de l'Europe — which we were led to infer from the hostler's supercilious air had been somewhat contaminated by giving shelter to our poverty-stricken equipage. On the other hand, had the humble Ponette known how lordly a price we paid for her subsistence in this aristocratic establishment, I am confident that her short and very thick head would have been completely turned. That our own heads were a little turned by the parallel process in our own case is undeniable. For several days after emerging from our golden and crimson quarters we maintained the fiction that we were ticket-of-leave sovereigns, and made a point of addressing each other as "Your Grace."

Amidst the open smiles of the waiters, stable-boys, and other hangers-on of the Hôtel de l'Europe, we drove forth from the courtyard, and shaped our course — having a cargo of books to pick up at Roumanille's shop — for the Rue St. Agricol. All the members of the household flocked out to feast their eyes upon our car of state drawn by our gallant steed. As I close my eyes I can see Roumanille leaning for support against the door-jamb, and I can hear the ring of his laugh. We had endeavored to prepare him for the spectacle; but he told us frankly, in a voice broken with emotion, that what he had regarded as efforts of our imagination had given him but a feeble notion of the truth. But Roumanille was forced to admit — as we stowed the books in the locker beneath the seat, and disposed of the big package of photographs between the apron and the dash-board — that a good deal was to be said in favor of our conveyance on the score of practical convenience. What it seemed to lack, he said, was style.

Our parting that day was only temporary. We were to come back presently — traveling like ordinary mortals in an ordinary railway-carriage — for a long visit. Therefore we said *au revoir* with good heart, and got under way without regret — Roumanille standing out on the pavement, still laughing, until the turn into the Cours de la République hid him from our sight.

Over our passage down this street, the Broadway of Avignon, I draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that we attracted more attention, a great deal more, than our modesty desired. It was with a sigh of relief that we passed the city gate, and so came in a few minutes into the quiet country road leading eastward to L'Isle-sur-Sorgue. There are times in one's life, and this was one of them, when the grateful vacancy of the country brings rest and soothing to the mind harried by a city's noise and crowd.

Our way led eastward; but we actually took a route southeastward, that we might spend a few hours in the gay company of the swiftest and most joyous river in all Europe, the Durance. It was a charming road, this, that led us through parks and gardens from the outer edge of the valley to the riverside. Great trees

arched over us; pollard willows were ranged along the irrigating canals in unending lines; the soft gurgling sound of flowing water filled the air. Now and then we met or passed a friendly traveler with whom we exchanged greetings. From an old stone gateway, just touched by a sunbeam that penetrated the thick foliage above it, a little girl came out and held up for our admiration her new doll — a very Sheban of a doll, dressed in vivid yellow and girded with a scarlet sash. The Ponette jogged along in her own slow way, and we did not hurry her. Had she known our humor, she would have turned it to her private profit by going at a walk.

About noon, swinging away to the north, we parted company with the Durance at Bonpas. It is a silk-factory, now, this ancient abbey — a change fit to make the dust of Simon Langham, the Archbishop of Canterbury who built the abbey church, compact itself again and arise in the shape of a curse. The Bridge-building Brothers threw a bridge of stone across the river here; but the river promptly threw it off again, and its several successors after it. Now, quite in keeping with the silk-factory, the stream is spanned by a suspension-bridge — the only sort of structure that this light-hearted devil of a river does not sooner or later get the better of.

Across the valley, a couple of miles away, is Noves, where of old Laura lived. For a moment we hung in the wind, at the fork of the road, while we debated the propriety of turning aside to visit her former habitation. But Laura is distinctly a second-rate personage. The best that can be said of her is that she was the consignee of Petrarch's verses. The debate was a short one.

"We cannot be at the mercy of every whiff of Fancy's breeze," said the Ambassador.

"We must occasionally be firm to our intentions," said the Ambassadress.

And, having uttered these resolute words of wisdom, we turned our backs upon Noves and Laura, and bore away for Thor. We had been assured, I may say in passing, that in Thor, at the little Hôtel de Notre Dame, we should get a good breakfast; had we possessed a like assurance in regard to the breakfast possibilities of Noves, the case thus decided against Laura might have gone differently.

II.

Midway in the village of Thor the highway takes a sharp turn; and just in its bend, so that the traveler cannot possibly miss it, is the hospitably open entrance to the Hôtel de Notre Dame. A woman nursing a plump baby rose to greet us as we drove in, and a stern hostler — having the look and manner of Prince Bismarck — came forth from the stable and took charge of the mare. That we might wash away the dust of our journey, we were shown to a little box of a bedroom. All the floors were of stone; the steps of the narrow stair were of stone, worn deeply; and in keeping with this fine flavor of antiquity was the garnishing of the kitchen fireplace with delightful tiles. Excepting the new humanity that had come into it, I doubt if there had been the smallest change in this whole establishment for a round two hundred years. The baby was very new indeed, and his young mother thought the world of him. She held him on one arm during most of the time that she was engaged in getting breakfast ready, but popped him down anywhere, on the table or into a basket half filled with potatoes, when she required the use of both hands. When at last breakfast was served, he was stowed away in a big cradle in one corner of the dining-room.

Four people breakfasted with us; but they all were shy and taciturn, and only one of them — a carter in his shirt-sleeves — looked interesting. Had we been alone with the carter, we should have made friends with him; but he was oppressed, as we were, by the chill presence of the other half of our company, and devoted his large mouth solely to eating and drinking. Yet was he naturally a voluble man, and with a fine loud voice: as we knew — a moment after he had bolted his last mouthful and had left the table with a jerky bow — by hearing him roaring away in animated talk with Prince Bismarck outside.

On the wall of the dining-room was a notice stating that the Mayor of Thor had the honor to inform the public that the annual market of grapes of all qualities would be held in the commune, at the accustomed place, on the 25th of August and the 15th of October, proximo. All about the town were vineyards, and the crisp aromatic smell of the ripening grapes hung heavy in the air. At the little café, whither we went when our breakfast was ended, the old man who served us spoke of the vintage with enthusiasm. The vines had done well, wonderfully well, he said. A great harvest was assured. "And when our grapes are good," he added jollily, "we laugh and jingle our money in our pockets through all the rest of the year."

He was charmingly talkative, this old man — quite unlike the sad company at breakfast that had erected a chill barrier of silence between the carter and ourselves. My pipe appealed to him. "It is a fine large pipe that monsieur smokes," he said cordially. "And is it really so light as they say, this German clay? Will monsieur indeed permit me? . . . Mon Dieu,

how light! What a wonder of a pipe it is!" After the severe repression to which our natures had been subjected at breakfast, coming into the presence of this genial old man was like coming forth into sunshine from a cold, dark room.

While the Ponette rested — what she had to rest from Heaven only knows; in all the morning she had covered only eight or ten miles — we paid our respects to the unknown architect who seven hundred years ago built the church for which Thor ever since has been famed. This duty to art and antiquity being discharged, we ascended into our chariot, and then the Ponette's scarcely perceptible progress detached us gently from Thor, and set us adrift in the direction of L'Isle-sur-Sorgue.

From the one town to the other is but a step. Even the Ponette could not make a journey of it. By mid-afternoon we were bowling along the shady main street, beside the main channel of the Sorgue, at a spirited walk; and so came gallantly to the door of the Hôtel St. Martin. It is customary for visitors to the Fountain of Vaucluse to stop at the Hôtel de Pétrarque-et-Laure; but in our case — apart from our coolness toward those cool lovers — there was so much of appositeness in finding shelter for ourselves and our beggarly equipage at a hotel presided over by St. Martin that we did not hesitate for a moment in making our choice.

III.

L'Isle is nothing less than a fascination — a tiny Venice, without the bad smells. The Sorgue, outflowing from the near-by Fountain of Vaucluse, divides above the town into three channels, which below it are united again into a single stream. Upon the northern island, and around about it, the town is built. The main stream, at its widest but a couple of rods across, shaded by ancient trees, flows beside the highway — which also is the principal street of the town. Stone bridges span it here and there; broad flights of stone steps, with the look of having escaped from a drop-curtain, lead down to its margin and are thronged with operatic washerwomen; huge undershot wheels slowly revolve in it (a good deal of unpoetic carpet-weaving is done here), and suggest melodramatic possibilities of a comfortably shuddering sort — there being always about a great water-wheel something very horrible that sends a chill to one's heart. The southern branch flows along the town's outskirts; and the northern, not more than six or eight feet wide, runs in a strait channel between the houses and even under them — with doors and windows opening upon the stream. All day long the cool sound of rippling water is in the air; and its lulling tinkle comes soothingly across the soft silence of the night.

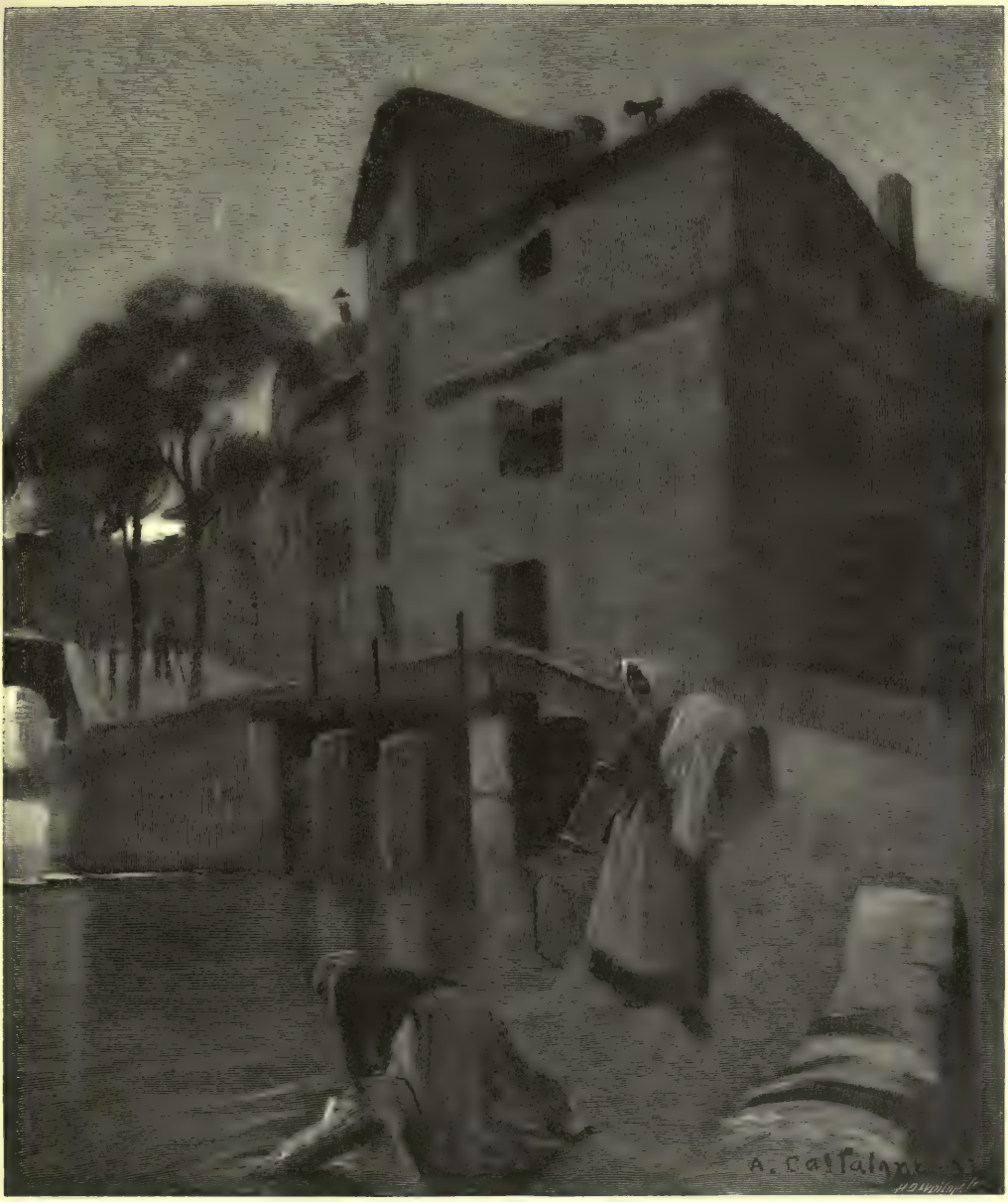
It was the boast of the people of L'Isle in former times — before the Fountain of Vaucluse had had thrust upon it a desecrating paper-mill — that they could sit at their ease in their houses and fish for trout and eels through their open doors. Noble traditions survive of these dainties, and of a certain delicate variety of cray-fish, with which the Sorgue did once abound. According to the guide-books and the hotel people, the Sorgue abounds with them still; and the representative of St. Martin even went so far as to assure us that the specimens served for our delectation had come from the river to the pan with but a single bound. Yet, in point of fact, because of that vile paper-mill, the fish of the Sorgue are all as dead as Julius Cæsar. The hotel fish really come from the Gardon, — clear on the other side of the Rhône, — and do their bounding by rail. This painful secret was imparted to us by the proprietor of the café: an intelligent young man who had no motive for abetting the local fiction, and whose business was of a sort to set him a little at odds with the proprietors of the hotels.

IV.

While these facts in regard to the migrant nature of the fish of L'Isle were being confided to us, — we were taking our after-dinner coffee, — a man passed by beating loudly upon a drum. His untempered music, we found, was the announcement of a play to be given that very evening in an open-air theater down by the water-side in the rear of our hotel. The players, said our young man, were the wreckage of a strolling company that had gone to pieces in L'Isle a month or two before; they gave occasional performances to keep themselves alive until some happy turn of fortune should enable them to get away.

As we found when we had come to it, this open-air theater justified its name. The stage was a raised and covered platform, with a practicable curtain; but the seats, cut off from the rest of the universe by a wooden fence, had between them and the sky only some chance branches of trees. The best seats — two rows of chairs which stood in front of the eight or ten lines of benches without backs — cost twenty centimes. We unhesitatingly paid our eight cents, and took places in the front row.

There were six players, all told, and the cast included seven characters. In the first act the *Villain* — quite a desperate villain — very properly was killed; but in the second act he confused us by reappearing — it was the same man in precisely the same costume — alive and well. As the play went on, however, we



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

L'ISLE-SUR-SORGUE.

discovered that he had ceased to be the *Villain*, and at a stroke had become his own uncle and the respectable father of the *Marchioness*. We inferred that there was a shortness in the wardrobe as well as in the company; and this probability was emphasized by the references in the lines to the somber black in which the *Marchioness* was clad — when, actually, that interesting widow was arrayed in a gown of exceptionally bright blue.

Between the tragedy and the farce the *Ingénue* came out among the audience and supplemented the gate-money by taking up a collection in a tin box, her efforts being most pointedly directed to squeezing something out of the crowd that was massed outside the railing and had not paid anything at all. The *Dueña*, not cast in the farce, resumed possession of her brace of children, who had been in the care of friends on the benches, and went home with them when the tragedy was at an end. We heard her say something about breakfast the next day and a pot of tripe. At the end of the performance the *Tyrant* made us all a handsome speech of thanks, and announced that on the ensuing Thursday the company would have the honor

THE OPEN-AIR THEATER.

of presenting the tragedy of "Jeanne d'Arc," to be followed by a side-splitting farce. I was disposed to arise in my place and to assure the *Tyrant* that for ourselves the obligation was wholly on our side. It was a longing of our hearts realized — this veritable bit out of "Le Capitaine Fracasse."

V.

BEFORE returning to our quarters, we walked for a while in the starlight beside the Sorgue, seeking to attune our souls by its rippling music to the key of poesy fitting to the pilgrimage on the ensuing day to the Fountain of Vaucluse. In this endeavor we succeeded so well that I was beginning to put together an apostrophic sonnet to Laura and Petrarch, when sleep overtook me and obliterated the concluding ten of the necessary fourteen lines. And then, at five o'clock in the morning, came the proprietor of the Hôtel St. Martin, with violent knockings, to inform me that the Ponette had developed a severe colic and was in a very bad way indeed!

For all the remainder of my days the Fountain of Vaucluse will be associated in my mind with the keen internal miseries of that dull little mare. Never will I hear a reference to Laura and Petrarch without instantly remembering the unpoetic nature of my frequent conferences with the veterinary surgeon, who was the better, as I was the worse, on each of these occasions by two francs.

It was the late Lord Verulam who made the astute observation (in his essay "Of Seditions and Troubles") that "the rebellions of the belly are the worst." But even my Lord Verulam, who was blessed with a fine vein of fancy, never imagined a rebellion of this nature at so inopportune a time. Instead of reveling in a luxury of poetic reminiscence, I was forced to dwell upon the prosaic details of equine pathology; while a haunting dread beset me of what would happen should the sluggish soul of the Ponette separate itself from her sluggish body, and so bring me to a direful reckoning with Noé Mourgue at Nimes!

Happily for me, the Ponette was endowed with so vigorous a constitution that she did not succumb to her painful disorder. By the ensuing morning she practically was well again, the veterinary surgeon assured me; and as his interest was wholly against this statement, I did not doubt that he spoke the truth. But it was with chastened spirits that we drove her gingerly to the Fountain of Vaucluse; and our conversation turned not upon Laura and Petrarch, but upon the possible further internal disturbances of the mare. Positively, it made me nervous when she but twitched her ears!

Yet, in despite of these painful memories of the trials and tribulations which befell me there, I think of L'Isle-sur-Sorgue only with an affectionate tenderness. It possesses a beautiful old church, it is renowned for the excellence of its dried fruits, and there is in its composition a most wonderful mingling of sparkling water and sparkling sunshine. These merits are considerable; but its greater merit, wherein lies its especial charm for me, is its habit of repose. I never have known a town where a larger proportion of the townsfolk seemed to have so comfortably little to do. Their capacity for being negatively busy — that is to say, for consciously and deliberately doing nothing: a very different thing from mere idleness — is nothing short of ideal. During the three days of our sojourn there some masons were making believe to be at work upon repairs to the wall of the main canal — close beside an old stone bridge whereon was cast by a great plane-tree growing beside it a rest-inviting shade. All day long relays of the townspeople accepted the invitation of the plane-tree and sat upon the parapet of the bridge, watching with an intelligently languid interest the masons keeping up their show of toil. Sometimes the members of these self-appointed committees fairly went to sleep. But it was only by looking closely that their somnolence was apparent — so exquisite, even in their widest wakefulness, was their repose. A town like that is a bulwark of civilization, against which the Huns and Goths of our era, whose barbaric war-cry is "Haste!" may strive in vain.

VI.

SALON, where dwelt of old the prophet Nostradamus, lies due south of L'Isle at a distance of twenty miles. But by going along two sides of a triangle, only thirty miles or so out of the direct way, we were able to lay a course through Saint-Remy and Les Baux that was much more to our minds. Our visit to Salon was a matter of diplomatic necessity — to the end that, as Ambassadors, we might wait upon the chief citizen of that town: Monsieur Antoine Blaise Crousillat, oldest of all the Félibres, to whom his brethren have given the affectionate title of dean of their poetic guild.

Early in the morning I held a final conference (at the regular two-franc rate) with the veterinary surgeon; received his positive assurance that the revolt in the interior of the Ponette was wholly quelled; and by seven o'clock we were on the road. We started at this untoward hour partly because we expected to drive far that day, and partly because the Ponette's physician in ordinary had warned us against pushing her at too great a speed. Little did this man know about her, or never would he have coupled her name with so vivacious a

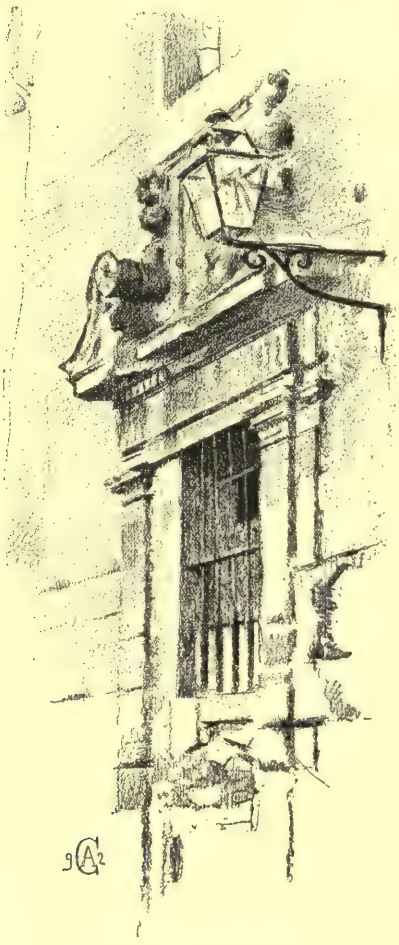
MARIUS GIRARD.

word! His counsel was delivered in her presence, and she very obviously made a note of it for her own purposes. That day she outdid herself in prodigies of laziness, and whenever I ventured mildly to remonstrate with her, she would give a warning quiver to her fat flanks which thrilled us with alarm. She was dull, the Ponette, but not stupid—oh, no!

Although the landscape may be said to have clung to our chariot wheels with an affectionate persistence, we did actually advance. By nine o'clock we were in Cavaillon—a bowery little town, in all this part of France famous for its melons. The elder Dumas made a solemn gift of his collected works to the municipality of Cavaillon, on the express condition that every year he should receive a tribute of its melons; which tribute—it was a good business transaction for the novelist, for in Paris the melons of Cavaillon are fruit of price—was paid regu-

larly until the contract was liquidated by his death. By ten o'clock we had crossed the Durance; and a little before noon we gently edged our way into Saint-Remy — when the Ponette, being of a gluttonous habit, suddenly snuffed at possibilities of breakfast, and brought us almost at a trot into the *remise* of the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc.

It is a delightful old tavern, this: with narrow stairways of stone, crooked passages of various



OLD ROMAN WINDOW.

levels laid in tiles, tile-paved chambers with ancient heavy furniture, the lower rooms vaulted, the dining-room fairly extending out into the open air under a vine-clad arbor, and beyond the arbor an acre or more of tangled garden in which grow all together fruit-trees and shade-trees and shrubbery and vegetables and flowers. A beautiful woman, in the beautiful dress of Arles, received us with the most cordial of smiles. It was as though she had been waiting long for our coming, and was joyful because at last we had arrived. And she backed in a practical fashion her display of hospitality by giving us a breakfast fit for the Lords of Baux.

Most gentle is the business carried on by the people of Saint-Remy: the raising of flowers and the sale of their seed. All around the town are fields of flowers; and the flowers are suffered to grow to full maturity, and then to die their own sweet death, to the end that their seed may be garnered and sold abroad. Everywhere delicate odors floated about us in the air; and, although our coming was in August, bright colors still mingled everywhere with the green of leaves and grass. Insensibly, their gracious manner of earning a livelihood has reacted upon the people themselves; the folk of Saint-Remy are notable for their gentleness and kindliness even among their gentle and kindly fellows of Provence. We understood better Roumanille's beautiful nature when we thus came to know the town of gardens wherein he was born, and we also appreciated more keenly the verse — in his exquisite little poem to his mother — in which he chronicles his birth:

In a farm-house hidden in the midst of apple-trees,
On a beautiful morning in harvest-time,
I was born to a gardener and a gardener's wife
In the gardens of Saint-Remy.

In Saint-Remy was born, and now dwells (though we were not so fortunate, on this occasion, as to encounter him), still another poet: Monsieur Marius Girard, Syndic des Félibres de Provence, Félibre majoral, Maître en Gaisavoir, Chevalier of the Order of Charles III. of Spain — who especially is the laureate of the mountains near which he lives. Into his "Lis Aupiho" he has gathered the many strange legends of the Alpines, and has enhanced the value of his poetry by his scholarly researches into the curious history and sociology of this isolated mountain-range: and so has won deservedly the crown of the floral games at Apt and the olive-branch of the Academy of Béziers. And, finally, in Saint-Remy lives the present queen of the Félibres, Mademoiselle Girard, who was chosen to her high office at the septennial festival held at Les Baux in August, 1892.

But the wonder is not that two poets and a queen of poets have been born in Saint-Remy. Rather is it that the ordinary speech of every one born in this delicately delectable little town is not pure iambics; that there should not be poetry in every mouth (as at Abdera), "like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it whether it will or no."

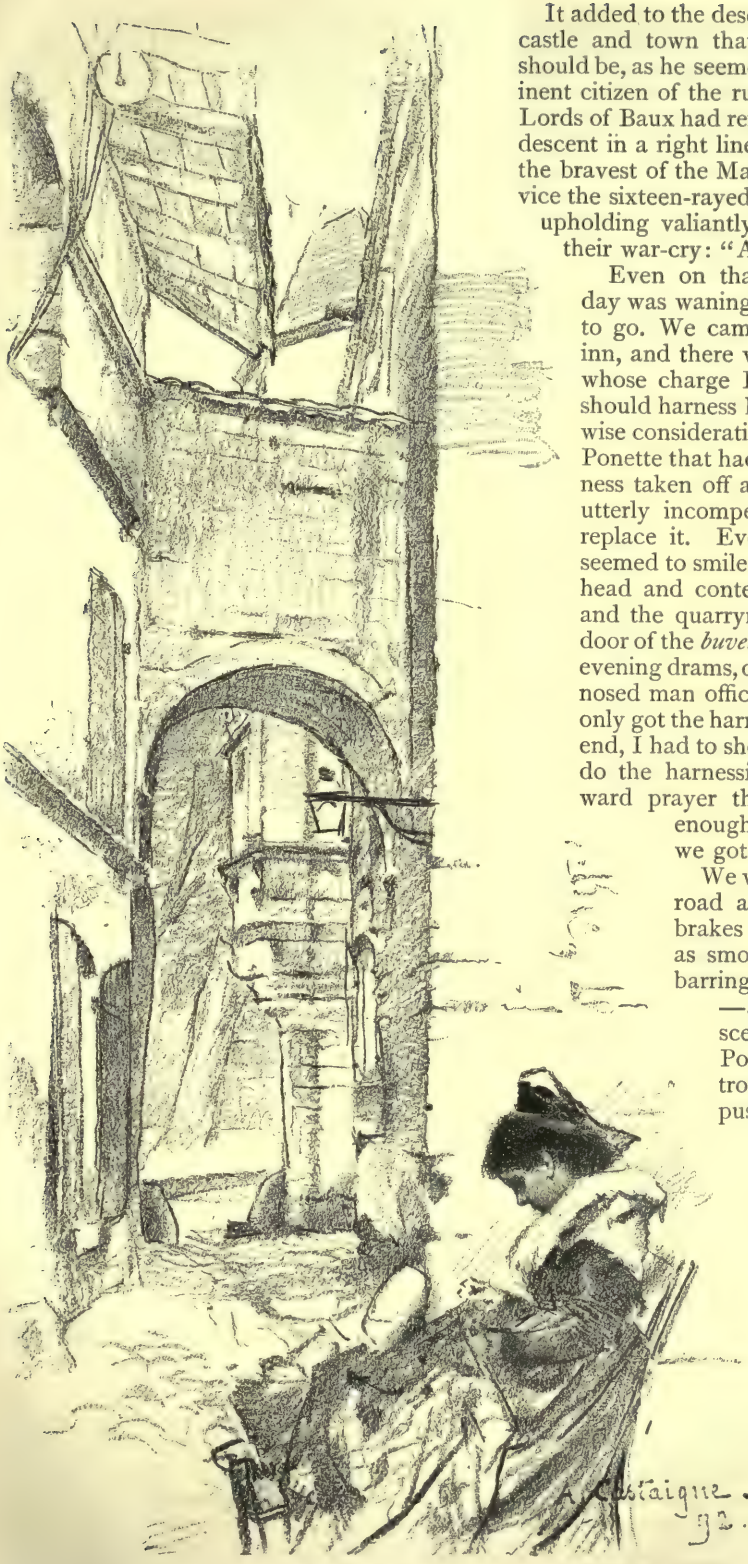
VII.

In the early afternoon we went onward, by a road that led up a mountain pass into the

ANTOINE BLAISE CROUSILLAT.

very heart of the Alpines, to Les Baux. A red-nosed man gave us the doubtful benefit of his company during our exploration of the ruined castle and the partly ruined town. It was his custom to act as a guide, he said; and he seemed to think that this exposition of his own habits, without regard to what our habits in the matter of guides might be, was amply sufficient in the premises. But in his whole vinous body there was not an atom of usefulness, either as a guide or as anything else; and his meager soul — injudiciously preserved in alcohol — was quite in keeping with its useless carnal environment.

There was no need for a guide. The ruins spoke for themselves — a wreck so total, so wild, so harsh, that upon it seemed to have fallen relentlessly the withering wrath of God. The few poverty-stricken souls, quarrymen and their ragged families, who found shelter in what remained of the houses seemed to be crushed down under the same general curse. The red-nosed man officiously led us to a sheer cliff, a fall of a hundred feet or more, over which a woman but recently had cast herself, he said, because she was so miserably poor and her life was so bitter and so hard. Beholding the desolation amidst which this sorrowful creature's home had been, and knowing how harsh had been her life, we did not wonder that in a crisis of heroic cowardice she had leaped out from the dark certainties of that height and of Time together into the luringly bright uncertainties of Eternity.



HOUSE OF NOSTRADAMUS. ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

It added to the desolateness of the wreck of castle and town that our degenerate guide should be, as he seemed to be, the most prominent citizen of the ruin of all over which the Lords of Baux had reigned — glorying in their descent in a right line from the youngest and the bravest of the Magi; bearing for their device the sixteen-rayed star of Bethlehem; and upholding valiantly through the centuries their war-cry: "Au hazard, Balthazar!"

Even on that mountain height the day was waning when at last we turned to go. We came back to the wretched inn, and there waited until the boy into whose charge I had given the Ponette should harness her again. It was an unwise consideration for the comfort of the Ponette that had led me to order the harness taken off as I perceived when that utterly incompetent boy attempted to replace it. Even the stolid little mare seemed to smile at him as she turned her head and contemplated his misdoings; and the quarrymen, standing about the door of the *buvette* and the worse for their evening drams, openly laughed. The red-nosed man officiously tried to help, and only got the harness more tangled. In the end, I had to shove them both aside and do the harnessing myself — with an inward prayer that I might do it well enough to hold together until we got back to Saint-Remy.

We went down the mountain road at a good trot, with the brakes set hard. The road was as smooth as French roads — barring *chemins d'exploitation* — always are, and the descent was sharp: even the Ponette could not refuse to trot with the carriage fairly pushing her along. Dusk was falling on the heights, and darkness had come by the time that we reached the plain. From the unseen fields of flowers sweet scents were borne to us; sweetest of all being the richly delicate odor from a field of heliotrope close beside us, but hidden in the bosom of the night.

Our dinner at the Cheval Blanc was served to us at a small table in the arbor,—

MLLE. GIRARD, PRESENT QUEEN OF THE FÉLIBRES.

lighted by lamps hung from the lattice,— close beside the vine-covered archway that opened upon the dark garden beyond. At another small table three elderly men were dining, who bowed to us gravely as we took our seats, but who were sufficiently remote from us to make an attempt at general conversation unnecessary. To one of them — a pleasant-looking old boy, with a mahogany face that testified to an out-door habit of life and to a liking for honest red wine — we evidently were objects of interest. We caught him shooting sidelong looks at us, and he evidently was keeping his ears wide open to our English talk. They finished their

dinner before we had finished ours, and again we interchanged bows as they rose to leave. But our mahogany-faced gentleman was not quite done with us. In the doorway he paused for a moment, as though steadying himself for some venturesome deed. Then, with another bow, he said with a sharp abruptness: "Good night"—and instantly disappeared!

It was most startling to have this scrap of English fired at us, at point-blank range, with the unexpectedness of a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Obviously, however, the effect of his deliverance was most severe upon himself—the recoil incident to his lingual explosion carrying him clear out of our sight. Doubtless his digestion that night was the worse for his violent tampering with a foreign tongue. And did we, in that single lurid gleam of speech, get the benefit of his entire English vocabulary? We never knew!

Bearing in her hands our two candles, our beautiful hostess piloted us to our bed-chamber—up the narrow worn stone stairway, along the narrow crooked passages broken by incidental flights of steps, and so to the large tile-paved room whereof the mahogany furniture had grown black with age, and where everything was exquisitely clean. The bed-linen had a faint smell of lavender, and the beds were comfortable to a degree. As I sunk away into sleep I was aware of the delicate, delicious odor of flowers swept in through the open window by the soft night wind.

VIII.

ALL Saint-Remy was astir—'t was the Feast of the Assumption—as we left it the next day. The shady Place d'Armes was crowded with men in blouses, who ate melons, and smoked short pipes, and all the while talked so vigorously that there was a buzzing in the air as though of bees. The women—beautiful with a stately beauty, and wearing the beautiful dress of Arles—were clustered in front of the church, wherein they attended to their religious duties in relays, and added to the buzzing a sharper note with the simultaneous going of all their tongues. Every moment the two gatherings were enlarged by new recruits come in from the outlying farms: affluent country-folk in high two-wheeled carts drawn by round little horses of the Camargue, or less affluent country-folk who came joyfully to the feast on the two legs which God had given them.

Only our strong sense of duty as Ambassadors enabled us to fetch away from Saint-Remy and the glad company assembled there and to go onward to Salon. As we drove off through the flower-fields, and then through vineyards and olive-orchards and plantations of almond trees, the feast still was present with us in the persons of those whom we met going to it, all gallant in their feast-day clothes. Toward the end of our journey we met other holiday folk returning from Salon; and then our hearts were comforted for the loss of Saint-Remy by our delight in this bravely castellated little city set sturdily upon its hill.

Our credentials to the dean of the Félibres were as slight as ever an embassy carried. "He lives beside the fountain," said Roumanille. "Tell him that you come from me." That was all! But we knew that it was sufficient. Doubts as to our calling we never had entertained; and the welcome that had been given us at Avignon had convinced us that our election was altogether sure.

We had ample time to present ourselves to Monsieur Crousillat before dinner—it was but half after five when our establishment at the very comfortable Hôtel des Négociants was completed, and the days still were long. When we asked for information in regard to the whereabouts of Monsieur Crousillat's home, 'Toinette, the daughter of the house,—plump as a little partridge and beaming with smiles,—instantly offered to be our guide. "It is but a step," she said. "You turn the corner, and you are upon the boulevard—in a moment you come to the fountain and the Place d'Aubes. But were it a great deal farther," she added earnestly, "I should have the most of pleasure in showing m'sieu'-madame the way." She was the kindest-hearted little creature in the world, this good 'Toinette. The next day she went with us to the church in which Nostradamus lies buried, where we encountered a crusty sacristan whose stock of merchantable civility was sold in small portions at the rate of fifty centimes each. The rate struck me as low; but 'Toinette, witnessing the purchase of that which by her creed should be given freely, was sincerely shocked. "To think," she said, "of being paid for politeness! That is not the way in our town." And presently she repeated: "No, that is not the way in our town at all!"

'Toinette's courtesy was as delicately discriminating as it was cordial. When she had led us nearly to Monsieur Crousillat's door she left us—"because m'sieu'-madame doubtless wish to make this visit alone," she said. She could not have exhibited a nicer consideration had she been the very finest lady in the land.

We knocked at the door of the poet's house, but there was no reply; nor was there when we knocked again. Our third knock brought out from a shoe-shop in the adjoining house a pleasant-faced young girl, who informed us that no one was at home just then, and who advised us to return at six o'clock, when we would be sure to find some one, because that was the hour

at which the family supped. It was with the utmost good-heartedness that she spoke, and with the air of one to whom the success of our visit was a matter of serious concern.

There is not anywhere a more delightful town than Salon in which to ramble in the quiet time of sunset. All the center of it — the part lying about the castle, within what were the limits of the ancient walls — is a tangle of narrow crooked streets, which give fresh combinations of picturesqueness at every turn; outside of this tightly compressed area, occupying the site of walls and moat, is a broad boulevard shaded by double lines of trees; and beyond the boulevard are houses set more openly, between which are far views out over the vast level of the Crau, or across vineyards and olive-orchards to the distant hills.

So charming was it all that the hour was nearer half after six than six when we returned to Monsieur Crousillat's door. The pleasant-faced young girl was on the lookout for us, and with her was her pleasant-faced mother. The mother begged that we would not knock — "because M'sieu' Antoine is at his supper, and it is not well, as madame no doubt knows, to interrupt old people at their meals." And then she added with a frank friendliness: "Perhaps madame and m'sieu' will have the goodness to seat themselves in my shop and wait for just a very little while; it certainly will not be long."

They made us as welcome as though we had been old friends, yet kept in view the fact that we were distinguished strangers, and preened their feathers — while cooing perfunctory dissent — as our magnificences were pleased to express an obviously sincere admiration for their town. Then a neighbor dropped in, and took a lively part in our dish of friendly talk; and so, for half an hour, we all chatted away together as comfortably as though we had known one another through the whole of our respective lives.

IX.

When, at last, we despatched the young girl upon a reconnoissance, Monsieur Crousillat returned with her — in a fine state of perturbation because we had been kept waiting for so long a while. He was a most sprightly old gentleman, with a fresh complexion decidedly at odds with his full white beard, and carried jauntily his five-and-seventy years. In his eagerness to make amends for our waiting, he scarce gave us time to say good night to our obliging friends of the shoe-shop: in a moment we were whisked out of it and into his own home. And his cordiality was of a sort that manifested itself in deeds as well as in words: with what an amiable energy did he lead us first to the house of Nostradamus, and thereafter about the town, expounding to us its history and its traditions, on the ensuing day!

Just within the doorway his sister was waiting to welcome us — a gracious little white-haired lady, with a lively yet gentle manner, and with the freshness of youth still lingering upon her sweet old face. With her was their elder brother, to whom we were presented with a certain amount of ceremony: a vigorous young gentleman of eighty-five. There was a becoming touch of gravity in his manner; but this seemed to be due to his responsible position as head of the family rather than to his years. It was the most charmingly quaint household that can be imagined — where the perpetual youth of sweet and gentle natures had held a gallant guard upon the threshold against the assaults of age. The most delicate touches of all were shown in the affectionate deference of the *cadet* and the young sister toward the head of their house; and in the loving pride with which the poet was regarded by his kinsfolk — this poet who was their very own, united to them by the closest ties of blood, yet who was on terms with the Muses and had won for himself the recognized right to fetch honey freely from Hymettus Hill.

The poetry of Monsieur Crousillat is graver in tone than is that of the majority of his fellow Félibres. In the preface to his collection of "Noëls" — which work he did the Ambassadress the honor to present to her — he has written: "The main object of all poets being to instruct as well as to please, I have, from love of truth, though not forgetting that poetry is tinged with fiction, imposed upon myself the duty of avoiding a little what is legend alone and what belongs entirely to theology. And I have endeavored, within the limits of my power, to make each of my noëls teach, as fables teach, a moral lesson." Yet is there a strain of exceeding tenderness in his grave verse, and a naïve simplicity which gives it a touching and peculiar charm.

He is a master of many tongues, this oldest of the poets of Provence: uniting with the two languages which are his birthright a knowledge of Italian, gained in the course of an enchanting journey into Italy in the time of his youth; an elegant Latinity, that finds expression in highly finished verse; and a reading command of English. Two English poets are especially dear to him: Milton and Dryden. With the first of these his own utterances, though less grandiose and more humane, have something in common; and it is easy to perceive how the verse of Dryden — flowing, melodious, sonorous — commends itself to one whose own rich language especially is suited to the composition of poetry in which precisely these qualities are found.

For the lack of opportunity to train his ear to its sound, Monsieur Crousillat could not understand spoken English; nor did he venture to speak it. He could write it, he said; and even had carried on an English correspondence with a cousin living in our own country, in Philadelphia — the daughter of a refugee from France in '89. Once she had come to Salon, this kinswoman, and had paid them a visit. But that, he added slowly, was a long, long while ago — nearly half a century. After her return to America their letters had sped back and forth briskly for a time; but as they had grown old the letter-writing had languished; and at last it had ended — when she died.

There seemed to me to be a suggestion of the delicate perfume of ashes-of-roses about this episode of the American correspondence that had withered and perished so long ago. And I am entirely confident that the welcome given by the dean of the Félibres to the Embassy was the warmer because America was the country whence it came.

WITH this visit of respect to Monsieur Crousillat — that changed, without our taking thought about it, into a visit of affection — the stately formalities of our mission were at an end. As an Embassy we had presented ourselves to the Capoulié, and to the Senior Poet, of the Félibrige; our credentials had been approved by these high functionaries, and ourselves had been accepted as *personæ gratæ*. For the remainder of our stay near the Court of this Poetic Power we were entitled, as recognized Ambassadors, to receive from all its subjects — and, verily, we did receive — that cordial consideration which in such cases the comity of nations prescribes.

Thomas A. Janvier.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XIII.

IN his first groping, and bitter explanations of it to himself, Philip saw how natural it was that he should find Jasper with her. He had not known of his return, and he must have come this morning, as he was certain that he had not been in Maverick the day before; but being returned, and hearing of her presence in Maverick, what could be more in the course of things than a meeting of old lovers, long separated, in the first hours of Jasper's home-coming? Oh, it was natural enough!

"A type-writer!" he said, in the easy and flowing tones of one who tries to be easy. "I congratulate you. It 's a great thing. You will write your father's sermons now, I suppose."

"I don't know," she said. "Yes, perhaps, if I can learn."

It was, in fact, a longing desire with her to write her father's sermons for him at his dictation — he detested the manual labor of writing. But nothing seemed quite so possible and worth while as it had seemed a moment ago.

"Do you know anything about it? Perhaps you can show me," she said, to make conversation. She chafed under this difficult exchange: it had never been like this between them hitherto. They had always talked freely and naturally: it was one of the things which made this Mr. Deed a pleasant man to get along with, she had thought. He was so straightforward, so simple and direct; he had no attitude, he never got himself up, he had not even that man's pose in talking to a woman which she disliked. He talked to her, she felt sure, as he might have talked to a man. He understood things without being told. Men to whom one had to explain irritated her. And now he was not going to understand; and he was defending himself from the natural course of their usual talk with an artifice.

Was it in fact true, then, that such a thing as a frank and cordial relation between young men and young women was an impossibility? She heard Philip saying that he had once spent a month or two in studying the type-writer, as she asked this question of herself. It was going to fall in with one of his young plans for being successful in some other way than the way his father wished, and had been dropped when the plan had followed the other plans. She heard this distantly while she passed in hasty review all possible and impossible oc-

casions for the scene at the door and for his constraint. Was the blame hers, in any way? she asked herself. Or, whosesoever the blame, might it be her opportunity to reconcile them? Dorothy's goodness was always impulsive; the people who did not like the consequences of some of her rash bursts of kind-heartedness said that it was absurd. It was true that she was good in haste, and often repented at leisure; but she liked better to stumble and wound herself, as she must, in her rush to help some one who had fallen, than to suck wise maxims about prudence in contented inaction. She kept a generous scorn for the mincing caution of the proverbs. All proverbs were stingy and selfish, she thought, and taught one to live for one's self in the handsomest security.

She went to the type-writer, and began to finger it with the gingerly deliberateness of the novice, while he stood above her looking on, and they exchanged question and answer without much notion on either side of what they were talking about. She was feeling, with a woman's sense of social obligation, that she must do something to keep the affair moving; while her kindly puzzlement about the little drama at the door went on steadily in her thoughts.

Philip was capable of listening at any time to the taking modulations of her sweet, rich Southern voice, without troubling his head about what she was saying; and it was in this dreamy way that he was listening to her now, thinking also, as if it were a novel thought, how utterly pretty she was. She was dressed in a house-gown of black, with the daintiest suggestion of a dark-green velvet at the throat, shoulders, and sleeves; and the quietness of this effect seemed to exalt the beauty of her fresh coloring, her good, honest, sincere, admirable eyes, her shapely face. How she stared at her type-writing! He wished she would look about at him. It was two minutes since he had seen her eyes; the whimsical brown, floating intermittently in their gray depths, would have had time to change or go.

There suddenly seemed nothing further to say, and, leaning back from the type-writer, she patted her hand upon her dress, and called, "Here, Jack!" A great Newfoundland dog, which had been lying on the floor by the side of the type-writer, leaped up, placing his fore-paws in her lap, and wagging his tail. Jack had been given up by Messiter while they were at Laughing Valley City, and it had been one of the pains of her hurried departure that she must leave him behind; but Messiter had arranged to have him brought over the Pass by careful hands, and it was a week since he had been restored to her. She was extremely fond of him. He plunged his paws in a moment into the keyboard of the type-writer, and Philip dragged him off.

The diversion seemed to restore them to themselves, for Philip said, more in the tone of their usual talk than anything that had been said since he entered the room, "I did n't know you had a type-writer."

And, glad of the change, Dorothy answered: "I have n't. To really *have* a type-writer I suppose one should know how to use it, if only a very little; and besides, it does n't belong to me, but to a clergyman, a friend of my father, who left it for me to try. He has gone East on his vacation, and spent a night with us on his way down from Leadville."

"You will like it immensely. You will hate him when he comes to take it back."

She shook her beautiful head, laughing. "I don't know. It makes me — wriggle," she said. "I can't bear to pick out the letters. I don't like the noise, and it 's all so mechanical, so barbarous. It 's a great convenience, I suppose, and I shall go on with it on papa's account, if I find I can. But I can't see how any one could *like* it. What is there to like?"

"Everything. Let me show you."

"Oh, if you do it like that!" she exclaimed, as he rattled off a number of sentences, in the seat she gave up to him.

"You *must* do it like that," he rejoined, without looking up from the keyboard, over which his fingers twinkled bewilderingly. "You did n't think that you were to go hesitatingly from letter to letter, with a little fearsome pause between each jump, like Eliza in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' escaping across the floating ice, did you?"

He was feeling much happier now. After all, it had been only a school-girl and -boy engagement. He knew that it no longer existed — that it had not existed for four years. Was it likely that — pshaw! Had not Jasper called on the day of his arrival in the place? He had not forgotten. Did he ever forget any purpose? He brought himself back to the consideration of the type-writer lesson with an effort.

She was interested. "You won't mind if I ask questions?" she said, as she consented to try again for herself. She let her fingers idle over the letters without pressing their white circles. "Why is n't the alphabet set in order?"

"'The better to puzzle you, my dear,'" quoted Philip, absently, but enjoying the use of the epithet.

"There is a better reason than that," returned Dorothy. She laughed, flushing a little at his phrase.

"Yes," he admitted; "you will find it a very good thing, after you have gone a little farther, to have the most-used letters nearest your hand. Suppose, now, you put in a fresh

sheet of paper, and try a sentence or two on your own account."

He inserted the paper, showed her the use of the little device for separating words, taught her to pull back the running-gear at the top at the warning of the bell, made plain the means of governing the space between lines, and then gave her a little lecture on the position of the small and capital letters, the punctuation-marks and the numerals. She listened with serious attention, and, as he bent over to illustrate his meaning, withdrew herself to leave space for the play of his arms, while he pressed the letters, or caught back the sliding-rack.

In this close and amiable proximity the constraint between them of a few moments back seemed already to have aged itself into an unhistoried past. She was wondering how this could be the man who had given Jasper the look at the door which she could not forget; and he was saying to himself that in all the world there were not eyes like those he looked down into when she would glance up suddenly from time to time to ask him a question, or to give one of her flashing turns to his replies, with that charming manner of reserved freedom which was constantly a new grace in her.

She became proficient enough at last to write out coherent sentences for herself, and together they found the things she wrote very amusing.

"Suppose you see if you can read what I write from the movement of my fingers, Mr. Deed," she said. "You are not to turn the cylinder up to look; but only to read, if you can, as I go along." She began in a kind of embarrassment, and did not get on as well with the first words as she had in her earlier experiments. But she tried again, in a moment, and completed the sentence with a little air of bravado.

She kept her eyes on the keyboard, but as he did not speak she glanced up at him hastily.

"Oh!" exclaimed Philip, recalled to himself. "I was to read from your fingers. Well, shall we begin?"

Dorothy laughed nervously. "We have begun," she said. "Did n't you see?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" assented he. "Or—no; I was—" It was impossible to say that he had been watching the movement of her fingers, and speculating upon the question whether all women had such hands, and why he had never noticed how adorably contrived for type-writing they were. He had got to the point of remembering that he had seen a number of young girls hammering away at type-writers in offices without being moved by the spectacle, when her glance called him back.

"Will you write it again?" he asked. "I will really watch this time."

"Oh, I don't think I could write it again," returned Dorothy, quickly.

"Why not? As a punishment for inattention? I suppose I 've deserved it," he said.

"No; I don't think I ought."

"It was a real sentence, then. I claim it as a right, in that case. You have made a communication to me, Miss Maurice. You 've no right to withhold it. It has passed out of your hands."

"Yes," owned she, with amusement, "that 's true; but it did n't pass into your eyes. I offered it to you, and you would n't look. You were engaged."

"Then you *are* punishing me, and that 's equally unfair."

"No—no, I 'm not," she denied doubtfully; "but—" with a whimsical smile that enchanted him—"why, it was not discreet, what I wrote." She smiled up at him.

"No?" he asked, in pure enjoyment.

"No." And then, in a moment, "You would n't urge me to be *in*-discreet?"

"No, I should n't urge it. I should insist upon it. I do. Come!" he said, and she wondered why she liked his air of domination better than Jasper's, though she did not altogether dislike Jasper's.

"And the demon said unto me, 'Write!'" paraphrased she.

"It was an angel," said Philip.

"Was it?" She bent her hands hesitantly above the keyboard. "But you must promise to stay angel," she said, suddenly arresting herself. She glanced up doubtfully at his face. "No; I won't write it again. It was n't wise; it was n't — nice."

"That settles it, then: I *must* see it."

"No," repeated Dorothy; "you would n't like it. It was a quite wrong thing to ask." Her fingers hovered above the keyboard meditatively. She suddenly began to pick out the letters.

Philip followed her fingers closely. He read, letter by letter, "*Why would n't you speak to your brother at the door?*"

He rose abruptly from his stooping position above the machine, coloring painfully.

She looked up, at his impulsive movement, and rose herself. "Oh, what have I done?" she exclaimed at sight of his face. After a miserable pause, "You need n't tell me. It was very wrong of me. I knew it. But it was n't I who asked, Mr. Deed. I would never have asked —not myself. I thought," she said, gathering her explanations painfully, "or the type-writer thought,—it was n't I —it escaped me,—that perhaps I could reconcile, bring you togeth—" The words died upon her lips. "It was a foolish thought, I see; and yet," she added, with recovered dignity, "perhaps I had a kind

of right to it. Your brother is an old friend,"— Philip looked up at this,—"and you—you have been very good. We have always felt that we partly owe our lives to you—father and I—since the day of the storm, and—" Philip lifted his hand with an appealing gesture. "Well, there 's nothing else to say, except that I 'm very sorry. But, oh, Mr. Deed," she cried suddenly, "why won't you make it up with him, whatever it is—and be—be friends? I 'm sure he can't have done anything very bad—nothing that could make it right that you should turn from him. He is good—sometimes he is hard, and he is always masterful: yes—but he is good. You must feel that."

"Oh, yes," said Philip; "I feel that."

She glanced at him doubtfully, as if in question of his tone.

"I 'm sure I 've every reason to know of his goodness," she said, after a pause, with feeling. "If it had n't been for that—"

"You would n't have been here to appreciate it with me, perhaps. No; I remember that. It 's another of the quiet things, done without talk or fuss, by which Jasper has put me in his debt. I owe him a great deal, Miss Maurice—more than you know."

Again she hesitated at an indefinable note in his voice; but she said immediately, with her usual openness:

"I suppose an elder brother has always that great advantage—the advantage of being able to do a great deal for a younger brother. It must be very pleasant to him, and he must always wish, if he is a man like your brother, to do always a little more, that he may be able to make you forget his friendly advantage over you by the mere quantity of his friendliness."

In the midst of his pain and bitterness, Philip could not help smiling faintly at this, but he said, with less care about his tone: "Oh, yes; I 've never had to complain of short weight with Jasper. He does n't do things by halves. When he does a really friendly thing, he heaps the measure up, and runs it over. I don't always know what to do with so much magnanimity. You can't put a landslide in your pocket, you know, Miss Maurice, and sometimes you can't even find your manners in time to make your bow."

She could not avoid feeling the sardonic undertone this time, and she thought she saw, at once, that the cause of offense between them, whatever it was, was largely due to Mr. Philip Deed's sensitive, almost nervous, pride; and she thought, too, that she could guess pretty clearly, from her knowledge of the two men, something about what would be the usual situation between them. She could see how Philip might detest his brother at times for his very power of doing him favors. She knew how that was, herself. She was painfully aware in herself of the strain of meanness, or self-will, or conceit,—she did not know what it was,—that made the kind of generosity which is open-handed enough to allow another to be generous among the most difficult kinds of unselfishness, and she could understand—yes, she could understand entirely—how Philip (whose pride would be less manageable than her own by the degree in which it was a man's and commanding) would feel this peculiarly. The very delicacy with which Jasper would try to conceal a kindness would be an added offense: the need for delicacy was itself humiliating. She could imagine how Philip would become angered on provocation of this sort, and how Jasper would helplessly make the matter worse—not that there would be any way of making it better—by his forbearance. It would be the kind of case in which neither was to blame, and in which each must blame the other.

Filled with this idea, she said, with a note of sympathy in her voice that at first bewildered and then angered Philip, and finally caused him to laugh a little to himself at the completeness of her error: "I 'm sure we must all have felt that. It 's strange, is n't it, that it should be so hard to *accept* a kindness as we all find it? One would think that the effort connected with a kindness would be all over when it had been done. It is n't so very easy even to do it; but to receive it needs heroism. At least I find it does. And I can understand how you would feel that way about your brother, even when you were most grateful to him; and you would all the time be divided between a wish to make him feel how much you appreciated his kindness, and a wish to box his ears."

"Oh, it 's not a *divided* wish," said Philip, falling in with her mistake as the easiest defense that offered; and at this they both laughed.

"His ears must be smarting most of the time," said she, as her laugh ended in a smile.

"Why, no; not all the time," returned Philip, unwarily.

"You mean—" she began, still smiling.

"Nothing that I 'd better tell you," he said, quickly withdrawing.

"Oh, Mr. Deed," she exclaimed, with an electrical return to soberness, "I see that there is something really serious between you—something that I must n't intrude on. Forgive me! I have been thinking it one of those little disagreements that a word would set right—one of those wretched mistakes where two persons need only to be explained to each other. I see I can't do it; but you can, Mr. Deed."

"What? Explain myself to Jasper?"

"I don't know. Make it right with him, or whatever men call it. Some one has always to

play the generous part, don't you think, where there has been—has been a disagreement?"

"No, Miss Maurice; I can't do that." He turned away from her, and strode toward the window.

"Oh, that is not like you, Mr. Deed! He would not hesitate, I am sure, in your place."

"In my place?" returned he. She began to stammer a reply; but he said, "Oh, I beg your pardon—my place, in the wrong? No; my brother would not hesitate in my place."

"I did not say that," she put in sorrowfully. She saw that she had implied it.

"It does n't need saying, Miss Maurice. You only recognize a universal fact. There are laws of character, you know, and a planetary orbit is wobbly to them. Everybody who knows us at all would know, without telling, that in any question between us I must be in the wrong."

"And are you in the wrong in this?" she asked earnestly. "Tell me frankly. I will believe whatever you say. You bewilder me. I don't know what to think. Tell me!" she repeated.

Philip laughed harshly. "You must ask Jasper that."

"I will," she said.

"No; don't, Miss Maurice. Don't on any account. Don't think of such a thing."

"Ah, he would be more fair!"

"Promise me that you will not say a word of this to Jasper."

"Tell me yourself, then, Mr. Deed."

Philip took a turn up and down the room. "I can't," he said at last.

"You see what you leave me to think," she said sadly.

"Nothing good of me," he answered bitterly.

She glanced up at his face. The frankness and genuineness which she had always liked in his look shone through the hurt which possessed him, and gave her confidence to say, looking up to the tall, strong-limbed figure standing above her, "Do you think it just to your brother to leave him under the imputation of such a silence?"

Philip started. "Jasper?" he said.

"Surely. Your silence implies—it seems to say that your brother is somehow much in the wrong; or else—"

"Or else?" asked Philip, steadily.

"I will not say what else. But if that is so, it is fair, it is right, that you should tell me." She sat down abruptly, as if not quite certain of herself.

Philip felt, girdingly, the extreme inconvenience attaching to all endeavors to do the fair-minded thing—the impossibility, namely, of explaining with decency.

"In order that you may not be thinking *me* much in the wrong?" he said. "No, Miss Maurice; I could n't do that." He turned away.

"You are not fair," she said, after a moment, with dignity. "I do not know that there is any right or wrong in the matter. I am ignorant of everything but that you would not bow to your brother in my presence. I have put my plea on the score of peacemaking, and if you feel that I have meddled, I am rightly served; but I have a right to ask why you should put a slight on a gentleman whom you meet here as—as—" her voice broke—"as my guest, Mr. Deed."

He came back and stood before her. "You *have* a right to ask that, Miss Maurice, and perhaps I have no right not to answer you. But I cannot answer you."

"Then I must think—"

"That I have done a wrong to Jasper which I am unwilling to repair or own. Yes, Miss Maurice."

"I do not mean that," she said wistfully, and he saw that she was on the verge of tears, yet had to blunder savagely on.

"What else can you mean? There is but the choice. You must believe in Jasper or in me."

"Oh, I knew it!" she cried, as if to herself. "I foresaw it! It was for that that I had to try to make it right between you. I could not bear—" She broke down suddenly.

"You mean that you wished to keep us both for friends. You know now that that is impossible. We are enemies. We cannot have or keep a common friend. Which will you choose?"

The passionate tone of demand roused her. She straightened herself imperceptibly in her seat on the couch, and raised her head, looking up, and confronting his flushed face.

"I will answer your question when you have answered mine," she said.

She rose, and held out her hand listlessly. Philip took it as formally, and suddenly left the room. His head was down. He felt sick—spiritually sick to his inmost fiber.

XIV.

PHILIP went out and got on his horse, and rode furiously toward the "Snow Find." This was the end, he supposed. And for this, again, he had to thank Jasper. He gnashed his teeth as he set his spur in the pony's flank and swept over the long level stretch by the river, outside the town. He had made a fool of himself again, and, as usual, not in a way in which Jasper would have made a fool of himself. His sense of the unhandsomeness, of the impossibility, of telling her of the actual state of

the case between them seemed in this open light of the prairie, with the wind blowing in his face, an incredible piece of folly. Why should he consider Jasper? Would he have spared him in the same situation?

He saw at once that this had nothing to do with the matter, and that it was not for Jasper's sake that he had held his tongue. It was for his own: he could n't have gone on living in the body of a man who had told her that. If he had told it he knew very well with what object he would have spoken. He would have done it to malign his rival to her (it had come to that between him and Jasper; he might as well face it); he would have done it to take a sneaking advantage with a woman of an opportunity to spike another man's guns. That would be bad enough with any man for his rival; but with Jasper it would be a thing which he would never be able to hold up his head after doing. It became too dirty a piece of reprisal to think of. The perception of the impossibility of doing anything to Jasper's injury, which he had urged upon his father, had laid a firm and withholding grip upon him in the midst of the temptation to tell her everything; and now it reasserted itself as a final motive, as a thing not to be questioned or dodged; as a principle to which he must be faithful, wholly without regard to what it might cost him. It had cost him indirectly his father's friendship, already, and had driven his father to the wretched refuge of flight from an imagined evil; and now it had probably cost his own happiness. He cursed Jasper, as he thought of it, between his teeth.

He was glad to be going to Durango on the morrow to seek his father; he thought he should remain a week. But in the event he was back the second day. It had become a necessity to him to see her, if only at a hopeless distance.

Dorothy often bit her lip in the days immediately following Philip's call, when she thought of the part she had played. She had been wrong in meddling, of course, and she accused herself bitterly; but she also accused him. What right had he to drag her into the question between himself and his brother, whatever it was? Why should she take sides? She said to herself that, whatever he might do, he should not change her neutrality. She was the friend of both. What effect could any quarrel between them have upon that fact? She was most their friend when she refused to allow their difference to invade her relation to them. She was grateful to Jasper for refraining from making on his part so difficult a demand upon her friendship; she felt his silence about the whole matter to be a fine generosity. It delicately implied the real character of the difference between the brothers as she had guessed it from the first; it was part of that forbearance which he would have used to avoid the quarrel itself, and which he would now be the first to tender to his brother if he would accept it. The other kind of generosity — the freedom with which Philip gave himself and all that he had in the smaller daily matters — she saw was, after all, a less deep and genuine unselfishness than this patient restraint and self-effacement of Jasper's. In smaller things his attitude had not the charm of Philip's gay and thoughtless open-handedness; but when a serious opportunity arose — an opportunity for a brave and self-denying magnanimity — it was easy to see which was the stronger. She said to herself that it was true, what she had often thought, that Philip was light.

When a woman makes reflections like these, it would be a mistake to seek their basis wholly in the psychological facts with which she believes herself to be reasoning. It was at all events true that before Dorothy had matured all of these thoughts about the character of the brothers, Philip had remained away from the house several days, and that a certain chivalric reserve in Jasper's bearing toward an old question between them had renewed in her a vague remorse.

She had supposed herself to have settled all that, to have put it away in the lumber-room of her memory, where she need visit it only in those moments of sentiment when a dreamy willingness to pain herself possessed her. But a discarded lover is both a more material and a more importunate fact when he happens to be in the same town than when he lives before the mental vision only in the letter of dignified complaint which must be answered with the statement of an unhappy truth. Jasper, in the flesh, patient, unreproachful, and obdurately faithful to a love which she had fancied as dead in him as it was in her, was a different man from the one she had pictured as suffering for as long a time as her action had remained a vivid theme of remorse to her, and as getting over it by the same gradual process through which she had emerged from her remorse. He had not got over it, and he was by her side.

Their engagement, if one could call it that, — if it was the kind of engagement on which marriage is supposed to follow; Dorothy believed that she had never called it that to herself, — had been one of the school-boy and -girl follies at which one smiles with wonder at twenty-five, and tells to one's grandchildren at sixty with a fond laugh, and a passing inward question touching the color of those curls now. It had been a pleasant diversion between them — the kind of thing which is a little more intense and a little more entertaining than the tennis

that one would be playing at that age if one were not engaged in being engaged; but to think of it as the sort of stuff of which one would make a life, was to speak from the disordered outlook upon things in which all measures and values melt into a mess of triviality.

It had lasted between them until Dorothy began to go out into society, and to see the world and other men. She did not begin to compare, then, but she perceived a betrothal to be a different matter from the agreeable plaything it had seemed at school: she began to question with her conscience whether she had a right to go on with so serious a thing unseriously. Was it dealing fairly by him? She saw that it was not; yet she tried, with a woman's devotion to an impossible unselfishness, to keep it up. Jasper had gone West to the ranch by this time, and in degree as the affair seemed wrong and mistaken to her, she found herself endeavoring to make up to him for the wrong (which, if it was really any of hers, was hers unconsciously) by writing him more faithfully. This, too, seemed dishonest, after a time, and, in despair, she let the correspondence flag, believing, or hoping, that he would divine what had happened, and that he would save her the pain of explaining. Surely it was natural enough; he was a man by this time, as she was a woman, and he must know how inevitable it was.

He perceived as quickly as she could have desired that there was a change; but he showed no inclination to spare her in defining it. Brought face to face with the necessity for action, she passed a bitter time, in which she struggled with her conscience and the proprieties. To a young girl it still seems doubtful whether, after all, she may not better wreck her life and a man's than be talked about. In her highest moments of self-sacrifice she thought she could go on with it; then it would come time to write him a letter, and she would see that she could not even do as much as that. How was she to live with him for fifty years?

Jasper's complaint took at last that tone of demand which lay under the surface of his most pliant moods; and in the end she saw that she must write him all that was in her heart. It was a very right-spirited letter, telling him the bare truth: that she did not love him as she had supposed, that to marry with no better feeling than she could bring to him would be a permanent wrong to both him and her, and would merely procure their common unhappiness; and begging him to release her from their engagement. Jasper came on to the Pennsylvania city where her father was just then settled over a church, and an interview followed of the sort which men and women remember on their death-beds. But she did not yield, and Jasper went back to the ranch a changed man. He was hard about women now; he felt himself cruelly misused. He was very bitter. He said to himself that he did not care what he did now. She was responsible for it. He had said as much to her in his anger. Dorothy, in fact, stood for and symbolized every good thought that he had ever had: she was the goddess of his dreams of being some time a little cleaner and a more straightforward man than he had yet contrived to be. He was accustomed to say that she could do anything with him, and he had kept her in a species of bondage to this, while they had been together during their engagement.

This was one of the facts which had wrought upon Dorothy while it was still a question whether she should do right to break the engagement; it was part of the perilous power that there is for every woman in the passionate need for her of a man who does not on other accounts create an answering need in her. It is perhaps a phase of the mother instinct into which all forms of woman's love tend to dissolve; but it is certainly always an argument with a woman strong out of all proportion to its actual validity; and it had not only been a part of the reluctant push toward the self-sacrifice she had once contemplated, but, in meeting Jasper, the sense of it was found to have still a power for pain.

She was surprised and chagrined that it should be so, but so it was; and in the solitude of her chamber at night, after Jasper had taken away his melancholy eyes, with the look of a settled sorrow in them, and she had freed herself from the influence of his patient reserve about all that had been between them, she wept miserable tears. She dried them when she remembered to be indignant at his attitude. She would rather a thousand times be upbraided for what she had done—if she had done anything—than to be arraigned by that deferential silence which forbearingly would not bring its charge. It was a studied insult, she said to herself. But the next day it seemed a chivalry beyond praise. It seemed this most when she recognized, as she found herself doing in occasional flashes, her girlish ideal in his handsome face and figure, his daring and commanding manner, his air of power, his effect of having his hand on the wheel of the earth, his brilliant and indomitable will.

Jasper came often during this period of Philip's withdrawal; but she never proposed to him the question she had told Philip she should ask him. Something in his manner when she mentioned Philip forbade it; and it would be unfair, she saw, to make him own up to the gallant gentleness and magnanimity he would have used in all this affair with his sensitive and high-strung brother. The use of the ad-

jectives that both condemned and praised him brought Philip sharply before her mind, and she felt again, as if it had been at the moment, the pain that the scene between them had given her. She liked him too well to wish to hurt him, and she had felt that she was hurting him with every word she said. Perhaps he was too easily wounded; but that seemed, now, a fault that one might forgive — nay, certainly ought to forgive — to such an occasion. How hot-headed he was! She found herself saying this, with a kind of laughing fondness, to herself. It seemed suddenly almost a likable trait in him. It was his fineness — the wrong side of it, to be sure, but still his fineness. And if he was swift to anger, he was swift to feel: it was because of that. It was easy for other men to be calm: they did not care so much — perhaps did not care at all. This made her think of Jasper; and to think of Jasper made her lift her eyes from her type-writer, and allow her glance to rove out of doors, with an impulsive wish that it might be Philip instead of Jasper with whom she was to ride at two o'clock.

The Maurices' house stood, not far from the Vertners', on the outskirts of the town, and the sun swept an unbroken stretch of plain to look on Dorothy at her window. The glowing light and the brisk air without gave her a longing to be galloping away into the shining day. Her eyes rested with liking on the broad, sunlit level reaching to the mountains. If she looked straight before her she could keep the prospect untouched by the sight of a single habitation. She heaved a little sigh. She should probably never meet Philip again, let alone ride with him. The outlook from her window gave all her thoughts a pleasant turn, however; and she saw herself forgiving something to any one who should ride up into the foreground of this prospect leading a saddle-horse.

XV.

JASPER took up the interrupted thread of his life at the ranch with zest, in ignorance of what had happened in his absence. It gave him an agreeable thrill to resume his place, to vault into the seat of authority, once more, in putting his leg over Vixen's back. He wondered, as he went about on his horse, hearing reports and giving orders, why he ever abandoned even temporarily this little kingdom, where his word was law, and where he could see from day to day his personal foresight, shrewdness, and force taking visible shape in the increase of his herd, in the extension of his domain, and in the growth of his influence among the cattle-men of the district. Yes, it was a mistake to spend his time in running across the continent, while this position was his at home — a position which he would not barter for that of any one he knew; which he would not sell, knowing what he did of the future it promised, for any sum he was likely to be offered; and which he would not share with any one on earth.

Ah, yes. To be sure he had done right to go to New York. The intention he foresaw in his father to force the question of Philip's share in the range on him, before his marriage, threatened the position itself. It was not a thing he could wish to face out personally; and if he had ever had the slightest inclination to divide his power at the ranch, this would have been the last time he would have selected. Just now, when the fruits of the hard work, the sagacity, the devotion of his five years on the range began to show, was he to share results — and, much worse, control over future results — with Philip? He had borne the burden and heat of the day, had watered and tended his little tree, had suffered and groaned and sweated to bring it to bearing; and here came Philip loafing, in his usual way, into a soft thing that some one else had paid for, and wanting to help pick the fruit and reorganize gardening methods. Jasper had looked on with a scornful eye while Philip spread his series of idle and fatuous experiments over a wide geography. If his father was willing to pay for such cleverness in devising schemes for dodging the main point, he was n't. The main point, as he saw it, was work — hard work, guided by stiff common sense. He was a worker himself, and he was n't taking into partnership fellows who liked fishing better than fence-building, and who, in place of his capacity for making one dollar two, knew only how to spend one and borrow two.

In Maverick, Jasper was welcomed back heartily, for the most part. There were men who had been overreached by him in a cattle-trade who marred the pleasure he found in the general acclamation by avoiding him, or by greeting him surlily; there was a widow whom he had been obliged to press in a little foreclosure matter connected with a house he had bought on speculation in Maverick, and she had her circle of sympathizers. But these were trifling notes in the chorus of good-will. Just before leaving for New York, Jasper had succeeded in organizing the cattle-men of the valley into a Mutual Protective Association, designed to check cattle-thieving (by which many owners had suffered heavily of late); to apply a stricter system to the round-ups; to put a stop to the loose practice of branding mavericks, wherever found, between round-ups; to join other associations in petitioning Congress for a better law to prevent the spread of the foot-and-mouth disease among

cattle; and especially to keep all newcomers out of the valley, the association officially declaring the range to be overstocked.

There had been certain difficulties in forming the combination; half a dozen forces, from various causes, were against it; and the fact that Jasper, against all opposition, had pushed his plan to a successful conclusion had given him, in his absence, a new and stronger position in Maverick. He had always been popular; but the town now began to feel that it owed him something. There was even talk of nominating him in the spring for the office his father had once held; and it was said that, if he played his cards well, he need n't stop at the mayoralty.

At least one eye watched interestedly the subdued and decent air of triumph with which Jasper received these signs of the predominance which he might presently claim in the town. Mr. Snell's sagacious glance pursued him furtively from behind the windows of his Miners' Supply Store, as he rode by on horseback, when he came into Maverick from the ranch — following his disappearance down the street with a sardonic smile, and a slow, humorous working of his tongue within his cheek, which seemed to do him good.

They were all at Ira's one night when some one said that he supposed the next thing they would hear would be that Jasper had bought out his father's half interest in the ranch. He said that he had heard — he did n't know whether there was anything in it or not, of course, but he *had* heard — that Jasper had made an almighty good thing in stocks while he was on in New York. Trust him for knowing a good thing! He seemed to have his father's long business head with something else besides — something like clutch. Nobody ever heard of his letting go of anything that he once laid his fist over, and his father, spite of his will (it was a dose for an adult, that will; the speaker had tried it), had let things slip, and lost a fortune. It would be queer if Jasper *should* pull up and pass his father in the race, now would n't it? It would be like Deed to be glad. He was gone on those sons of his. He did n't seem to have his natural sense where they were concerned. But it would be interesting if, after his father had given him a half share in the partnership, Jasper should be able to buy the other half for himself.

"Queer partnership, that, anyway," grunted Mr. Snell from the other side of the cloud of smoke that filled the bar-room. Snell was reputed to have made a fortune in fitting out mining-parties, in the early days of the Leadville boom, with a very bad grade of goods at prices not without a touch of naïveté for the impartial spectator not obliged to pay them. And he had made a good thing by "grubstaking" two or three young men who had been lucky in prospecting the hills about Aspen. With the coming of fortune he had put on a precise habit of speech (it was a carefully made garment, but the old would sometimes play him the low trick of showing through in patches), and had waked up one morning with a respect for himself which required the use of the third person in referring to Mr. Snell.

"What Mr. Snell says is like this," continued Mr. Snell: "A man 's all off as soon as he begins bringing family considerations into business. Mr. Snell has nothing against them: he 's a family man himself. But he says to his sons, he says, 'Look here now, Fred, if you want anything out of your old father, you have got to earn it; and if you want to do business with him, you have got to do business on business principles, every time, sir.' And he does it, too, gentlemen. The rate of interest is just as high under Mr. Snell's roof and fig-tree as it is down at his store. The multiplication-table was always good enough for me, and I guess it 'll have to do for my boys," he added grimly, with an unwary lapse into the first person.

"Two per cent. a month, unquestionable security, notes protested right along — that 's what does it, gentlemen. Ask no favors, and take none; and more especially have a cast-iron, copper-riveted, water-tight contract with your relatives, if you 're foolish enough to have *any*, and bail the machine dry of family feeling before you start. Now, Mr. Deed has got a notion in his head, near as I can make out, that there 's two answers to twice two. Down in town here it makes four; but out at the ranch, when he 's dealing with that son of his, Jasper, it makes five, or three, or some other fool figger."

A loyal murmur rose from the crowd at this, and Snell concluded doggedly: "Well, anyway, what Mr. Snell says is like this: 'There 's a place for everything,' he says, 'and the place for family feeling is at the family fireside.'"

"Family furnace up Mr. Snell's way, ain't it, Snell?" asked one of the group. He was joked on his peculiarity, of course, but the town did not venture far in this direction. He owned a good share of the houses of Maverick, was a hard landlord, and employed a number of people in his business and at his mines. Times were not always — perhaps never — of the best in Maverick; and no one felt that he could quite afford the luxury of making an enemy of Snell.

"I 've put in a furnace lately, sir, I admit. Yes, sir," said he, truculently; "and I may be out of my count," he went on, with a remote implication which was not lost on men who liked

their humor oblique, "but I think — I say I think, young man — I 've got a receipt for the coal bill."

"Come back to make things hum again out at your ranch, I judge," Mr. Snell said to Jasper when, about a week after the talk between Dorothy and Philip, Jasper stopped his horse in the street to speak to him. Jasper made a point of speaking all men fair, and humoring the willingness of everybody to believe his existence a constant matter for joyous surprise to all good fellows.

"Yes, Mr. Snell, yes; things get to loose ends in the master's absence, don't they? Personal supervision is the only plan, I find. I know it 's your plan. Not many things escape your eye."

Mr. Snell drew his lips to a point, and, stroking them deprecatingly, pretended to weigh the question. "Well, not a great," he consented. "I suppose, now, you rather enjoy seeing the wheels start up again," he went on in a moment, in another tone; "like to crack your whip and see things moving, eh?"

Jasper glanced at him. "Why, it 's pleasant to be back," he said. "When a man really likes his business, there 's nothing like business, after all, is there, Mr. Snell?"

"Nothing," agreed Mr. Snell — "nothing. Not if it *is* your business, at least," he qualified; "not if you run the machine, not if you 're on top."

"Well, *we* should n't care to be anywhere else, should we, Mr. Snell?" laughed Jasper, easily.

Mr. Snell flashed his furtive look on him, and dropped his eyes immediately. "No," he assented, with his dry smile. It was a wrinkled smile, like the skin of a last year's apple, withered and pensive and loose. It seemed to become in a moment a little large for his face, and he hastily smoothed it out. "No," he repeated; "I don't believe we should. You would n't, anyway, I judge. You would n't never be caught hankering, Mr. Snell guesses, for the place of that fellow in the theater orchestras that hits them brasses once in a while, and dandles them sleigh-bells, and whacks his drum in between. I guess, if any one *was* to do much figgering about your place, they 'd see you belonged a leetle nigher the middle of the orchestra — something not too all-fired far from the conductor's chair; and I should n't wonder if they come around to the idee that the center of his chair was not far off the right thing. You 'd want a baton in your hand, and then matters would begin to rumble around there. Eh?" he shouted in enjoyment, rubbing his hands.

Jasper laughed. He could enjoy even Mr. Snell's attribution of the naturalness of the place of command to him.

Snell went away, rubbing his hands with a glee out of proportion to the superficial dimensions of the joke; and when he was alone in his private office at the store, drew a paper indorsed "Bill of Sale of 'Triangle Outfit'" from a bundle of documents in his safe, and, seating himself in his capacious leather chair, read it over in smiling silence.

When Jasper, while still at breakfast next morning, saw Snell's leathery face come suddenly into the sunny prospect from his window, appearing and disappearing with the motions of his horse, he was unable to imagine why he should be taking the long ride from Maverick at such an hour to see him. He had had no dealings with him for nearly a year; what should he want of him? He accounted for his presence for a moment by the fantastic supposition that Snell was running out to see him for a little early morning exercise, and for the pleasure of a chat with him; and he allowed himself a smile at this idea. Snell no more took aimless exercise on horseback than the other residents of Maverick did, and if it was a question of riding five miles for the sake of a chat with him (Jasper), he thought he saw Snell wasting good business time in that fashion. The talk of yesterday came back to him: he had thought at the time that old Snell (he called him old, though he was scarcely fifty, because, in the absence of the absolutely old in the West, middle age has to typify senility) probably wanted something with all that palavering, and here he was to make what profit he could out of it. Jasper determined that it should be small. It was a bore, his coming at breakfast-time. Could n't he let a man eat his meals in peace? he growled to himself.

Jasper combined with his habit of hard work certain luxurious tastes, which he did not allow to interfere with business. He rose early for work (it was one of his counts against Philip that he was never up to breakfast); but he liked a dash of Florida water in his bath, and spent rather more than an hour in grooming himself for the day. He listened to reports about the condition of things within the immediate precinct of the ranch-house from his cowboy cook at breakfast, and gave him his orders then; but he required a dainty table from him, and did not spare the daily energy necessary to secure a luxury so foreign to every condition of the life he was leading. He dressed like his men because they would not have tolerated anything else, and because it was part of his pose of good fellow to make himself one of them; but it was one of the marvels of the Valley that he should be allowed to go so neat without losing acceptance with his cow-punchers. It was certainly not because he was obviously a man who must be neat and dainty to live, that this unworthy

niceness was pardoned in him,—though the most casual glance must have shown any one that,—but through the respect he commanded among his men on other accounts. For a range of fifty miles about the ranch it was understood that Jasper Deed was not the man one would choose to monkey with.

The loose hang of his dressing-gown about his stalwart figure, as he sat at breakfast, concealed the physical sufficiency which was one of the sources of this feeling; as he rose and stretched himself and went to the window to bow to Snell, with his hands thrust deep into the low pockets of the robe, it might have been guessed, perhaps. He had, in fact, no such strength as Philip's; but his closely knit frame gave him the credit to the eye of every ounce of force in him, while Philip's sturdy figure, carried without Jasper's distinction, had only the effect of its rude power. Jasper was one of the perfectly molded physical products which Nature turns out in her most careful and workmanlike — perhaps not her most inspired — moods. He was built like a firmly rooted, straight, strong young tree; and his grace, his refinement, his physical adequacy were like that; they took the beholder with their absolute adaptability to their function, with the propriety of their place in Nature. It was this effect in him which made it seem natural that he should keep himself trim; it was by way of being a tribute of respect to so right a figure in the pageant of things.

His face had the symmetry that goes with such perfect forms. It was not very unlike certain other correct and manly faces, of course. That is the penalty one pays for having the standard face — that in degree as other faces approach the standard they must be like one's own; but even this fault was mitigated, when he spoke, by a hard line of determination which formed itself on each side of his mouth, and by the glance of resolve shining from his eyes. The little frown habitually lowering his strongly marked eyebrows, and a habit of twisting the end of his heavy golden mustache, when he spoke, as if quelling things stronger than it would be useful to say, contributed to his effect of force.

Jasper turned from the window, through which Snell was visible, and threw two or three sticks of wood on the andirons. The ranch-house, which was a Queen Anne cottage built by an Eastern architect under the supervision of Deed, but much influenced in its construction by Jasper's wishes, was set directly under the range of mountains that one saw from Maverick, and the rear windows looked out upon the pine-clad lower slopes of Mount Blanco.

"Ah, Mr. Snell," he said, as he turned to greet him, "you 're an early bird this morning. Take a seat. Nothing like an early morning ride to put life into a man, is there?"

"No — no," assented Mr. Snell, absently, as he took the seat, laid his hat carefully on the floor, and fumbled in his breast-pocket for a paper.

"Well, I 'm glad to see you letting up a bit on the daily grind. We all work too hard out here. A little too hasty about chasing up the almighty cart-wheel; yes, a trifle too hurried. But it rolls, does n't it, if you don't scramble after it with the rest?" Jasper put his hand to the back of his head and smoothed his carefully brushed hair. "It rolls. That 's my experience.

> "It is not wealth, nor rank, nor state,
> But git up and git that makes men great.

Our Colorado maxim says it for us, and it 's about so, I suppose. Eh, Mr. Snell?" Jasper gathered his dressing-gown about him, and seated himself luxuriously in his favorite chair before the fire, watching Snell warily from beneath his drooping lids, with every trading instinct in him alert under this rambling fire of amiability and worldly wisdom. Snell was there to get an advantage over him in some shape; he knew that as well as if he had carried a placard about his neck to advertise him of the fact. He gathered himself together with the secure consciousness that he knew whose the advantage would be when he bowed Snell out of his door.

"Well, it ain't quite a holiday that Mr. Snell 's taking this morning," admitted Mr. Snell, smacking his dry lips, as a preliminary to business, and observing Jasper, whose eyes were on his watch-chain, with a curious look — a look instantly broadened to a smile at some subtle joke which, at the lifting of Jasper's head, he apparently saw in this. "I guess Mr. Snell has n't taken a vacation from chasing up his own little mighty dollar yet,—not a very long one, anyhow,—and he don't seem extra likely to, while the present scarcity rules."

"Are they scarce, Mr. Snell?" asked Jasper.

"Well, don't you find 'em so?"

Jasper hesitated a moment. "Why, to tell the truth, no, I don't. It takes all my time and some lively rustling to keep them plenty, of course. But I don't mind telling you, Mr. Snell, that I have a pretty good thing here — or my father and I have. With two or three open winters, like the last two we 've had, we sha'n't be poor men. The increase is enormous, you know, if you don't lose all your cattle in the winter storms, and prices have been fairly good lately. I don't believe in the policy of running down your business, and playing poor all the time. I 'm not poor myself, and I don't know that I care who knows it."

"Why, that 's good! That 's good!" nodded Snell, and he let the gloating smile that had been working about the corners of his mouth go now, in sheer incapacity to contain his triumph longer. He longed to play his victim further, but he had to say it. "That 's the kind of news that warms the cockles of an owner's heart, ain't it? Mr. Snell don't mind owning up, if you press him, that it warms his. He 's been buying some cattle himself lately."

"Indeed, Mr. Snell!" said Jasper, politely. "Whose?"

"Yours," returned Snell. He locked his withered hands within each other, and leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees, and fixing his eyes on Jasper.

Jasper straightened out of his lounging attitude involuntarily. His face paled. He found his smile and cigarette instantly, and rose to pick out an allumette on the mantel, with a low laugh of self-contempt, which Snell took for derision of his statement.

"You don't believe it," said Snell to his back, with a gurgling note of contentment in his voice. "Well, I don't know as I expected you to," he drawled. "Mr. Snell said to himself, when he started out to pay this little morning call, that some of his remarks might require substantiation — not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, as the 'Lone Creek Rustler' says in its 'Notices to Correspondents.' Well, Mr. Deed, I dare say I can substantiate. Might cast your eye over that," he said, coiling his tongue into his cheek to keep himself in subjection; "and that," he added, laying a second paper on the mantel, and still contriving to subdue an importunate smile.

Jasper stooped to the fire on the hearth and kindled his allumette deliberately before rejoining. He was flushed as he rose,— perhaps with stooping,— but he turned and faced Snell without haste or heat.

"Who 's your employer in this game, Snell?" He rounded his lips and shaped a ring with the smoke, watching it climb to the ceiling with affectionate solicitude. "Who are you acting for? who 's your principal? which of my well-wishers put you up to this scheme?" he repeated as Snell did not answer. He looked down into Snell's bemused face, as he thrust his hands into the pockets of his dressing-gown, and puffed at his cigarette. "I swear, Snell, I gave you credit for more penetration than to waste your time for *any one* on a scheme that takes me for an unfledged tenderfoot. Do you think I 'm here for my health?"

Snell had recovered himself, and said, with patient good humor: "No, Mr. Deed; I never thought that; your worst enemy would n't accuse you of that. There 's good reading in them papers," he added, with the effect of an afterthought.

"Entertain yourself with it, then," said Jasper, taking them from where they lay on the mantel, and tossing them to him. Snell caught them dexterously, without relaxing the smile which he no longer took pains to conceal, and which spread beamingly now to all his features. "I 'm not in want of reading-matter here," continued Jasper; "and if you 've nothing more to say, Mr. Snell—"

"Oh, I 've got plenty more to *say*, if that 's all," responded Snell, imperturbably; "and you 'd like this reading. Hm-hm — 'This indenture — hm — this day — hm — party of the first part, and Abraham Snell, party of the second part, witnesseth:' — would you like to know what it witnesseth?" he inquired, opening wide the document he had been pretending to take stealthy peeps at while he read. He looked up at Jasper cunningly.

Jasper scowled back darkly at him. "Oh, drop that leer, Snell! What are you driving at?"

"Why, I 've got a deed here of the 'Triangle Outfit' — whole concern, you know," he said, looking up into Jasper's paling face blandly: "house, land, fences, water privileges, run of the range, and one of the largest and finest bunches of cattle in the State; increasing enormously, I believe you said."

"A deed of *my* range — of *my* cattle!" repeated Jasper.

"Well," drawled Snell, with his habitual deprecating pull at his puckered lips, "not too all-firedly, tee-totally yours. Some of it your father's, ain't it? — say about two thirds. *I* guess it's a good deed. Ought to be — deed from a Deed, you know." He leered up into Jasper's miserable face, with a smile of enjoyment.

"From my father! Stuff!"

"Do you know his writing?" Snell began to open out the paper. Jasper snatched it from him. At sight of the signature he burst out in a great imprecation. He turned livid, and Snell got hastily on his feet, fearing that he would fall. But he left the fireplace quickly, and going over to the window read the whole document slowly through.

"What devil's cunning did you use with my father to get him to sign this?" he asked, turning on Snell, as he finished.

"Not any," responded Snell, cheerily. "I guess you used that for me, Mr. Deed, if all your father said was true. I 'd have worked tooth and nail for a year to 'a' got that deed signed, just as it is there, I don't mind telling *you*, Mr. Deed, and been glad of the chance. But your father saved me the trouble. He came and offered me the bargain, he urged it on me, he crammed it down my throat; and after beating him down a trifle, just for self-

respect, you know, I yielded politely. He was rather in a hurry, and I did n't want to bother him with a refusal — not at that price," he qualified, stroking his chin. "Ranges like this ain't going at $25,000 — well, not every day." He glanced at Jasper, and his eye dropped irresistibly in a wink. "'T ain't no bad bargain," he went on, with a lapse into the cruder forms of his speech. "I don't mind owning up to that, now it 's signed and sealed, and the outfit 's mine." Snell did not miss the wince and the clench of the teeth with which Jasper received this. "But it was n't the *bargain* I was after — not entirely." Jasper stared at him. "I suppose you 've forgotten that little transaction of ours a year ago come next spring, Mr. Deed? Yes; I thought you would have. Well, you see I *ain't*. That 's the difference. Oh, Mr. Snell 's got a memory for kind deeds. 'Kind deeds can never, never die,' the old song says. We used to sing it in our Sunday-school back in the New Hampshire days. Don't know that sacred toon, perhaps? But it 's a good toon, all the same — a good, old-fashioned truth-telling toon. They can't die — kind deeds; and if they could, I would n't let 'em. But I ain't had no trouble keeping this one alive: it 's got up with me every morning, and made my breakfast happy for me; and it 's gone to bed with me every night, and helped me to put in a good night's rest. I ain't forgot, Mr. J. Deed, if you have," he said, rising, and nodding his head bitterly toward Jasper; "and I 've paid out a tidy sum for this here little dokyment," — snatching it from Jasper's loose clasp, and shaking it in his bony claws, — "just to get it to help say so for me. I hope the language is plain, Mr. Deed."

Jasper kept his hands from Snell's collar with difficulty. "Quite, Mr. Snell," he said, with his usual coolness. "You 've paid $25,000 for a piece of paper that is worth, at the outside, twenty-five cents. That makes the expense of registering your disapproval of something I 've done, or left undone — I really don't recall the particular villainy you allude to — twenty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and seventy-five cents. It 's not a bad bargain, as Mr. Snell's bargains go."

"What!" screamed Snell.

"I say your deed, as you call it, is n't worth the paper it 's written on."

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it?" sneered Snell, comfortably.

"No. My father had no more right to make that sale than you would have had."

Snell laughed cheerfully. "Think you 're the only man who ain't here as a sanitary measure, do you? I took a lawyer's advice before I closed with that poor father of yours that ain't got no rights. *I 'm* not here for my health — not altogether. When will you be ready to give me possession?"

"Never," returned Jasper, closing his lips.

"Oh, come! I 'm willing to accommodate, but the date 's too late. Make it a day or two earlier — say to-morrow." He flirted the deed carelessly about in his hand.

"I 'll tell you something I *won't* postpone," said Jasper, his fingers working by his side.

"Yes?" inquired Snell, with the irritating rising inflection.

"And that 's putting *you* out of the house." Jasper began to roll up his sleeve.

"Inhospitable, ain't you?" said Snell, taking up his hat nonchalantly. "That ain't the way I 'll treat you when I 'm master here. Judge I 'd better bring the sheriff with me when I come to take possession to-morrow," he said tentatively at the door.

Jasper glared at him. Snell shut the door hastily. When he had gone, Jasper ran to his room, cast off his dressing-gown, and drew on his riding-boots. Vixen was ready for him when he came down-stairs, and he flung himself upon her. He dug his spurs into her. Snell was making his way back to Maverick by another road.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

A LIE.

SHE told a lie, a little lie,—
It was so small and white,
She said, "It cannot help but die
Before another night."
And then she laughed to see it go,
And thought it was as white as snow.

But oh, the lie! it larger grew,
Nor paused by night or day,
And many watched it as it flew,
And, if it made delay,
Like something that was near to death
They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,
And there were grief and shame,
And many a spotless lily-bell
Was shriveled as with flame.
The wings that were so small and white
Were large, and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,
And trembled in her place,
For something flying far and fast
Had smote her in the face —
Something that cried in thunder-tone,
"I come! I come! *Take back your own!*"

Ellen M. H. Gates.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF NICARAGUA.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

DAYLIGHT found us well off the coast of Jamaica, bound for Greytown, on the Mosquito Coast, our after-decks covered with darkies and their families going in search of work on the canal. For several days we bowled along over high rollers so blue that the strongest color on the palette would be driven wild with envy could it but appreciate its weakness. The trade-winds were blowing strong, tempering the heat of the sun; not a cloud was to be seen; everything was lovely.

At last a morning dawned upon us at anchor off Greytown. All vessels anchor about a mile from land, as the water is so shallow on the bar that they cannot enter. The bottom and shore of the harbor are of sand, which constantly shifts, changing the coast-line and the depth of the water from year to year.

Those of the passengers about to land walked about the deck, looking strange in their hard hats and white shirts. Satchels and bags were strewn about; cabin-boys were gathering in their tips. Soon a tug came out, towing flats, or lighters, for our cargo. The sea was high: one minute a flat would be almost even with our decks, and the next fifteen or twenty feet below; one minute, thirty feet from the side, and the next, jamming into us with a tremendous crash, making the vessel tremble from bow to stern.

On the flats there were many men to receive the freight, but no one seemingly in command. When a package was hanging over the boat, yells to lower would go up from every one; the constant shifting of the boat would bring some of them under the package, and a wild scramble to get out of the way would begin; again, as it would be lowered, the flat would slide out from under, and all hands would yell to have the engine stopped. Sometimes, as the bale was lowered, the flat would go down at the same time, keeping the same distance between them; then a wave would suddenly lift it up against the bale with such force that one would think it must go through the bottom of the boat. This is the worst thing that can happen to a show-case, even though it is well boxed, as I had a chance to see. On the west coast all goods are taken at the shipper's risk; it must be the same here.

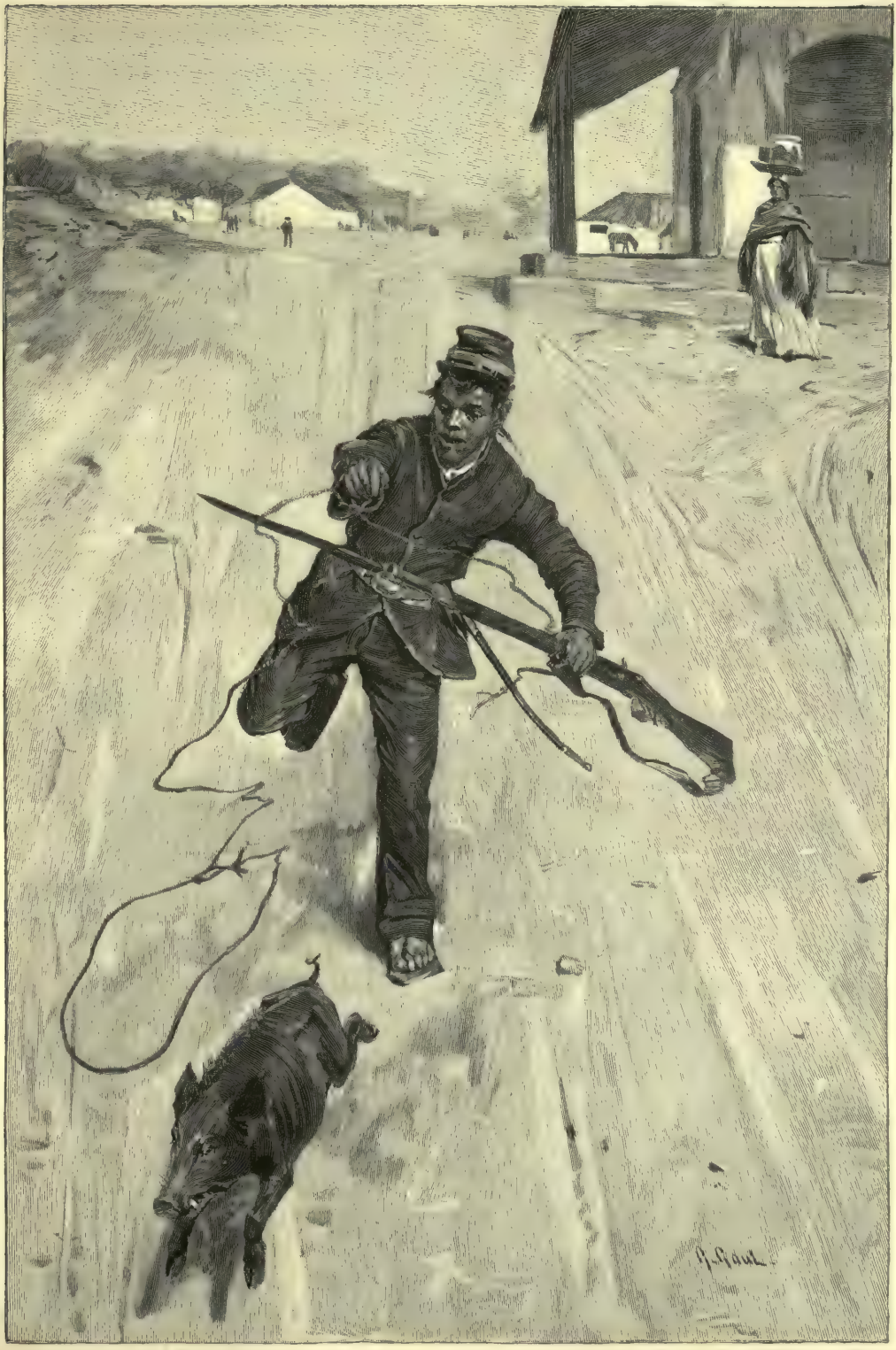
Ladies, babies, and old people are lowered in the same way, tied in a chair, and one at a time. Two lines are tied to the chair to steady it, one held by a man on the steamer, one by a man in the float; the power is steam. But a man must climb, stay on board, or drown, and no one seems to care which.

The lighters were loaded at last, and we shoved from the steamer, and headed for the harbor. In a short time we were on shore, and on our way to the hotel recommended to us by the American consul. There are several in the place. This one consisted of a very large bar-room opening on a broad veranda that ran the length of the building, a smaller dining-room, and back of that a number of small closets called bedrooms, separated by partitions about six feet high. In each of these apartments was a canvas cot with a grass mat, a sheet of muslin, and a small, very hard hair pillow. A wash-stand, with a grass mat before it, completed the furnishing.

The town is a small one, supported entirely by the Canal Company and their employees. Most of the houses are frame-buildings; but a few of the natives still cling to the palm-thatched roof. The character and appearance of the town are different from the interior towns from the fact that there are so many foreigners living in it, and what is called the native population is well mixed up with black blood from Jamaica. The old town of the time of the gold fever has almost entirely disappeared, the site being in part washed away, and the unstable buildings that were on the remainder have long since been replaced by others. Decay is very rapid here, the humidity is so great, and such instruments as cameras warp and swell so much as to be practically useless, even when kept wrapped in rubber. Everything is moldy. It is useless to try to keep dry. In the camps where men are cutting out the line of the canal, often for days they are at work in water, and the greater part of the time in the rain. Often the water is poisonous or stagnant.

Near the shore we saw about the only relic of early days left in Greytown: this was the remains of an old fence built of musket-barrels stuck into the ground muzzle down and side by side. The guns were old flint-locks, and were used by, or were part of, the plunder of the filibuster Walker. One hears much and sees many traces of him all through Nicaragua.

I found that the steamer for the head of Lake Nicaragua left Greytown only once in



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

A NICARAGUA POLICEMAN ON DUTY.

ten days or two weeks; and as I had seen about all there was to see in the place,—all that was left could have been done in a day,—I concluded to go on the steamer that left the next day. The morning found me abroad. These steamers are small stern-wheeled crafts similar to those used on our Western and Southern rivers. There are very few state-rooms, and most of the passengers are obliged to sleep on deck; indeed, many of the old travelers prefer to do so. Each one is expected to provide his own bedding, pillow, and mosquito-net.

The San Juan River averages probably a quarter of a mile in width; its length is about one hundred miles; its banks are very low except at the old town, and just off Castillo, two thirds of the way up, where there is a hill, topped by the old fort, of no earthly use except as a shelter for the garrison. It is very pretty, however, and would be prettier were it not for the fact that its gray stone and brick walls have been given a coat of whitewash. The custom-house is located here, and, after an examination of baggage, passengers are transferred to another steamer at the other end of the town, for there is a difficult rapid here, although the boats of the natives are pulled over it in some way.

Castillo is a small place of one street, built around the foot of the hill on which the fort is situated. A track is laid through this narrow street, over which the freight is transferred. It is purely a native town, and very dirty. Scavenger pigs run around the street and into the houses. No one seems to work; every house and shop has one or two hammocks swinging, and every one is occupied. The Transportation Company brings considerable support to this place, of course, but many of the people live by rubber-hunting through the swamps and jungles, or by buying rubber from those who do.

After leaving Castillo, the banks are again low until you near the mouth of the lake at San Carlos, where the high land of the interior begins to run back into mountains and volcanoes sometimes a mile high. The river-banks are densely covered with timber; fern and cocoanut-palm branches, hanging over into the water in most places, entirely conceal the banks. Where one can see through the trees into the black, dark recesses of the forest, it does not look inviting. One can hear monkeys chattering, parrots screeching, and would not have to look long to find snakes. We were taking on wood one day when a snake of a brilliant green was seen by one of the passengers on the limb of a tree within twenty feet of the boat. Several shots were fired at it, when one from a Winchester cut the branch that it was on, and it fell to the ground, disappearing under a pile of wood. It must have been at least eight feet long. The deck-hands who were passing the wood did not seem to mind the fact that there was a snake, and possibly many, in the pile, but continued at work in their bare feet as though nothing had happened.

One afternoon, at four o'clock, we reached the head of the river, at the entrance to Lake Nicaragua, and tied up at the wharf of the town of San Carlos, which is built on the side of a hill, and protected by two forts, only one of which is garrisoned, the other being abandoned and going to decay. We wandered about the place until it was time to return for dinner, but found nothing of interest except the naked babies and pigs about the streets, the parrots in the doorways, the buzzards on the roofs, and the wrecks of two of the old Vanderbilt line of steamers, the stacks and boilers of which were sticking up out of the water near the shore, where the vessels had been beached and burned by the filibuster Walker.

We had hurried back to the steamer through fear of being left, but she did not sail until next morning at daylight. I was glad of this, as it gave us a chance to see the lake to advantage, which otherwise we would not have had.

Lake Nicaragua is about seventy-five miles long, and thirty or forty wide. Its water is fresh and shallow, and the wheel of our little steamer sucked up the mud from the bottom for miles after leaving San Carlos. A big dam that is proposed at or near Castillo is to raise the water of the lake about twenty feet.

There are many islands, varying in height from a few feet to the volcano Madera, which is 4100 feet, and the volcano Ometepe, which is 4190 feet in height. They are chronic grumblers, these fellows, and one has, on two different occasions, done considerable damage to the towns and plantations on its sides and base, and to Rivas, which is some six or eight miles away on the mainland. Here it has shaken down houses, and covered the tillable land with ashes.

We left the steamer at Rivas, as we wished to go over the old route taken by California miners. Having secured horses and a guide, we started early the next morning, so as to go as far as possible before the sun was high. My companion's horse was a stumbler, and came very near falling two or three times, and the guide did not know the way. After he had lost the road and found it again two or three times, we concluded to send him back; but as he was well mounted, we compelled him to exchange his horse for the stumbler, and pro-

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

PARROT-SELLERS AT CORINTO.

ceeded on our way, crossing the line marked by the Nicaragua Canal Company; and at last, having stopped at a native ranch for something to eat, we reached the site of the old town of Virgin Bay and the landing for the Vanderbilt line of steamers. The piles of the long pier are yet sticking out of the water here and there, but the upper woodwork has long since been washed away. What was once the street of the place is now overgrown with weeds and burs. The only family living here is that of a Jamaica negro. His wife is a Nicaraguan. Stopping our horses in the shade of a tree where his children were gathering oranges, we asked for some, and the little ones filled their skirts,— those that had them, the naked ones carrying all they could in their hands,— and gave them to us. They were delighted with the small pieces of silver we gave them in return, as they were overpaid, a bushel of oranges being worth only about five or seven cents here.

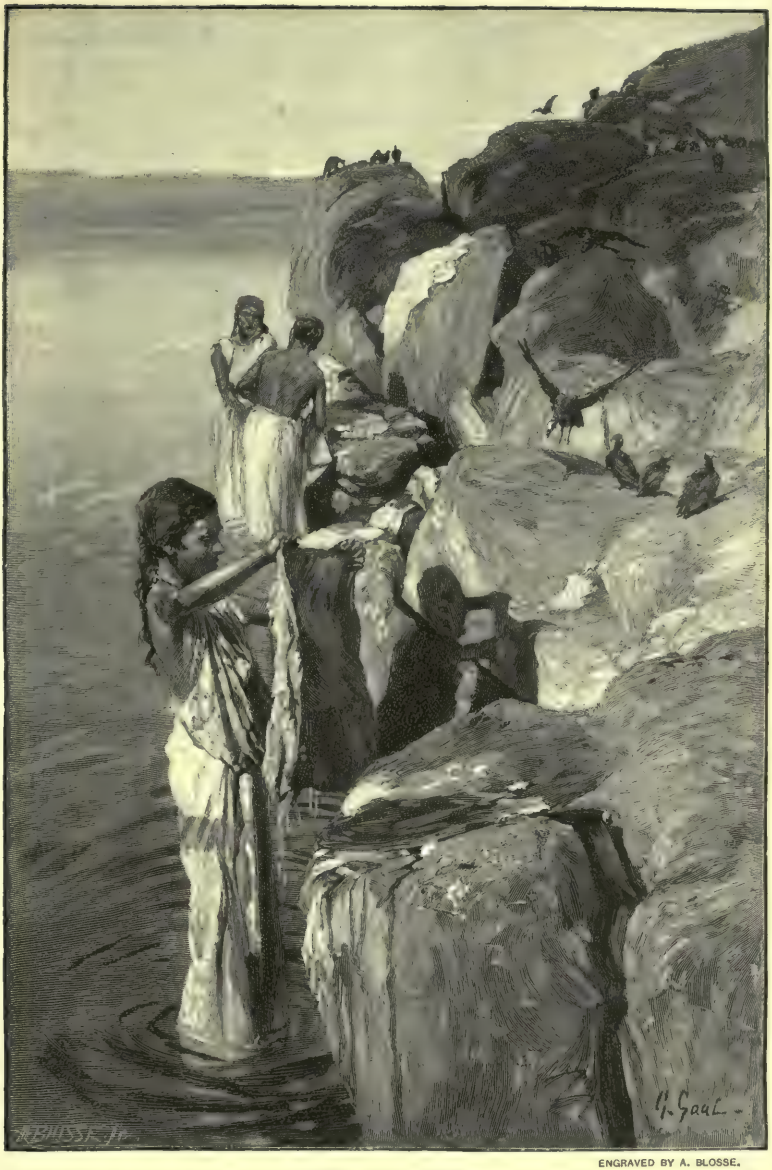
We opened the door of the old hotel, and looked into the bar-room, once filled with miners, filibusters, gamblers, and natives, and in which many an exciting affair has occurred, but were met only by a cloud of bats, startled by the noise and light. The stairs had fallen down, so that we could not visit the second story, as we wished to do.

Following the old road, which is about fifteen miles long, one comes to San Juan del Sur. Before reaching this place, however, the country grows hilly, and the road somewhat better, as it is used by the people of San Juan del Sur for a little distance to reach the main road running north to Rivas. Along this portion of the road are a few small plantations.

We met some teamsters on their way to the interior with loads of goods that had been landed at San Juan del Sur by one of the Pacific Mail steamers. Their carts were drawn by oxen, one, two, or three pair to each cart. I should think it would take one team to draw an empty cart, for they seemed very heavy; the wheels were solid, and looked as if they were simply sections cut from the trunk of a large tree, with a hole bored through the center to admit the axle.

San Juan del Sur is a very small place. There is a small harbor here, whence miners embarked for California. The window at which they used to buy tickets, and the hole in the wall in which they dropped their letters for home, can still be seen. Rivas is back from the lake about a mile and a half, and the people are building a horse-car route to the landing. Communication is kept up with Granada by boat and by a line of stages. I took the stage early in the morning, while it was yet so dark that one could not see the nearest thing. How the driver kept the road is more than I can tell; but he did, and the mules, being fresh, were making fast time, when I saw a spark of fire waving in the road. The mules stopped, and the spark approached and came into the stage, and then I saw that I was to have a fellow-passenger. The spark was his lighted cigar. We picked up one or two more people before we left the outskirts of the town, and then came a wild rush for miles at a gallop, every one of us hanging on as best he could. As it grew lighter, one could see groups of women on their way to town, carrying loads of fruit and vegetables to the market-place to sell. It was chilly until the sun came up, when it became very warm. On we went, sometimes between high hedges of cactus of various kinds surrounding beautiful fields and orange groves; again through open and treeless prairies, looking desolate and drear; over all kinds of roads, rough and well-made ones, hilly and level ones; past small collections of Indians' huts thatched with palms, and with side-walls daubed with clay; by the homes of well-to-do planters, with their white adobe walls and thatched roofs. In front of one ranch we saw three deer hanging; a man, naked to the waist, with his white linen trousers tucked up as high as he could get them, and covered with blood, was cutting them up. On the prairies we met several herds of cattle, and at eight o'clock stopped for a bowl of chocolate and to change mules at a very dirty Indian hut. Then we rattled on until ten, when we stopped at a cattle-ranch for breakfast. By this time it was very warm, and we were glad to occupy one of the hammocks which were invitingly stretched under the shadow of the thatched porch in front of the house until the meal was prepared.

Soon we were off again. It had grown unbearably hot; a white, chalky dust filled our eyes, noses, and ears, and the mules could not be induced to go very fast. How long this continued I do not know, but it seemed a long time, when, as we entered a small town, a tire came off one of the wheels, and we had to stop in front of the prison-house and send for a blacksmith. It took some time to make the repairs, and while this was going on I took a look at the prison-pen and the church. The church was not an interesting one, but this was my first view of a Nicaragua prison. A soldier was on guard at the door, which was open. There was only one room, the walls of which were very thick; about five feet from the wall, and parallel to it, two long, squared logs of oak were placed. The lower one was fastened to the floor; the upper one, which rested on it, could be raised and lowered at will, and was held in position by wooden pins at the ends. Holes were scooped, partly from the upper and partly from the lower log, through which the ankles of the prisoners were



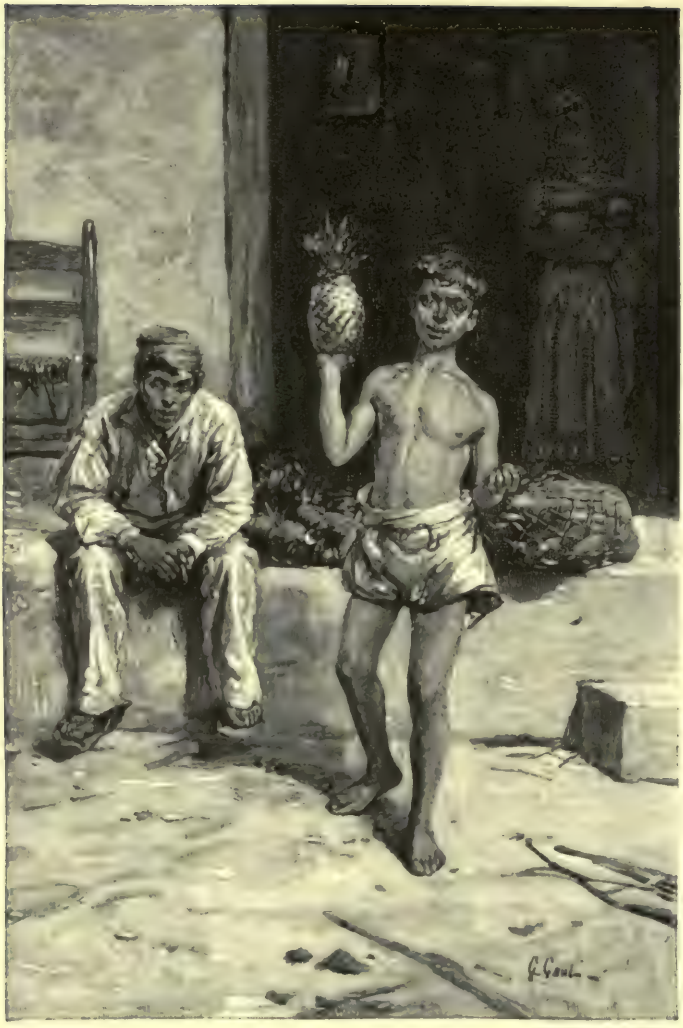
ENGRAVED BY A. BLOSSE.

WASHING NEAR MASAYA.

placed; straw was thrown on the floor back of the logs, and the prisoners could lie down or sit up as they pleased, but could not stand. A jar of water was placed within reach. A veranda ran across the front of the building, under which was a bench for the accommodation of the guard. This constituted all the furnishing. The floors were of tile, and everything looked tolerably clean.

Then through more villages we passed, causing children and pigs to scamper, and returning the salutes of adults, all of whom came to the doors. Over more hills and down into the valleys we went, skirting the base of a volcano (Mombacho), and reaching the outskirts of Granada about seven o'clock.

All important towns in Nicaragua are laid out on one plan, and the architecture is the same in all. There is a plaza, around which are grouped the church or cathedral, public buildings, barracks, stores, bank, hotel, and sometimes some of the principal residences. In this square the market is usually held, and every morning picturesque men and women can be seen with trays and bags of all the products of the country for sale. The houses are all adobe, and very few have more than one story, excepting the public buildings



ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

PINEAPPLE-SELLER, GRANADA.

or hotels, and even these rarely, earthquakes being too frequent. The Indian huts on the outskirts of the town and in the villages are palm-thatched, but pretentious houses have tile roofs. All the floors are made of red tiles or of mother earth. The windows are not glazed,— the climate is too warm to make it either necessary or comfortable,— but are closed at night on the inside by large, heavy shutters hung on hinges, and frequently cages of iron or wood are built over them on the outside. Living- and sleeping-rooms are large, averaging eighteen feet in width, with large doorways on both the street and the inside court of the house, which give a good circulation of air.

The interior court, around which the different rooms are built, is often filled with trees and flowers in beds or pots of very pretty designs, and often there is a fountain in the houses of the rich. Under the veranda, hammocks are swung and parrots hang; the veranda is used also as a dining-room.

Pictures are everywhere : women bearing burdens on their heads, their draperies blown into action, and their usually strong and beautiful figures accentuated by the gentle trade-winds; bathers or washerwomen on the beach, the sunlight glancing from their wet bronzed bodies and coal-black hair, relieved against the deep blue of the sky, and reflected in the waters of the lake and the white of the incoming waves; the market-places; the hammocks full of naked and sleeping babies; the beautiful young girls; the withered and wrinkled crone sucking her cigarette as she crouches over her spark of a charcoal fire, surrounded by her pots and pans; the islands of the lake; the volcanoes; the tropical rich-

ness of the cultivated country, with its feathery palms and orchids; or the weird, lonesome, gloomy jungle, with its majestic trees and festooned vines.

Here is a young boy selling pineapples; he wears nothing but a breech-cloth. Here comes a girl who is a perfect scheme of color, her bronze face, black hair, yellow-white chemise, red rebozo full of quality, and her brown skirt and sandals covered with dust. You watch her until she turns the corner, and you have half a mind to follow for one more glance; but look in another direction, and behold! something

but in the larger towns they are on their mettle, and are as spruce as can be.

A broad sand-bank borders the lake at Granada, and is the fashionable drive for the inhabitants. There is always a cool breeze coming over the water, making it very comfortable, and there are many things of interest — the picturesque little thatched huts, shaded by large trees and palms that make them look like toy houses; the naked babies playing in the sand or chasing the buzzards, which are as tame as chickens; people washing, bathing, driving.

We came at last to Corinto, which is only a

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

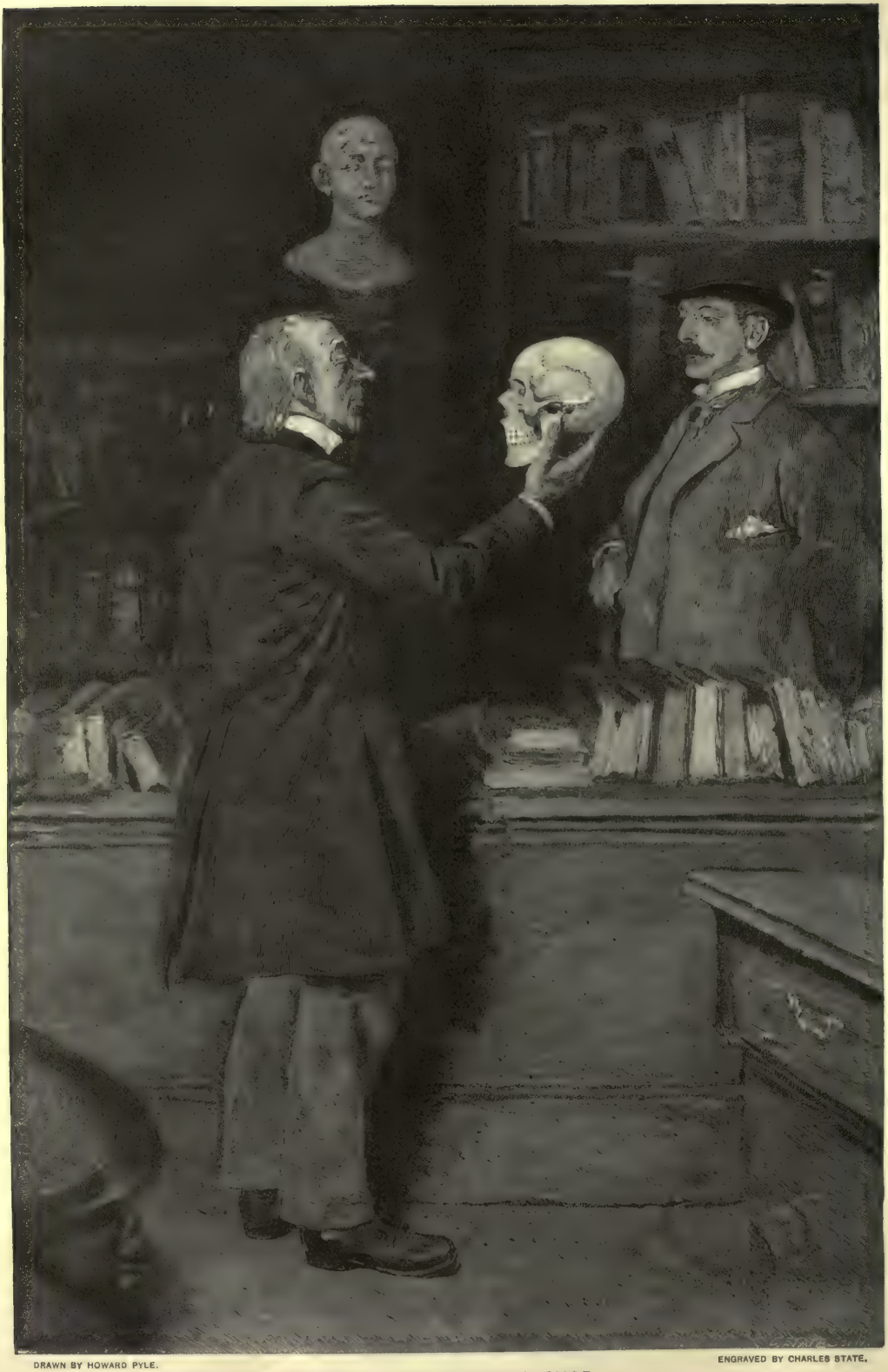
DELIVERING MEAT, GRANADA.

equally fine is before you. Maybe it is a young señor, with a mane of black hair about his forehead and sticking out from under his hat-brim, his mustache twisted into saucy curls, a gay sash about his waist, a short sword at his side, and his game-cock under his arm. The soldiers, too, are picturesque. They are always expecting a revolution, when life is eventful; but in times of peace, the arresting of stray pigs, goats, etc. is about all they have to do. They are small men, but look like good material, and, I have no doubt, fight bravely. They wear hardly any uniform, and remind one of Falstaff's men;

railroad terminus on a sand-bar. Our steamer came in that night, and we made our way to her the next day in a canoe, our boatman winding his way among the canoes of natives that were selling parrots, fruit, cigars, etc. to the sailors and passengers.

After the busy time I had been having on my travels, very enjoyable were the long, dreamy days on board, with nothing to do but read, smoke, and rest, watching the natives load and unload, and the fish and sharks in the clear water around us. Then, too, I could hear English speech about me, and felt that I was home at last.

Gilbert Gaul.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

IN THE BOOKSELLER'S SHOP.

THE CHEVALIER DE RESSEGUIER.

By the author of "Marjorie Daw," "From Ponkapog to Pesth," "The Queen of Sheba," "Wyndham Towers," etc., etc.

I AM unable to explain the impulse that prompted me to purchase it. I had no use for a skull — excepting, of course, the one I am temporarily occupying. There have been moments, indeed, when even that has seemed to me an encumbrance. Nevertheless, I bought another.

It was one of three specimens which decorated the window of a queer book-shop that I was in the habit of passing in my daily walks between the railway station and the office of the "Æsthetic Review." I was then living out of town. I call it a queer book-shop, for it was just that. It dealt in none but works on phrenology, toxicology, evolution, mesmerism, spiritualism, and kindred occult sciences. Against the door-jambs, and on some shelves outside, were piled small packages of quaintly bound volumes, each set tied up with a piece of frayed twine, and bearing a tag on which was written the title of the work. These thin, dingy octavos and twelvemos, looking as if they might have come out of the library in Noah's ark, were chiefly treatises of a psychical and social nature, and were no doubt daringly speculative. The patrons of the establishment shared its eccentricity. Now and then I caught a glimpse of a customer either entering or leaving the shop. Sometimes it was a half-shabby middle-aged man, who seemed a cross between a low comedian and a village undertaker; sometimes it was a German or a Pole, cadaverous, heavy-bearded, with a restlessness about the eyes — a fellow who might be suspected of carrying dynamite pellets in his waistcoat pocket; and sometimes it was an elderly female, severe of aspect, with short hair in dry autumnal curls, evidently a person with advanced views on Man, and so flat in figure, so wholly denuded of graceful feminine curves, as to make it difficult for one to determine, when she lingered an instant in the doorway, whether she was going in or coming out.

What first attracted my attention to the shop-window was a plaster bust of the Young Augustus, for which a copy of Malthus on "The Principle of Population" served as pedestal. The cranium had been neatly marked out into irregular, variously colored sections, like a map of the United States. In each section was a Roman numeral, probably having its duplicate with an attendant explanation in the phrenological chart which lay in front of the bust. That first caught my eye; but the object which touched my real interest, and held it, was what I took to be a skilful imitation of the human skull, carved in rich old ivory. It struck me as a consummate little piece of sculpture, and I admired it greatly. After closer and repeated scrutiny, however, I discovered that it was not a reproduction, but the genuine article; yet I could never wholly divest myself of its first impression as a work of art. A work of art, indeed! It was one of a kind on which patient Nature has lavished some of her most exquisite handicraft. What inanimate object on earth so appeals to the imagination as a skull, the deserted "dome of thought, the palace of the soul," as Byron called it? Reverently regarded, there is nothing depressing or repellent in it. That is a false and morbid sentimentalism which sees in such relics anything but a solemn and beautiful mystery.

There were, as I have said, two other specimens in the window, but the one signalized was incomparably the finest. I seldom passed near the shop without halting a moment to contemplate the wide, placid brows, in which there was a beauty of even a finer kind than that in the face of the Young Augustus, in spite of the latter having all the advantage of completed features. The skull was apparently very old — say a hundred years or so, if that is old for a skull; and had clearly belonged to a man past the prime of life at the instant of his quitting it. It was a curious reflection that while time had ceased for the man himself, the inexorable years were surely, though slowly and imperceptibly, working their will on what was once so intimate a part of him, the cast-off shell of his mind!

Passing the shop day after day through those summer months, I finally became, if the phrase is permissible, on familiar terms with the skull. As I approached it morning and evening, on my passage to and fro, it grew to seem to me like the face of a friend in the crowd — a face that I should have missed if it had been absent. Once or twice as the declining sun chanced momentarily to light up the polished marble brows, I almost fancied that I detected a gleam of recognition on the part of the mask. It had such an air of shrewdness as it looked out on the busy life of the street! "What," I said to myself one evening — "what if by any

possibility it has some dim perception of the fret and fever of it all — if some little flickering spark of consciousness still lingers!"

The idea, fanciful and illogical as it was, suggested itself to my mind from time to time, and one afternoon the pathos of it thrilled me strangely. I had a swift desire to take possession of the skull, and give it decent sepulture somewhere, though that would have been no kindly service if it were a sentient thing. At any rate, I resolved to shelter it from further publicity, and a moment afterward I found myself inside the old book-shop, and in close commercial relations with the proprietor, a moist-eyed but otherwise desiccated little man, whose *pince-nez*, attached by an elastic cord and set at an acute angle on his nose, was continually dropping into his shirt-bosom. There was something in the softness of his voice and the meekness of his manner out of all keeping with the revolutionary and explosive literature amid which he passed his existence.

"No," he said gently, in reply to a question I had put to him; "I cannot say whose it was. Of course," he added, with a feeble smile that had something of the pensiveness of a sigh, "it must have belonged to some one in particular; such things are not generally in common."

"I quite understand that," I returned. "I merely thought it might possibly have some sort of pedigree. Have you any idea how old it is?"

"There, too, I am in the dark," he replied deprecatingly. "It stood in the shop-window when I came here as a boy, somewhat more than fifty years ago. I distinctly remember upsetting it the very first morning I swept out the store. Where old Mr. Waldron got it,— I succeeded to the business in 1859; will you let me give you one of my cards? —and how long he had had it in stock, I am unable to state. It is in perfect preservation, you will observe, and a gentleman wanting anything in this line, either for a collection or as a single specimen, could scarcely do better."

As the ancient bookseller spoke, he held out the skull on his palm at arm's length, and regarded it critically, giving a little purring hum of admiration meanwhile. I straightway thought of the grave-digger in the churchyard at Elsinore, and inwardly repeated Hamlet's comment: "Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?"

I was without definite views concerning the current prices of the merchandise I was about to purchase, but supposed that they ran rather high. I was astonished by the smallness of the sum named for the skull — a sum at which I should hesitate to part with my own, unless it were in some acute crisis of neuralgic headache.

The transaction concluded, I had an instant's embarrassment. "Could n't you wrap this in something?" I said.

"Certainly; to be sure!" exclaimed the little man, fishing up his eye-glasses for the twentieth time from the deep sea of his shirt-bosom. "Perhaps you would like it sent? If you will give me your address —"

"No, thanks. I live out of town. I will take it with me."

"Ah, quite so," he said, and, retiring to an inner room, presently returned with the skull neatly wrapped in a sheet or two of pink tissue-paper.

I put it under my arm, and passed into the street, trying to throw into my countenance the expression of a man who is carrying home a melon. I succeeded so far in this duplicity as to impose on my wife, who, meeting me on the piazza of our little country house, gaily snatched the package from my hand, and remarked:

"We will have it for dinner, dear!"

We both were smiling as we entered the house. In the mean while she was peeling off the layers of tissue-paper.

"But it is n't a melon!" cried my wife, hastily laying the package on the hall table.

"No, dear," I said; "it 's a skull."

"A skull? How dreadful! Where did you get it? Whose skull?"

"It is mine,—so far as such property can be,—for I bought it. It is more distinctly mine than the one I have, which I did n't buy and pay for, but which was thrown upon my hands, so to speak, without any regard to my personal wishes in the matter. This one I wanted."

"But, my dear, what possessed you? It is perfectly horrid!"

"It is perfectly beautiful, my dear; and it has the highest moral significance. It is probable that the original wearer of it conveyed no such deep lesson to his contemporaries as this surviving framework of him may have for us. The wise Athenians always had a skull at their banquets, to remind them of the transitoriness and vanity of life. So, after all, we can have it for dinner, dear. Gazing upon this symbol of impermanence, you will no longer envy Mrs. Midas her coupé, and I shall feel that old Midas's balance at the bank is not worth having, and that his ponderous new granite château, which completely cuts off our view of the river, is a thing of shifting sand. As a literary critic too much inclined, perhaps, to be severe on the shortcomings of fellow-creatures whose gifts are superior to mine, I need just such a *memento mori* to restrain my natural intolerance."

"How absurd! What do you mean to do with it?"

"I intend to put it on the faïence bracket over the end window in the library."

"Is it entirely appropriate as an ornament, dear? Is n't it a trifle — ghostly?"

"It is decidedly appropriate. What are books themselves but the lingering shades of dead and gone historians, story-tellers, and poets? Every library is full of ghosts, the air is thick with them."

"I am sure Jane will give us warning the moment she lays eyes on it."

"Then Jane can retire with her own silly head-piece."

"It will certainly terrify little Alfred."

"If it prevents little Alfred from playing in the library during my absence, and breaking the amber mouthpieces off my best pipes, I shall not complain. But, seriously, I set a value on this ancient relic — a value which I cannot easily make clear even to myself. In speaking of the matter I have drifted into a lighter vein than I intended. The thing will not be out of place among the books and bric-à-brac in the library, where no one spends much time, excepting myself; so, like a good girl, say no more about it."

The question thus pleasantly settled itself. I had scarcely installed my singular acquisition on the bracket when I was called to dinner. I paused a moment or two with my hand on the knob of the library door to take in the general effect from that point of view. The skull, which in widely different surroundings had become a familiar object to me, adapted itself admirably to its new *milieu*. There was nothing incongruous or recent in its aspect; it seemed always to have stood just there, though the bracket had for years been occupied by a slender Venetian vase, a bit of Salviati's fragile workmanship, which only a few days previously had been blown from its stand by a draft caused by the sudden opening of the door.

"Yes," I said; "it will do very well. There's nothing like it to give a tone to a library."

II.

"WILL you take your coffee here, or have it in the library?" asked my wife, while Jane was removing the remains of the dessert.

"In the library," I said; "and as soon as Jane can fetch it. I must finish that review tonight."

When I bought the small house, half villa, half chalet, called Redroof, I added a two-story extension containing a spacious study on the ground-floor and a bedroom over it. As I frequently sat up late, and as Redroof was in a rather isolated situation, I liked to be within speaking-distance of my wife. By locking the doors of the upper and lower vestibules, which were connected by a staircase, we wholly separated ourselves from the main building. The library was a long low-studded apartment with three windows on each side, and at the end opposite the door a wide-mullioned lattice, with lead-set panes, overlooking a stretch of lonely meadows. The quiet and seclusion of the room made it an ideal spot for literary undertakings, and here it was that I did the greater part of my work.

Now I had an important piece of work on hand this night, and after I had drunk my coffee I began turning over the leaves of a certain half-completed manuscript, with the despairing consciousness that I was not in a mood to go on with it. The article in question was a study of political intrigue during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The subject had fascinated me; for a week I had been unable to think of anything else, and the first part of the article had almost written itself. But now I found it impossible to pick up the threads of my essay. My mind refused concentration on any single point. A hundred things I wanted to say rushed upon me simultaneously, and so jostled and obscured one another as to create nothing but confusion. This congestion of ideas is quite as perplexing as their total absence, and the result is the same. I threw down my pen in disgust, and, placing one elbow on the desk, rested my cheek on my palm.

I had remained in that attitude for perhaps three minutes when I heard a voice — a low but distinct voice — saying:

"I beg monsieur's pardon, but if I interrupt him —"

I instantly wheeled round in my chair, expecting to see some one standing on the Bokhara rug behind me, though in the very act of turning I reflected how nearly impossible it was that any visitor could have got into the library at that time of night. There was nobody visible. I glanced toward the door leading into the vestibule. It was unlikely that that door could have been opened and closed without my observing it.

"I beg monsieur's pardon," repeated the voice, "but I am here — on the bracket."

"Oh," I said to myself, "I am careering round on the wildest of nightmares — one that has never before had a saddle on her. Clearly this is the result of overwork." My next impression was that I was being made the victim of some ingenious practical joke. But no; the voice had incontestably issued from the little shelf above the window, and though the effect might have been accomplished by some acoustic contrivance, there was no one in the house or in the neighborhood capable of conceiving it. Since the thing was for the moment inexplicable, I decided to accept it on its own terms. Recov-

ering my composure, and fixing my eyes steadily in the direction of the bracket, I said:

"Are you the person who just addressed me?"

"I am not a person, monsieur," replied the voice, slowly, as if with difficulty at first, and with an unmistakable French accent; "I am merely a conscience, an intelligence imprisoned in this sphere. Formerly I was a person — a person of some slight distinction, if I may be permitted so much egotism. Possibly monsieur has heard of me — I am the Chevalier de Resseguier."

Mechanically I threw a sheet of blotting-paper over the last page of my manuscript. Not five minutes previously I had written the following sentence — the ink was still fresh on the words: *Among the other intimates of Madame du Barry at this period was an adventurer from Toulouse, a pseudo man of letters, a sort of prowling epigram — one Chevalier* DE RESSEGUIER!

I had never been a believer in spiritualistic manifestations, perhaps for the simple reason that I had never been fortunate enough to witness any. Hitherto all phenomena had sedulously avoided me; but here was a mystery that demanded consideration — something that was not to be explained away on the theory that my senses had deceived me, something that the Society for Psychical Research would have been glad to get hold of. I found myself for once face to face with the Unusual, and I did not mean to allow it to daunt me. What is seemingly supernatural is not always to be taken too seriously. The astrology of one age becomes the astronomy of the next; the magician disappears in the scientist. Perhaps it was an immense curiosity rather than any spirit of scientific investigation that gave steadiness to my nerves; for I was now as cool and collected as if a neighbor had dropped in to spend an hour with me. I placed the German student-lamp further back on the desk, crossed my legs, and settled myself comfortably in the chair, like a person disposed to be sociable.

"Did I understand you to say," I asked with deliberation, "that you were the Chevalier de Resseguier?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"The Chevalier de Resseguier whom Madame de Pompadour once sent to the Bastille for writing a certain vivacious quatrain?"

"Ah, monsieur knows me! I was certain of it!"

"The Chevalier de Resseguier who fluttered round the Du Barry at the time of her début, and later on figures in one or two chapters of her lively 'Mémoires'?"

"What! did the fair Jeannette give her 'Mémoires' to the world, and do I figure in them? Well, well! She had many talents, *la belle* Du Barry; she was of a cleverness: but I never suspected her of being a *bas bleu*. And so she wrote her 'Mémoires'!"

"Were you not aware of it?"

"Alas, monsieur, I know of nothing that has happened since that fatal July morning in '93 when M. Sanson — it was on the Place Louis Quinze — *chut!* and all was over."

"You mean you were — "

"Guillotined? *Certainement!* — thanks to M. Fouquier-Tinville. At that epoch everybody of any distinction passed through the hands of the *exécuteur des hautes œuvres* — a polite euphemism, monsieur. They were regenerating society in France by cutting off the only heads that had any brains in them. Ah, monsieur, though some few of us may not have known how to live, nearly all of us knew how to die!"

Though this De Resseguier had been in his time a rascal of the first water,— I had it down in black and white in my historical memoranda,— there certainly was about him something of that chivalric dash, that ornateness of manner, that delightful insouciance, which we associate with the XVIII^e^ *siècle*. This air of high breeding was no doubt specious, a thing picked up at the gateway of that gilded society which his birth and condition prevented him from entering. The De Choiseuls, the De Maupeous, the D'Aiguillons — they were not for him. But he had breathed in a rich literary atmosphere, perhaps had spoken with Beaumarchais, or Rousseau, or Marmontel, or Diderot — at least he had seen them. He had known his Paris well, that Paris which had a *mot* and a laugh on its lip until the glittering knife fell. He had witnessed the assembling of the Etats Généraux; had listened to Camille Desmoulins haranguing the populace from his green table in the garden of the Palais Royal; had gazed upon Citizen Marat lying in state at the Pantheon; and had watched poor Louis Capet climb the scaffold stairs. Was he not "a mine of memories," this Chevalier de Resseguier? If the chevalier had had a grain of honesty in him, I might have secured fresh and precious material for my essay — some unedited fact, some hitherto unused tint of local color; but I had his measure, and he was not to be trusted. So I attempted nothing of the sort, though the opportunity of interrogating him on certain points was alluring.

The silence which followed the chevalier's last remark was broken by myself.

"Chevalier," I said, "it is with great hesitation that I broach so delicate a matter, but your mention of M. Sanson recalls to my mind the controversy that raged among physiologists, at the close of the Reign of Terror, on a question similar to the one which is at this moment occupying our electricians. It was

held by the eminent Dr. Sue that decapitation involved prolonged and exquisite suffering, while the equally eminent Dr. Sédillot contended that pain was simply impossible, an opinion which was sustained by the learned Gastellier. Will you, Chevalier, for the sake of science, pardon me if I ask you — was it quite painless?"

"M. le Docteur Sédillot was correct, monsieur. Imagine a sensation a thousand times swifter than the swiftest thought, and monsieur has it."

"What followed then?"

"Darkness and sleep."

"For how long, Chevalier?"

"An hour — a month — a year — what know I?"

"And then —"

"A glimmering light, consciousness, the past a vivid reality, the present almost a blur. *Voilà tout!*"

"In effect, Chevalier, you had left the world behind you, taking with you nothing but your personal memories — a light luggage, after all! As you are unfamiliar with everything that has occurred since that July morning, possibly it may interest you to learn that on December 7, 1793, — five months subsequent to your own departure, — the Comtesse du Barry was summoned before the Tribunal Révolutionnaire, and the next day —"

"She, too — *la pauvre petite!* I can fancy her not liking that at all."

"Indeed, Chevalier, the countess showed but faltering fortitude on this occasion. It is reported that she cried, 'Grâce, monsieur le bourreau; encore un moment!' It was not for such as she to mount the scaffold with the tread of a Charlotte Corday."

"*Ma foi, non!* She was a frank *coquine*, when truth is said. But who is all bad? She was not treacherous like Félicité de Nesle, nor vindictive like the Duchesse de Châteauroux. There was not a spark of malice in her, monsieur. When it was easy for her to do so, the Du Barry never employed against her enemies — and she had many — those *lettres de cachet* which used to fly in flocks, like blackbirds, from the hand of Madame de Pompadour."

"It is creditable to your heart, Chevalier, — or, rather, to your head, — that you have a kindly word for Madame du Barry."

"To be sure she thrust her adorable arm up to the elbow in the treasure-chest of Louis *le bien-aimé*, but then she was generous. She patronized art, and sometimes literature. The painter and the sculptor did not go unpaid — *elle donnait à deux mains*. Possibly monsieur has seen Pajou's bust of her? *Quel chef-d'œuvre!* And that portrait by Drouais — *le joli museau!*"

"I have seen the bust," I replied, glad to escape into the rarefied atmosphere of the arts; "it is in the Louvre at present, and, as you observe, a masterpiece. The Drouais portrait has not fallen in my way. There 's an engraving of it, I believe, in one of Paul de Saint-Victor's interesting volumes. Ah, yes, I forgot; he is not of your world. But how is it, Chevalier, that with your remarkable conversational powers —"

"Monsieur is too flattering."

"How is it that you have not informed yourself concerning the progress of human events, and especially of the political, literary, and social changes that have taken place in France? Surely you have had opportunities rarely offered, I imagine, to one in your position. Now, at the book-shop where I — where I made your acquaintance, you might have interrogated many intelligent persons."

"Ah, that miserable *boutique!* and that superannuated vender of revolutionary pamphlets — an imbecile of imbeciles, monsieur! How could I have talked with him and his fellow *crétins*, even if it had been possible! But it was not possible. Monsieur is the only person to whom I have ever been able to communicate myself. A barrier of dense materialism has until now excluded me from such intercourse as monsieur suggests. I make my compliments to monsieur; he is *tout à fait spirituel!*"

"May I inquire, Chevalier," I said, after a moment of meditation, "if the mind, the vital spark, of all persons who pass through a certain inevitable experience takes final lodgment in the cranium? I begin then to comprehend why that part of the anatomy of man has been rendered almost indestructible."

"I am grieved that I cannot dispel the darkness enveloping monsieur's problem. Perhaps this disposition of the vital spark, as monsieur calls it, occurs only in the case of those persons who have made their exit under peculiar circumstances. I cannot say. Chance has doubtless brought me in contact with several persons of that class, but no sign of recognition has passed between us. As I understand it, monsieur, death is a transition state, like life itself, and leaves the mystery still unsolved. Outside of my own individual consciousness everything has been nearly a blank."

"Then, possibly, you don't know where you are at present?"

"I conjecture; I am far from positive, but I think I am in the land of Benjamin Franklin."

"Well, yes; but I should say the late Benjamin Franklin, if I were you. It is many years since he was an active factor in our public affairs."

"I was not aware — my almost absolute seclusion — monsieur understands."

"In your retirement, Chevalier, you have

missed much. Vast organic upheavals have occurred meanwhile; things that seemed to reach down to the bed-rock of permanence have been torn up by the roots. The impossible has become the commonplace. The whole surface of the earth has undergone a change, and nowhere have the changes been more radical and marvelous than in your own beloved France. Would you not like me briefly to indicate a few of them?"

"If monsieur will be so obliging."

"In the first place, you should know that Danton, Robespierre, and the rest, each in his turn, fell into the hands of your old friend M. Sanson."

"*À la bonne heure!* I knew it would come to that. When France wanted to regenerate society she ought to have begun with the *sans-culottes*."

"The republic shortly gave way to a monarchy. A great soldier sat upon the throne, a new Cæsar, who flung down his gauntlet to the whole world, and well nigh conquered it; but he too fell from his lofty height, suddenly, like Lucifer, never to rise again."

"And how did men call him?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Bonaparte? Bonaparte?—it is not a French name, monsieur."

"After him the Bourbon reigned; then there was a republic; and then another Cæsar came,—an imitation Cæsar,—who let a German king conquer France, and bivouac his Uhlans under the lime-trees in the Champs Elysées."

"A German with his foot upon the neck of France! Ah, monsieur, was I not happy to escape the knowledge of all these things? *Mon Dieu!* but he was a prophet, that Louis XV., with his 'Après nous le déluge!' Tell me no more! I am well content to wait in ignorance."

"To wait for what, Chevalier?"

"For the end of the world, I suppose. Really, monsieur puts the most perplexing questions—like a *juge d'instruction*."

I may here remark that throughout our conversation the immobility of the face of the Chevalier de Resseguier, taken in connection with what he was saying, had a grotesque effect. His moods were many, but his expression was one. Whether he spoke sadly, or playfully, or vehemently, there was that stolid, stony outline, gazing into vacancy like the face of a sphinx.

"But, Chevalier," I said, "it must be a monotonous business, this waiting."

"Yes and no, monsieur. I am at least spared the tumult and struggle of earthly existence; for what is the life of man but *une milice continuelle?* Here I am safe from debts and the want of *louis d'or* to pay them; safe from false love, false friendship, and all hypocrisy. I am neither hot nor cold, neither hungry nor thirsty. *Parbleu!* monsieur, I might be much worse off."

"Yet at intervals your solitude must weigh upon you."

"Then I take a little nap of four or five years—four or five years according to monsieur's computation. The Gregorian calendar does not exist for me."

"Perhaps you feel like taking a little nap now," I suggested, with a sudden desire to be rid of him.

"Not at all," replied the chevalier, briskly. "I never felt less like it."

"I am sorry, for it is really an embarrassing question, when I come to think of it, what I am to do with you."

"Monsieur is too kind, to trouble himself with thinking about it. Why do anything? How charming it all has been, except that Madame for an instant mistook me for a melon! Here I find myself *au mieux*. I am a man of letters, a poet whose works have been crowned by the Bastille if not by the Académie. These volumes in polished calf and fragrant crushed levant make a congenial atmosphere, *n'est-ce pas?* Formerly my Greek and Latin were not of the best; but now, naturally, I speak both with fluency, for they are *dead* languages, as monsieur is aware. My English—monsieur can judge. I acquired it in London during a year or two when my presence in Paris was not absolutely indispensable. So why not let me remain where I am? *Un bel esprit* is never *de trop*. Monsieur need never more be in want of a pleasant companion. I will converse with him, I will dissipate his *ennui*. I am no longer of those who disappear abruptly. I will stay with monsieur forever."

This monstrous proposition struck me cold.

"No, Chevalier," I said, with as much calmness as I could command; "such an arrangement would not suit me in any particular. You have not read the 'Mémoires' of Madame du Barry, and I have. Our views of life are antagonistic. The association you propose is wholly impracticable."

"I am here by monsieur's own invitation, am I not? Did I thrust myself upon him? No. Did I even seek his acquaintance? No. It was monsieur who made all the advances. There were three of us, and he selected me. I am deeply sensible of the honor. I would give expression to that sensibility. I would, if monsieur were disposed, render him important literary services. For example, I could furnish him with many curious particulars touching the Œil-de-Bœuf, together with some startling facts which establish beyond doubt the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask."

"Such information, unfortunately, would be of no use to me."

"Of no use? Monsieur astonishes me!"

"I could not avail myself of statements made by the Chevalier de Resseguier."

"Monsieur means—?"

"Precisely what I say."

"But what monsieur says is not precisely clear. His words are capable of being construed as insulting. Under different circumstances, I should send two of my friends to demand of monsieur the satisfaction which one *galant homme* never refuses another."

"And you would get it!" I returned warmly.

"I could wish that I had monsieur for one little quarter of an hour in some shady avenue at Versailles, or on the Terrasse des Feuillants in the garden of the Tuileries."

"I wish you had, and then you 'd wish you had n't, for I should give you a sound caning to add to your stock of permanent reminiscences."

"Monsieur forgets himself," said the chevalier, and the chevalier was quite right. "The rapier and the pistol are — or were — my weapons. Fortunately for monsieur, I am obliged to say *were*. Monsieur can be impertinent with impunity."

"I 've a great mind to knock your head off!" I cried, again in the wrong.

"A work of supererogation. I beg leave to call monsieur's unintelligent attention to the fact that my head is already off."

"It 's a pity," I said, "that persons of your stripe cannot be guillotined two or three times. However, I can throw you out of the window."

"Throw me out of the window!" cried the Chevalier de Resseguier in a rage.

At that instant the door of the library was opened hurriedly, and a draft of wind, sweeping through the apartment, tumbled the insecurely placed skull from its perch.

"Do you know how late it is, dear?" said my wife, standing on the threshold, with a lace shawl drawn about her shoulders and her bare feet thrust into a pair of Turkish slippers. "It is half-past two. I verily believe you must have fallen asleep over your work!"

I stared for a moment at my wife, and made no reply. Then I picked up the Chevalier de Resseguier, who had sustained a compound fracture of the jaw, and carefully replaced him, fragments and all, on the little faïence bracket over the window.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE LAKE OF THE DEAD.

(SUPPOSED TO BE TRANSLATED FROM AN EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS.)

The story hinted at in this poem seems to be as follows: The woman loved by the writer, an Egyptian living during the reign of the Ptolemies, had died, and he, in the intensity of his grief calling upon death for deliverance, sinks into a trance in which he seems to die and join his lost love among the Islands of the Blessed, after passing through the intermediate regions of the Egyptian Infernus.

. . . . . .

THROUGH chambers vast I swept where, throned in shade,
Dim forms of monster deities were seen
In changeless gloom and solitude arrayed,
Through myriad ages silent and serene.

A solemn sense of countless ages' flight
Was brooding o'er those shadow-peopled halls,
As though the shades of Chaos' gloomy night
Still lingered 'mid their everlasting walls.
Onward I hastened still, resistless led,
Like thistle-down upon the summer's breeze,
Till, far before, the " Ocean of the Dead "
Showed its black waves between the cypress-trees,
And soon I reached that sea o'er whose dark tide
Forever Night and Death spread out their wings,
Where sparkling waves and ripples never glide,
Nor breezes on the ruffled surface sing.
But ever and anon it slowly heaves
Its inky tide with muffled, sullen sound,
And wets the pale papyrus' sickly leaves,
That spring from out its black and sodden ground.
Dark cypress-trees rise by the gloomy bank,
And in the slimy tide their white roots lave,
While beds of lotus flowers, pale and rank,
Spread out their shudd'ring leaves upon the wave,
And ever, as that heaving of the lake
Comes with its silent, slow, and snake-like motion,
With thrilling shudder all the lilies shake,
And leaves coil backward from that deadly ocean.
No fish goes flashing through the gloomy deep,
No ibis plumes its wing upon the shore,
But scale-clad monsters o'er its mud-banks creep,
And giant bats the murky air explore;
A lurid sun casts rays of ruddy light,
Save when some monster huge, with flapping wing,
Soars o'er its disk, and momentary night
His loathsome pinions in their passage fling.
But hark! the deadly stillness now is broke
By splash of oars, and through the shrouding glooms,
Urged slowly on with long and laboring stroke,
A fleet of galleys in the distance looms.
Slowly they urge their way through tangled weeds
That snake-like fasten on the dripping oar,
And, gliding 'mid the spears of bending reeds,
At last approach that shadow-mantled shore.
Fair forms that crowd their decks now beckon me,
And silently stretch out the ready hand;
I mount the bark, and, turning instantly,
We hasten from that somber-tinted strand.
Slowly at first we urge our onward way,
For the pale lilies stretch their tangled necks
Across the prow, and strive our course to stay,
While clinging slime each sluggish oar-stroke checks.
But swifter now and swifter on we glide,
Till, shooting suddenly from out the gloom,
We lightly plow a clear and sparkling tide
Whose waves a myriad rays of light illume.
Far, far ahead, upon the tranquil seas,
An island clothed with emerald verdure shines,
And through the leafy arches of the trees
The light streams out in scintillating lines.
And as we nearer float, forms heavenly fair
Are seen to move amid the flickering shade,
About their snowy arms and flowing hair
Weaving bright flowers in golden-glowing braid.

And see! Upon the wave-wet yellow sand
Where the bright water ripples round her feet,
With look of wondering welcome, outstretched hand,
And parted lips that low my name repeat—
Ah, love! My love! Swift from the prow I fly:
Into my longing arms that form I take—
Only to waken. Oh, that I might die,
Rather than from that dream of love to wake!

Henry Morton.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN BORDENTOWN.[1]

"YOUR Majesty here! Oh, how glad I am to see your Majesty again!" were the exclamations which startled the crowd in lower Broadway on the afternoon of September 6, 1815, as a man who looked like a soldier threw himself on his knees, his face bathed in tears, before a stout, elderly gentleman, who tried in vain to raise him and to calm his emotion. The passers-by stopped, asked what was the matter, and a crowd was rapidly collecting when a young fellow who was with the older man stooped over the kneeling enthusiast, whispering a few words as he helped him to his feet, and the three men forced their way through the dense throng, and took refuge from popular curiosity in a shop. Even these remote days were not quite unblessed by journalistic enterprise, and the next morning the newspapers solemnly announced that Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain and eldest brother of the emperor, had succeeded in cheating the vigilance of the English cruisers, and in reaching the free and hospitable soil of the United States. He had, in fact, already been a fortnight in the country, having sailed in the American brig *Commerce* from the little port of Royan, near Bordeaux, on July 25, landing on August 20, the very day on which the British man-of-war *Northumberland* passed the Canary Islands bearing Napoleon to eat his heart out at St. Helena. When the brig was nearing shore, the august passenger, who had been known on board only as M. Bouchard, begged to be landed on Long Island, and seemed depressed when the captain refused. The cause of his uneasiness was soon apparent, for, on entering the harbor the next morning, two frigates were seen flying the English flag, and one of them promptly lay to across the brig's course. At that critical moment the latter was hailed by a young pilot, who came on board and took the helm. "Look at those cursed Britishers, trying to block our way," he said to the captain. "But we have the wind, and I can hug the shore so that they can't follow us." With that, he crowded on all sail, and the brig, as if conscious of her danger, drew ahead so fast that she was soon under shelter of Forts Richmond and Lafayette, and the captain of the frigate wore ship, and bore away.

The pilot explained that for the last ten days the English vessels had been watching for Napoleon, who was said to have left France for the United States, and they had even gone so far as to revive the odious and irritating right of search.

The captain of the brig, on learning at last the true character of his passenger, was pardonably incredulous, and for a long time expressed his belief that the personage he had landed was Carnot.

Joseph Bonaparte was of a pacific spirit, but, according to his own account, often given in later years, the *Commerce* might have carried a very different Cæsar. After the wreck of Waterloo it was easy to persuade the ex-king of Spain that he, like the emperor, would be safer out of France; but before he sailed, he went to take leave of Napoleon, whom he found sick both in mind and body. Joseph then offered to take his brother's place, and to remain

[1] In preparing this paper, the writer has been able to use, by authority, advance sheets of a French work prepared with much care in this country by its author, and soon to appear in Paris: "1815–1832: Joseph Bonaparte en Amérique, par Georges Bertin. Paris, Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue, 18 Boulevard Montmartre, 1892 (Droits de traduction et de reproduction réservés)."

in his room, feigning illness, for several days, by which time Napoleon would be well out to sea. The emperor was deeply touched, but refused, saying that what was possible for Joseph was not possible for him, who could not take flight and desert his faithful officers.[1]

One cannot but speculate upon what might have happened had he found shelter in America, as one tries to guess what the results would have been in English history had Cromwell carried out his plan of emigrating to Connecticut.

The ex-king took the name of Survilliers, from a village situated upon his estate of Mortefontaine. The latter name, which, according to French ideas, should have suggested itself first, was associated in his memory with the treaty of September 3, 1800, which might have rendered it unpopular in America.

"Poulson's Advertiser" soon stated that Joseph had brought with him a great fortune, and vaguely added that he had immediately bought vast estates in the new country. This, however, was incorrect. He had devoted the greater part of his wealth to Napoleon's cause, to furnish funds for the great operations of the "Hundred Days," and at the time of his departure from Royan possessed only a little land, a collection of objects of art, and a certain number of valuable precious stones, by the sale of which he afterward purchased the property which became his in the United States.

Napoleon had advised his brother to reside somewhere between New York and Philadelphia, in order to be "within reach of news," and yet in a locality sufficiently secluded to secure immunity from constant visits. On July 2, 1816, Joseph bought of Mr. Stephen Sayre a farm in the immediate vicinity of Bordentown, New Jersey, on the banks of the Delaware. This farm, known as Point Breeze, comprised two hundred and eleven acres, cost $17,500, and became the nucleus of an estate ultimately covering more than eighteen hundred acres. The transaction was concluded in the name of a third person, a citizen of the United States, but soon afterward the State of New Jersey passed an act enabling Joseph Bonaparte to hold the property in his own name.

In 1814 [writes M. Adolphe Mailliard], after the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, Joseph retired to Switzerland, to the castle of Prangins, which he had purchased, and where he resided with his family.

When Napoleon returned to France in 1815, he sent word to Joseph to join him in Paris as soon as possible.

Joseph left Prangins at ten o'clock in the evening of the 19th of March, with his family, and in a few hours reached Fort de l'Ecluse on the French frontier. The Swiss Confederation having yielded to the menaces of the foreign ministers accredited to the Diet, a commissioner of the Federal government arrived at the castle on the following morning with a party of troopers to take possession of Joseph's person, and conduct him to Berne. Before leaving for France, Joseph, expecting that he might have difficulties, decided not to take with him the more valuable and important papers he possessed. The great question was where to place them. He spoke of this to Louis Mailliard, whose devotion he well knew, and in whom he placed entire trust. Mailliard was an ardent sportsman, and spent all his available time in the chase. He told Joseph that he knew of a place in the park of Prangins riddled with foxes' earths, where the dogs constantly lost their way, and added that it would be easy to bury the box in one of the deep holes. It would be a simple matter to recover it, and no one would think of searching in such a wild and secluded spot. It would only be necessary to note the relative distances of the trees in the neighborhood. He would be certain to know the place afterward.

Joseph consented to examine the spot described, went to it immediately, and judged it perfectly satisfactory. Returning to the castle, he made a double inventory of the precious objects, and deposited one copy in the casket, which was placed in a second box of iron, and on the same evening the whole was buried by Mailliard in the presence of Joseph, and covered with several feet of soil. A plan of the surrounding landmarks was hastily made, and kept for future use.

Joseph rejoined his brother in Paris, and took part in the events of the Hundred Days, which belong to history.

In 1817, after living two years in the United States and seeing that quiet was restored in Europe, and having fixed his residence in New Jersey, he considered that it was time to think of the objects hidden at Prangins.

He told Mailliard to prepare himself for a journey to Switzerland to bring back the property which he had buried, in order to constitute himself a fortune. He advised him to pass first through Brussels, to see Queen Julia and the princesses, and to accompany them to America on his return, should they decide upon making the journey. He was to pick them up on his way back from France.

Joseph having spoken to Stephen Girard of sending Mailliard to Europe on a very important mission, Girard gave him strong letters to his correspondents in Basle, Schaffhausen, and Amsterdam, as travelling for his (Girard's) firm in Philadelphia.

Armed with these letters, Mailliard left New York on the 16th of August, 1817. He did not reach his destination immediately. The vessel, having gone too near the Irish coast, was wrecked sixteen miles from land. The weather was calm,

[1] C'est très bien arrangé; vous arriverez sans difficulté. Dites au roi Joseph que j'ai bien réfléchi sur sa proposition, je ne puis l'accepter, ce serait *une fuite*. Je ne pourrais partir sans mes grands officiers qui me sont tout dévoués, mon frère peut le faire, il n'est pas dans ma position, moi, je ne le puis pas. Dites-lui de partir sur le champ, il arrivera à bon port. Allez.

and all the passengers were saved, but the ship was lost. Mailliard, proceeding on his way, came to Queen Julia, who by the advice of her physicians was obliged to give up the plan of joining her husband. The queen advised him to continue his journey to Switzerland.

Louis Mailliard reached Prangins, and went to M. Véret, Joseph's steward in Switzerland; but he was so well disguised as an English tourist that M. Véret recognized him only when he took off his red wig. M. Véret laughed heartily at his disguise, and assured him he would never be known at Prangins. It was decided that M. Mailliard should pass himself off as an English speculator wishing to "prospect" for metals and coal. M. Véret would give him two men of the country, with tools, and would let him do as he pleased.

Mailliard with his two men went to the place where he had buried the box, and he set them to work at a little distance from the spot, on the first day. On the second day he took them to the very place, and made them clear away the earth only to a certain depth, reserving to himself the completion of the task. That evening he told the men to leave their tools in the pit until the morning; he then returned to the castle to dine with M. Véret, after which he got into a carriage with the latter and took him to the point where he had been digging, wishing to have him as a witness and to profit by his assistance when it became necessary to take out the box. For some time Mailliard continued to turn out a great quantity of earth. He was beginning to be anxious when the crowbar with which he was sounding struck the box. A few minutes later the box itself was taken out of the pit, was placed upon a wagon, and taken to Nyon to M. Véret's house.

Before opening it, and examining the contents, and comparing the inventories, of which he had a copy with him, Mailliard requested M. Véret to send for a second witness upon whom he could count.

M. Sémissaert, a friend, was consequently called, and requested to be present at the opening of the case.

The contents of the box were found to be in such a state of dampness that the packages had to be dried at the fire before proceeding with the inventory.

On finding everything in order, and nothing missing, Mailliard requested M. Véret to draw up a protocol and to sign it with M. Sémissaert, which both did, as follows:

NYON (SWITZERLAND), December 26, 1817.

In the presence of M. Véret, M. Mailliard, and M. Sémissaert the box which has been found has been opened, and the following objects have been discovered to be in such a state of dampness as to make it necessary to open everything and to make new packages.

Sixteen precious stones of divers forms and sizes, one of them square, have been replaced in two separate packages.

Several packages, after having been dried, have been reincluded in two separate packages, which *four* packages have been sealed with three different seals belonging to the undersigned.

This present is executed in duplicate.

G. SÉMISSAERT.	L. MAILLIARD.	JAQ. VÉRET.
(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)
(Arms)	(L. M.)	(Arms)

NOTE BY A. MAILLIARD.—The value of these four packages of diamonds was nearly five million francs.

After this he arranged the precious stones in two packages of the same size, opened the belt in which he carried his letters of credit, placed the two packages in it, thanked M. Véret and his friend, took his departure immediately, and returned to Joseph.

Mailliard reached Point Breeze late at night, but did not hesitate to wake the ex-king, who was sound asleep, and who expressed the greatest satisfaction at the safe return of his emissary. Mailliard took the two packages from his belt, placed them in Joseph's hands, and gave him a history of his adventures.

Joseph Bonaparte's principal characteristics are said to have been a gift of great good sense, and a practical habit of mind. On becoming a landed proprietor in New Jersey, he immediately turned his attention to the improving and beautifying of his newly acquired estates. Numerous letters testify to the simplicity of his manner and to his supreme indifference to such details as a dusty coat and clothes splashed with mortar. He loved trees, and appears to have been delighted with the magnolias, rhododendrons, and kalmias. He also desired to adorn his garden kingdom with statues in the Italian manner, and prim Mrs. Frances Wright, who visited him in 1819, italicizes her disapproval of undraped and unmajestic divinities, "the greater part of which were coarsely enough executed," presumably in plaster. But she adds that he was frank, without affectation, and independent, with less of roughness than the English gentleman farmer, while recalling the latter in many respects.

The writer of the present synopsis was well acquainted in his early youth with those of the old houses at Bordentown which still remain standing, and the really beautiful grounds which surround them. The principal building left was not, indeed, the original dwelling, which was soon burned down, and was replaced by another that was afterward taken down by Mr. Beckett, who purchased the park and built a modern villa, on a new site, now occupied by a Catholic institution. There was an old-time air about the massive walls, the quiet walks, the noble trees, and the ill-kept lawns, which contrasted vividly with the neighboring New Jersey town in all its modernness. For, notwithstanding the old Revolutionary houses here and there, Bordentown was very modern in 1866, whatever it may be now. There was about the neighborhood of the park a something which seems peculiar to the residences of the Bonapartes and to places associated with them. I

have seen it even in Elba — the mark of the empire, the indelible trace of a sudden and violent attempt to restore monarchic order in the confusion resulting from general revolution, the iron determination to change the world's taste and to give an idea of stability by the abuse of the straight line in everything, from architecture to furniture and dress.

King Joseph was himself a striking example of the influence of surroundings upon individuals, and he soon took the color of the atmosphere in which he had elected to live. Writing to his sister, the Comtesse de Villeneuve, he says that he could never have been so happy elsewhere as in Bordentown, had his wife and his family been with him. The inhabitants, the climate, the government, all suited his taste to perfection.

It is hardly necessary to say that he visited the home and the tomb of Washington, and experienced the calm and moral sentiments fashionable in those days, but no doubt sincere with him. He even plucked a flower at Mount Vernon, and placed it in his pocket-book, making, perhaps, some curious reflections on the widely different destinies, and the results of the destinies, of his own brother and the American hero.

Until his arrival in the United States the life of Joseph may be said to have been a series of contradictions. His natural tastes were for a quiet and peaceable life far from politics and great cities. He loved the country and the secluded existence of the country house, without noise or state. Mortefontaine was a paradise to him, surrounded as he was by his small family and his good friends.

Instead of this, as soon as Napoleon became chief of the Army of Italy, he sent him as ambassador to Rome, where he narrowly escaped being assassinated.

Napoleon, as consul, sent him to Lunéville and to Amiens, to make treaties. Though Joseph would have preferred to stay in France quietly at Mortefontaine, he always obeyed. Again Napoleon pushed him on, knowing that his brother would do everything to serve his plans faithfully. He named him colonel of the Fourth Regiment of the line at Boulogne, and made him study military science during some time, that he might be able to command an army at a future period. As emperor he gave him the throne of Naples. At last Joseph breathed more freely; he liked Naples, where he was happy; he introduced improvements in the kingdom, reëstablished peace and prosperity, and hoped that he might continue to make his people happy. But Napoleon, needing him elsewhere, sent him to Spain in spite of his constant prayers and protests. Napoleon persuaded him that this was absolutely necessary for the interests of France and for the imperial throne.

He departed for Spain, leaving behind him his family, to which he was deeply attached, the ease which he loved, and the quiet existence for which he longed.

The life of Joseph in Spain was sad, full of trouble and disappointments. Three times he wrote to Napoleon in vain, sending him his abdication of the Spanish throne. In vain he begged his brother to withdraw the troops and to leave him alone with the Spaniards, who were personally devoted to him. From St. Cloud Napoleon directed the armies of Spain and supported the French generals, who made all Joseph's efforts useless.

What a life for a man of his tastes!

Stanislas de Girardin confirms these words of M. Adolphe Mailliard, and tells us that in his private life the ex-king was a most excellent person; that he had a ready intelligence, and loved letters and arts, uniting an amiable and loyal character with the most precious qualities, though as a king he was not equal to the difficulties he encountered. Upon the throne of a peaceable kingdom he would have been beloved, but the unsettled state of the kingdom over which he ruled, the fanatic heroism of the Spaniards, and his equivocal position at Madrid as the emperor's lieutenant, made it impossible for Joseph to develop and exhibit those good qualities which would have made his subjects pardon his usurpation.

Like most exiles, Joseph Bonaparte did his best, in his new home, to surround himself with all that would recall the memories and associations of his own country. Like most exiles of refined tastes, too, he made use of objects of art as his principal means of producing and fostering this tenderly cherished illusion, and to a certain extent he accomplished his purpose.

On entering his house at Point Breeze, he found himself at once in the presence of pictures by Italian masters such as Luca Giordano, which spoke to him of the glorious country which had been the cradle of his family's phenomenal fortune. A gallery of marble statues lent gravity to accentuate the frigid correctness of an interior planned and decorated altogether in the Perpendicular manner of the First Empire. Solid, heavy furniture, of massive outline, and made of ponderous mahogany, solemnly fulfilled the requirements of daily life. In one of the rooms were hung copies, ordered by Napoleon himself, of David's famous "Passage of the Alps," executed according to the conqueror's own characteristic direction: "I wish to be represented calm, upon a fiery horse."

The inventory of the furniture in this room would made a modern undertaker look grave. There were heavy corner presses, adorned with columns and brass capitals, heavy tables, heavy sofas, eight heavy mahogany chairs covered with haircloth woven in heavy designs, and in the

midst a heavy billiard-table. Even the stiff, tall Empire lamps are not forgotten in the catalogue. The great drawing-room was upholstered in blue merino, and the billiard-room had white muslin embroidered curtains with green borders. Certain tables with heavy tops of black or gray marble are chilly to write of, and a screen of needlework before the fireplace completes the picture of a room which, during the modern revival of "Empire," would be the paradise of a collector. We can easily imagine the ex-monarch "receiving in this solemn and dignified apartment both strangers of distinction and compatriots visiting America who made it a duty to present their respects to him," and with a little imagination we can call up the "scenes of noble effusion, controlled only by a dignity somewhat moved to tenderness," which took place before the huge white marble chimneypieces sent to Joseph by Cardinal Fesch. These chimneypieces are especially spoken of as real works of art for the "majesty of their lines and the richness of their sculpture." Nor should we forget the "Gobelin carpet with its figure-medallions, twenty-seven feet by twenty-one," which covered the wide floor, or the "magnificent bronzes" which gave an air of "aristocratic solemnity" to the great room.

The author of the volume gives, indeed, a long and accurate account of the interior arrangements from cellar to garret, which is certainly not altogether without interest, but of which what has been said may be taken as a specimen. The house, according to the taste and standard of those days, would have been considered a fine residence anywhere; in Bordentown, New Jersey, it was a royal palace, and it certainly contained many works of art of real and enduring value. There were pictures to be seen everywhere. In the dining-room there were four great battle-scenes, representing the victories in Italy, and a dozen other paintings by famous painters, while little pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, of superior merit, were scattered about here and there. There were many bronzes and pieces of Sèvres of great value, and notably there were two magnificent porphyry vases, presented by King Bernadotte. The total absence of mirrors as an ornament, we are told, astonished the American public, accustomed — even then! — to putting looking-glasses everywhere.

In spite of the ponderous magnificence of the state apartments, there seems to have been considerable comfort up-stairs, though even in the Princess Charlotte's bedroom there were "little tables with white marble tops" and "a sofa covered with blue damask." We envy the simplicity of the maid's room adjoining this, which contained only "a small maple bedstead with nankin curtains, a modest washing-stand, a chest of drawers, a writing-table, and three or four chairs."

Like all born builders, Joseph loved to work on a large scale, and the practical American mind was sometimes surprised at the magnitude, purely artistic in its value, which he gave to what he did. But besides following in this the dictates of his taste in art, he yielded perhaps to the Napoleonic instinct which has distinguished in a greater or less degree all the members of the Bonaparte family — a certain inborn belief in their capacity to deal with large masses of whatever matter came under their manipulation. But there was another side to the character of the ex-king, which is clearly exhibited in the quotation he caused to be inscribed on a tablet in the wall of what he called an observatory — a pavilion commanding a very lovely view. "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*,"[1] were the words he chose as a sort of motto, and he assuredly lived up to the precept they contain. It is known that he planned and executed many superfluous pieces of work merely to provide occupation for distressed workmen.

He was a model proprietor and landlord, and that kind and gentle disposition which might have endeared him to his subjects in his lost kingdom made him beloved by the free people among whom he had cast his lot. The author dwells with especial enthusiasm upon Joseph's love of children, and upon the pleasure he took in watching the Bordentown boys skate and make slides in winter upon the ice of his artificial lake, or disport themselves in its waters in the hot summer days. The lake has long since disappeared, the waters having sunk back to their original course, but the pleasant picture survives, as such pictures do, and we like to think of the stout, kindly old gentleman who loved to watch the children at play under the great trees.

One day, merely to find occupation for a few needy beings, he had a quantity of dead wood carried from one point to another; and when certain other poor people appeared, a few days later, he had it carried back to its original place. He created a number of small offices, real sinecures, for old French officers driven from their country, and for whom he wished to provide a decent existence, while saving their dignity — literally *otium cum dignitate!*

The incidents mentioned in the following anecdote of an old grenadier are said to have taken place in the month of July, 1830, when Joseph was at New York on his way to Saratoga:

[1] "Not unacquainted with misfortune myself, I have learned to succor the unhappy."— Dido to Æneas.

This grenadier, who was about sixty-four years of age, was called Charles Vondre. He was tall, being nearly six Parisian feet in height, lean and worn with age, bent double, and having apparently gone through much hardship; but when roused by the presence of a stranger, or by a question, he drew himself up with a certain air of dash to the position of carrying arms, and still showed the legitimate pride of an old brave of the Imperial Guard.

About nine o'clock in the morning the count, (Joseph) accompanied by M. Louis Mailliard and myself, were on board the steamer *Lady Clinton*, anchored in the North River, intending to choose state-rooms for our passage to Albany. On board the boat we met two Frenchmen, one of whom, I remember, was M. Trusson, who had formerly lived in Philadelphia and was the son-in-law of Stephen Girard of that city.

Having paid for our passage, we were near the captain's cabin, and were talking in French. Our conversation attracted the attention of the old grenadier, whom none of us knew. The old man had with him his two adopted children, a boy of twelve and a girl of about the same age. He came toward us and, taking a military attitude, excused himself for addressing us, saying he had heard us speak French, and asking if we had seen a little French woman no taller than that (he made a gesture with his hand at the approximate height), whom he had lost on the preceding evening.

He went on to explain how he had lost her.

Having thus addressed the count and his companions, he stood still in such a military fashion that the ex-king asked him how long he had been in America. He answered that he had just come from France. As he had heard it said that King Joseph (he did not know who was speaking to him) possessed a vast domain in the United States, upon which he gave farms to all the old soldiers of the emperor who presented themselves, he himself was going to the king to make himself known to his majesty, and to ask a similar favor. The count asked him what he believed himself capable of doing, pointing out that he was old and worn and that the forests of the United States, where he seemed to expect a farm, were thickly wooded, and that it would be hard for him to make a clearing at his great age, so that he would find it difficult to make a living by the products of his farm.

The old brave answered that since the emperor's departure he had earned his living by sawing planks, which had given him the habit of living in the woods and in a hand sawmill; that, moreover, he had been a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, and had been one of the Six Hundred who had accompanied the emperor to Elba; that he had returned with the emperor upon the brig *Inconstant*; that he had been constantly persecuted in France after the emperor's fall, and that almost all his uniform had been taken from him; that the payment of the pension from the Legion of Honor had been refused; and that to save his copper eagle from his grenadier's bearskin, and various other ornaments of copper forming part of his uniform, and his decoration of the Legion of Honor won at Wagram, he had been obliged to bury all these relics near his house. On removing his hat, he took from it his cross, the eagle, his certificates of service, and his diploma of the Legion of Honor. Simply, but sincerely, he drew a picture of the sufferings of France, and we were all so much moved that there was not a dry eye among us, for we had before us one of the great actors in those immortal struggles.

After hearing him to the end and asking him many questions, the count informed him that he would not find King Joseph at Bordentown, as he was absent, and would not return for several weeks. At these words the good man showed the greatest distress, saying that he was reduced to his last dollar. This was too much for the count, who told Mailliard to give him twenty dollars. The latter, in handing him the money, told the old fellow that he had been talking with King Joseph himself.

Instantly the poor old man went and threw himself at the feet of Napoleon's brother, took his hands, and covered them with kisses, before he could be prevented by Joseph, who gently begged him to stand up. At this moment the children approached the old grenadier to ask him some question. He turned to them, and with the dignity of a monarch cried out: "Be silent! It is the king!" As you may imagine, this increased our emotion.

Before returning to his hotel, the ex-king gave orders for the future of the veteran, who died, however, three years later, crying out incessantly in his delirium: "Long live the Emperor! Forward, grenadiers! The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender! Wagram! Austerlitz!" This same old soldier is reported to have once said, on seeing the Boston militia march through Bordentown with their band, that with 2000 such men, all thinking and feeling like himself, he would march on Paris, dethrone Louis Philippe, and set up the young Napoleon in his place.

The ex-king's calm, sweet nature appears clearly enough in every page of the work before us. He had been reared in the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and was as fond of the open air and the fields as every real disciple of Rousseau. It is no wonder that he found the life in Bordentown congenial. And here we may not irrelevantly give a sketch of Joseph's outward personality.

All agree in describing him as a thorough Bonaparte, a man of middle height, inclined to stoutness, of a beautifully clear and healthy complexion, having delicate and almost womanly hands. His features closely resembled those of his younger brother, the emperor, but lacked at all points the keen decision and ruthless energy which characterized the conqueror's face. The nose was aquiline, but not eagle-like; the lips even, not firm; the chin prominent, but not massive; the forehead broad and high and full, but not "that forehead strong with imagination"— the imagination which could realize as well as dream. The eyes were grandly

sculptured and deep-set, but had not the irresistible penetration, the blaze of occasional anger, the brightening luster, of the emperor's look. Instead, there was a meditative sweetness, a sort of inward turning of the vision, suggesting those men whom Napoleon lightly stigmatized as "idéologues."

Indeed, from earliest youth the difference in character had been clearly apparent in the two. As a child, Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively, quick in the extreme, and beat and bit his elder brother as he pleased. The old Lucien, their uncle, when on his death-bed, said to Joseph before the assembled family: "You are the eldest, but there stands the head. Never forget it." And he pointed to Napoleon.

Napoleon once said in writing to Joseph: "You live too much with men of letters and science. They are coquettes with whom one must keep up an intercourse of gallantry, and of whom one must never make one's wife nor one's minister." Yet the emperor did not know, we are told, that Joseph was at that very time in close and continued correspondence with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and many other men of literary eminence, and far more deeply interested in their pursuits than in the destinies of the world as directed by a man who could say of himself: "I love power myself; but I love it as an artist. I love it as a musician who loves his violin. I love it in order to draw sounds from it, chords and harmony; I love it as an artist." I may say, in passing, that these words of Napoleon form part of a passage little known, but which should be famous, quoted at length by Sainte-Beuve in the "Causeries du Lundi," and easy to find.

So Joseph played the part of the younger son, being himself the eldest, and his reward was a life which his great younger brother might have envied, but could never have lived.

Joseph Bonaparte was born to lead what is called a family life, and it is natural that he should have formed many and enduring friendships in his American home, both with Americans and among the numerous immigrants who at that time found a refuge in the New World. Many of these have left a record of their first acquaintance and subsequent intercourse with the ex-king. Francis Lieber speaks of him with admiration as a man, and with gratitude as a friend, and even says that he should be glad, in his old age, to resemble such a man. Among those who occupied the position of friends, and not of mere passing acquaintances, the names of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John Quincy Adams are prominent, as are the names of Livingston, Admiral Charles Stewart (grandfather of the late Mr. Parnell), Richard Stockton, General Thomas Cadwalader, and, besides, many others, four especially whose names were particularly mentioned, each for a legacy, in Joseph's will; namely, Joseph Hopkinson, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, William Short, and Charles J. Ingersoll. The ex-monarch had the rare good fortune, well merited in his case, to meet with unbounded devotion in his friends, and with a fidelity and warmth of affection neither dimmed nor cooled in the hearts of the few among them who have survived. Of all, however, he was most closely drawn to Mailliard. In his will he says, "I declare here that no man has a stronger claim upon my confidence and my esteem than Louis Mailliard"; and the author acknowledges that to the latter's son, M. Adolphe Mailliard, he is indebted for much valuable information in the compilation of his book.

During Joseph Bonaparte's residence at Bordentown a deputation arrived to offer him the crown of Mexico, which he refused with the remark that he had worn two crowns and would not take the least trouble to wear a third. "Search," he concluded, addressing the envoys, "among your fellow-citizens for a man more capable than I should be of playing the part of Washington."

The news of the death of him whom the poet has called "the modern Prometheus" reached Philadelphia on August 10, 1821. According to "Poulson's Advertiser," Joseph was then at Saratoga. We do not find him at Point Breeze again until September, when the same paper, on the 27th, speaks of him as seriously indisposed in consequence of the news of his brother's death.

In a letter dated Point Breeze, December 24, 1821, addressed to his intimate friend Joseph Hopkinson, the ex-king refers to the shock his health had suffered in the death of the emperor.

POINT BREEZE, December 24, 1821.

SIR: I return you the printed matter which you were good enough to send me; it would be hard for me to recollect all the words I spoke in the sufferings of the long illness. I do not fancy that the impression on myself was any more agreeable than that of a first confession.

I can no longer doubt, *to-day*, that my brother died a victim to the cruelty of his enemies. Already one of the principal accomplices has done justice upon himself. But for them, he would have lived in this country, as healthy as I, who am older than he was and not so strong in constitution; and there would have been no discussion in order to find reasons for his death, which have nothing to do with the true one.

He would have been appreciated not only by enlightened persons like yourself, sir, and Dr. Chapman, but by the majority of [American] citizens, whose calm reason seems to be one of their distinctive characteristics.

He was always greater than his fortune and superior to his glory.

It was this pride of a soul conscious of itself which had made him judge that he would have been appreciated in the land of Locke and Newton and in the country of Washington and Franklin. Like Julius Cæsar, he believed his enemies incapable of a great crime, and, like Cæsar, the victim of Scylla's party, he perished at the hands of the European oligarchy.[1] This sanctimoniously and traitorously homicidal party does not pardon nations that shake off their chains, nor kings who reign by their people and for their people.

I am not aware, sir, of the length of my letter; I forget that I am no longer talking with an idle farmer of New Jersey, but with one of the busiest men of the capital; in any case, sir, whether in town or in the country, believe me, with assurances of true esteem and complete attachment,

Your affectionate

JOSEPH, COUNT DE SURVILLIERS.

M. HOPKINSON, Philadelphia.

And now the author goes on to speak of Joseph Bonaparte's semi-official position in the United States. Such a position, indeed, he shunned, but could not altogether escape, in those days of French immigration and of still surviving belief in the empire. In the imagination of so many Frenchmen violently expelled from their own country, he could not be simply the Comte de Survilliers, the retiring country gentleman, the kind-hearted New Jersey squire. To them he was still King Joseph, he was still the brother of the emperor, and the position they thus assigned to him required the greatest tact, frankness, and loyalty of purpose.

The creation of a camp of refuge in Texas as a rallying-point for the exiled French, and its relation to the Monroe doctrine, are matters of history. It is needless to say, however, that the name of Joseph Bonaparte was to be inevitably associated with the scheme in the minds of all Frenchmen and some Americans, and for a time this rendered his position an extremely difficult one. The Camp of Refuge was a momentary consequence of circumstances, and its history has little importance. It is sufficient to say, in order to account for that little, that the men who promoted the plan were not in any sense citizens, but were, on the contrary, soldiers in the fullest acceptation of the term — old soldiers, veterans, the heroes of Cairo, Jaffa, Marengo, or Moscow, with many survivors of the field of Waterloo. It was scarcely even to be dreamed that men educated in such an existence as theirs had been, could in a single day become simple laborers and peaceable farmers. They grouped themselves in cohorts, choosing to be commanded by superior officers, and it was natural enough that such an organization should inevitably lead to warlike manifestations in which the name of the ex-king was, of course, turned to account.

[1] The reference here is evidently to Sylla (more commonly Sulla). — EDITOR C. M.

To American readers the man as he lived in this country is probably more interesting than the ex-king in the survival of his official position and broken political relations. In a paper of these dimensions it is not possible to do full justice to what appears to be a finished study of Joseph Bonaparte's later years. The present writer has endeavored to extract such portions of the work as may contribute to the creation of a picture rather than to the formation of an opinion concerning political matters. Amidst much that is interesting, there is also much which few Americans would read, though, on the whole, the work seems worthy of translation into our language. Many would read with attention, no doubt, if not with profit, the chapter in which a considerable mass of correspondence has been collected; and the chapter devoted to French opinion in regard to the ex-king is well and carefully done. Another chapter, the one preceding the last, treats of Joseph Bonaparte's position as the head of his family after the emperor's death, and of his return to Europe; but those events were not followed by consequences of such importance as to justify us in dwelling upon the details carefully collected by the author. The latter has dealt solely with the ex-king's life in the United States. To use his words:

From the moment he touches the English shore, he ceases to belong to this volume, which is devoted solely to the personality of the Count of Survilliers — that is, to the Joseph of the seventeen years of free and healthy life in America; to Bonaparte the philosopher and . . . the Republican.

With one last quotation we reach the end.

The manner in which the President was to receive him in Washington, at the time of his departure, shows to what extent this designation ["republican"] is just, and in what degree the brother of Napoleon had known how to win the sympathies of the American people; seeing that in this land of public opinion, where public opinion holds sovereign sway, those in power had learned to treat him, on the whole, as a private individual, and with such consideration — since upon this soil of equality he could have no other title — as was unanimously approved by the press.

Joseph had come to America an exile, a fugitive, received under protest; he left as a guest publicly valued, honored, and regretted.

F. Marion Crawford.

ETCHED BY RODOLPHE PIQUET AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. GOUBAUD, IN POSSESSION OF ADOLPHE MAILLIARD.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, COMTE DE SURVILLIERS.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.[1]

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

I REMAINED with Domeniconi for two years after Ristori left us, and during this period I busied myself with reading the works of Shakspere, translated into Italian verse by Giulio Carcano. Although the name of Shakspere had already more than once attracted my attention, the dubious outcome of the experiments of several meritorious artists who had made essay of him had dissuaded me from occupying myself overmuch with his plays.

At that time the quality of form appeared so important to me, that Voltaire seemed to be more acceptable than Shakspere, and I preferred *Orosmane* in "Zaïre" to the *Moor of Venice*. The haughty and impassioned sultan possessed me heart and soul, and I awaited with impatience the opportunity to portray him. The character appealed to me so strongly that I could not get it out of my thoughts, and it kept fusing itself with the various new parts for which I was cast by my director. I already had by heart some portions of *Orosmane's* lines,

[1] See THE CENTURY for December, 1892, and February, 1893, for other papers of this series.

and I took pleasure in declaiming them before a mirror, with a towel wrapped round my head in lieu of a turban; and at the start I found some effects which, as I thought, presaged a sure success. I wished, however, to avoid fixing an immature conception in my mind, and I let it lie for several months, so that I might form fresh impressions upon taking it up again. There is no better rule in art than not to permit one's self to be carried away by a first impulse. When time is taken for reflection, one's conceptions are always more correct.

It was my aim to form a repertory of special parts so minutely studied and rounded that I might be able through them to attain a reputation.

The conditions of the Italian stage at that time were not such as to offer me the means of attaining my end. Constrained as I was to busy myself with a new part every week, which, though often I did not know the text perfectly, I had to play without reflection, and without having a thorough grasp of it, how was it possible for me to prosecute a serious study of the philosophy and psychology of my art? I resolved to accept no engagement for the coming year (1853), and to live quietly with my relatives in Florence with a view to carry out my plan.

Just then the works of Shakspere came again into my hands, and, to tell the truth, even on a second reading, his characters, his conceptions, and his form seemed to me so strange that I was still in doubt whether to occupy myself with them. Nevertheless, the impression that I received was a strong one, since I was unable to drive from my mind the adventures of the sad, perplexed, and anguish-driven *Hamlet*, and of the loyal, generous, and trusting *Othello*. I made up my mind that I would spend my time, during the next year, on no more than three parts. These were *Saul* and *Othello* in the tragedies of the same names by Alfieri and Shakspere, and *Orosmane* in Voltaire's "Zaïre," which last I had already gotten into pretty good shape. With the carnival of 1853 ended in Bologna my engagement with Domeniconi; but I had to stay through Lent in that city to play at a match in billiards which I had begun during the season. During Lent the Zannoni Company came to the Corso Theater in Bologna, and with a view to bettering their somewhat languishing fortunes, made me a proposal that I should appear in a few extra performances. As I was on the spot, I accepted the proposition, a little out of vanity, and a little for the sake of laying up a few more scudi for the needs of my coming period of leisure. One of the most promising plays to give was undoubtedly "Zaïre"; but I was not a little awed by the fame, still bright in that city, won as *Orosmane* by the celebrated Lombardi. Lombardi must surely have been an artist of great merit to have established himself so firmly in the popular memory. "He who is afraid goes not to the wars," said I to myself, and I decided to seize the opportunity to give

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRANCESCO LOMBARDI.

the play. I began my series with "Orestes," "Der Spieler," by Iffland, "Orlando Furioso," and Scribe's "La Calomnie." I did not possess the costumes needful for *Orosmane*, but with my receipts from the first plays I was able to fit myself out with dresses at once rich and elegant.

On the appointed evening the expectation of the audience was wrought up to a high pitch. Nevertheless, it was favorably disposed; and notwithstanding that in the last act my wide Turkish trousers were awkwardly disarranged precisely at the culminating moment of the tragedy, it was a splendid success. Thus one of the three parts in which I had determined to attain superiority had already received its consecration.

I settled myself very comfortably with my relatives in Florence, and laid out my hours,—so many for study and so many for recreation,—keeping myself free from everything which might disturb my plans. During my frequent walks I declaimed my parts mentally; but now and then I would forget myself, and instantly would become an object of public curiosity. Again I would be surprised by some passer-by in the act of practising a gesture appropriate to the personage who was occupying my mind, and I doubt not that I was often taken for a lunatic. Very often I would seek out-of-the-way and solitary places, pushing on into a fir wood or a chestnut grove, where my only

SALVINI AS OROSMANE IN THE "ZAÏRE" OF VOLTAIRE.

audience would be the birds. A gentleman of Ferrara who was fond of declamation, having asked me to give him lessons, I taught him *Saul*, and took the opportunity to study it myself at the same time. This was the only part in my master's repertory of tragedy which I ventured to play, and in the proper place I will explain why. I avoided the others, fearing lest I should follow him too closely or do less well. Those actors whom I saw devote themselves to reproducing those parts awoke my disgust or moved me to ridicule; and when sometimes I heard them applauded by a forgetful or ignorant public, I became indignant, and would gladly have protested. I shall always congratulate myself upon my decision to free myself for that year from the monotonous routine of the stage. I gained in this way the opportunity to reflect, to make comparisons, and to examine into my defects. I imposed upon myself a new method of study. While I was busying myself with the part of *Saul*, I read and re-read the

Bible, so as to become impregnated with the appropriate sentiments, manners, and local color. When I took up *Othello*, I pored over the history of the Venetian Republic and that of the Moorish invasion of Spain; I studied the passions of the Moors, their art of war, their religious beliefs, nor did I overlook the romance of Giraldi Cinthio, in order the better to master that sublime character. I did not concern myself about a superficial study of the words, or of some point of scenic effect, or of greater or less accentuation of certain phrases with a view to win passing applause; a vaster horizon opened out before me — an infinite sea on which my bark could navigate in security, without fear of falling in with reefs.

FAULTS IN ACTING.

In my assiduous reading of the classics, the chief places were held among the Greeks by the masculine and noble figures of Hector, Achilles, Theseus, Œdipus; among the Scots by Trenmor, Fingal, Cuchullin; and among the Romans by Cæsar, Brutus, Titus, and Cato. These characters influenced me to incline toward a somewhat bombastic system of gesticulation and a turgid delivery. My anxiety to enter to the utmost into the conceptions of my authors, and to interpret them clearly, disposed me to exaggerate the modulations of my voice like some mechanism which responds to every touch, not reflecting that the abuse of this effort would bring me too near to song. Precipitation in delivery, too, which when carried too far destroys all distinctness and incisiveness, was due to my very high impressionability, and to the straining after technical scenic effects. Thus, extreme vehemence in anger would excite me to the point of forgetting the fiction, and cause me to commit involuntarily lamentable outbursts. Hence I applied myself to overcome the tendency to singsong in my voice, the exuberance of my rendering of passion, the exclamatory quality of my phrasing, the precipitation of my pronunciation, and the swagger of my motions.

I shall be asked how the public could abide me, with all these defects; and I answer that the defects, though numerous, were so little prominent that they passed unobserved by the mass of the public, which always views broadly, and could be detected only by the acute and searching eye of the intelligent critic. I make no pretense that I was able to correct myself all at once. Sometimes my impetuosity would carry me away, and not until I had come to mature age was I able to free myself to any extent from this failing. Then I confirmed myself in my opinion that the applause of the public is not all refined gold, and I became able to separate the gold from the dross in the crucible of intelligence. How many on the stage are content with the dross!

THE DESIRE TO EXCEL IN EVERYTHING.

My desire to improve in my art had its origin in my instinctive impulse to rise above mediocrity — an instinct that must have been born in me, since, when still a little boy, I used to put forth all my energies to eclipse what I saw accomplished by my companions of like age. When I was sixteen, and at Naples, there were in the boarding-house, at two francs and a half a day, two young men who were studying music and singing, and to surpass them in their own field I practised the scales until I could take B natural. Later on, when the tone of my voice had lowered to the barytone, impelled always by my desire to accomplish something, I took lessons in music from the *maestro* Terziani, and appeared at a benefit with the famous tenor Boucardé, and Signora Monti, the soprano, and sang in a duet from "Belisario," the aria from "Maria di Rohan," and "La Settimana d'Amore," by Niccolai; and I venture to say that I was not third best in that triad. But I recognized that singing and declamation were incompatible pursuits, since the method of producing the voice is totally different, and they must therefore be mutually harmful. Financially, I was not in a condition to be free to choose between the two careers, and I persevered of necessity in the dramatic profession. Whether my choice was for the best I do not know; it is certain that if my success had been in proportion to my love of music, and I have reason to believe that it might have been, I should not have remained in obscurity.

My organization was well suited, too, for success in many bodily exercises. When I wanted to learn to swim, I jumped from a height into the sea out of my depth, and soon became a swimmer; I took a fancy to dancing, and perfected myself to such good purpose that I was always in favor as a partner; I wanted to be a good swordsman, and for five years I handled the foils assiduously, and took part in public exhibitions for the benefit of my teachers. In like manner I became one of the best billiard-players in Italy, and so good a horseman that no horse could unseat me. My muscular strength, fostered by constant exercise, was such that with one arm I could lift a man seated in a chair and place him on a billiard-table. I could sew and embroider, and make any quantity of pretty little trifles, and I used to devise new games that gave pleasure to numbers of my friends. Everything that I tried succeeded at least moderately well, not from any personal merit of my own, but

owing to the happy disposition conferred upon me by nature.

As to my character, I must confess that I was somewhat positive. I was extremely high-strung, and took offense at an equivocal word or a dubious look. Though apparently self-controlled, I was very violent when my anger was awakened. I was patient in a very high degree, but firm and resolute in my decisions. I was constant when once my affection was seriously given, but changeable in my sympathies. Friendship was a religion for me, and notwithstanding frequent deceptions, I have always remained an affectionate friend. Titles of nobility have never dazzled me; I have always admired the true gentleman, and venerated the man of real talent. The sentiment of revenge never developed in me, but that of contempt assumed great proportions. I have never felt envy of any one, but I have sought to emulate those I have admired. I have sought for money, not for the sake of riches, but as a means of independence. I have done much good to my fellows, and have received evil in return. I have thought much for others, and have made little provision for myself; in that little I include the leaden case destined to receive my bones.

CLEMENTINA CAZZOLA.

THE CHOLERA IN BOLOGNA.

In 1854 I became a member of the Astolfi Company, of which Carolina Santoni was leading lady, and Gaspare Pieri the *brillante*. Carolina Santoni had a disagreement with our manager, Astolfi, and left the company in the middle of the year; her place was supplied by Gaspare Pieri's wife, the charming Giuseppina Casali-Pieri, who had some talent in comedy.

We went to Bologna just as the cholera was beginning to appear there; it was threatening at the same time several other cities in Italy. I advised all to leave Bologna at once, and to go to some place that was free from infection; but

neither manager nor company would accept my advice, being unwilling to incur the unforeseen expense of a new journey. To mask their stinginess, they declared that my advice was dictated by fear, and Astolfi diverted himself hugely at my expense, and ridiculed the timidity of my proposition. In the mean time the disease was becoming more and more serious, and one day when I saw an expression of grave anxiety on the faces of my late opponents, I said to them: "You refused my advice, and said that it was due to my being afraid. Now all I have to say to you is that I shall be the last of us all to leave Bologna." Soon the victims of the pestilence numbered 500 a day. The city was in consternation, and business was forgotten or neglected. At many street-corners temporary altars were set up, and the people would kneel down before them and pray, and seek to conjure away the danger. One night I myself stumbled over the body of a person who had been suddenly stricken down. In a short time the city became a desert, and only then did my companions decide to go away. They hired carriages by the day to make the journey; and when they had all gone, I took a place in the public coach, and reached Leghorn before them. Our manager, Astolfi, upon his arrival at Pistoja, was taken with the epidemic, and lost his life.

I received a most advantageous offer for 1856 from the jovial and courteous, but none the less able, actor and manager Cesare Dondini. After Luigi Vestri, this actor was the most faithful follower of the school of truth. The very sight of him put one in good humor; the geniality of his disposition even influenced the audience, and made everybody in the house feel happy, no matter how diverse were the parts which he played. He was a very pearl of a man, and a model manager.

A most brilliant comet was just then rising on the artistic horizon. Clementina Cazzola was born under the patronage of art; as a little girl she was called an infant prodigy. She was the child of artists of humble rank, but nature had endowed her with the sentiment of the beautiful; and as the workman extracts the carbuncle from a rock, so did Cesare Dondini raise from obscurity that precious gem of the purest water. Her interpretation of her characters was faithful and exquisitely subtle, and the most minute analysis of every profound emotion was rendered by her with exactness and truth. Her eyes were like two black diamonds emitting beams of light, and seemed quickly to penetrate to the very soul of him upon whom she fixed them, and to read his inmost thoughts. In the "Dame aux Camélias" she was bewitching; in the tragedy of "Saffo," by Marenco, she was admirable; in "Pia de Tolommei" she was sublime. In this last tragedy, especially, she reached such a pitch of perfection that it seemed a miracle. I am most happy to render to this incomparable actress a small part of that homage which the Italian public lavished upon her. We all deplored her early death in July, 1858.

While I was still with the Dondini company, the distinguished tragic poet G. B. Niccolini intrusted to me the production of his "Œdipus at Colonos," and it met everywhere with a favorable reception. Other works, more or less worthy, came at this time to distract my attention from the studies of my choice; but these transient interruptions really contributed to ripen those studies. I could not deviate from my purpose to form a special repertory for myself, and I had already made a beginning with "Zaïre," the "Suonatrice d'Arpa," "Orestes," "Saul," and my study of "Othello."

OTHELLO.

THIS last play I was able to put on the stage at Vicenza in June, 1856, with Clementina Cazzola as the most perfect type of *Desdemona* that could ever be wished for. The usual conception of *Desdemona* is as a blonde, with blue eyes and a rosy complexion,—perhaps because in his pictures Titian preferred that type, and cultivated variety in his colors and half-tints,—but for all that it is not less true that the Venetian type is represented by dark eyes, black hair, and a skin of alabaster. In Venice ruddy-haired women are no more usual than those with jet-black hair in England. That excellent artist Lorenzo Piccinini filled most adequately the part of *Iago*. The material of the company was excellent; every care had been taken with the costumes, which were faultless; suitable scenery had been prepared by a scene-painter of ability, and the production of Shakspere's play was awaited with lively interest. It was the night of my benefit, and abundant and prolonged applause was given in greeting to the artist; but it was the first time that a tragedy of that type had been seen in Vicenza; hence popular judgment wavered as to the worth of the work. It would be unfair to lay this too heavily to the charge of a public accustomed to the observance of the Aristotelian limits of classic tragedy. It is not the little band of intelligent persons that we have to convince, but the mass of the public.

From Vicenza we went to Venice, and our rendering of "Othello" met with the same reception there. There was applause, there were calls before the curtain, an ovation even; but the people, as they left the house, said, "This is not the kind of thing for us." While that pale imitation, Voltaire's "Zaïre," was lifted to the skies, thanks to its irreproachable form,

SALVINI AS "SAMSON"—SKETCHED FROM LIFE IN NOVEMBER, 1889.

"Othello" did not appeal to the taste of the Venetians. It will easily be believed that I made little account of this mistaken judgment, and repeated the play several times, until at last they found "some good" in it. At Rome I forced the play on public favor. A sure sign that it commanded interest was that there was always a full house. It was not to their taste, it is true, but they could not stay away. For four seasons I always selected that play for my benefit. The first time, people blamed me; the second, they began to be interested; the third, they were pleased; and after that every time that I went to Rome they asked me how soon I should give "Othello."

HAMLET.

I BECAME so much enamored of the great English dramatist, that I was constrained to neglect somewhat the classic school, though I still held it in warm affection, in order to occupy myself with a character extravagant indeed, but nevertheless full of attraction —

that of *Hamlet*. I chose the translations by Giulio Carcano as the most in accord with my taste, and for a fixed yearly payment he ceded to me "Othello" and all his other translations and abridgments from Shakspere. In the eyes of the public my form seemed too colossal for *Hamlet*. The adipose, lymphatic, and asthmatic thinker of Shakspere must change himself, according to the popular imagination, into a slender, romantic, and nervous figure; and although my *Hamlet* was judged more than flatteringly by the most authoritative critics and by the first dramatic artist of that day, it will always take rank after my *Othello*. I do not know whether I should felicitate myself upon having incarnated that son of Mauritania; sure it is that he has done some injury to other personifications of my repertory, though not less carefully elaborated. I am bound to declare that *Hamlet*, *Orestes*, *Saul*, *King Lear*, and *Corrado* in "La Morte Civile," cost me no less study or application than *Othello*, and that my artistic conscience has never doubted that there was full as much merit in my interpretation of those characters as in that of the other. Nevertheless, *Othello* has always been the favorite and the best applauded; *Othello* is a sight-draft, which the public has paid promptly every time that it has been presented.

SOPHOCLES.

THE reader who has become accustomed to my small modesty will permit me to make another assertion. The part in which I have the least fault to find with myself is that of *Sofocle*, in the drama in verse of the same name by Paolo Giacometti. The play was written expressly for me; and I venture to say that the emotions of that grandiose figure are modeled so well upon my capabilities that his spoils would ill become any other artist. Yet that name, venerated as poet and as citizen, cannot boast that it ever drew a full house. Those who came were always full of enthusiasm; but though I tried it repeatedly, the audience was always scanty, and this notwithstanding that the play is one of the most meritorious that have been written in this century.

SAMSON.

ANOTHER work was written expressly for me by Ippolito d'Aste—"Sansone," a biblical tragedy, rich in noble verses, striking in its conception, and of incontestable scenic effectiveness, but beyond a doubt, as a philosophical and literary production, much inferior to "Sofocle." Yet the preëminent Greek poet was forced, by the capriciousness and injustice of the public, to yield the primacy to the biblical hero. This play, too, became a specialty of my repertory. I must, however, acknowledge that my athletic figure and powerful muscles, and the strength of my voice, had their part in the great success of this play. It is idle to deny that for certain parts appropriate physical and vocal qualities are indispensable, and are an inseparable factor in success. It is an illusion that in the representative arts intelligence and talent are alone sufficient to win a great reputation. The singer may possess an admirable method, facility in trilling, perfection in intonation; but if he has not also a fine and powerful voice, he will never rise above mediocrity. The public demands, in addition to talent, physical presence; in addition to art, a sympathetic and unlabored sonority of voice. If there is deficiency in one or another natural gift, attention becomes dulled, enthusiasm is not aroused, and the public sets one down in the category of the intelligent and worthy, but not in that of the eminent.

And this is not an injustice, for one is in no way constrained to join a profession of which the demands are so exacting. The public has not forced you to put yourself in a position where you must beg for its indulgence, or to expose yourself in an endeavor which is beyond your strength. Those incomplete artists are unjust who rail at the coolness of the public, at the sharpness of the critic. Such characters as *Saul*, *Samson*, and *Ingomar* demand an imposing form and a masculine and powerful voice, and since nature had favored me with these material advantages, I was able for long to couple my name with those of the biblical king, the hero of the Jews, and the barbarian.

IN PARIS.

WHEN I had become in fair measure satisfied with my rendering of *Orosmane* in "Zaïre," of *Saul*, and of *Othello*, I persuaded my friend and associate Cesare Dondini to try our fortune at the Salle Ventadour in Paris. I carried only my art with me, and in that *mare magnum* of all earthly celebrities this proved to be a rather scant capital. In Paris, no doubt, true merit is appreciated; but if one has not the means of presenting his merit along with a pretty liberal dose of charlatanism, it is offered to deaf ears, and the few who do appreciate it are swallowed up in the indifference of the vast majority. Well, we arrived in Paris, and, thinking to flatter the national pride, we chose Voltaire's "Zaïre" for our first production. Our chief actress, Clementina Cazzola, was frightened by Ristori's great success, and declined to accompany us on this venture; all her parts were accordingly intrusted to a conscientious young actress, Alfonsina

Aliprandi, who filled them with credit. *Orosmane* was acclaimed, *Zaïre* applauded, *Lusignan* (Lorenzo Piccinini) praised; but the play had lived its time, the classic type was in decadence, and our choice of a piece was criticized. We promptly produced "Saul." This sublime composition was pronounced by the Gallic critics heavy, dry, arid, incomprehensible. May Heaven pardon them! They were incapable of understanding it. I convinced myself that this was really the case when I went to look for a French translation of "Saul," in order to have librettos prepared to promote appreciation of it, and found that fine opening, "Bell' alba è questa," rendered, "Oh, quelle belle matinée!" I became even more convinced when Alexandre Dumas, *père*, maintained that Alfieri should have made his *Saul* a young man, and not an old one. If an acute, many-sided, imaginative talent like that was capable of making so nonsensical an exhibition of itself, it can easily be imagined what the smaller fry said. Thus "Saul" shared the fate of "Zaïre." There was applause, and there were flattering notices, but the play would not draw. As our last anchor of safety, we tried "Othello." Shakspere was the fashion, and even I became the fashion, too! Paris was moved; and according to her wont, being moved, she went into a state of exultation. The Anglo-Saxon sojourners came, too; the journalists were forced (I say forced, because they did it greatly against their wish) to fall into line with the general appreciation, to float with the current, and to bring themselves to do me justice. "Othello" paid the expenses of our season. The most generous praises were lavished on the artists; in especial a demonstration was made by the Comédie-Française, which decided, in order to do honor to the Italian actor, that on the night of his benefit several of its actors and actresses should take part in the representation. I must admit that if the French once begin to be agreeable, they do not stop half-way; and it was no small achievement to have interested the manager and the artists of that model playhouse.

At this time I formed the acquaintance of a lady who wields much influence among the publishing enterprises of North America, and she urged me to go to New York; she said that she was sure I should have great success there, particularly in "Othello," and promised me that I could count on her friendly interest as a guaranty of a favorable outcome. I hesitated, however, because of the length of the journey, of my usual diffidence as to my own ability, and, above all, of the exiguity of my finances. What means had I to fall back on in the event of a disaster? I thanked the amiable lady, and dismissed the thought.

A thousand testimonials of esteem and sympathy followed, which it would be tedious to set forth here. Through these, as by an electric flash, knowledge of our success was disseminated in Italy, and offers of new and advantageous engagements pelted Dondini like hail. In his function as manager he accepted one of these for Sicily, comprising the three chief cities of the island; and the results of that year were highly profitable for our association. So it is that with increase of fame comes increase of funds also!

Upon our return to Italy, Signora Cazzola resumed her post in the company.

We next went to Sicily, opening at Catania. The four years that I passed with Cesare Dondini were the most advantageous of my career to my artistic reputation. The public, and more than the public, my colleagues, conceded to me the palm in the rendering of several parts. They affirmed that I had no rival as *Orestes*, as *Orosmane*, as *Saul*, in the "Morte Civile," in the "Suonatrice d'Arpa," as *Sansone*, in "Pamela," and finally as *Othello*. This judgment, though of much weight, did not quench entirely my ardent desire to make myself a specialist in still other plays. At the end of my service with the Dondini company, I was engaged as chief actor for the Compagnia Reale de' Fiorentini of Naples from the first day of Lent in the year 1860. I found but small change in the atmosphere of the theater after my fifteen years of absence. Almost all those who had been attached to it in 1845 were still there. The celebrated character-actor Luigi Taddei, who had joined the company ten years before, had become old and rather infirm, and, though always admirable, appeared but seldom. Only Fanny Sadowsky, though advanced in age, retained the spirit and energy of the fair days of her triumphs. In fine, the walls of the establishment had received a coat of whitewash, but the foundations were the same. The quality of the public, too, was unchanged in that hundred-year-old theater. There were still those families who subscribed for their seats by the year, and who inserted in their marriage contracts, as one of the conditions, a box at the Fiorentini for the bride. It was once their cherished pleasure to create or destroy the reputation of those who came before their supreme tribunal.

At that time the company, subsidized by the Bourbon government, still enjoyed the privilege of playing in that theater without competition, whence arose a Chinese wall between the actors of that company and all others of the peninsula; so that if any of them happened to leave Naples for Florence, for instance, they would ask him whether he was going to Italy! Nevertheless, the report of my success had broken through the protecting wall, and curiosity was

at a high pitch. Prepiani and Monti were dead, and Adamo Alberti alone remained as director of the enterprise, and as I could remain only one year at Naples, he had already secured my successor. Upon my arrival in Naples, Alberti asked me, in accordance with the terms of my contract, which gave me the right of choice, with what play I wished to begin, and I indicated "Zaïre." But they had no scenery for "Zaïre," and it would hardly do to be content with a makeshift. "All right," said I; "we will take the 'Suonatrice d'Arpa.'" But in that play Signora Sadowsky had not yet mastered her part. "Very well; then I will give 'Oreste.'" But Bozzo, who was cast for *Pilade*, happened just then to be ill. "Excellent," said I; "in that case I 'll play whatever you like." I divined very clearly the motive for this spirit of opposition. The good man had engaged for the next three years an actor by the name of Achille Majeroni, and he was afraid that too marked a success on my part might be hurtful to his speculation with my successor. Finally he proposed to me to open with Goldoni's "Pamela"; but the *Pamela* could not be Fanny Sadowsky. "How 's that?" said I; "do you want a tragedian to begin his season with a comedy, and without the support of the leading lady at that? Well, let us have it so!" He was delighted with my answer, which certainly he had not expected, and made haste to announce my first appearance in "Pamela," as happy as if he had won in three numbers at the lottery. Many were surprised at this choice of a play, and to the many who remonstrated with me I made answer that I would not set out with grumbling at my manager; that in order to get first to the goal in a long race it was better to begin to run slowly, rather than to start off at the highest speed, with the risk of finishing second.

On the appointed evening the size and quality of our house were imposing. The court and the first literary and artistic notabilities were there. The friends of the old actors had their guns cocked and primed; the journalists and the pseudo-authors with whom Naples abounds were all under arms, and more disposed to find fault than to praise. I had before me the double task of routing the old fogies of 1845, and of being equal to the exaggerated renown that had preceded me; in short, I had serious difficulties to overcome, and at the same time I had against me the inveterate bad taste of that public, which is not offended by a conventional cadence in phrasing, by monotony of delivery, and by gestures and motions worthy of Punchinello. I was not in the least nervous in face of this serious and really difficult undertaking. My pulse did not count one beat more than the normal. I neither looked at the house, nor even saw it by chance; I identified myself entirely with the personage whose part I was playing (*Lord Bonfield*), and I made such an impression on that rather hostile audience, that at the end of every act it showed me, first favor, then admiration, and finally enthusiasm. When I came to the scene in which *Pamela's* father, who is thought to be a villager, reveals his true rank to *Lord Bonfield*, and tells him his story, declaring himself to be a count and proving it by authenticated documents, whence it results that his daughter *Pamela* is worthy to become the consort of the aristocratic and impassioned *Lord Bonfield*, I succeeded by the mobility of my countenance and by the feverish motions of my body in following every part of the tale with such intent interest and such truth, that without uttering a syllable I drew from the audience a prolonged cry of enthusiasm, and no more doubt attended the completeness of my success. Poor Alberti! He was constrained to follow the current, and to take steps at once to put on the stage those very plays which he had found such excellent reasons for not giving, and these confirmed me emphatically in public favor. "Zaïre," "Oreste," "Hamlet," "Saul" transported Naples with enthusiasm.

It would be impossible to note all the marks of esteem and appreciation which the Neapolitans lavished upon me. Everybody wanted to know me; everybody wished for my friendship; everybody made it his boast to be seen in my company on the promenades and at the places of resort; and everybody would say in passing, "Here is that most excellent fellow, our Salvi*ne!*" I had really come to belong to them, I was no longer my own master; and to such a point that the burden of entertainments, visits, invitations became almost oppressive. I had secured my revenge! I had won over a public that had been confirmed in its habits; I had convinced critics disposed to be severe, and overcome the hostility of the envious on the stage; and I had put the laugh on a disobliging manager.

During my stay in Naples, heroic acts of almost incredible valor were done in Sicily by the thousand followers of Giuseppe Garibaldi, who overran the entire kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Naples was freed from the tyranny of the Bourbons, and received in security every free citizen of Italy. Gustavo Modena, who had always been interdicted from setting foot on the soil of Naples, took a fancy to visit the Parthenopean city, and at the same time to make himself known professionally to the Neapolitans. I encouraged him in this project, eager again to come into relations with my old master, and to see him play; but he kept answering my letters with new doubts and difficulties. At last, however, the way seemed clear, and I busied myself with hiring the

Teatro del Fondo and with engaging several actors of other companies, who had taken advantage of the annulling of the monopoly of the Fiorentini to come to Naples. In a word, I organized a company from what I could find, but it was sufficient for Modena's purpose; and despite Alberti's unremitting hostility, I secured permission to give him my own support for a night. Modena arrived in due time in Naples, but he kept putting off the announcement of his appearance. I was able to see him only in the daytime, for I had to play every night; and every day I saw more clearly, to my deep regret, that his physical strength was failing. Finally he declared that his health would not permit him to face the judgment of the public, and that he found himself compelled to return at once to his home in Turin. It was a bitter disappointment, and a real grief to all who loved our art. I was eager to have him dine with me, with the Signora Giulia, before his departure; and they accepted upon condition that there should be only the three of us. I promised, and two days afterward they came. As can easily be imagined, the stage formed the staple of our conversation; and I begged him, before he left, to drop in some evening at the Fiorentini, so that I might have his opinions and advice upon what progress I might have made. "I have seen you," he answered. "How?" said I. "Where? When?" And he replied, "I have seen you in 'Hamlet' and in 'Saul.'" I felt as if a bucket of cold water had been doused over my head, and for five full minutes the conversation lapsed. He had come twice to the Teatro de' Fiorentini without my knowing anything of it. Finally I took courage, and asked him his opinion. "Here it is," he answered. "Nobody can play *Hamlet* but you; in 'Saul' my fourth act is better than yours, but your fifth act is better than mine." Not a word more did he say. Ought I to appeal from this judgment, or to be so modest as not to deem it just and impartial? I do not think so; I should be wanting in respect to the infallible criticism of that unequaled judge, and should, moreover, be false to my own conscience. Yes; Modena's words were true, and I will tell why, since he did not see fit to explain them. As a fervent republican and a very bitter foe of clericalism, into the diatribes of the fourth act, the reproaches heaped by *Saul* on the high priest *Ahimelech*, he put all his energy and the conviction due to his political creed, and he obtained extraordinary results. This effort left him, however, prostrated with fatigue, so that he was not in a condition to supply the great exertion demanded by the fifth act. In my own case, since I was not under obligation to fill before the audience the double character of artist and of anticlerical, I husbanded my strength so that, without weakening the fourth act, I was still in condition to give full effect to the passion, the delirium, and the calamitous ending of that ill-starred king.

Tommaso Salvini.

"SOME VERSES CAROL."

SOME verses carol blithely as a bird,
And hint of violet and asphodel;
While others slowly strike a funeral bell,
Or call like clarionets till, spirit-stirred,
We hear the mustering tramp in every word.
In some, the ocean pounds with sledges fell,
Or Neptune posts with blare of trumpet-shell
By shores that visionary seas engird.
As soft as flutes, they croon the lullabies
Of cradle-years; play clear as citherns; wail
Like harps Æolian in the grieving wind:
Some are the deep-drawn human moan by pale
And silent faces,—'neath lack-luster skies,—
Peering through panes on darkness unconfined!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS.

A YEAR after the accession of William and Mary, was born the only child of Anne on whose life any hopes could be built. Though he was sickly at first, like all the rest, he survived the dangers of infancy, and, called William after the king, and bearing from the first day of his life the title of Duke of Gloucester, was received joyfully by the nation at large and everybody concerned as the authentic heir to the crown. He was the chief occupation of Anne's life when comparative peace followed the warlike interval related in the preceding number of this magazine, and a cold and forced civility replaced the active hostilities which for years had been raging between the court and the household of the princess.

Anne has never got much credit for her forbearance and self-effacement at the critical moments of her career. But it is certain that she might have given William a great deal of trouble had she asserted her rights as Mary's successor, as she might also have done at the time of the first settlement. No doubt he would on both occasions have carried the day, and with this certainty the historians have been satisfied, without considering that a woman who was not of lofty character, and who was a Stuart, must have felt it doubly bitter to find herself the subject of a gloomy brother-in-law who slighted her, and who, her rasher partizans did not hesitate to say, ought to have been her subject so long as he remained in England after her sister's death, and not she his. The absence of any attempt on her part to disturb or molest, nay, her little advances, her letters of condolence, and of congratulation the first time that a victory gave occasion for it, showed no inconsiderable magnanimity on the part of the prosaic princess — all the more that William did very little to encourage any overtures of friendship. But though Anne's relations with the king were scarcely improved, her position in respect to the courtiers who had abandoned her in her sister's lifetime was different indeed. Lady Marlborough describes this with her usual force.

> And now it being quickly known that the quarrel was made up, nothing was to be seen but crowds of people of all sorts flocking to Berkeley House to pay their respects to the prince and princess: a sudden alteration which, I remember, occasioned the half-witted Lord Carnarvon to say one night to the princess as he stood close by her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember that I came to wait upon you when none of this company did," which caused a great deal of mirth.

Meanwhile the little boy, the heir of England, interposes his quaint little figure, with that touch of nature which always belongs to a child, in the midst of all the excitement and dullness, awakening a certain interest even in the solitary and bereaved life of William, and filling his mother's house with tender anxieties and pleasures. He was sickly and feeble from his childhood, but early learned the royal lesson of self-concealment, and was cuffed and hustled by the anxious cruelty of love into the use of his poor little legs years after his contemporaries had been in full enjoyment of their liberty. It is characteristic of the self-absorbed and belligerent chronicler of the princess's household, whose narrative of all the quarrels and struggles of royal personages is so vivid, that she has very little to say about either the living or dying of the only child who was of importance both to her mistress and to the country. His little existence is pushed aside in Lady Marlborough's record, and but for a little squabble over the appointment of the duke's "family," which she gives with great detail, we should scarcely have known from her that Anne had tasted that happiness of maternity, which is so largely weighted with pains and cares. But the story of little Gloucester's life, as found in the more familiar record of his waiting gentleman, Lewis Jenkins, is both attractive and entertaining. The little fellow seems to have been full of lively spirit and observation, active and restless in spite of his feebleness, full of a child's interest in everything about him, and of precocious judgment and criticism.

In every respect this was the brightest moment of Anne's life. There was no longer any possibility of treating the next heir to the crown, the mother of the only prince in whom the imagination of England could take pleasure, with slighting or contumely. She was permitted to have her share of the honors and comforts of English royalty. St. James's old red-brick palace was given over to her, as became her position; and what was more wonderful, Windsor Castle, one of the noblest of royal dwellings, became the country house of Anne and her boy. King William preferred Hampton Court, with its Dutch gardens, in which he

could imagine himself at home; the great feudal castle, lifting its massive towers from the crest of the gentle hill which has the value of a much greater eminence in the midst of the broad plain that sweeps forth in every direction, was not, apparently, to his taste. Few prettier or more innocent scenes have been associated with its long history than those in which little Gloucester was the chief actor. He had a little regiment of boys of his own age, whom it was his delight to drill and lead through a hundred mock battles and rapid skirmishings — mischievous little urchins who called themselves the Duke of Gloucester's men, and played their little pranks like their elders, as favorites will. The little prince chose St. George's Hall for the scene of his mimic battles, and there the little army stormed and besieged one another to their hearts' content. When his mother's marriage-day was celebrated, he received his parents with salvos of his small artillery, and, stepping forth in his little birthday suit, paid them his compliment. "Papa, I wish you and mama unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but for ever," said the serious little hero. One can fancy Anne smiling and triumphant in her joy of motherhood, with her beautiful chestnut curls and sweet complexion and placid roundness, leaning on good George's arm, her peaceful companion with whom she had never a quarrel, and admiring her son's infant wisdom. The smoke and whiff of gunpowder, the little gunners at their toy artillery, the great hall still slightly a-thrill with the mimic salute, add something to the boundless hopefulness of the scene; for why should not this little English William grow up as great a soldier and more fortunate than his grim godfather, and subdue France under the feet of England, and be the conqueror of the world? All this was possible in those pleasant days.

On another occasion there was a great chapter of Knights of the Garter to witness the installation of little Gloucester in knightly state as one of the order. The little figure, seven years old, seated under the noble canopy-work in St. George's beautiful chapel, scarcely visible over the desk upon which his prayer-book was spread out, gazing with blue eyes intent in all the gravity of a child upon the great English nobles in their stalls around him, makes another touching picture. King William himself had buckled the garter round the child's knee and hung the jewel about his neck, St. George slaying the dragon, that immemorial emblem of the victory over evil; and no doubt in the vague grandeur of childish anticipation, the boy felt himself ready to emulate the feat of the patron saint. He was a little patriot, too, eager to lend the aid of his small squadron to his uncle when William went away to the wars, and brought a smile even upon that worn and melancholy face as he manœuvered his little company and showed how they would fight in Flanders when the moment came. When William was threatened with assassination, and the country woke up to feel that though she did not love him it would be much amiss to lose him, little Gloucester, at eight, was one of the most loyal. Taking counsel with his little regiment, he drew up a memorial, written out, no doubt, by the best master of the pen among them, with much shedding of ink, if not of more precious fluid — "We, your majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood," was the address to which the Duke of Gloucester's men set all their tiny fists. The little duke himself, not content with this, added to it another address of his own:

> I, your Majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your Majesty's cause than in any man's else; and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.
>
> GLOUCESTER.

Heroic little prince! a Protestant William, yet a gallant and gentle Stuart; with this heart of enthusiasm and generous valor in him, what might he not have done had he ever lived to be king? It awoke a smile, and might have drawn an iron tear down William's cheek, to see this faithful little warrior ready to "lose his life" in his defense. And the good pair behind him, George and Anne, who had evidently suffered no treacherous suggestion to get to the ear of the boy, no hint that William was a usurper and little Gloucester had more right than he to be uppermost, how radiant they stand in the light of their happiness and hope! The spectator is reluctant to turn the page and realize the gloom to come.

"When the Duke of Gloucester was arrived at an age to be put into men's hands," William's relenting and change of mind were proved by the fact that Marlborough, who had been in disgrace all these years, and whom only the constant favor of Anne had kept out of entire obscurity, was recalled into the front of affairs in order to be made "Governor" of the young prince. It is true that this gracious act was partly neutralized by the appointment of Bishop Burnet as little Gloucester's tutor, a choice which was supposed to be as disagreeable to Anne as the other was happy. But there is no appearance that she made any protest, or showed any reluctance to accept him. The little pupil was about nine when he came into the bishop's hands, and he gives the following account of his charge:

> I had been trusted with his education now for two years, and he had made amazing progress. I had read over the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gos-

pels with him, and had explained things that fell in my way very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions that he put to me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion beyond imagination. I went through geography so often with him that he knew all the maps very particularly. I explained to him the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trades of that country, and what was both bad and good in it. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories of Plutarch's Lives; the last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution and the beneficiary and feudal laws: I talked of these things at different times more than three hours a day; this was both easy and delighting to him. The King ordered five of his chief ministers to come once a quarter and examine the progress he made; they seemed amazed both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him; he had a wonderful memory and a very good judgment.

Poor little Gloucester! The genial bishop breaking down all this knowledge into pleasant talks so that it should be "both easy and delighting"; and his lessons in fortification, which were more delightful still; and his own little private princelike observation of men's faces and minds, were all to come to naught. On his eleventh birthday, amid the feastings and joy a sudden illness seized him, and a few days after the promising boy had ended his bright little career. It would be small wonder indeed if Anne had been altogether crushed by such a calamity. It is said by some historians of the Jacobite party that her mind was overwhelmed by a sense of her guilt toward her own father and of just judgment executed upon her in the loss of her child, and that she immediately wrote to James, "pouring out her whole heart in penitence," and pledging herself to support the claims of her brother should she ever come to the throne. This letter, however, was never found, and does not seem to be vouched for by witnesses beyond suspicion. But for the fact that Anne was stricken to the dust no parent will need further evidence. Her good days and hopes were over; henceforward when she wrote to her dearest friend in the old confidential strain, it was as "your poor, unfortunate Morley" that the bereaved mother signed herself. Nothing altered these sad adjectives. She felt herself as poor and unfortunate in her unutterable loss when she was queen, as if she had been the humblest woman that ever lost an only child.

Marlborough was absent when his little pupil fell ill, but hurried back to Windsor in time to see him die; and four or five days after, the little prince was carried solemnly by torchlight through the summer woods, through Windsor Park, and by the river, and under the trees of Richmond, to Westminster — a silent procession pouring slowly through the odorous August night. His little body lay in state in Westminster Hall — a noble chamber for such a tiny sleeper — for five days more, when it was laid with the kings in the great abbey which holds all the greatest of England. A more heart-rending episode is not in history.

William did not take any notice of the announcement of the death for a considerable time, which greatly embarrassed the ambassador at Paris on the subject of mourning, and has given occasion for much denunciation of his hardness and heartlessness. When he answered at last, however,— though this was not till more than two months after, in a letter to Marlborough,— it was with much subdued feeling. "I do not think it necessary to employ many words," he writes, "in expressing my surprise and grief at the death of the Duke of Gloucester. It is so great a loss to me as well as to all England that it pierces my heart with affliction." It seems impossible that the loss of a child who had shown so touching an allegiance to himself should not have moved him; but perhaps there was in him, too, a touch of satisfaction that the rival pair who had been thorns in his flesh ever since he came to England were not to have the satisfaction of founding a new line. At St. Germain's the satisfaction was more marked still, and it was supposed that the most dangerous obstacle in the way of the young James Stuart was removed by the death of his sister's heir. We know now how futile that anticipation was, but at the time this was not so clear; and the anxiety of the English parliament to secure before William's death a formal abjuration of the so-called Prince of Wales shows that the hope was not without foundation.

This anxiety, and the new and exciting combination of European affairs produced by what is called the Spanish Succession, occupied all minds during the two years that remained of William's suffering life. It was a moment of great excitement and uncertainty. Louis XIV., into whose hands, as seemed likely, a sort of universal power must fall if his grandson were permitted to succeed to the throne of Spain, had just vowed at the death-bed of James his determination to support the claims of the exile's son, and on James's death had proclaimed the boy king of England. Thus England had every reason of personal irritation and even of alarm for joining in the alliance against the threatening supremacy of France, whose power — had she been allowed to place one of her princes peaceably on the Spanish throne, to which the rich Netherlands still belonged — would have been paramount in Europe. It was on the eve

of the great struggle that William died. With a determination equal to that with which he had made head against failing fortune in many a battle-field, he fought for his life, which at such a crisis was doubly important to the countries of his birth and of his crown, and to the cause of the Protestant religion and all that we have been taught to consider as freedom throughout Europe. To die at the beginning of a great European struggle, leaving the dull people whom he disliked to take his place in England, and the soldier whom he had crushed and subdued, and sternly held in the shade as long as he was able, to assume his baton and win the victories it had never been William's fortune to gain, must have been bitter indeed. It would appear that he had even entertained some idea of disturbing the natural order of events to prevent this, and that it had been suggested to the Electress Sophia, after poor little Gloucester's death, that her family should at once be nominated as his immediate successors, to the exclusion of Anne, a proposal which the prudent Electress evaded with great skill and ingenuity.

A more impossible scheme was never suggested, for even the idea of Marlborough's triumph was unable to raise the smallest party against the princess, and to the country in general she was the object of a kind of enthusiasm. The people loved everything in her, even the fact that she was not clever, which of itself is often highly ingratiating with the masses. William, it is said, with a magnanimity which was infinitely to his credit, before he died named Marlborough as his fittest successor in the command of the allied armies. The formal abjuration of the Prince of Wales was made by Parliament only just in time to have his assent; and then all obstacles were removed out of the princess's way. It was thought by the populace that everything brightened for the new reign. There had been an unexampled continuance of gloomy weather, bad harvests, and clouds and storms; but to greet Queen Anne the sun burst forth, the gloom dispelled, the country broke out into gaiety and rejoicing. A new reign, full of new possibilities, has always something exhilarating in it. William's greatness was marred by externals and never heartily acknowledged by the mass of the people, but Anne had many claims upon the popular favor. She was a woman, and a kind and simple one. That desertion of her father, which some historical writers have condemned so bitterly, had no great effect upon the contemporary imagination, nor, so far as can be judged, upon her own; and it was the only offense that could be alleged against her. She had been unkindly treated and threatened with wrong, which naturally made the multitude strenuous in her cause; and everything conspired to make her accession happy. She was only thirty-seven, and though somewhat unwieldy in person, still preserved her English comeliness, her abundant, beautiful hair, and, above all, the melodious voice which impressed even statesmen and politicians. "She pronounced this," says Bishop Burnet, describing her address to the Privy Council when they first presented themselves before her, "as she did all her other speeches, with great weight and authority, and with a softness of voice and sweetness in the pronunciation that added much life to all she spoke." The commentators who criticize so sorely the bishop's chronicles are in entire agreement with him on this subject. "It was a real pleasure to hear her," says Lord Dartmouth, "though she had a bashfulness that made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public." Speaker Onslow unites in the same testimony: "I have heard the Queen speak from the throne, and she had all the author says here. I never saw an audience more affected; it was a sort of charm. . . . She received all that came to her in so gracious a manner that they went from her highly satisfied with her goodness and her obliging deportment, for she hearkened with attention to everything that was said to her." Thus all smiled upon Anne in the morning of her reign. Her coronation was marked with unusual splendor and enthusiasm, and though the queen herself had to be carried in a chair to the Abbey, her state of health being such that she could not walk, this did not affect the splendid ceremonial in which even to the Jacobites themselves there was little to complain of, since their hopes that Anne's influence might advance her father's young son to the succession after her were still high, notwithstanding that the settlement of the crown upon Sophia of Brunswick and her heirs had already been made.

It is needless for us to attempt a history of the great war which was one of the most important features in Anne's reign. No student of history can be ignorant of its general course, nor of the completeness with which Marlborough's victories crushed the exorbitant power of France and raised the prestige of England. Contemporaries accused Marlborough of every conceivable wickedness, of peculation, treachery, even personal cowardice; but no one ventured to say that he was not a great general. And as we have got further and further from the infuriated politics of his time, more and more justice has been done to his gifts and graces, his wisdom and moderation, as well as his wonderful military genius. It is, however, with Marlborough's wife and not with himself that we are chiefly concerned, and with the stormy course of Anne's future intercourse with her friend rather than the battles that were fought in her name. It is said

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM MEZZOTINT BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

that by the time she came to the throne her faithful affection to her lifelong companion had begun to be impaired; but the date of the beginning of their severance will probably never be determined, nor its immediate cause. All the great hopes which the pair must have formed seemed likely to be fulfilled in the early part of Queen Anne's reign. A very short time after her accession, Marlborough, who, according to William's appointment, had at once entered upon the conduct of foreign affairs and the preparations for war, received the Garter which Anne and her husband had vainly asked for him in the previous reign; and when he returned from his first campaign, a dukedom was bestowed upon him with many pretty expressions on Anne's part.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM MINIATURE BY LEWIS CROSSE, IN THE COLLECTION AT WINDSOR CASTLE; BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Indeed, the queen's gift of "writing pretty, affectionate letters," which was the only thing, according to the duchess's opinion of her expressed in later days, that she could do well, is still abundantly proved by their correspondence. Anne was as anxious as ever to serve and please her friend and favorite. She prays God, in her little note of congratulation after the siege of Bonn in 1703, to send Marlborough "safe home to his and my dear adored Mrs. Freeman," with all the grace of perfect sympathy, for the great duke was as abject in his adoration of that imperious, bewitching, and triumphant Sarah as the queen herself. With the tenderest recollection of her friend's whims, the queen gave her the rangership of Windsor Park (strange office for a woman to hold), in which was included "a lodge in the great park," which the duchess describes as "a very agreeable place to live in, . . . remembering that when we used in former days to ride by it, I had often wished for such a place," although it was necessary to turn out Portland, King William's friend and favorite, in order to replace him by Lady Marlborough. No doubt, however, this summary displacement of the Dutchman added to the pleasure both of giving and receiving. Lady Marlborough had a multiplicity of other offices in addition to this, such as those of mistress of the robes, groom of the stole, and keeper of the privy purse — offices, however, which she had virtually held for years in the household of the princess. All these brought in a great deal of money, a matter to which she was never indifferent; and as along with the dukedom the queen bestowed upon Marlborough a pension of £5000 a year, the resources of the new ducal house were abundant. They would seem by their posts and perquisites alone to have had an income between them not far short of £60,000 a year,— an enormous sum for those times,— not to speak of less legitimate profits, presents from contractors, and percentages on the pay of the troops, which Marlborough took, as everybody did, as a matter of course, though it was afterward charged against him as if he had invented the custom. The queen also promised a little fortune to each of their daughters as they married — a promise certainly fulfilled in the case of Henrietta, who married the son of Godolphin, thus uniting the colleagues in the closest family bonds. At the same time Anne offered a pension of £2000 a year to the duchess from the privy purse — a bounty declined at first, but of which afterward, in the final breaking up of their relations, Sarah was mean enough to demand the arrears, amounting to no less a sum than £18,000. Thus every kind of gift and favor was pressed upon the royal favorite in the early days of Anne's reign.

Before this the means of the pair had been but small. Marlborough had been long deprived of all preferment, and the duchess informs us that she had discharged in the princess's household all the offices for which afterward she was so highly paid, on an allowance of £400 a year. It was for this reason that the dukedom was unwelcome to her. "I do agree with you," her husband writes to her, "that we ought not to wish for a greater title till we have a better estate"; and he assures her that "I shall have a mind to nothing but as it may be easy to you." It was in this strain that the great conqueror always addressed his wife; and it would be difficult to say which of her two adorers, her husband or her queen, showed the deeper devotion. When Marlborough set out for his first campaign in the war which was to cover him with glory, and in which for the first time he had full scope, this is how he writes

FROM COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY PIETER VAN GUNST, AFTER PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

QUEEN ANNE.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY PIETER VAN GUNST, AFTER PAINTING BY ADRIAAN VANDER WERFF.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

to the companion of his life, who had gone with him to Margate to see him embark:

It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted from you when I was by the water's side. I could have given my life to have come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I know I should have exposed myself to the company. I did for a great while with a perspective glass look out upon the cliffs, in hopes I might have had one sight of you. We are now out of sight of Margate, and I have neither soul nor spirits, but I do at this time suffer so much that nothing but being with you can recompense it.

These lover-like words were written by a man of fifty-two to his wife of forty-two, to whom he had been married for nearly a quarter of a century. In all the pauses of these wars, amid the plans and combinations of armies, and all the hard thinking and hard fighting, the perpetual activity and movement of his life for the

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM MEZZOTINT AFTER PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

next ten years, the same voice of passionate attachment, love, and longing penetrates for us the tumults of the time. She was flattered to the top of her bent both by husband and mistress, and it is not much to be wondered at if she came to think herself indispensable and above all law.

But in the midst of this prosperity and quickly growing greatness, the same crushing calamity which had previously fallen upon Anne overwhelmed these companions of her life. Their only son, a promising boy of seventeen, died at Cambridge, and both father and mother were bowed to the dust. The queen's letter on this occasion expresses her sense of yet another melancholy bond between them. It is evident that she had offered to go to her friend in her affliction. "It would be a great satisfaction to your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley if you would have given me leave to

come to St. Albans," she writes; "for the unfortunate ought to come to the unfortunate." With a heavy heart Marlborough changed his will, leaving the succession of the titles and honors, so suddenly deprived of all value to him, to the family of his eldest daughter, and betook himself sadly to his fighting, deriving a gleam of satisfaction from the thought that other children might yet be granted to him, yet adjuring his wife to bear their joint calamity with patience whatever might befall. She herself says nothing on this melancholy subject. Perhaps in her old age, as she sat surveying her life, that great but innocent sorrow no longer seemed to her of the first importance in a record crossed by so many tempests; or perhaps it was of so much importance that she could not trust herself to speak of it at all. The partizans of the exiled Stuarts were eager to point out how both she and her mistress had suffered the penalty of their sin against King James and his son by being thus deprived of their respective heirs. It was "a judgment"—a thing dear to the popular imagination, and most easily concluded upon at all times.

It would not seem, however, that this natural drawing of "the unfortunate to the unfortunate" had the effect it might have had in further cementing the union of the queen and the duchess. The

> little rift within the lute
> That by and by will make the music mute

began to be apparent shortly after, though not at first showing itself by any lessening of warmth or tenderness. The existence of a division of opinion is the first thing visible. "I cannot help being extremely concerned that you are so partial to the Whigs, because I would not have you and your poor unfortunate faithful Morley differ in the least thing. And, upon my word, my dear Mrs. Freeman," adds Queen Anne, "you are mightily mistaken in your notion of a true Whig. For the character you give of them does not in the least belong to them."

We need not discuss here the difference between the meaning of the names Tory and Whig as understood now and then. Lord Mahon and Lord Macaulay both consider a complete transposition of terms to be the easiest way of making the matter clear; but in one particular at least this seems scarcely necessary, for the Tories then, as now, were emphatically the church party, which was to Anne the only party in which safety could be found. The queen had little understanding of history or politics, in the wider sense of the words, but she was an excellent churchwoman, and in the sentiments of the Tory leaders she found, when brought into close contact with them, something more in accord with her own—the one sympathy in which her bosom friend had been lacking. "These were men who had all a wonderful zeal for the Church—a sort of public merit that eclipsed all others in the eye of the Queen. . . . For my own part," the duchess adds, "I had not the same prepossessions. The word *Church* had never any charm for me in the mouths of those who made the most noise with it, for I could not perceive that they gave any other proof of their regard for the thing than a frequent use of the word, like a spell to enchant weak minds, and a persecuting zeal against dissenters and against the real friends of the Church who would not admit that persecution was agreeable to its doctrine." This difference had not told for very much so long as neither the queen nor her friend had any share in public affairs; but it became strongly operative now. How much the queen had actually to do with the business of the nation, and how entirely it depended upon the influence brought to bear upon her limited mind who should be the guide of England at this critical moment, is abundantly evident from every detail of history. Queen Victoria, great as her experience is, and notwithstanding the respectful attention which all classes of politicians naturally give to her opinion, changes her ministry only when the majority in Parliament requires it, and has only the very limited choice which the known and acknowledged heads of the two parties permit when she transfers office and power from one side to the other. But Queen Anne had no compact body of statesmen—one replacing the other as occasion required—to deal with, but put in here one high official, and there another, according as intrigue or impulse gained the upper hand.

There is something about a quarrel of women which excites the scorn of every chronicler. There is an insidious contempt for the weaker half of the creation, which probably no one would own to, lying dormant in the minds of the race generally, even of women themselves. Had Anne been a king of moderate abilities, and Marlborough the friend and guide to whom he owed his prosperity and fame, the relationship would have been noble and honorable to both; and when the struggle began, the strenuous efforts of the great general to secure the coöperation of ministers with whom he could work, and whose support would have helped toward the carrying out of his great plans for the glory of his country and the destruction of her enemies, would, whether the historical critic approved of them or not, have at least secured his respect and a dignified treatment. But when it is Sarah of Marlborough,

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM MEZZOTINT (IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM) BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER PAINTING BY JOHN RILEY.

BISHOP GILBERT BURNET.

with all the defects of temper that we know in her, who, while her lord fights abroad, has to fight for him at home, to scheme his enemies out of and his friends into power, to keep her hold upon her mistress by every means that her imagination can devise, the idea that some nobler motive than mere self-aggrandizement may be in the effort occurs to no one, and the hatred of political enmity is mingled with all the ridicule that spiteful wit can discharge upon a feminine squabble. Lady Marlborough was far from being a perfect woman. She had a fiery temper and a stinging tongue. When she was thwarted at the very moment of apparent victory, and found herself impotent where she had been all-powerful, her fury was like a torrent against which there was no standing. But with these patent defects it ought to be allowed her that the object for which she struggled was not only a perfectly legitimate but a noble one. What the great William had spent his life and innumerable campaigns in endeavoring to do, against all the discouragements of frequent failure, Marlborough was doing with a matchless and almost unbroken success. It was no shame to either the general or the general's wife to believe, as William did, that this was the greatest work of the time, and could alone secure the safety of England as well as of her allies; and the gallant stand of Lady Marlborough for the party and the statesmen who were likely to carry out this object deserved some better interpretation from history than it has ever received. It cannot be said that there was anything petty in Anne's public acts while she remained under the influence of her first friend. The be-

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

GARDEN FRONT, HAMPTON COURT.

ginning of her reign showed no ignoble spirit. One of the first things the queen did was to abolish the old and obstinate practice of selling places, which had hitherto been accepted as the course of nature: so much so that when Marlborough fell into disgrace under King William, he had been bidden to "sell or dispose of" the places he held, and the princess had herself informed Sarah, at least on one occasion, of vacancies, in order that her friend should have the profit of filling them up. "Afterwards I began to consider in my own mind this practice," the lady says. But whether she took the initiative in so honorable a measure it would be rash to pronounce upon the authority of her own word alone. However, it certainly was one of the first acts of the queen, and the credit of such a departure from the use and wont of courts should at least be allowed to the new reign. Anne did various other things for which there was no precedent. As soon as her civil list was settled, she gave up voluntarily £100,000 a year to aid the public expenses, then greatly increased by the war; and shortly after she made a still more important and permanent sacrifice by giving up the ecclesiastical tribute of first-fruits and tithes — namely, the first year's stipend of each cure to which a new incumbent was appointed, and the tenth of all livings — to which the crown, as succeeding the Pope in the headship of the Church, had become entitled. Her object was the augmentation of small livings, and better provision for the necessities of the Church; and there can be little doubt that this act at least was exclusively her own. The fund thus formed continues to this day under the name of "Queen Anne's Bounty," but unfortunately remained quite inefficacious during her reign, in consequence of various practical difficulties, and has never been by any means the important agency she intended it to be. But the intention was munificent, and the desire sincere. Throughout her life the Church was the word which most moved Anne. She was willing to do anything to strengthen it, and to sacrifice any one, even (as turned out) her dear friend, in its cause.

The first subject which quickened a vague and suspicious disagreement into opposition was the bill against what was called occasional conformity: a bill which was aimed at the dissenters, and abolished the expedient formerly taken advantage of in order to admit nonconformists to some share in public life — of periodical compliance with the ceremonies of the Church. The new law not only did away with this important "easement," but was weighted with penal enactments against those who, holding office under government, should be present at any conventicle or assembly for worship in any form but that of the Church of England. Upon this subject the queen writes as follows:

I must own to you that I never cared to mention anything on this subject to you because I knew you would not be of my mind, but since you have given me the occasion, I can't forbear saying that I see nothing like persecution in the bill. You may think it is a notion Lord Nottingham has just put into my head, but, upon my word, it is my own thought. I promise my dear Mrs. Freeman faithfully I will read the book she sent me, and beg she would never let difference of opinion hinder us from living together as we used to do. Nothing shall ever alter your poor, unfortunate,

faithful Morley, who will live and die with all truth and tenderness yours.

As the differences go on increasing, however, Queen Anne gradually changes her ground. At first she hopes her "not agreeing with anything you say will not be imputed to want of value, esteem, or tender kindness for my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman"; but at last, as the argument goes on, she plucks up spirit, and finds courage enough to declare roundly that whenever public affairs are in the hands of the Whigs, "I shall think the Church beginning to be in danger." Thus the political situation became more and more difficult, and gradually embittered even the personal relations between the friends. Moreover, the duchess had not even the support of her husband in her political preferences. He himself had belonged to the moderate Tory party, and though they thwarted and discouraged him, showed no desire to throw himself into the arms of the Whigs, whither his wife would so fain have led him. He too remained obstinately indifferent while she stormed and entreated, and wrote a hundred letters, and used in vain every art both of war and peace. It is easy to see how this perpetual letter-writing, her determination to prove that her correspondent was in error and she right, and her continual reiteration of for she foresaw what actually did happen, and perceived whither the current was tending, but was refused any credit for her prognostications, or help in subduing the dangerous forces she dreaded. How irritating this position must have been to a fiery temper it is needless to point out, and the duchess would not permit herself to be silenced by either husband or queen.

Meanwhile Marlborough was going on in his career of conquest. It was a very costly luxury; but the pride of England had never been so fed with triumphs. Queen Anne was in her closet one day at Windsor — a little turret chamber with windows on every side looking over the green and fertile valley of the Thames, with all the trees in full summer foliage, and the harvest beginning to be gathered in from the fields — when there was brought to her a scrap of crumpled paper bearing upon it the few hurried lines which told of the "glorious victory" of the battle of Blenheim. It had been torn off in haste from a memorandum-book on the field, and was scribbled over with an inn reckoning on the other side. The commotion it caused was not one of unmixed joy; for though the queen wrote her thanks and congratulations, and there was a great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's which she attended in state, the party in power did all that in them

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

LION GATES AT HAMPTON COURT ERECTED BY QUEEN ANNE.

the same charges and reproaches, must have exasperated the queen and troubled Marlborough in the midst of the practical difficulties of his career. But yet there are many points on which Sarah has a just claim to our sympathy; lay to depreciate the importance of the victory. When, however, Marlborough appeared in England with his prisoners and trophies,— a marshal of France among the former, and many standards taken in the field,— the popular sen-

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

timent burst all bounds, and his reception was enthusiastic. The crown lands of Woodstock were bestowed upon him as a further reward, and the queen herself commanded that a palace should be built upon the estate at the expense of the crown, to be called Blenheim in commemoration of the extraordinary victory. A curious relic of ancient custom religiously carried out to the present day was involved in this noble gift. The quit-rent which every holder of a royal fief has to pay was appointed to be a banner embroidered with three fleurs-de-lis, the arms then borne by France, to be presented on every anniversary of the battle. Not very long ago the present writer accompanied a French lady of distinction through some part of Windsor Castle, under the guidance of an important member of the queen's household. When the party came into the armory, on each side of which, a vivid spot of color, hung a little standard fresh in embroidery of gold, the kind cicerone smiled, and whispered aside, "We need not point out these to her." One of them was the Blenheim, the other the Waterloo banner, both yearly acknowledgments, after the old feudal fashion, for fiefs held of the crown.

Among the honors done to Marlborough at this triumphant moment when, an English duke, a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and — still more splendid title — the greatest soldier of his time, he came home in glory to England, were the verses with which Addison saluted him. There were plenty of odes piping to all the winds in his honor, but this alone is worthy of record. Every reader will recollect the simile of the great angel who "drives the furious blast,"

> And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

It is not necessary for our purpose to enter into those changes of ministry which first temporarily consolidated the Marlborough interest and afterward wrought its destruction, nor into the intrigues by which Harley and St. John gradually secured the reins of state. It is not to be supposed that these fluctuations were wholly owing to the influences brought to bear upon the queen; but that her prevailing disposition to uphold the party which to her represented the Church kept the continuance of the war and the foreign policy of the country in constant danger, there can be no doubt. It is only in 1707, however, that we are made aware of the entry of a new actor upon the scene, in the person of a smooth and noiseless woman, always civil, always soft-spoken, apologetic, and plausible, whose sudden appearance in the vivid narrative of her great rival is in the highest degree dramatic and effective. This was the famous Abigail who has given her name, somewhat injuriously to her own position, to the class of waiting-women ever since. She was in reality bedchamber-woman to the queen — a post now very far removed from that of a waiting-maid, and even then by no means on a level, notwithstanding the duchess's scornful phrases, with that of the class which ever since has been distinguished by Mrs. Hill's remarkable name. Her introduction and the vigorous *mise en scène* of this new episode in history are fine examples of the graphic power of Duchess Sarah. Her suspicions, she informs us, were roused by the information that Abigail Hill (a relation of her own, and placed by herself in the royal household) had been married without her knowledge to Mr. Masham, who was one of the queen's pages; but there are allusions before this in her letters to the queen to "flatterers," which point at least to some suspected influence undermining her own. She tells us first in a few succinct pages who this was whose private marriage excited so much wonder and indignation in her mind. Abigail and all her family owed their establishment in life to the active exertions of the duchess, who had taken them upon her shoulders in their poverty — or rather had succeeded in passing them on to the broader shoulders of the public, which was still more satisfactory. Thus she had been the making of the whole band, henceforward through other members besides Abigail to

prove thorns in her flesh. Harley, who was at this time Secretary of State, and aiming at higher place, was related in the same degree on the father's side to Mrs. Abigail; so that, first cousin to the great duchess on the one hand and to the leader of the House of Commons on the other, though it suits the narrator's purpose to humble her, Mrs. Hill was no child of the people. It is curious to remark here that Harley too came to his first advancement by Marlborough's patronage.

From the moment of this discovery, and of the further facts that the marriage had taken place under Anne's auspices, and that Abigail had already taken advantage of her favor to bring Harley into close relations with the queen, the duchess gave her mistress little peace. Fiery letters were showered daily upon the queen. She let nothing pass without a hasty visit or a long epistle. Every new affront, every symptom of failure in the policy which she supported with so much zeal, made her rush, if possible, to the presence with a storm of reproaches and invective, with tears of fury and outcries of wrath — or to the pen, with which she reiterated the same burning story of her wrongs. Anne is represented to us throughout in an attitude of stolid and passive resistance which increases our sympathy with the weeping, raging, passionate woman, whose eloquence, whose arguments, whose appeals and entreaties, all dash unheeded against the rock of tranquil obstinacy, which is no more moved by them than the cliff is moved by the petulance of the rising tide; although, on the other hand, a similar sympathy is not wanting for the dull and placid soul which could get no peace, and which longed, above all things, for tranquillity, for gentle attentions and soft voices, and for the privilege of nominating bishops and playing basset in peace. Poor lady! On the whole, it is Queen Anne who is most to be pitied. She was often ill, always unwieldy and uncomfortable. She had nobody but a soft, gliding, smooth-tongued Abigail to fall back upon, while the duchess had half the great men of the time fawning upon her, putting themselves at her feet; her husband prizing a word of kindness from her more than anything in the world; her daughters describing her as the dearest mother that ever was; money, which she loved, accumulating in her coffers; great Blenheim still a-building; and all kinds of noble hangings, cut velvets and satins, pictures and every fine thing that could be conceived getting collected for the adornment of that great house.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS AFTER AQUATINT BY P. SANDBY.

WINDSOR TERRACE, LOOKING WESTWARD.

Duchess Sarah represented a nobler ideal and grander national policy than that into which her mistress was betrayed. Her later intercourse with Anne was little more than a persecution; and yet what she aimed at was better than the dishonoring and selfish policy by which she was finally conquered. A certain enlightenment was in all her passionate interferences with the course of public affairs. The men whom she labored to thrust into office were the best men of the time; the ascendancy she endeavored so violently to retain was one under which England had been elevated in the scale of nations, and all her liberties confirmed. Such persecuting and intolerant acts as the bill against Occasional Conformity, which was a test of exceptional severity, had her strenuous opposition. In short, had there been no Marlborough to carry on the half-begun war at William's death, and no Sarah at Anne's ear to inspire the queen's sluggish nature with spirit, and to keep her up to the mark of the large plans of her predecessor, England might have fallen into another driveling period of foreign subserviency, into a new and meaner Restoration.

That the reader may see, however, to what an extraordinary pass the friendship which had been so intimate and close had come, we add the duchess's account of the concluding interview. Every kind of exasperating circumstance had accumulated in the mean time between the former friends. There had been violent meetings, violent letters by the score; even in the midst of a thanksgiving service Sarah had taken her mistress to task, and imperiously bidden her not to answer. Indeed, the poor queen was more or less hunted down, pursued to her last corner of defense, when the Mistress of the Robes made her sudden appearance at Kensington one April afternoon in the year 1710, when everything was tending toward her downfall.

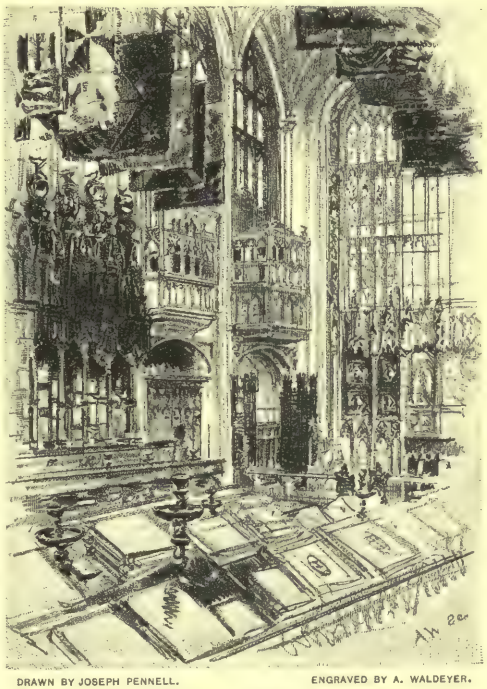
As I was entering, the Queen said she was just going to write to me, and when I began to speak she interrupted me four or five times with these repeated words, "Whatever you have to say you may put it in writing." I said her Majesty never did so hard a thing to any as to refuse to hear them speak, and assured her that I was not going to trouble her upon the subject which I knew to be so ungrateful to her, but that I could not possibly rest until I had cleared myself from some particular calumnies with which I had been loaded. I then went on to speak (though the Queen turned away her face from me) and to represent my hard case, that there were those about her Majesty that had made her believe that I said things of her which I was no more capable of saying than of killing my own children. The Queen said without doubt there were many lies told. I then begged, in order to make this trouble the shorter and my own innocence the plainer, that I might know the particulars of which I had been accused, because if I were guilty that would quickly appear, and if I were innocent this method alone would clear me. The Queen replied that she would give me no answer, laying

hold on a word in my letter that what I had to say in my own vindication *need have no consequence in obliging her Majesty to answer*, &c., which surely did not at all imply that I did not desire to know the particular things laid to my charge, without which it was impossible for me to clear myself. This I assured her Majesty was all I desired, and that I did not ask the names of the authors or relaters of these calumnies, saying all that I could think reasonably to enforce my just request. . . . I protested to her Majesty that I had no design, in giving her this trouble, to solicit the return of her favor, but that my sole view was to clear myself, which was too just a design to be wholly disappointed by her Majesty. Upon this the Queen offered to go out of the room, I following her, and begging leave to clear myself; and the Queen repeating over and over again, "You desired no answer, and shall have none." When she came to the door I fell into great disorder; streams of tears flow'd down against my will, and prevented my speaking for some time. At length I recovered myself, and appealed to the Queen, in the vehemence of my concern, whether I might not still have been happy in her Majesty's favor if I could have contradicted or dissembled my real opinion of men or things; whether I had ever, during our long friendship, told her one lie, or play'd the hypocrite once; whether I had offended in any thing, unless in a very zealous pressing upon her that which I thought necessary for her service and security. I then said I was informed by a very reasonable and credible person about the court that things were laid to my charge of which I was wholly incapable; that this person knew that such stories were perpetually told to her Majesty to incense her, and had beg'd of me to come and vindicate myself; that the same person had thought me of late guilty of some omissions toward her Majesty, being entirely ignorant how uneasy to her my frequent attendance must be after what had happened between us. I explained some things which I had heard her Majesty had taken amiss of me, and then, with a fresh flood of tears and a concern sufficient to move compassion, even where all love was absent, I beg'd to know what other particulars she had heard of me, that I might not be denied all power of justifying myself. But the only return was, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none." I then beg'd to know if her Majesty would tell me some other time? "You desired no answer, and you shall have none."

Thus ended this remarkable conversation, the last I ever had with her Majesty [the duchess adds].

After this there was no more possibility of reconciliation. Attempts of all kinds were made, and there is even a record of a somewhat pitiful scene in which great Marlborough himself, on his return from the wars, appears on his knees, pleading with Queen Anne to take back into favor her old companion, but without effect.

Unfortunately for himself, he did not resign at this turning-point, being persuaded both by friends and foes not to do so, and with the evident risk before his eyes of hazarding all the combinations of the war and giving a distinct advantage to the enemy against whom he had hitherto operated so forcibly. He kept his command, therefore, for the public interest rather than for his own, and returned, when the season of warfare recommenced, to the post which all these events made uneasy for him, and where his credit was shaken and his prestige diminished by the disfavor of the court and the opposition of the ministry. The responsibility was therefore left upon Anne and her ministers of dismissing him, which they did in the end of 1711, to the consternation of their allies, the delight of the French, and the bewilderment of the nation. The party plots by which this came about are far too long and involved to



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

be capable of explanation here; neither can we enter into the semi-secret negotiations for the humiliating and disgraceful peace secured by the treaty of Utrecht, which were carried on unknown to Marlborough, to the destruction of the alliance and the confusion of all his plans. Never, perhaps, was so great a man treated with such contumely. His associate in his work, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the great financier of his time, had already fallen, leaving office so poor a man that he would have been wholly dependent on his relations but for the unexpected death of a brother, who left him a small fortune. He has left an account of his dismissal by the queen herself, and on the

ground, apparently, of personal offense, which is extraordinary indeed.

Anne herself was no doubt little more than a puppet in the hands of successive politicians at this unfortunate period. She had no longer an audacious Freeman to tell her unwelcome truths, and tease her with appeals and reproaches: but it is probable that she soon found her soft-voiced Abigail, her caressing duchess (of Somerset), little more satisfactory; never was a head that wore the crown more uneasy. She held fast to the power which she had been persuaded she was to get into her own hands when she was delivered from the sway of the Marlboroughs, and for a little while believed it possible that she could reign unaided. But this was a delusion that could not last long; indeed her death was hastened, it is said, by a violent altercation between Harley and St. John, when the inevitable struggle between the two who had pushed all competitors out of place occurred at last. They wrangled over the staff of office in Anne's very presence, overwhelming her with agitation and excitement.

Apart from politics, the royal existence was dull enough. When Dean Swift was at Windsor, following Harley and waiting for the decision of his Irish business, we have occasional glimpses through his eyes which show the tedium of the court. "There was a drawing-room to-day," he says; "but so few company that the queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood, about twenty of us around the room, while she looked round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The same authority mentions her way of taking exercise, which was a strange one. "The queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon," he says; "she drove in her chaise about forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner." "She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." Queen Anne's Ride and Queen Anne's Drive are still well-known names in the locality where the strange apparition of the queen, solitary in her high chaise, and "driving furiously" after the hunt, must once have been a familiar sight.

The end of this poor queen's life was disturbed by a new and terrible struggle, in which natural sentiment and public duty, and all the prepossessions and prejudices of her nature, were set in conflict one against the other. This was upon the question of the succession. The family of Hanover, the Electress Sophia and her son and grandson, had been chosen solemnly by Parliament as the nearest members of the royal race who were Protestants, and were recognized as the heirs to the throne in all public acts and in the prayers of the Church. But to Anne the house of Hanover was of no special interest. She did not love the idea of a successor at all. She had declared passionately to Marlborough that the proposed visit of the Hanoverian prince was a thing which she could not bear, and there was no friendship, nor even acquaintance, between her and relatives so far removed. But apart from all public knowledge, in the secret chambers and by the backstairs came whispers now of another name, that of James Stuart, more familiar and kindly — the baby brother about whom Anne had believed the prevailing fable that he was a supposititious child, for whom she had invented the name of the Pretender, but who now, in her childless decay, began to be presented before her as the victim of a great wrong. Poor queen! she was torn asunder by all these contradictions;

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

BLENHEIM.

and if her heart was melting toward her father's son, all the dull experience which she had acquired in spite of herself must have convinced her that this solution of the difficulty was impossible. Her life of late had been one long conflict; imperious Sarah first, then Harley and St. John quarreling in her very presence-chamber, and when the door was shut, and the curtains drawn, and all the world departed save Abigail lying on a mattress on the floor to be near her mistress, here was the most momentous question of all. She who desired nothing so much as quiet, and to be left in peace, was once again compelled to face a problem of the utmost importance to England, and on which she alone had the power to say a decisive word. Little wonder if Anne was harassed beyond all endurance. But those who pressed this question upon her waning senses were the instruments of their own overthrow. The powers of life, worn out before their time, could bear no more. The hopes of the Jacobite party were rising higher every day as the end drew near; but at the last she escaped them, having uttered no word of support to their cause, and in the confusion which ensued George I. was peacefully proclaimed as soon as the queen had slipped out of her lethargy beyond the boundaries of any earthly kingdom.

The Marlboroughs, who had been living on the Continent since their disgrace, came back after this new change. The duke's entry into London "in great state, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horseback and some of the nobility in their coaches," a few days after, is reported by one of the chroniclers of the time. The duchess followed him soon after, and whether her temper and disposition had so far mended as to allow him to enjoy the peace he had so often longed for by the side of her he loved, he had at least a tranquil evening time among his friends and dependents and the grandchildren who were to be his heirs, for only one of his own children survived at his death. Duchess Sarah lived long after him. She was sixty-two when he died, but nevertheless, in spite of temper and every other failing, was still charming enough to be sought in marriage by two distinguished suitors—one of them that proud Duke of Somerset whose first wife had supplanted her at court. She answered this potentate in the only way consistent with the dignity of a woman of her age and circumstances, but added, with a noble pride which sat well upon her, that had she been but half her age, not the emperor of the world should ever have filled the place sacred to great Marlborough. It is a pity we could not leave her here in the glow of this proud tenderness and constancy. She was capable of that and many other noble things, but not of holding her tongue, of withdrawing into the background, or accepting in other ways the natural change from maturity to age. Her restless energies, however, had some legitimate outlet. She finished Blenheim, and she wrote innumerable explanations and memoranda, which finally shaped themselves into that "Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough from her first Coming to Court," which is one of the most interesting of all *mémoires pour servir*. This was published in her eighty-second year, and it is curious to think of the vivacious and unsubdued spirit which could throw itself back so completely out of the calm of age into the conflicts and the very atmosphere of what had passed thirty years before. She also did her best to prepare for a great life of Marlborough, which should set him right with the world. But her time was not always so innocently employed, and it is to be feared that she wrangled to the end of her life. The "characters" of her contemporaries which she left behind are full of spite and malice. There was no peace in her soul. A characteristic little story is told of her in an illness. "Last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physicians said she must be blistered or she would die. She called out, 'I won't be blistered and I won't die!' and apparently for the moment kept her word." She lived long enough to be impaled by Pope in verses which an involuntary admiration for this daring, dauntless, impassioned woman makes us reluctant to quote. She survived almost her entire generation, and was capable of living a hundred years more had nature permitted. She was eighty-four when she succumbed at last, in the year 1744, thirty years after the death of the queen.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

JOHN MUIR.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

JOHN MUIR.

THE name of John Muir is inseparably connected with the Yosemite Valley and the alpine regions of the Sierra Nevada, and with the glaciers of Alaska, the greatest of which bears his name. When Ralph Waldo Emerson visited the Yosemite, Muir was his guide for a week, and on his return Emerson said of him, "He is more wonderful than Thoreau." Of Emerson, Muir wrote, "He is the Sequoia of the human race." When Agassiz and Joseph Leconte met in San Francisco, and were talking about the glaciers of the Pacific coast, Professor Leconte remarked that John Muir knew "more about the subject than any other man." "Yes," said Agassiz, bringing his hand down on the table by way of emphasis; "he knows *all* about it."

John Muir was born in Dunbar, Scotland, in 1836. His mother, Anne Gilrye, is a descendant of the old Scotch family of Gilderoy. His father, Daniel Muir, was a grain-merchant. John was the third child in a family of eight children, three boys and five girls. At three years of age he was sent to the public school, where for eight years he was put through the ordinary English branches, Latin, French, the Catechism, and the Bible, in the old Scotch style. In spite of hard lessons and many floggings, he grew up savagely strong, healthy, and active, fond of all kinds of games and of long tramps into the country and along the sea-shore.

In 1850 his father emigrated to the United States, and settled as a pioneer in the wilderness near Fox River, Wisconsin, twelve miles from Fort Winnebago, on an uncleared section of land bordered by a beautiful stream and a small lake, white with water-lilies. Birds and flowers, game and fish, made the farm a boy's

paradise, in spite of the hardest kind of toil in chopping, grubbing, and general farm-work. At the age of fifteen John's mechanical genius stirred within his brain, and while doing a man's work on the farm he rose, for months in succession, at one o'clock in the morning and worked until daylight, inventing and making mill-wheels, wooden clocks, and various other mechanical appliances. At the same time he read every book within reach, and studied grammar, algebra, and geometry, improving every available moment, keeping an open book beside him at his meals, and working out mathematical problems on chips or on the ground while he was at work in the field. At twenty-two he entered the University of Wisconsin, where he continued for four years. He taught school one winter, and worked at harvesting during the summer vacations, to earn money to pay his college expenses. He pursued a special scientific course, and, when that was completed, went off into the wilderness on a long botanical excursion around the great lakes. While on the Canada shore he worked for a year in a mill for making hand-rakes, lathes, boring-machines, and agricultural implements. Here he set about improving the old machinery, inventing new appliances, and in many ways increasing the product of the mill. All his leisure time was given to botanizing. The mill, however, took fire and burned down, and Muir went to Indianapolis, where he worked for a year in a large manufactory of carriage and wagon material. Here he was so highly appreciated that he was offered the place of foreman, with a prospective partnership; but one of his eyes was accidentally penetrated by the sharp point of a file, and after several weeks of confinement in a dark room, to quote his own words, he "determined to get away into the flowery wilderness to enjoy and lay in as large a stock as possible of God's wild beauty before the coming on of the times of darkness." Accordingly, he had scarcely recovered from the shock of his injury when he set out on his travels, afoot and alone, going southward on a botanizing tour across Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, reaching tide-water at Cedar Keys on the Gulf of Mexico.

In consequence of exposure in swamps, and from lying out at night on the bare ground, he was taken down with malarial fever. After partial recovery, he took passage in a schooner for Havana, intending to proceed thence to South America to explore the head waters of the Amazon and to float down the river to its mouth. But after spending a few months amid the tropical vegetation of Cuba, and finding that fever still lingered in his system, he reluctantly changed his plans, and turned his face toward California, where, going by the Panama route, he arrived in April, 1868. He at once set out on foot for the Yosemite Valley, botanizing on his way across the broad plains of the San Joaquin Valley, then covered with flowers. He made his way into the valley without a guide, while the trails were yet deeply buried in snow, and after a stay of ten days, his money having given out, returned to the lowlands and worked as a harvest hand in the wheat-fields. The following winter, glad to find any employment that allowed contact with nature, he herded sheep to earn a living while studying the flora of that region. With a migratory sheep-camp as his headquarters, he passed the summer in botanizing, and in sketching the head waters of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers. Returning to the plains in the autumn, he worked on a ranch for a few months, breaking mustangs and running a gang-plow, and then again pushed over the mountains into the Yosemite. There he was fortunate enough to find employment, and was thus enabled to make the great valley his home.

At that time Mr. J. M. Hutchings, the Yosemite pioneer, desiring to build some cottages to accommodate the increasing travel to the valley, and finding that cutting lumber by hand with whip-saws was a slow and very expensive method, determined to build a small sawmill. The frame of the mill was already up when Mr. Muir arrived on his second visit to the valley, and Mr. Hutchings was anxiously looking for some one to put in the machinery and run it. Finding, on inquiry, that John Muir the botanist was also a millwright, he gave him the job, and thus enabled him to carry on his famous explorations in the high Sierra until he began to write and could depend on his pen for bread. But it must not be supposed that any of the trees were cut down to supply the mill. All the logs were obtained from fallen timber, mostly yellow pine blown down in a gale. John Muir, of all men, would be the last one to lift an ax against the Yosemite groves.

When the mill was completed, he hung his bed in the peak of it, beneath the rafters, for the sake of fresh air and the music of the waters. On the end of the gable overhanging the stream he built a small room for a study and as a storehouse for his collections of plants, cones, sketches, and papers. In this little study, which could be entered only by climbing a narrow, rough-hewn plank, he had the honor of several visits from Emerson. Here, too, was written his first article on the Yosemite glaciers, which was published in the "New York Tribune" in 1871.

By working in the mill, Muir soon earned a few hundred dollars, enough to buy his bread for several years, and set out in glorious independence to make a systematic survey of the mountains, tracing every river to its source,

going from cañon to cañon in regular order, noting particularly the distribution of the forests and of the flora in general, the structure of the rocks, the traces of the ancient glaciers, and the influence they exerted in sculpturing the mountains, in creating valleys and lake-basins, and in fashioning the landscape. Wherever night overtook him, he made his camp. The scope of his studies was ever increasing, but he was never in a hurry. He took no note of time, for he had all the time there was. Throughout an entire day he could sit motionless, studying the habits of squirrel, or bird, or grasshopper; and every plant and animal was his friend. How lonely and adventurous his life was is strikingly manifested by the fact that during ten years of exploration in the high Sierra, with the single exception of a band of Mono Indians, he never met a human being.

His outfit on one of his ten-day excursions was the lightest possible. It consisted of a pocket aneroid, chronometer, and thermometer, a note-book and pencil, a few pounds of bread and oatmeal, a little tea and sugar, and a small tin can. After climbing a summit during the day, he descended at night to the timber-line, built a fire, made a can of tea, ate his bread, and lay down by the side of his camp-fire, with no other covering than that which he had worn during the day. At an elevation of from nine to twelve thousand feet (the height of the timber-line in the Sierra) the nights are severe, and the fire required to be replenished at intervals of about an hour, thus making his sleep a broken one. But this hardship was not without fine compensation in enabling him to hear the many strange sounds of the night, and to see the glories of the starry mountain sky. Blankets would have been a convenience, but in the rugged regions where he climbed it was impossible to carry them. A gun was too heavy to carry, and a pistol would have been only a useless encumbrance. Bears never molested him, and other animals were his companions. In this manner for years he studied the channels of ancient glaciers, pushed through the wildest cañons, and noted the forest-covered moraines.

Muir's numerous note-books of the period are filled with sketches of forest trees, mountain meadows and lakes, glaciers and moraines, domes and pinnacles, the cleavage planes of rocks, the direction of glacial striæ, and sections of mountains and valleys. So careful were his observations, so accurate his notes and sketches, that when he writes on geological subjects his statements and conclusions have the force of mathematical demonstration. He discovered and located sixty-five glaciers among mountain heights where none had been supposed to exist. From these fragmentary heads he traced the course of ancient glaciers far down the slopes of the Sierra toward the plains, in the valleys where now flow the rivers. Probably no living geologist has recognized so fully as he the vast amount of denudation effected by ice during the glacial period, and it is doubtful if any other man has made so exhaustive a study of the subject.

In his ten years of field-work he had some narrow escapes from death. Once he was caught in a snow-storm on the summit of Mount Shasta, where he lay all night long over the jets of sulphur steam in the crater, with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. He was in his shirt-sleeves, without food or fire, and a less hardy or less resolute man would have perished. He escaped with frozen feet, and a back blistered by the hot steam of the fumaroles. Once, when out with a surveying party in the Great Basin, he nearly perished with thirst, and but for his endurance and will-power the whole party might have been lost. On the Muir Glacier in Alaska he had a hair-breadth escape from a tomb in a deep crevasse.

For many successive summers and for five winters Muir made his home and headquarters in the Yosemite region. He spent the summers and autumns in exploring the mountains, and the winters in writing out his notes, studying storms and avalanches, and the habits of birds and animals. During his longer trips, when the last crumbs of bread were gone, he descended the range to the nearest point on the bread-line, filled his sack, and again vanished into the wilderness, often saying, at such times, that he wished he could eat one meal in the spring that would last all summer, so that he could go on with his studies uninterrupted. During this period he met many noted scientists who became his friends — Guyot, Harrington, the Lecontes, Sir Joseph Hooker, Asa Gray, Dr. Torrey, Dr. Parry, Professor Runkle of the Boston Institute of Technology, and others.

Emerson, Gray, Professor Runkle, and others offered him flattering inducements with a view to drawing him from the obscurity of his mountain haunts; but he declined them all, heartily choosing to pursue his studies in perfect independence, saying "that there were already plenty of professors in the colleges and few observers in the wilderness; that he wanted to be more than a professor, whether noticed in the world or not."

In 1876, after his ten years' residence in the Yosemite region, Mr. Muir joined an exploring party connected with the geodetic survey in the Great Basin, chiefly on account of the opportunity it afforded to study the botany and geology of the plateau between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. With this party he passed three summers, during which he became familiar with the country. In 1879 he went to

Alaska, and, in a canoe manned by Indians, began a careful exploration of the rugged icy region to the north of Fort Wrangel. It was then that he discovered the now famous Glacier Bay and the great glacier that bears his name. Here he saw glaciers on a yet grander scale than those which he claims once covered the summits and plowed out the cañons of California. He also pushed inland to the head waters of the Yukon and the Mackenzie rivers. He has since made three exploring trips to that region. In 1881 he accompanied one of the search expeditions for the lost *Jeannette*, and returned with a notebook full of sketches, and with an enlarged idea of the vast scale of ice denudation in the north. The scope of his studies during this cruise of the *Corwin* may be traced in the series of twenty-one letters to the San Francisco "Bulletin," and by his paper "On the Glaciation of the Pacific Coast and the Polar Region about Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean."

John Muir has not been a voluminous writer. He has chosen, in his enthusiastic love of nature, to be an original observer. His first notable articles appeared in the "Overland Monthly," in the form of a series of illustrated papers on mountain sculpture. Later, he contributed papers to "Harper's Magazine," which were followed in "The Century" (old series) by a number of illustrated articles on the forests, glaciers, and scenery of the Sierra. Two recent papers in THE CENTURY on the Yosemite Valley (August and September, 1890), and one on the great King's River Cañon (November, 1891), complete the list of his magazine articles.[1] He has also contributed from time to time many interesting articles to the San Francisco "Bulletin." For two years his leisure time was chiefly occupied in editing "Picturesque California," for which he himself wrote most of the descriptive text relating to the mountain scenery of the Pacific coast. He has recently been elected first president of the Sierra Club.

As an original observer and interpreter of nature, as a hardy and enthusiastic explorer, John Muir is without a rival in California. Indeed, it is safe to say that no other geologist has ever made so exhaustive a study, in so grand a field, of the agency of glaciers. He combines scientific accuracy of statement with a poetic expression which lends a singular charm to his writings. His descriptions of "Shasta Bees," "Mount Shasta," and the "Water Ousel" are prose poems; but the facts are as accurate as they could be made by the baldest statement of the most technical scientist.

It will be pleasant for those who read this brief sketch of his early struggles to know that John Muir is now in the enjoyment of a happy home and a comfortable income. In 1879 he married the only daughter of the late Dr. John Strentzel, a wealthy fruit-grower of Contra Costa County, and since that time, when not out on exploring trips, has been kept busy in the management of a large vineyard and orchard. Though money-making has been with him altogether secondary to science, his inherited Scotch thrift and his hard training on a Western farm combine to make him a shrewd and successful man of business.

In person Muir is tall and slender, possessed of great power of enduring hunger, thirst, and fatigue. As a mountain-climber few can keep pace with him. He is unassuming in manner, and simple in his tastes and habits. He is a ready talker, and, when drawn out by an interested listener, discourses in the most charming manner about birds and flowers, glaciers and mountains. He possesses an exhaustless fund of humor, and is inclined to look on the sunny side of life as well as of nature.

John Swett.

[1] It was to one of these papers, describing the wonderful country in the neighborhood of Yosemite, and setting forth the desirability of reserving these environs for public use, that was primarily due the establishment, in October, 1890, of the great Yosemite National Park, embracing a territory almost as large as the State of Rhode Island. Mr. Muir's article on the King's River Cañon, entitled "A Rival of the Yosemite," contained a similar suggestion, which led to the important series of forest reservations made by President Harrison and Secretary Noble in 1892–93, one of which includes the territory specifically proposed. It is not surprising that such a lover of Yosemite was also among the first to make energetic protest against the uninstructed meddling with the beauty of wildness of the valley, and to show the need of greater skill and care in the management of its affairs.— EDITOR.

MR. GADSBURY'S BROTHER.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"I 'M A-LOOKIN' FER HUGH GADSBURY."

NO more cheerful place could be found, even at that early hour,— quarter of nine in the morning,— than Mr. Gadsbury's study. This remote little room presented a strange and whimsical contrast to all other parts of the Gadsbury establishment. On the broad hearth blazed a typical country fire. The hearth itself was of rough, irregular stones, filled in with sand, which, as time wore on, had packed into the interstices. The burning logs of oak and hickory rested upon oblong pieces of limestone instead of highly polished brasses. The big, uncouth fireplace, and splint-seated chair in front of it, related the first page of Mr. Gadsbury's history, before New York knew the prominent banker and prosperous business man. It embalmed and conjured up familiar scenes, for Mr. Gadsbury was a mountaineer by birthright. If New York had left him any sentiment whatever, it perhaps evinced itself when he became a rich man and endeavored to recreate the crude comfort of the log cabin in a secluded corner of his city home. However, he basked in the genial warmth of the fire that morning, apparently unconscious of its cheeriness. The door behind him opened and closed without breaking his deep, absorbing contemplation of the coals glowing on the hearth.

"A letter, papa — such an odd, wholesome-looking letter."

The girl laid the letter — a folded sheet of foolscap — on his knee. She watched him in eager curiosity, while he read the difficult chirography of a hand not used to the pen.

"Something is wrong with you, papa," she said suddenly. "What is it?"

"Business troubles, daughter," he said, stroking her hair gently.

"But there are no business troubles in this letter," and with the audacity of a petted child she read the letter over his shoulder. "It says — oh, dear, what does it say? no beginning and no date. 'I'— that is an I—'will be thar a wensday —' This is Wednesday; he will come to-day— 'to git the money in yo bank. F. Gadsbury.' Now, who is the writer of this epistle, papa?"

"My brother."

The reply, brief as he could make it, brought the bright eyes back to his harassed countenance.

"There are coal and iron on his tract of mountain-land," Mr. Gadsbury went on, "and it has brought him a great sum of money."

"Is it in your bank, papa?"

"He thinks it is, Margaret," slowly replied her father; "but I invested it without asking his consent. It seemed absurd," he added more hastily, "to let such a sum of money lie in bank idle. The investment has not been fortunate; indeed none of my business has been fortunate of late."

"Oh, well, you may be fortunate to-day, papa, and that will remedy all."

Margaret kissed him, laughingly, and Mr. Gadsbury went away to his office, wondering to himself that such scant supplies of truth sufficed even the most interested parties. Every word had been absolutely true, but few — beyond Mr. Gadsbury — guessed how far short it fell of the whole truth. "The age of miracles is past, and only a miracle can save a ruined man," he reflected, as the terrible retrospect mirrored mistake after mistake with startling fidelity, now that it was too late. How he had lost his own in the muddy waters of stock-speculation, and then used his brother's money in futile efforts to retrieve himself. It was the old story — an every-day affair; only the rustic in

the log cabin down in the Virginia mountains might not see it in that light.

Mr. Gadsbury sat down before the capacious desk in his private office, and rested his chin on one hand in unwonted idleness. For the first time in his occupancy of the place he noted the bare outlook from the window. Naked, ugly, rain-stained walls; chimneys from which the good old-time blue smoke never curled—he had never observed them until to-day. In the past busy years no poesy to him had been so sweet and thrilling, no symphony so harmonious, as a rise in the stocks he held; no sentiment so noble as a first mortgage trust-deed. There was utter absence of excitement now. Life looked gray and barren and wretched, as it narrowed into a rugged path. With mechanical precision he read and replied to numerous letters. An hour had passed when the door opened unceremoniously, and a visitor walked in. He was a tall, lank man, in a long, ill-fitting home-made overcoat of homespun, a rusty, broad-brimmed slouch-hat, a blue cotton shirt, and heavy boots. Removing his yarn mittens, the stranger drew out a red bandana, and mopped his swarthy, wrinkled face.

"I 'm a-lookin' fer Hugh Gadsbury," he presently announced. "I 'm kin to him, en come ter settle a trifle o' business with his bank."

Mr. Gadsbury gazed at the visitor in some surprise, and a slow gladdening of expression checked by the concluding words. He himself had changed beyond recognition, in thirty years' separation, but this tall mountaineer had merely wrinkled and grown thinner.

"Frederick, you don't remember me; I am Hugh."

Mr. Gadsbury held out his smooth, white hand. It was grasped with uncomfortable cordiality.

"Dunno es I 'd 'a' thought so, ef you had n't 'a' told me," retorted Mr. Gadsbury's brother. "You 're a-gittin' ter look settled like, en actilly you 're a-gittin' gray."

"You must expect me to change in thirty years, although I perceive small alteration in you. Sit down. This is my office; later in the day we will go to my house."

The visitor seated himself, and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"It 's been thirty yeah sence you lef' us, but thar ain't no gre't change savin' fer the ore," he remarked pensively, tugging at a grizzled forelock; "but seems like thar 's some news." He proceeded to relate the happenings upon "the ridge," with a quaint assumption of interest and familiarity on the part of his hearer, bridging the gap, and taking up life where it had stopped in the mountains thirty years before. Mr. Gadsbury listened without interruption. For one instant he seemed to see the steep gray ledges, and to hear the whir of the startled pheasant or the wail of snipe descending the ravines; he seemed to feel the fresh mountain air blowing in his face the resinous odor of pines.

"En—well—dunno but that 's all as has took place sence you lef'," his brother was saying; "that ar jacket en pants you lef' home whenst you kem heah has been thar ev'y sence. I had n't no load on the beas' when I rid ter station, so I fotched it."

Diving into his well-worn saddle-bags, Frederick Gadsbury extracted therefrom an attenuated suit of butternut.

"You 've kind o' stoutened, you hev. I don't b'lieve you kin git 'em on."

The mountaineer held up the elaborately patched trousers. Their dimensions appeared woefully diminutive beside the banker's well-rounded legs. "I was a slim boy at fifteen," remarked Mr. Gadsbury, smiling. "Why did you not use them, Frederick, for your boys, instead of keeping them thirty years?"

"They war n't mine, an' ef I ain't got things belongin' ter me, I 'low to mek shift 'thout 'em."

Mr. Gadsbury was holding the trousers at arm's-length, surveying their grotesque shabbiness with curious interest. They dropped suddenly to the floor.

"I 'll keep them, Frederick. They were my sole possessions to commence with; who knows that I may have anything more valuable at the end of life?" suddenly replied Mr. Gadsbury, folding the garments carefully, and pushing them back into one of the compartments of the huge walnut desk. The banker turned to his paper, intense anxiety and harassment drifting back into his countenance.

"It 's gittin' on ter 'leving o'clock," observed the mountaineer. "I told them men as wants my ore ter come heah, ef they hed a notion er buyin' out my foddah fiel's."

"You were very wise, Frederick. I can, of course, make better terms. What value do you put upon your share of the ore lands?" inquired Mr. Gadsbury, zealous that no advantage should be taken of this new and verdant Crœsus.

"I ain't got no shur. I 've got the beginnin' en eand of it. It goes up Gum Holler, en 'crost Piney Ridge, en th'ough Huckleberry Gap, en I 've kind o' fixed what I 'm a-goin' ter arsk 'em. Dunno es they 'll give it, but ef they don't, I kin bu'n coal the balance o' my life, en save haulin' wood," explained Mr. Gadsbury's brother, as he drew from his inexhaustible pockets a formidable knife, and fell to a vigorous whittling of his hickory walking-stick.

"At least you will not close the transaction without consulting me," urged the banker.

"They will discover your lack of experience, and outwit you; besides, I can point out good investments, in which you may double your money."

"Dunno but it 's 'nough fer me — mo' 'n I keer fer. I kin put it in lan', er suthin'; leastways I won't hev no specalatin', es I tol' you 'bout the money you 've got now. The one hundred en fifty thousand dollars, ain't it?"

A shadow drifted across Mr. Gadsbury's features as he said, "That was the sum."

"En seventy-five cents," added his brother, slowly.

"Yes; and seventy-five cents," echoed Mr. Gadsbury. "You are very precise."

"The seventy-five cents air paht of the money," was the logical response. "I loant you that 'ca'se I paid my boy fer them pa't-'idges you bought las' fall, when that feller es wuks the ore brung 'em heah ter sell fer him."

"I remember the partridges. The man stated that you would call for the money yourself."

"True 'nough. We kin settle up when them men is done their talk."

He was interrupted by the arrival of the expected purchasers of his property. Mr. Gadsbury recognized them as men whose wealth and business schemes were on a plane with his own, but while the banker's wealth and fortunate deals must already be spoken of in the past tense, theirs might be so described any day. Dismay at the bare idea, the sheer madness, of a verdant mountaineer venturing to bargain with these shrewd capitalists outran surprise, although plainly that individual did not share this apprehension. Removing his hat, Frederick Gadsbury produced a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, slipped the string holding them together over his head, replaced his hat, tilted his chair, and went on whittling. Of the preliminary skirmish-line of remark Mr. Gadsbury's brother seemed totally unconscious, until the banker, who had borne a large part in the general affability, turned to him and said impressively:

"Frederick, these gentlemen have met here by appointment on your business. Their time is of great value. They wish you to give close attention to what they are saying."

"Jes so; but they ain't said nothin' yit wuth 'tendin' ter," candidly rejoined the whittler, glancing over his spectacles at the opulent New Yorkers.

"They desire to know the lowest possible sum you will take for your property," went on Mr. Gadsbury, ignoring the reflection upon their conversation.

"Yes, sir; the lowest, the very lowest," briskly added Mr. Asbury, the manufacturer. "We do not consider the investment a safe one, but we are willing to risk moderately. We may lose money in the end."

"Think so? You 'll hev ter be pow'ful trifiin' ef you do," returned the mountaineer. "It fotches me a sight o' foddah fer the cattle. I ain't no call ter sell, savin' fer the pesterin' of them Yankees, es is nosin' roun' in ev'rythin'."

"Ah, yes; I presume they do develop the natural resources of a region," replied Mr. Jonas, the rich railway king, who managed his roads so skilfully that in the end they were bought in by himself and a syndicate of congenial capitalists.

"Now, what price do you ask for your fodder fields?"

Mr. Gadsbury's brother settled the steel-rimmed spectacles further down toward the tip of his nose.

"Sence you arsk me, I can't do no less 'n tell you. I won't teck nary cent un'er fo' hundred thousing dollahs," he slowly replied.

"It 's preposterous! Perfectly insane!" ejaculated Mr. Jonas, excitedly.

"Say fifty thousand, and we may talk to you!" cried Judge Hexham, in the tone he was wont to use when extinguishing a damaging witness.

"Or even one hundred thousand," supplemented quiet Mr. Gadkins, astutely observant of the utterly unmoved aspect of the tanned and wrinkled visage opposite them.

"Its value must be fairly estimated," observed Mr. Gadsbury in an inexplicable tone, which might be interpreted in a partizan light, by either buyer or seller.

"Very true," chimed in Mr. Jonas; "such a sum of money ought to buy out your State."

"Or twenty ore beds," added Mr. Asbury.

"We don't entertain any such proposition. Now, my friend, we offer you one hundred thousand dollars for right, title, and possession of your land, and its minerals, or whatever it has on it, or under it," summed up Judge Hexham, making very great effort to reduce his English to the comprehension of a backwoodsman.

Mr. Gadsbury's brother readjusted his spectacles, and scanned the staring white face of an overgrown silver watch interrogatively. "It 's jes twenty minutes ter twel'," he said, placing the formidable timepiece on the desk beside him. "That 's nigh 'bout grub-time, ain't it?"

"Right you are, sir; and as soon as our business is settled, you must take a glass of moonshine with me," seductively observed the manufacturer, in the firm belief that this was the natural beverage of a mountaineer.

"Dunno es 't would hurt me, onliest I don't drink liquor; but I was a-goin' ter say es twel' 's

my eatin'-time, en I 'm a-goin' ter say mo', es I 'd give you till twel' by sun ter mek up yo' mine, whuthah you kin gimme fo' hundred housing fer my cattle-grazin' er no—"

"Preposterous! Positively preposterous!" wildly interrupted Mr. Asbury, nettled by the imperturbable mien of the man.

"It 's more money than you know what to do with. Come down to business, now — what do you want for the property?"

"I said fo' hundred housing, did n't I?" inquired Frederick Gadsbury, in perplexed effort to remember.

"That 's your asking price; now give us your selling price."

"These gentlemen wish to give you a fair price, Frederick," interposed the banker in a conciliatory manner, meant to encourage all parties.

"Mebbe so. I 've heern es Yankees is pow'ful tight-fisted en stingy," was the phlegmatic reply.

Mr. Gadsbury ventured no further remarks. His efforts, slight as they were, proved less than fortunate. The four capitalists retired to a window, and conferred in low voices for several minutes. The banker resumed his writing, the whittler continued his whittling; the big silver watch ticked remorselessly on its way to midday. Having arrived at some agreement with one another, the gentlemen again approached the desk, against which the mountaineer now rested the back of his chair.

"My dear sir," persuasively began Judge Hexham, "we have reconsidered this matter."

"Jes so, stranger."

"Our outlay," he continued, "has been enormous, in machinery, hands, and opening up the ore: in short, we have determined not to lose what we have already invested, but to offer you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Mr. Gadsbury's brother shut his knife, and restored it to his pocket with great deliberation.

"That 's a pow'ful pile o' money," he assented.

"Immense," answered several voices at once.

"Dunno but it 's jes this way. I tol' you the lan' were wuth fo' hundred housing dollahs, en I won't tek no less fer it, en I 'm a-goin' ter say mo'ovah es it 's eatin'-time, en I 'm a-goin' ter git my victuals."

"But, my dear sir!"

"One moment."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand!"

The loud remonstrant voices failed to detain the mountaineer.

"I said I 'd talk till twel'," he paused to reiterate in his monotonous tone. "It 's twel' now; I hev n't no mo' talk in me."

A very real consternation overspread the faces of the shrewd bargainers for mountain values.

"He wants to sleep on our offer," suggested Mr. Asbury, in angry jest. "He can't take in the idea of so much money."

"There is nothing more difficult than business with these illiterate Southern mountaineers," Judge Hexham commented, in ill-concealed irritation. "One must haggle and chaffer like an old woman over a dozen eggs, or a scrap of tape. Such dense ignorance is found nowhere else. The poor wretch don't know when he has a good thing."

"You must give him time; he is quite unaccustomed to business," apologetically observed Mr. Gadsbury.

"Yes; we must give him a chance to recover his breath," jocularly retorted Mr. Jonas, without relaxing the frown drawing his heavy brows together. They easily agreed to appoint the same hour on the following day, provided the banker could prevail upon his brother to meet them. Mr. Gadsbury engaged to do so, as far as in him lay; he would at least impress upon him the heinous sin of wasting so much valuable time, by making four such men hold a useless rendezvous in his office. It was plain to Mr. Gadsbury that as possession of the property appeared elusive it became the more eagerly desired.

The mountaineer assented indifferently to the proposed interview, but if the banker meditated suggestion or counsel, no opportunity offered. The subject filling and absorbing every thought of one brother seemed forgotten by the other. For obvious reasons, Mr. Gadsbury experienced intense relief that the sale of the lands reached no conclusion. He well knew that the reckoning with himself must follow. The final blow at his own tottering fortunes must then fall, and a conviction gained upon him, as he sat on one side of the ugly fireplace that night, and watched the red light of the flame glimmer and gleam on the wrinkled countenance of his brother, that this man, so tenacious, so stoical, so self-contained, would never condone the wrong against him. Under whatever rhetorical guise he might present it, as a blunder, misfortune, speculation, Mr. Gadsbury feared, with a mighty terror in his heart, it would avail him nothing. It was robbery, neither more nor less than robbery. The delay was merely a brief respite to himself. He apologized eloquently, the next morning, when the would-be purchasers entered his office, only to find the owner of the coveted property not yet arrived.

"I am positive he will be here," the banker assured them.

"Have you any idea of his state of mind this morning?" inquired Mr. Asbury.

Mr. Gadsbury confessed himself befogged,

and utterly incapable of even conjecture upon that occult subject.

"He will come to terms; he is getting used to the expectation of wealth," predicted Judge Hexham, holding to a lawyer's faith in the subtle seductions of money.

At that moment the door opened hurriedly, and Frederick Gadsbury hastened in.

"I ain't skurcely got my wind yit," he said, balancing his spectacles upon the acute angle of his nose. "Ab'um Moonlight from our way is waitin' out 'n the road fer me; then we 're a-goin' ter git sommut to eat."

"I 'll be glad to have you take some oysters with me, when our little affairs are straight," airily insisted Mr. Asbury. "You really must do it."

The mountaineer declined. "I don't eat no sech thing es o'sters," he said; "but time 's gittin' 'long, en Ab'um 's out yandeh."

"We made you an offer yesterday," began Judge Hexham, "a liberal offer — too liberal, but we mean to stand by it to-day; we still say two hundred and fifty thousand."

The four gentlemen smiled simultaneously, in admiration of their own magnanimity.

"It don't come up ter my figgah," the mountaineer rejoined.

"The offer is simply fabulous; did n't you think it over last night?"

"Dunno but I thought a pow'ful lot o' that two hundred en fifty thousing," was the frank admission.

"Of course you did; kept you awake all night," cried Mr. Jonas, in triumph.

"It mought 'a' done it," the mountaineer slowly answered, "fer I tu'ned it ovah in my min'."

"I was sure of it. Pray remember, gentlemen, that I expressed myself as to his intentions before he came in. In my profession we read human nature." Judge Hexham nodded to his companions as he spoke, and smiled meaningly.

"I was a-goin' ter say," the mountaineer went on, "es I 'd offah it fer fo' hundred en fifty thousing dollahs."

"You said four hundred thousand."

"You 've added fifty thousand."

"It 's extortion! You 're insane!" said the three men together.

"Think so?" queried the banker's brother, patiently. "Then it 's no good a-talkin'. Ef you gimme fo' hundred en fifty thousing you 'll git it; ef you don't gimme fo' hundred en fifty thousing you won't git it."

"We won't give it! We decline to be fleeced! You can't get it from anybody else!" sharply replied Mr. Asbury.

"Think not? Dunno es I kin. It 's my price to-day. Ab'um 's a-waitin', en my say-so 's out."

"One moment, Frederick," Mr. Gadsbury said, as his brother rose, shook out his long coat-tails, and crossed the floor in two or three strides.

"Stop a bit," cried Mr. Jonas.

"Meet us here to-morrow, my friend. We mean to do right by you — we do indeed," urged the judge, speaking in a gush of generous feeling born of the imminent jeopardy of his scheme.

The mountaineer pondered, while he slowly pulled at his long forelock.

"Mo'nin' me 'n' Ab'um 's ter see them ships —"

"Say three in the afternoon," suggested the judge; "but suit yourself."

"I 'll come to-morry aftahnoon," he said, disdaining any reference to the hour.

Five minutes later, when Judge Hexham and his friends walked down the street together, they saw Mr. Gadsbury's brother and "Ab'um" Moonlight purchasing gingerbread at a neighboring stall.

"Is the man shrewd or simple?" asked the lawyer, meditatively.

No one answered the question. Their belief was that no one could be shrewd whose wits were not sharpened upon those of their fellows. They were not mountain-bred. They knew nothing of the unsounded depths of men who lived with nature, always in the grand limitless open — men who thought all things human and human-made trivial and unworthy of effort.

Hugh Gadsbury leaped the interim of thirty years, and comprehended something of the hidden force of a man who had no ends to serve, no ambitions, no longings, no envies to cause a divergence from the simple purpose before him. According to Frederick Gadsbury's lights, poverty was the natural following of rash expenditure. He saw no humiliation or self-denial in not spending money when one had no money of his own. It was not an enlightened creed, perhaps, but civilization did not march apace in the gloomy recesses of the mountains. The hands of the clock pointed to five minutes of three when Mr. Gadsbury and his brother reached the office of the former. The banker doffed his shining beaver. The mountaineer pushed his rusty felt to the back of his head. Notwithstanding the keen winter air, Hugh Gadsbury's complexion had lost even its natural glow. Pale, careworn, and miserable, the once prosperous and confident man of business cowered in dread before this ignorant clod whose homely wisdom he had despised. He knew that the finale had come, that he stood upon the brink of his own financial grave, and that in less than an hour he must be entombed therein. No convicted criminal waiting under the black beam ever cast a more shuddering glance into the yawning chasm at his feet than the banker mentally turned upon the reckon-

ing that in an hour would complete and publish his ruin. He had risked his brother's money, and lost it. What might not this mountaineer do when he discovered the truth? He who held to the seventy-five cents must be enraged when he required the hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and found it absolutely gone. Gone — every penny swept away. The penurious countryman would go mad with rage at such wholesale plundering. What — what would he do? The clear, cruel figures of the appalling deficit inscribed themselves everywhere — upon the windows, the floor, the blank walls, as of old the affrighted eyes of Belshazzar read the casting up of life's account. A miserable de-

GADSBURY AND ABRAM MOONLIGHT.

spair closed over Mr. Gadsbury as he unlocked his desk. One of the compartments opened, and something tumbled in a loose heap before him. It was only the shabby, patched suit of homespun, but to the distorted fancy of the unnerved, ruined speculator, the garments suggested the prison garb of shame. A cold moisture gathered over Mr. Gadsbury's face. It grew livid in hue, old and broken in aspect. Those eternal minutes dragged on, while the mountaineer fitted the antiquated spectacles to his nose, and studied out the limit of his time on the staring white face of the silver watch. Punctually at three the four gentlemen appeared, all affable, smiling, and a trifle jocular.

"Trust that we have not kept you waiting, Mr. Gadsbury," courteously remarked Mr. Jonas.

With a cold suspicion enhancing the chill already upon him, the banker noted that the capitalist saluted him carelessly.

"'T won't hu't nuthin' ef you hev," rejoined the mountaineer, indifferently.

"You take life at a leisurely pace very wise indeed. I hope that becoming a rich man will make no alteration in your primitive habits," agreeably observed Judge Hexham, seating himself in a chair, and resting his beaver on his knee.

"Dunno es it will. Shill git new spec's es 'll stay on 'thout jerkin' off my hat ter slip that ar string ovah my head, en I 'm goin' ter git a new gun en two mo' settah pups. It 's turrible extravagant, but I 'low ter pay fer it squanderin' foxes. They 're pow'ful bad, our way," replied Frederick Gadsbury, with unusual loquacity.

"Fine sport, I grant you; nothing more exciting than a fox in full run," enthusiastically cried Mr. Jonas, who had never seen a live fox in his life, except in a collection of animals.

"We don't run 'em fer aftah we wunst draw a bead on the varmints," was the slow answer.

"Well, we must finish up our business now; then you can get your new gun," pleasantly interposed Mr. Asbury.

"And your spec's — don't forget your spec's," added Mr. Jonas, facetiously. "Come right down to business, no chaff; what do you say to two hundred and sixty thousand — just ten thousand more than we offered yesterday, more than a quarter of a million of money."

"So 't is; but I hev n't nuthin' ter say. 'T wa'n't nevah nuthin' gained by a-singin' the same chune ovah en ovah. Two hundred en sixty thousing won't git my foddah fiel's."

The unhurried, monotonous drawl of the mountaineer seemed clipped sharply off by the brisk, acrid tones of Mr. Jonas.

"What will get them, then? Tell us that, and be done with it."

"Sence you arsk me, I 'm a-goin' fer ter say es my ole foddah fiel's en cattle-grazin' kin be got fer fo' hundred en seventy-five thousing dollahs."

"You 're a madman, a sharper!" cried Mr. Jonas. "You offered it for four hundred and fifty."

"Jes so, kurnel," rejoined the mountaineer; "but I said that yistidday — er were it the day befo'?"

"Yesterday you said four hundred and fifty thousand, and now you go back on your own offer," savagely retorted Mr. Jonas.

"You don't understand business, sir," fiercely added Mr. Asbury. "An offer is an offer."

"Dunno es I un'erstan' much 'bout business," admitted the mountaineer in his unaggressive, spiritless manner. "It were yistidday I made that offah — wa'n't it?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

"Yistidday were yistidday," was the logical

reply; "'s mornin' fo' hundred en seventy-five will fotch 'em."

"It 's ruinous. You are plucking us unmercifully," commented Mr. Jonas, to all intents vanquished by such dense stolidity.

"It 's too much. The ore may soon be exhausted, and there is very little coal," dejectedly urged Mr. Asbury, leaning his chin on the smooth golden head of his cane.

The mountaineer pulled at his grizzled forelock pensively, then tore off a formidable piece of home-grown tobacco-leaf.

"It 's my idee," he said patiently, "es coal is wuthless. A couple o' hickory logs, with a sight o' fat pine-knots chocked un'er 'em, a-bu'nin' feuyus, beats coal; but ef you hanker aftah it, you won't nevvah root ter bottom o' that coal."

"Not at all. Reconsider by all means, my dear sir," urged the judge.

"Bein' as you arsk me ter tek back my offah, I 've 'greed es I 'd do it. I 'm a-goin' ter say, you kin get my ore en the balance o' truck you 're aftah fer five hundred thousing dollahs, en not a penny un'er."

One instant of dazed, intensified silence evinced the shock of this announcement; then the manufacturer brought his cane down upon the floor with a ferocious force. "Give him the five hundred before he gets up to a million," he said angrily.

"Yes, yes; give it to him! Take him up!" cried the others, in apparent haste to escape.

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

THE FOUR CAPITALISTS.

"Your figures are above us. Suppose now, my friend, that you take back that offer," began Judge Hexham in insidious persuasion. "You want to deal generously with us."

"Jes so; I 've tuk it."

"And, my good friend, you are an honest, long-headed man, a man of shrewd intelligence, willing to do the fair thing by us;"—the judge smiled gently, and dropped into confidential accentuation—"now, suppose you make another reasonable offer of the property. We have left it to you all along—we leave it to you now—to say what you will take. We all know the open-hearted liberality of your section. We won't chaffer about it."

The banker's brother lifted his gaze from an earnest contemplation of the big watch.

"'T won't hu't ter tek back my offah," he agreed.

The shrewd faces enlivened at this reiterated acquiescence. They eyed him hopefully, as he stretched his legs to their full length, indifferently.

"We will give your price."

"Jes es you choose; 't won't hu't nuthin'," assented the mountaineer, without moving a muscle of his weather-browned face.

Half an hour later the ore lands had passed from the possession of Mr. Gadsbury's brother to that of the company of New-York capitalists, and those enterprising gentlemen appeared in no wise dissatisfied with their bargain.

"Come out en tek a hunt, en kick up yo' heels on Piney Ridge," the mountaineer hospitably urged, with an inclusive wave of his hand toward the dignified citizens buttoning their overcoats as they hastened away to other schemes and speculative investments.

"Time 's a-gittin' on, Hugh," he added, facing the banker, as the door shut out the strangers. "Me 'n' you must squaire up moughty fas'."

"Yes; sit down, Frederick. I have some explanations to make."

Mr. Gadsbury spoke in faint tones. Dismay and cowardice overpowered him in this supreme moment of his career.

"'T ain't no time fer explainin' things that can be writ," replied the mountaineer. "You

hed a moughty sight o' money them furnace-men paid you on my say-so."

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars," stated Mr. Gadsbury, shifting his gaze to avoid the keen eyes.

"En seventy-five cents," supplemented his brother.

"Yes—yes; in God's name take the seventy-five cents, Frederick, lest I forget it."

The banker laid three silver quarters on the desk before him, breaking into an angry laugh as he did so. It struck him as grimly humorous that these three coins were all his brother would ever see of the great sum intrusted to him for deposit in bank. The mountaineer eyed the modest sum doubtfully.

"That seventy-five cents oughter drawed intrus'," he said, without touching it. "Sommut mo' 'n what I fust loant oughter come back."

"How much is it?" feverishly demanded the banker, a look of fierce despair on his countenance, as he nervously twisted the tiny key in the lock of a small drawer of the desk.

"Ef it hed been a dollah, 't 'u'd 'a' brung me six cents intrus', bein' it 's been out a yeah an' two months," was the perplexed response. "Reckon five cents intrus' mought mek it right."

"There it is, if you want it." Mr. Gadsbury laid a nickel on the pile of quarters.

"I want it sho, 'ca'se it b'longs ter me," the mountaineer replied, gathering in the money carefully.

Mr. Gadsbury looked on, despair mingling with bitter amusement in the expression of his countenance; then with an abrupt movement he unlocked the small drawer, and opened it an inch or two. He could see what the other could not, the black muzzle of a pistol. Whatever his thought or intent, he had unlocked the drawer, and the drawer contained only a pistol.

"Now we 've settled 'bout that seventy-five cents, we kin talk 'bout the balance. I don't git no intrus' on anythin' savin' the seventy-five cents," resumed his brother, opening a huge wallet, and dropping the quarters one by one into it. "Thur now, I 've dropped that five-cent piece!" he exclaimed, as the nickel bounced from the desk and rolled out of sight. "Whur kin it hev got ter?" he reiterated helplessly, while he crawled on hands and knees over the carpet in fruitless search for the missing coin. "Seems like I 'm onlucky: fust lose my mule critter, and now that five-cent piece."

With a deep and dismal sigh, he rose reluctantly from his quest for the nickel.

"We must settle the balance now." Mr. Gadsbury folded his arms on the desk, and dropped his head upon them, in an attitude of misery painful to behold.

"I was a-goin' t' say, Hugh," his brother said, casting his eyes over the carpet in evident recollection of the lost coin, "that hundred en fifty thousing which come ter me fer r'yalty on my truck—"

"Yes; your royalty per ton, until you sold out," corrected Mr. Gadsbury, without looking up.

"Jes so—that hundred en fifty thousing, en the five hundred thousing t'-day, seein' I hev sol', meks six hundred en fifty thousing, don't it?"

"Yes," was the low, unsteady reply.

"En it 'll draw intrus' wunst it 's put out, won't it?"

"Yes."

"En it 's a powah o' money, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"'T 'u'd be a fohtin' 'mongst city folks, 'u'd n't it?"

"Yes."

Lower and lower the monosyllables sank.

"Harf of it 'u'd be wuth hevin'?"

"Yes."

"I 'm ga-oin' t' say es harf that money is youn; harf of it, savin' the money I give you fer y'ur shur o' the land."

Mr. Gadsbury raised his head, the color reddening and surging over his face.

"What do you mean, Frederick?" he asked, a quiver of feeling in his voice.

"I 'm a-goin' t' say furder"—the mountaineer paused to raise the waste-basket, to satisfy himself that the nickel had not lodged beneath—"es harf that big claim fathah lef' us was youn. You sol' it out t' me, en gimme my own time ter pay fer it es I could git the money. 'T were hard 'nough, savin' fer the cattle; they was lucky on it. Dunno es I could 'a' done it ef you had n't 'a' eased me 'long fer nigh on ten yeah. You was a-wantin' it yerself too, 'ca'se you were po' then; but ef you 'd 'a' pushed me fer the money, I 'd 'a' hed ter sell the lan' t' git it."

"I could work along without it then, Frederick."

The banker's voice was tremulous and husky.

"En I kin do 'thout mo' 'n harf this money now," answered his brother. "I hol' es you hed rights ter shur whatsomdevah 's top er bottom o' that claim fathah lef' us two boys, en I mos'ly do what I hold is hones' ter do."

"God is my witness, it is fairly and honestly yours."

Mr. Gadsbury gave the assurance earnestly, almost pleadingly, the flush deepening on his cheek as he gazed into the homely, rugged face confronting him.

"Fathah's meanin' were as one should n't git

no mo' from him en t' other. I bought the lan', but I did n't buy the truck un'er it."

A passionate intensity of perfect relief, of tender, grateful, peace — how great, how deep, no living creature guessed — seemed to overwhelm the banker.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he whispered.

"I 'll jes write my name ter this heah check," he found the mountaineer saying. "It 's fer yo' shur o' the balance o' the money; then I 'll look ag'in fer that five-cent piece."

Mr. Gadsbury laughed in boyish glee, as he had not laughed for years.

"I 'll bring it when I come to shoot partridges this fall," he said gaily; "or, better still, I 'll give you a nickel now, and take yours when it turns up."

The mountaineer laid down the pen, and handed the check to his brother.

"I al'ays fo'git ter put a 'r' in Gadsbury," he said, "but I 've put it ovah. We 're squaire now, Hugh — shur en shur ekil. I mus' be a-goin' ter that alavated railroad, es they call it. Me 'n' Ab'um Moonlight 's off fer home. Thanky fer the five cents. Ef you don't fin' mine, jes write. I 'll pay it sho. Good-by; come in shootin'-time; don't fo'git."

On the rough hearth, in the remote little study, the logs of hickory and oak are always aflame when nightfall brings Mr. Gadsbury to sit in the splint-seated chair, and to gaze into the red glow. The features limned in the blaze, the tones resonant in the hum of the burning, are perhaps those of Mr. Gadsbury's brother.

M. Frances Swann Williams.

RELICS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD lived a life of unrest; he never had an abode. His summer vacations at the old homestead in Waterford, Maine, were only brief moments of rest, and they were absolute periods of idleness. He liked to loaf, and turned the practice into an accomplishment. For years a roving printer, his fame made him more of a pilgrim. For the last six years of his life he lived in a valise, and accumulated no literary reserve. There are no old secretaries in the Waterford house lined with scraps and letters. Indeed, the house contained scarcely a reminiscence of the genius who went out from it.

Just before her death, Mrs. Caroline E. Browne, Mr. Browne's mother, presented the writer with the only literary relic left her by her son. It is an old-fashioned black morocco-bound notebook of the pattern of 1860,— the year in which it was bought,— combining the qualities of a pocket-book, calendar, and guide to New York city, a thing much needed by the showman, as he came fresh and green from the West. It did service until after his return from the Pacific coast in 1864.

CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD") AT TWENTY.

Here, in its worn pages, are to be found all the traces of his literary ways that survive. They show that he really had no methods at all beyond responding to the devil's call for copy in the office of "Vanity Fair." Humor must be jostled to display itself. To chance and incident Artemus owed much that was merry. These notes were jotted down in the cars with a blunt pencil — stray thoughts that

whisked into his mind on the railway rushes from place to place, between timid ponderings on the possibility of getting an audience at the next stop, for he was poor and felt the financial need of success beyond any craving for fame. Yet these dim lines were the threads upon which he strung the jewels of his wit. Often the ideas are found repeated, and in many cases the thoughts do not appear in any of his writings. But in almost every case the notion crops out somewhere, a better idea having popped into being at the moment of writing.

It is not possible, therefore, to make a transcript of these scribblings altogether intelligible. Only they do not need to be considered a meaningless jumble. Here, rambling across the pages, are such phrases of common quotation as "What is home without a mother?" "Coffee is a slow poison—slowest poison known." "Nearly all men are mortal." "Why do summer roses fade? Because it is their biz." "In the midst of life we are in debt." "His wife's mother on the female side."

His first lectures were not well attended. His reputation was purely that given by newspaper reprints of the showman's jokes, and newspapers did not reach as far then as now. Besides, the country was seething with excitement over the political situation preceding the near at hand outbreak of the rebellion. Yet for the public the note-book records this single reproach: "People who don't like my lecture won't come to a good end." The same page records the opinion that Albany, N. Y., "is a way-station." Albany did not attend the lecture. New Haven pleased him little better. The note-book says crossly, "New Haven depot—thought it was a dungeon."

Artemus once remarked that Shakspere would not have succeeded as the Washington correspondent of a New-York newspaper, because "he lacked the rekesite fancy and imaginashun," and he evidently believed that Shakspere had not done his best, for the note-book observes critically, "Shakspere would have signalized himself if he had tried."

The number of notices given the lecturer in the newspapers of the time was not so great that space could not be found for them in this note-book. Here they are gummed to the well-thumbed pages, evidently much read, and with wonderment whether more were to follow. The tone of them all is congratulatory—not exactly to the humorist, but that he should have succeeded in some measure in equaling anticipation.

Besides strings of lecture dates, and memoranda of money loaned, there are other pencil-marks in the book, the "printed" autographs of children whom he met in his travels. He encouraged them to write to him, and never failed to respond.

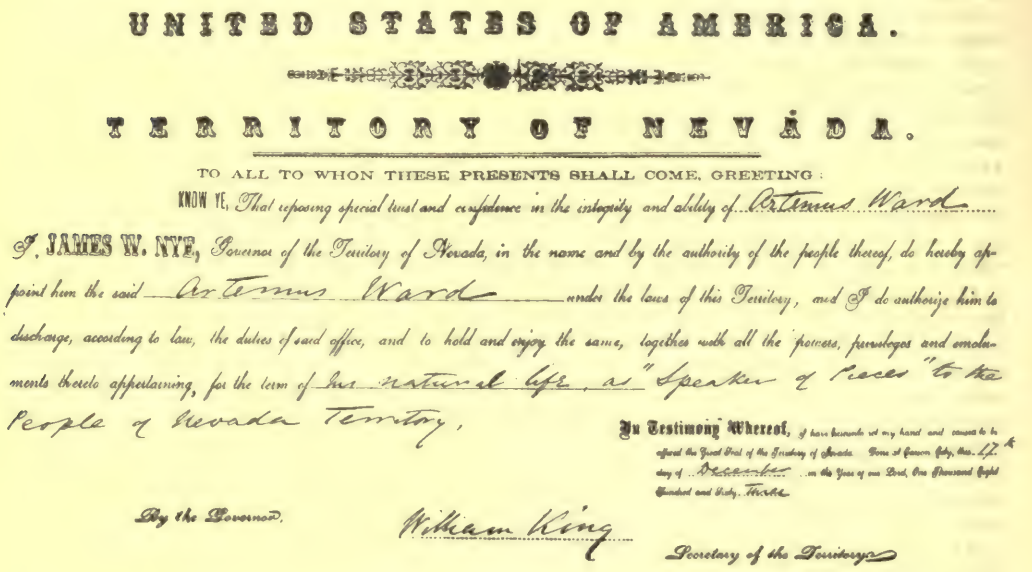
The only relics in possession of the family are a scrap-book, kept in London, and filled with the complimentary opinions of the English newspapers, and an account-book covering the year previous to Mr. Browne's departure for Europe—the season of 1865–66. It opened at Irving Hall, on Fifteenth street and Irving Place (now the Amberg Theater), on the evening of August 28, 1865, and the receipts for the first two weeks were $2117.50, of which the book notes "Ward" got $961.85. Six nights in Washington yielded $2008.75, of which Ward received $476. Two nights in Baltimore lacked just 25 cents of a tie, the receipts being $551.25 and $551. He had bad luck in Brooklyn, the town then possessing a smaller intellectual colony than now. Three nights were spent here, and $375, $75, and $279.25 were respectively received. Philadelphia did much better. Here the receipts for three nights were $485, $629.50, and $564. Montreal totaled $612.75 in four nights, and Cincinnati $1081. All these accounts, including a detail of expenses, were kept by the humorist, and may be classed as the first and only fiscal performances on his part. His agent, the late E. P. Hingston, had a heavy share in the receipts, and the expenditures were considerable. The lecture was "The Mormons." This last season was his most prosperous one. He hoped by success in England to make his American audiences larger. That success came, but brought with it the end of his life.

On one occasion he was tempted to tease his practical-minded mother. She visited Boston under the escort of Horace Maxfield, who was Mr. Browne's agent for a time, and who now drives the old-fashioned stage along the lake road from the railway terminus at Bridgton. Artemus was to lecture, and she was to hear him for the first time. The old lady had a favorite uncle by the name of Ransford Bates, and when she wished to give especial weight to some statement she would add, "My uncle Ransford Bates said so." Before the lecture began Artemus said to Maxfield: "I am going to bring in 'Uncle Ransford' this evening. You watch mother, and see her jump." Sure enough, at the end of some shocking absurdity he added, "I know it is true, for my uncle Ransford Bates said so." She jumped, and never quite forgave him for his irreverent use of such an important authority.

Artemus and Mr. Charles A. Shaw, now an attorney in Boston, traveled together as star and manager for a time, and the tours

were very successful. Autograph-hunting was at that time a national misdemeanor. Every night after the lecture an armful of albums would be found in the lecturer's room. Often he would be so much exhausted that he would throw himself on the bed with his feet on the foot-board, and refuse to see anybody, much less to write autographs. Being the right kind of advance agent, Mr. Shaw would write up the autographs himself, so that the community of collectors might not be disappointed in the morning, when they called for their books.

evening in company with Artemus, Shanly, and Neil Bryant, the trio broke out in a joyous carol. The song was interrupted by one of the then despised metropolitan policemen, who roughly ordered them to stop the noise. At this rude interruption Artemus stopped his song, and, turning, threw himself upon the broad bosom of the astonished policeman, and gave way to a gush of passionate tears. His friends endeavored to calm him, and the embarrassed officer, half choked by his warm embrace, begged him to desist, which he did,



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TERRITORY OF NEVADA.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING:

KNOW YE, That reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity and ability of Artemus Ward

I, JAMES W. NYE, Governor of the Territory of Nevada, in the name and by the authority of the people thereof, do hereby appoint him the said Artemus Ward under the laws of this Territory, and I do authorize him to discharge, according to law, the duties of said office, and to hold and enjoy the same, together with all the powers, privileges and emoluments thereto appertaining, for the term of his natural life, as "Speaker of Pieces" to the People of Nevada Territory,

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the Territory of Nevada. Done at Carson City, this 17th day of December in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty Three

By the Governor. William King Secretary of the Territory.

ARTEMUS WARD'S APPOINTMENT TO PUBLIC OFFICE.

His life in New York has left but few memorials. In one of his sketches he notes with emotion that the house in Varick street in which he used to board was being torn down, and that some of the timbers were being converted into canes that were cheap at a dollar. They would have been, indeed, had they existed. It was the merriest period in a career that was, after all, full of mental melancholy. His companions were a band of brilliant young Bohemians for whose kind the metropolis now contains no room. They were the last of their kind, and most of them lived but brief lives. They produced much that was brilliant, but nothing that lasted. Artemus alone won enduring fame. The others were writers, actors, and minstrels. The brothers Dan and Neil Bryant were eminent members of the clan, together with Charles Dawson Shanly, and a shining cluster of young men about town. One of the latter, who lived to become a staid merchant, used to relate with glee how, on leaving the little theater in Twenty-third street late one

with the declaration that "the metropolitan policeman is the noblest work of God." This sentiment secured escape and a continuance of the song.

He dearly loved his friends, especially those who had been such in adversity. One of these, Charles W. Coe of Cleveland, once visited Mr. Browne's mother at Waterford, and brought a letter of introduction prefaced thus: "Charles W. Coe of Cleveland, a friend who lasts all the year round," and reading: "Mother, this is Charles W. Coe, who was as much my friend when I was worth $15 per week as now."

His affection for Daniel Setchell, the comedian, was brotherly. Setchell often visited Waterford on his summer "loaf," as Ward called it. Setchell's pranks and Artemus's quaint, subtle humor and pensive jokes were a constant source of vexation to Mrs. Browne, who, being totally devoid of any humorous sense, could see nothing but annoying nonsense in "such actions," as she termed them. Setchell

was growing stout. When at Waterford he diligently sawed and split wood, carried water from the old well, and exerted himself as much as possible with a view to reducing his flesh. Artemus, who was thin and unutterably lazy, used to sit on the wood-pile and contemplate in a state of pleasurable indolence the exertions of his friend. "Poor Mr. Setchell," said the old lady once, in relating the performance, "he was always afraid he would die of apoplexy, and did the chores to get thin. And to think that, after all, he should have been drowned at sea!" Poor Setchell took passage for Australia on a ship that was never heard from again.

The portrait shows Artemus Ward at twenty. It was taken in Toledo, Ohio, where he went from Tiffin, his first Western stopping-place, and where he began his newspaper work. There is only one copy in existence. The woman in whose house Artemus found his home received it from him when he went to Cleveland, where his career really began. She ascertained that his mother was living, from an article in THE CENTURY describing his home and family, and sent the photograph to Mrs. Browne, who had never seen it. It shows the face of the gentle, whimsical country lad as it appeared at the period when he was passing from the crude apprenticeship of a wandering printer to an enduring place in American humorous literature. Indeed, he first taught the citizens of the republic how funny they really were.

The most successful experience in the lecturer's career, except the English experiment, was his journey to the Pacific coast and back across the continent, — talking jokes to the mining-camps and dodging predatory Indian war-parties. He met with a wonderful welcome everywhere. In Virginia City, Nevada, then an astonishing town with an opera-house, and three daily newspapers, and the Comstock pouring out its wealth, he had some of his most agreeable adventures. Here he met General James William Nye, then territorial governor, and the "Bill Nye" of the "Heathen Chinee." Nye was a living evidence of the kind of humor which Artemus so delightfully depicted, and he did not fail to give gratifying exhibitions of his accomplishments. The lecturer was greeted by great houses during his stay, and was "treated" in true mining-camp style. In a pocket of the old note-book there reposes an official certificate made out on one of the roughly printed territorial blanks, designating Artemus Ward as official "Speaker of Pieces to the People of Nevada Territory." Such a court as Nye kept was rich in securing such a jester even for a few nights only. The miners sent him a great golden chain so long that it could be worn about the neck, but so heavy that it could not be so carried without much discomfort.

Since the death of Mrs. Caroline E. Browne, which occurred in 1884, and by the provisions of her will, a simple but beautiful granite monument marks the plot in the Elm Vale Cemetery at Waterford where all the immediate family lie at rest together. Elm Vale takes its name from a noble farm christened and long owned by Robert Haskins, the uncle of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and under its towering trees the Concord philosopher passed many happy hours.

Don C. Seitz.

[For other articles and illustrations relating to Artemus Ward, see this magazine for October, 1878, November, 1880, and May, 1881.—EDITOR.]

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE PENSION BUREAU.

BY AN EMPLOYEE OF THE BUREAU.[1]

THE pension laws consist of a great many different enactments, passed by different Congresses, and constituting a code which is not in all respects consistent or harmonious. The general pension law, so called, provides for pensions on account of disability from wounds, injury, or disease incurred in, and by reason of, military service; and I assume that all will agree that the theory and purpose of such laws are just and beneficent. Certain other laws provide for pensions on account of past military service, without proof that the applicant became disabled thereby; and several thousand private pension bills have been enacted within the past few years, granting pensions to certain individuals, by name, who were not entitled to pension under the general pension law. The justice of some of these special enactments is more than doubtful; and I presume it is agreed also that there have been abuses and frauds practised in the administration of these laws, and that a desire prevails among a large class of the best citizens, irre-

[1] In 1881 a clerk in the bureau; after 1882 special examiner and supervising examiner of the Chicago district; since January 1, 1891, acting member of the Board of Pension Appeals.

spective of party, including a great many of the veterans of the late war, to remedy these abuses.

The condition of public sentiment in the Northern States is undoubtedly favorable to great liberality in legislating pensions to the soldiers of the late war. The public is not inclined to scrutinize the claims of individuals, nor, in fact, is the public able, if it were inclined, to distinguish always between the just and the fraudulent claim. It is not the business of the public to make these distinctions. It is the business and duty of the Pension Bureau to determine who are, and who are not, justly and legally entitled to pensions. Whether frauds are to be permitted, or winked at, must depend upon the efficiency and honesty with which that bureau is administered.

In considering the methods of the Pension Bureau in the annual disbursement of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, it should first be remembered that the business of that bureau has been conducted, hitherto, with a view to political results; that is, with a view to show that the party in power is "the friend of the soldier." This purpose underlies the official methods of the bureau. The Commissioner of Pensions seeks to show, in his annual reports, that he has transacted a larger volume of business than his predecessor; that is to say, has issued a larger number of pension certificates. This has been the aim, and it has been the achievement, of each successive commissioner for the past twelve years. Commissioner Dudley, Commissioner Black, Commissioner Tanner, and Commissioner Raum, each, in his turn, surpassed the record which had been made by his predecessor in the number of pension certificates issued per annum.

About the first of July, 1891, the beginning of the fiscal year, the Commissioner of Pensions called together the Chiefs of Division and announced to them his wish (which was construed as in the nature of a request or order) that the bureau should issue a thousand pension certificates per day, for each working day of the next ensuing year. In issuing this order, or request, the commissioner assumed to decide in advance that the claims which were to be adjudicated during the year following were meritorious, and must necessarily be allowed. He did not contemplate that any considerable number could be rejected, nor even that there would be any delay or difficulty about the proof. The Chiefs of Division exerted themselves not to disappoint his expectations, and there were issued during that year 311,589 certificates.

The aim and purpose of the Commissioner of Pensions to issue a large number of pension certificates are necessarily shared by his subordinates, of all grades, who aspire to stand well with their superior officers.

Commissioner Dudley, in 1881, stated to a congressional committee that if Congress would increase the clerical force of the bureau, as recommended by him (which Congress did), he would in three years' time wind up the business of the Pension Bureau by granting pensions to all who deserved them. No doubt Colonel Dudley was sincere in this statement, and expected by expediting the work of the bureau to perform his promise; but that astute and skilled politician was unable to foresee the immense and growing pressure of claims which was to ensue, and the facility with which they would be allowed.

The rejection of a claim is rarely considered a final action. The office never refuses to reopen and reconsider a claim upon the filing of any new and material evidence. Thousands of claims rejected by one commissioner are admitted by his successor. In fact, that a claim was rejected twelve, ten, or eight years ago would be but little reason for supposing that it would be rejected now.

Even the allowance of a claim is seldom a final action, for no sooner is a pension granted, usually, than the pensioner files another claim for increase. In many admitted claims, an application for increase has been filed as often as once a year, on an average, for many years. Claims for increase are frequently appealed to the Secretary of the Interior, and by him allowed. In a majority of such cases the application for increase originates with the attorney, whose object is to make his fee; in many cases the attorney files his appeal with the Secretary of the Interior without the knowledge of the pensioner, and sometimes after he is dead.

The pensioners of the United States may be divided into various classes.

1. They may be classified with reference to the rates of pension which they receive, which vary from $1 to $100 per month.

2. They may be classified with reference to the length of time the pensioner was in military service. Service in the late war varied, usually, from three months to four years. It counts nothing in favor of a claimant for pension that he served four years; and nothing against him that he served only three months.

3. They may be classified with reference to the date of filing the application. The date of filing, by the survivors of the late war, has varied from 1862 to the present year. The lateness of filing an application counts nothing against the applicant. Thus A, who served four years and was wounded in battle, filed his application in 1865, and is receiving a pension of $4 per month for his wound. B, who served three months in 1861, and was never in a battle, filed his claim in 1888, and

is now receiving a pension of $30 per month for "malarial poisoning."

4. They may also be classified with reference to the diseases, injuries, or wounds on account of which they are pensioned.

There is a laxness, growing out of the haste to accomplish results, in the administration of the pension laws, which tends to encourage and invite frauds. This opinion I know prevails extensively amongst the employees of the bureau. I heard the statement made by a supervising examiner in 1888, that thirty per cent. of the claims which were then being admitted were entirely without merit. This statement was probably an exaggeration; but it expressed an opinion which I think was not uncommon among the employees of the bureau.

To illustrate, by an example, the laxity of the present practice in the allowance of claims, I will refer to a certain case where pension was granted on account of partial deafness, notwithstanding that it was officially admitted that the deafness did not develop in a pensionable degree until twenty-nine years after the termination of the claimant's military service. I refer to the case of J—— S——, wherein a decision was rendered and published under the date of October 29, 1892, by the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, to whom the claim had been appealed. This claimant had filed his application in 1885, alleging that he incurred partial deafness in the service in the year 1862. The Pension Bureau allowed his claim, but, in accordance with what was stated to be its usual practice in such cases, granted the pension to commence in the year 1891, on the ground that, although he had filed his claim in 1885, his deafness had not existed in such a degree as would entitle him to a pension until 1891. The assistant secretary approved the allowance of the claim, and admitted that the action in fixing the date of commencement of pension was "logical" under the practice which had obtained; but he directed that the rules of the bureau should be modified so that Mr. S—— should be granted a nominal rate, commencing in 1885. This decision was published by the assistant secretary as a precedent for the guidance of the Pension Bureau in disposing of similar claims in the future, and for the information of the public.

There is a certain class of claims in connection with which I may consider the question, which has sometimes been mooted, whether collusion or venality has been practised by persons high in authority, in the allowance of fraudulent claims. If such frauds have been committed they have not so far been detected, although vigilant efforts have been made, at different times, to discover them. Colonel Dudley's record was vigorously investigated by his successor, General Black, who failed to discover any trace of venality in the former's administration. General Black himself retired from his office a poorer man than when he entered it. It is probably too soon to announce a confident opinion regarding the administration of the bureau during the past four years. The class of claims to which I refer, as affording opportunities for collusion and fraud in their allowance, are those in which pension is granted on account of the insanity of the applicant, and is paid to his guardian. Such pensions are always large in amount, the arrears frequently amounting to $5000, and in some cases $10,000, the rates varying, usually, from $24 to $72 per month with arrears. The pensioner is usually confined as an inmate of an insane asylum, in many cases has no near relatives, and derives little or no personal benefit from the pension which is paid to his guardian. The large sum of money paid in such cases serves as an incentive to the filing of claims on behalf of all ex-soldiers who are insane, it being always alleged (whether true or not) that the ex-soldier's insanity is the result of his military service. There are probably few insane ex-soldiers, in or out of the asylums, in whose behalf some guardian has not filed a claim for pension; the guardian procuring an appointment, frequently, with no other purpose than to prosecute such a claim. I venture to state the opinion, based upon some observation, that the files of the bureau would disclose that a large percentage of the admitted claims of this character are entirely without merit; hence, in respect to such claims, it is not surprising that venality is sometimes suspected. The motive of an act is properly judged by its quality. If the act is illegal or wrongful, the motive becomes a proper subject of suspicion.

In the claim of the guardian of G—— W——, insane, a decision was rendered and published by the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, July 11, 1889, which has served as a precedent for the settlement of similar claims since. That claim is a fair type of its class, and the decision of the assistant secretary is therefore interesting. Pension in this case was granted in 1885—not on account of insanity, but on account of disease of the bowels and malarial poisoning. (Incidentally it may be remarked that a great many pensions are now granted on account of "malarial poisoning.") At the time this pension was first granted in 1885, it was adjudged that the disability had theretofore been slight, and had in fact ceased to exist prior to 1882. A pension of $2 per month was granted for the period from 1865 to 1882, and was discontinued from the latter date on the ground that the disability had ceased to exist. It was at that time decided, in accordance with the

opinion of the medical referee of the Pension Bureau, that the soldier's insanity was not a result of the diseases above mentioned, nor of his military service. The assistant secretary, in his decision, concedes it to be a fact that the claimant had fully recovered his physical health prior to the year 1877. But the claim had in the mean time been reconsidered in the Pension Bureau; in 1888, pension had been restored and rerated; the guardian had been granted a rate of $8 per month from 1865, and $24 per month from and after 1882, on account of the diseases first mentioned and "resulting insanity,"—a decision by which he obtained additional arrears of pension amounting to nearly $3000. The guardian, however, was not satisfied with this amount, and appealed to the assistant secretary, who decided that the rate which had been granted him was too low; and, notwithstanding that the pension had once been rerated by the Pension Bureau, the assistant secretary rerated it again for the period from 1877 to 1889, and gave the guardian about $1500 more, besides increasing the rate for the future to $50 per month. The ex-soldier, Mr. W——, had spent the ten years from 1867 to 1877 in the Western Territories, and during said period it is conceded that he had fully recovered physical health. Yet his guardian is pensioned for his insanity, at $50 per month, upon the theory that this malady was caused by the slight previous disease of the bowels, and the inevitable "malarial poisoning"; he was loaded down with pension, first by the commissioner and then by the assistant secretary.

It may or it may not be significant that the guardian of G—— W—— had brought his patient to Washington, and had him confined in the Insane Asylum in that city, while his claim for rerating and increase was being pushed. To be more direct, I do not regard it as improbable that more or less collusion has been practised in the allowance of such claims. A pension of $3000, $5000, or $8000, with a current rate of $30, $50, or $72 per month, paid to the guardian of an insane man who is confined in an asylum, and who probably has no near relatives, is well adapted to being used or pledged for corrupt purposes.

It appears that a good many claims have been filed on behalf of inmates of the Government Insane Asylum in the District of Columbia, a fact to which allusion is made in the report of the Deputy Commissioner of Pensions for 1891. These claims, as a class, are also referred to more fully in the annual report of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior for 1892. The same assistant secretary who, in July, 1889, had increased and rerated the claim of G—— W—— above mentioned, in his annual report dated November, 1892 (near the end of his term of office), recommends that the law authorizing the allowance of such claims shall be repealed, or radically amended. The trouble, perhaps, is not with the law, but with the manner in which it has been executed.

In a claim of this character which came to my notice recently, I found it stated that the attorney was prosecuting the claims of five insane claimants, through their respective guardians. Undoubtedly this attorney had searched the records of some insane asylum to find clients. The importance of this class of claims arises not from their number, but from the large amount of money paid out on each claim. The 3253 pensioners who receive $72 per month receive, in the aggregate, $500,000 per annum more than the 48,000 who receive only $4 per month. There is little room to suspect collusion in the allowance of a pension of $4 per month; but it is quite different in respect to a pension of $50 or $72 per month, with back pension amounting to $5000 or $10,000.

It is easier to recognize the fact that abuses have been practised than to suggest a proper remedy. Public sentiment does not demand and would not sanction radical measures, conceived in any spirit of unfriendliness to the veterans as a class. Reform should be through conservative methods, with scrupulous care to protect all just rights. Furthermore, I believe that great administrative reforms can be accomplished without new legislation, at least without radical changes in existing law.

The most important, practical question is, How can the expenditures for pension be materially reduced by the correction of abuses and without any injustice to any who are rightfully entitled to pension? I believe that this result can be accomplished by the reduction of excessive rates. The rates of pension vary, as I have stated, from $1 to $100 per month, depending (in theory) upon the degree of the pensioner's disability caused by the wound, injury, or disease for which he is pensioned. Now those who are receiving the higher rates of pension are frequently those who were the latest to file their claims, who were but a short time in the military service, and whose claims are the most dubious in character, but have been pushed with the most vigor and persistency. A pension of $2 or $4 per month, granted a few years ago, has in many cases been increased, through the persistency of the applicant or his attorney, to $16, $24, or $30 per month. In the case above mentioned of the guardian of G—— W——, the rate of $2 per month, granted in 1885, was increased by the assistant secretary to $50 per month in 1889.

The following figures will show the number of invalid pensioners (as distinguished from widows and dependent relatives) on the rolls on June 30, 1885, 1887, and 1892, together

with the average monthly rates of pensions paid for those years, respectively. The average rate for those years is stated approximately, in round numbers:

Number of Invalid Pensioners.	*Average rate per month.*
1885 . . . 240,201	about $8.95
1887 . . . 297,726	" 9.50
1892 . . . 687,862	" 11.35

Of the 687,862 invalid pensioners on the rolls on June 30, 1892, there were 293,068 who were pensioned under the law of June 27, 1890, sometimes called the Dependent Pension Law, on account of disabilities which, either in whole or in part, were not the result of military service. Notwithstanding this heavy addition to the pension rolls, the average rate of pension has also steadily increased, as shown by the preceding tabulated statement. Since 1887 there have been no important changes in the laws which could warrant any material increase in the average rate of invalid pensions. On the contrary, the act of June 27, 1890, which authorizes rates only from $6 to $12 per month, instead of from $1 to $100, ought to have resulted, perhaps, in reducing the average. The increase in rates since 1887 is due almost entirely to the exercise of the discretionary power which is lodged in the Commissioner of Pensions. The pension roll in 1887 no doubt included every man who had lost a leg or arm, or had been seriously injured in any battle, or who, from any cause, was likely to be entitled to a high rate of pension. Yet the average rate of pension is higher now than it was in 1887, while the number of pensioners has more than doubled. The difference in the average rate, which amounts to about $1.85 per month, applied to 687,862 pensioners, amounts in the aggregate to over $15,000,000 per annum. In other words, if the Government paid the same average rate per month to all of the 687,862 invalid pensioners who are now on the roll, that was paid in 1887 to the 297,726 who were then on the roll, the annual appropriation would be about $15,000,000 less than is now required.

The following figures will show the percentage of increase in the number of invalid pensioners to whom have been granted some of the higher rates, since 1887:

Number receiving $14 per month.

1887 . . . . . 4829 1892 19,176

Increase of this class in five years, nearly 400 per cent.

Number receiving from $15 to $18 per month, inclusive.

1887 . . . . . 15,521 1892 47,091

Increase in five years, 300 per cent.

Number receiving $24 per month.

1887 . . . . . 12,581 1892 22,028

Increase in five years, 80 per cent.

Number receiving $30 per month.

1887 . . . . . 9739 1892 15,818

Increase in five years, 66 per cent.

Number receiving $50 and $72 per month (consolidated owing to changes in the law).

1887 . . .	$50	1313	1892 . . .	$50	285
	$72	1114		$72	3253
		2427			3538

Increase, 45 per cent.

In certain cases, as where the pensioner has lost a limb, the rate of pension is specified in the statute; and for certain other injuries and causes of disability, the rate is prescribed in a schedule adopted by the Commissioner of Pensions. The rates in such cases, therefore, are not subject to be varied. But in a large majority of cases the rate of pension is determined without reference to any fixed or invariable schedule, and is governed mainly by the certificate and recommendation of a local Board of Examining Surgeons. There are in the United States 1237 Examining Boards, of three members each, who during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1892, rendered 431,166 certificates of examination, for which their fees amounted in the aggregate to $1,733,958. The board at Baltimore received in fees for the year the sum of $9930. The two boards at Boston received $9186 and $8956, respectively. The three Philadelphia boards received $8992, $8712, and $8454, respectively. The three boards at Washington City received $6227, $6445, and $6699, respectively.

Necessarily the rate of pension depends to a great extent, in many cases, upon the pleasure of the Examining Board; upon their integrity, medical skill, and good judgment, and the extent to which they may be affected by local bias or favoritism toward the applicant. I entertain no doubt that a majority of the boards are efficient and honest; that they discharge their duties faithfully, and endeavor to comply with their instructions and with what they understand to be the wishes and policy of the Commissioner of Pensions by whom they are appointed. But it would hardly be reasonable to suppose that all of these twelve hundred Examining Boards are equally conscientious and disinterested in the discharge of their duties. I was told recently that the secretary of a certain board in a western city had declared that no claimant should ever be turned from their office without a favorable recommendation; and I find that the record of this board confirms the statement of my informant. This board rendered during the year about 900 certificates, 250 of which I examined in consecutive order, without finding one in which they did not describe the claimant as being

entitled to a substantial rate of pension. There is published in the Congressional Record for February 11, 1893, a letter of the medical referee of the Pension Bureau, who strongly recommends a change in the system of conducting these examinations.

The higher rates of pension that are now being paid, in comparison with those paid in former years, are granted in a very large percentage of cases on account of infirmities which are the natural results of advancing years, and are not due to the military service. If the pension laws can justly be construed to warrant the policy of increasing the pensions of those who are on the rolls, from year to year, so as to keep pace with their growing infirmities from age and other natural causes, then, of course, the average rate must continue to increase in the future, with growing rapidity, as it has been increasing during the past five years, without specific amendment of the law to authorize it. But I do not believe that the law fairly admits of this construction. Hence my suggestion, and belief, that the annual appropriation for pensions can be reduced very materially by a discriminating reduction of excessive rates which have heretofore been granted,— a reduction which could be accomplished without necessarily dropping a name from the pension roll. To reduce the pensions of one hundred pensioners who are wrongfully receiving $50 or $72 per month, on account of disabilities which are not fairly traceable to the military service, or to cut off the pensions of one hundred guardians whose wards in the insane asylums derive little or no benefit from the pensions granted, would effect a saving to the Government almost as great as by dropping from the rolls the names of one thousand pensioners who receive only $4 or $6 per month.

One great abuse that has grown up in the Pension Bureau, overshadowing other abuses, costing the Government unnecessary millions of dollars every year,— an abuse which has no warrant or foundation in justice, reason, or good policy,— is the practice of granting continual increase of pension from year to year to those who are on the roll: a practice which frequently stimulates the loudest clamor from those who are least entitled to consideration.

I believe there should be one change in the law, establishing a presumption, or rule of evidence,— namely, the enactment of a statute providing that in any case where a claimant served less than six months, where the records of his command in the War Department, if complete, contain no evidence of incurrence of the wound, injury, or disease for which he claims pension, and where it further appears that the claim was not filed within twenty-one years from the date of the claimant's discharge from military service, the pension granted in such case should not exceed $12 per month. The enactment of such a law would reduce a good many pensions, and would, in my opinion, be warranted by the lessons of experience and justice.

A. B. Casselman.

"WITH THE TREAD OF MARCHING COLUMNS."

I.

WITH the tread of marching columns the forests and hills are stirred,
With the dust of marching columns the smiling fields are blurred,
With the swing of marching columns the air is vibrant and warm,
The listening waters shiver, as if at a coming storm.
And the bridges that span the rivers bend to oppressive Fate,
With the burden of marching men, and the cannon's murderous weight.
The waters shiver, the bridges shudder, and groan, and sigh,
With the rhythm of marching columns, and horse and foot hurry by.

II.

With the thunder of cannon and shouting the valleys are flooded with sound,
Till the church-bells are silent with terror, the peals of the organ are drowned:
Hushed is the life of the village, stricken and palsied with dread;
Dumb are its dwellers as those of the city named for the dead;
Closed are the shutters and doors — the village has closed its eyes,
Like the helpless quarry when sudden and pitiless foes surprise!
There is none to be seen, there is none to be heard — there is death, while the feet
Of marching columns resound through the emptied and desolate street.

S. R. Elliot.

WRITING TO ROSINA

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

ALL have heard enough of that imaginative lover who went away from his mistress for the express purpose of writing to her; but Knox D. Lanfair (employed in the service of the Excelsior Screw and Tack Company) was not in the least that sort of person.

In the first place, he would have scoffed with strong contempt at any such fantastic refinement, and would have considered it a derogation from the solid nature of his love for Rosina. He did not mean to go away from her for any reason whatever, except when, as now, he was removed almost by main force. In the second place, he had a good reason for remaining even longer yet, if such a thing may be considered possible.

It was this, that he had serious doubts as to his ability to write love-letters. They had seemed to jog on comfortably enough by word of mouth, but he had a secret dread that, when it came to correspondence, he would be found lacking, and his letters would not be at all to Miss Rosina Bermond's liking. He may be described, therefore, as a lover who clung to his mistress's side with a peculiar persistence for the express purpose of *not* writing to her.

Had the acquaintance been formed in town, very likely the case would never have arisen, but he met his fate at the mammoth American summer resort, Saratoga Springs. Lanfair had not meant to stay there at all; he had merely been passing through for a fortnight's well-earned vacation in the Adirondack woods, when he was turned from his course by an uncommonly pretty girl. He saw her first in the kaleidoscopic brilliancy of a garden-party at the Grand Union. In her white embroidered muslin gown, and navy jacket with gilt buttons over it, she lighted up under the electric lamps amid the illuminated fountains as if she were a part of the same ethereal elements. To tell the truth, Lanfair was traveling with a dangerous sort of baggage; he was expecting soon a promotion by the Screw and Tack Company which would enable him, among other things, to marry, if he wished. It was the first time he had been near so desirable a situation, and he proceeded to discount it, as if it were already realized.

He took to watching for Rosina in that focus of interest on Broadway where the half miles of piazza of Congress Hall look to the miles of piazza of the United States and the Grand Union, across the stream of vehicles and stylish or eccentric pedestrians. He took to watching for her in the early morning hour, when she made faces over her glasses of mineral water at Congress Spring. Then, once blessed with her acquaintance, he was forever ensconced in a corner of the quiet little hotel at which she lived

with her widower father, or issuing forth to walk with her from the white Greek colonnade it presented to the elm-shaded road of Circular street.

One afternoon they were seated in comfortable arm-chairs at the fish-breeding ponds, well down below the race-course, where people used to hook out trout at a dollar a pound for the pleasure and their catch. A number of carriages were drawn up on the grass near them, for the enjoyment of this mild sport. Rosina wore another very "knowing" jacket that day. It was of tennis flannel, and the stripes ran over the roundness of her figure in a complication of wondrous curves which it might have astonished and delighted a mathematician to follow. There was something too much of this charming roundness, the wearer thought, ignorant of her best point, as often happens to perverse human nature. She struggled more or less between a naturally good appetite and the fancied necessity of training down to a severer model.

This was, for instance, the starting-point of one among the variety of nicknames which Lanfair daringly twisted out of her own. It was a way he had, and he applied to her these products of his not very brilliant genius much as if she had been another fellow. How she ever came to permit it, who shall explain? From Rosina he evolved "Rosin" and "Rosin the Bow," and then "Senior," and "Steamer," from certain go-ahead qualities of hers, and "Leaner" from the fact above named. Their talk was of the far more considerable fishing excursion to the Adirondacks that he had given up.

"Why did you do it?" asked Rosina.

"To tell the truth, 'Steamer,' I fell in love with a girl at Saratoga Springs, New York; that 's why. Would you like to hear about it?"

"No; I don't think I would. There 's nothing interesting to me either in the place or people." She kept her eye steadfastly fixed upon her line, though a rosier flush than usual stole into her delicate cheek.

"Oh," he commented, a little crestfallen; "then why do you keep coming every year to Saratoga?"

"If you knew my father a little better, you would n't ask such a foolish question. He has been coming to Saratoga every season for the last thirty or forty years. He finds all his old judges and governors here that he 's so fond of talking to, and he could n't get along without them. I should just like to see anybody change my father's ideas of what is the best place for me to spend my summers in."

"By a queer coincidence, 'Leaner,' that was the very thing I was thinking of trying to do — and the best place to spend your winters in, too. I was going to take your respected parent confidentially aside, 'Steamer,' and say to him — I was going to suggest — in fact — see here, you 're a good fellow,' Leaner,' and I 'm another. I like you, you like me, we like each other. Then why can't we make a match of it?"

"The idea!" rejoined Rosina, receiving this offer of marriage at first with defiant scorn, and setting him down in his proper place. But before they had returned to the hotel she had fully relented, and it was a match indeed.

It seemed hardly more Rosina's way than Knox D. Lanfair's to indulge in sentimentalities of expression. They used a good deal of the more permissible current slang, often so bright for the instant, but so unspeakably vapid when its brief instant of vogue has departed; they talked of the merits of various hotels; of the latest thing in dance movements; and a good deal was said about a Gordon setter of Lanfair's, named "Spot," whose fore paw he had had to wash of late, twice a day, for a swelling. To supplement any deficiencies in romantic speech, Lanfair had a passion for opening wide his purse-strings, and "getting up things," dinners and excursions of all kinds — a tangible way of recommending himself to favor. In the first enthusiasm of the engagement he got up so many things, so many dinners at the lake and Mount McGregor, that Rosina's father, who had only one digestion to lose, and that already much impaired, had peremptorily to suppress him.

Notwithstanding all this, Lanfair felt, as has been said, that his letters would not do, and that even Rosina, during absence, would look for something very different. Vague ideas floated in his head that, on paper, you must deal in airy, mellifluous nothings, force your emotions into a poetical cast whether they will or no, and thus get up a fictitious existence to compensate for the loss of the original. Being a

woman, Rosina would hardly be satisfied with less than others. Love sometimes makes wise men of fools, as well as fools of wise men; but wise or foolish as Knox D. Lanfair had been in this respect, that he remained. The period of his ordeal — the day of his departure — arrived, and he was not sensible of any change having come about in himself to repair his deficiency.

Thus, when all further delay and postponements had proved useless, and he was inexorably called back to his business desk by the mandate of the Excelsior Screw and Tack Company, Beekman street, New York, a special burden of heaviness weighed him down. As he stood upon the platform at the station to bid farewell to Rosina and her father, a peculiar and secret melancholy possessed him, in addition to the natural pain of parting. He had not been much over half an hour on the train when he was tapped on the shoulder from behind. The disturbance caused him to put away hastily a photograph of Rosina, in a Russia-leather case, which he had been contemplating at leisure; and turning, he saw an old acquaintance or friend, one Hampton Gorledge of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, who had come through from the smoking-car.

"Ah, there you are," said he, affably, making a place for Gorledge. "What are you doing in this part of the world?"

"Only just passing through, stopping off here and there about various business matters I 've got under way."

"Plenty of irons in the fire, as usual?"

"Well, yes. One of them is an iron-furnace over at a place called East Lee, Massachusetts. I 'm thinking of taking a position there. It 's a good thing: iron gives command of gold, you know."

"Then I trust you 'll get it."

"It depends upon how the directors feel about it. But I 'm not sure, on the whole, I should not prefer the newspaper place over Glen's Falls way. Town growing, circulation could be worked up, and I might hold the postmastership at the same time. That would give me more congenial work while passing through the present crisis in my regular literary pursuits. Perhaps you did n't know I had been doing poems and a novel lately?"

"No; I 'm sorry I did not."

"You would n't have been likely to hear of the novel, as it is n't published yet. I have some ideas of my own. The literary world is all wrong; there 's got to be a new day, a complete revolution in public taste."

"I recollect you were always good at that sort of thing. It was never any trouble at all for you to write off anything that came into your head." Upon this, an idea seemed to enter Lanfair's head with a fresh interest; however, he dismissed it again as impracticable, and finished: "So I see you 'll take the newspaper place; it suits your taste."

"We 'll see what the directors say, and then I 'll decide. Or I may work into a professorship in some university, or as superintendent of a small railroad. And then my father, you know, was one of the leading politicians in Beaver County in his day, and though his party is out of power now, and we 've had to take a back seat, he has got considerable influence still, and he 's on the lookout all the while to see if he can't command some good paying office for me. My talent is n't of the circumscribed order; 'most anything well up to the top of the social ladder is in my line."

"Living up at Chotank still?"

"Yes; but Chotank is pretty slow as a permanent place of residence. That 's the reason I want to get away."

Much of this later conversation, however, was very perfunctory to Lanfair. He was but human.

"Gorledge," he exclaimed, "I 've been getting engaged."

"No?" cried the other, responding with the most cordial heartiness and surprise. "My dear friend! Let me congratulate you, my dear fellow, my comrade in elementary learning, and associate up to the confines of active life! I rejoice with you in the warmest recesses of my heart — from the very bottom of my soul!"

Hampton Gorledge had a deep-voiced, melodramatic way with him, and his address was impressive, and worthy of the occasion.

"I trust you 'll have a chance to see her, after — after our marriage," returned Lanfair, much gratified. "I suppose I shall be sent up to the factory at Chotank sometimes, as before,— we all take our turn at it,— and I 'll bring her with me."

"Then you 'll always find me at the old Beaver County home — unless, of course, some of the things I 've been telling you of should call me away. By the way, the name of the novel I mentioned to you is 'Aureliana Danville.' It 's short, really more a novelette than a novel. It has been sent to every leading magazine and syndicate in the country, and come back; yet they 're all constantly printing far worse stuff than that — insufferable slush, in fact."

Again the idea that Lanfair had a little before dismissed from his mind returned with force. "Gorledge," he began, hemming and hawing a little, "I remember well how particularly good you were on the literary act at Knoblock's military school. Now I find you at it as hard as ever. So that fact, and meeting you in this way, put it in my head to consult you on a matter that has bothered me some of late. It 's a delicate matter, that I could n't speak of to every one; but recollecting old times and so on, I 'd just like to lay it before you, and see how it strikes you."

"Strike away!" returned Gorledge, thumping his chest vigorously, as if to indicate that there was unlimited room there for confidences.

"Well, the case is like this. Now, for instance, Rosina and I are just engaged. Rosina lives in Thirty-sixth street, New York, and she can't come back to town before the end of September. To-day is August 28; so that makes an even month or more that we have got to be separated."

"Hard lines, hard lines! I know," said Gorledge, sympathetically.

"No; that is n't so much the point as this. It 's right here. Now suppose — well, you see — now here. We have got to correspond during this time. It will be all right and easy for Rosina, of course, but I 'm no hand at a love-letter — the regulation yum-yum business, you know. What do women expect in such matters? They generally want any quantity of gushy soft sawder and flummery, don't they? Expect a man to stand on his head for 'em, and do a pen-and-ink fandango that they 'd sit on him for in a jiffy in common life, eh? I 'm not up to it. Do you catch on? Do you see what I mean?"

"I do, to a certain extent; but there is much exaggeration in this."

"No; not at all. There are some men who might come within cannon-shot of the mark, in putting things down in black and white; others within gun-shot; and some can hit it plumb in the center. Well, you can rate me in the first-named class. Why, do you know what I do about my own private correspondence? In the first place, I don't have any if I can help it. But if there 's any message I can't send by a friend that happens to be going the same way, I work it off on a postal, or, better still, by telegram. It 's short and easy, and no time wasted. What more does a man want?"

"Have you thought at all how you would arrange it after marriage?" the friend inquired reflectively.

"That 's quite different. When we are married, it will regulate itself; it will be easier to explain things to each other. Or, if not, I shall take care that we are never apart long enough to make letter-writing necessary."

"It will save postage-stamps, at any rate."

"You 're undoubtedly a first-class judge, Gorledge. I 'm satisfied that you 're an expert in all such matters second to none. Now, the question is, what would you do to tide over this time of writing?"

A gift for appreciating the merits of others makes a man friends. Gorledge was pleased by the appeal to his superior wisdom, and his satisfaction might have resulted in something useful in the case; but just then the train rushed, screeching, into the station at Albany, and the time was lacking to him.

"Be yourself," he adjured at parting. "Look within and write. Let the heart speak its honest emotions, the plain unvarnished truth. Trust not too much to elaborately polished periods and classic forms of expression:

> — to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Ha! ha!" And he tore away to catch his train for Beaver County, Pennsylvania, which made a close connection.

"Er — just so," said Lanfair, gazing after him in a blank, dazed way. The only conclusion to which he could come, when thus abandoned, was that he must look out for happy accidents to aid him, and have recourse in the mean time to a policy of excuses, postponements, and general subterfuges.

He began very well by telegraphing back a few words at once, from the Albany station. Then he telegraphed again from Hudson, and once more from Poughkeepsie, and finally from the Forty-second street station in New York, to make known his safe arrival.

"A month is no very great shakes, after all," he reflected more cheerfully; "and who knows but what Rosina may be got back to town even before that time?"

So far, so good. Rosina welcomed the numerous, fast-succeeding messages as a flattering proof of affection for her.

"They show that he is always thinking of me, and seizes every chance to renew communication," she said. "He 's almost too extravagant, the dear fellow."

But it was not in keeping with this that an interval of nearly five days should now elapse without her hearing from him at all. Surely the time was ample for a letter, and a full and circumstantial one, too. Even then nothing came but another telegram. It was somewhat longer than those despatched *en route*, it is true, but what a strange thing under the circumstances! It read about as follows:

Ah there, Steamer! how goes it? how goes the day? Don't forget that last breakfast out at Moon's on the lake, do you? Hope not. I don't. All broke up down here. Looks would stop a clock. Guess customers notice it. Fall trade booming this year. Weather uncommon good. Would be good for you if you wanted to come home earlier than you expected. Show this to your father. So long! Be good to yourself! Excuse haste. Yours on the spin. K. D. L.

Miss Rosina Bermond was filled with astonishment. Was this the sort of thing a girl just engaged, whether she were very romantic or not, would naturally be satisfied to receive from her affianced, called away from her side by their first parting? A further interval elapsed,—one day less this time,—and another despatch arrived. It read:

Esteemed favors of 28th to 31st ult., and 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th inst., duly received and contents noted. All right here; no cause alarm. Took in Harrigan's Theater last night, but kept thinking of you just the same. Don't forget to be good to yourself. Did I ask you about that? Looks now as if Cleveland would go in next President, but may not; what do you think? Fall trade regular corker this year. Weather lays over anything generally known. Excuse mistakes. Yours on the jump, KNOX-Y.

Meantime Rosina, on her side, had performed her duty conscientiously. She had written nearly every day, filling up from four to eight pages, in a large hand, with matter that could easily have been condensed into one, and sprinkling them liberally with capitals, interjections, and underscorings, at random. But she was fairly driven to slack up in her own correspondence. "What can be the cause of this astonishing neglect, this curtness and brevity?" she queried. "How can he so completely ignore all my questions, and refuse to tell me anything about himself?" With the tolerance of affection, she tried to imagine all sorts of excuses for her lover, even imagined that letters were lost, and interrogated the hotel and post-office people rather sharply about it. At any rate, she awaited daily the full letter of explanation which should clear up the mystery. The brief postal-card that arrived next certainly could not be said to fill the void.

Just a postal to say, how are you? and all right here. Hurt hand some lately. Makes it bad about writing. Do you catch on to this scrawly fist? afraid not. You don't seem to be coming down yet, Leaner! Big times for us ahead when you get on deck again—eh, Rosin the Bow? Must catch noon mail, so no more at present—

But finally there did come a letter,—a real letter,—in an envelop, with a stamp on it. Rosina tore it open with fevered haste, and trembled with conflicting hope and fear. She found an inclosure, type-written with great professional correctness, and substantially thus expressed:

MISS ROSINA C. BERMOND,
Saratoga Springs,
Saratoga County, N. Y.

DEAR ROSINA: Have a pretty lively hustle here all the time. Not much time for things in general. Could go on all day about feelings and so forth, etc., but you know how it is yourself. Think of getting up "Spot" for the dog show when it comes round. He 'll be a winner. Note your remarks about short letters; so look out for long lengthy ones ahead! Dined at Brunswick restaurant last night. I feel it in my bones, Steamer, that in case we get satisfactorily settled down in life we 'll net from 50 to 100 per cent. per annum more happiness than now. Yours all the time. KNOX. (Dictated) per J.

Rosina shut her pretty hands — not clinching her nails into the rosy palms until the blood flowed, as a heroine of romance would have done, but quite smartly enough. She fancied Lanfair walking up and down the office dictating this effusion to the type-writer. She recognized the "J." as a grim, cranky old Miss Jibberson of whom she had heard him speak. Or, worse yet, perhaps there was, by this time, another J., a fascinating young one, who was let into their confidence, and sneered as she wrote. The most enduring patience may be exhausted; the end was drawing near. The finishing touches were given by two telegrams of the utmost brevity, received only a day apart. Lanfair seemed now to be traveling, somewhere near town, on a business trip. The first was phrased:

Letters to hand, and strike the right spot. Keep it up, keep doing it! Weather here cool, and collections fair to middling. Missed evening mail, so wire you direct. Yours on the skip.

The second read:

Collections average lighter hereabouts. You 're taking care of yourself, these days, I hope? Missed

morning mail, so think best telegraph you at once. Called away to send despatch to firm. Yours on the wing.

Rosina swept away her dainty, initialed note-paper, and dismissed for good and all her inquiries, speculations, entreaties, and reproaches. She went out instead, secured a dozen or so telegram-blanks, sat down with these, and, after many attempts, tearing up the product, finally composed a telegram on her own account.

In the interim, Knox Lanfair, while not really proud of the character of his efforts, was beginning to take a not uncomplacent view of them. At any rate, the time was passing; by hook or by crook he had got through some three weeks of the new month; he would soon meet Rosina face to face, and the emergency would be ended. He returned from the collecting-trip above mentioned in quite a jaunty frame of mind. But it was only to meet with a new and most serious mischance.

His mood of self-congratulations was broken in upon by directions from his company to repair at once to Chotank, Penn., to overlook the running of their factory there. He might be gone a month or more. The order was peremptory; there was no gainsaying it; and he went. This was bad enough, but even worse remained. No sooner had he arrived at Chotank than he was handed the following blunt despatch, which, having come to New York after he started, and being forwarded, had preceded him:

Spare trouble of further weather- and market-reports. Engagement absolutely off. No answer. On the lightning double-quick, R. C. B.

Knox D. Lanfair was completely floored by this crushing disaster. His wits were scattered, almost benumbed, by its magnitude, and for a while he was wholly incapable of service on the mission on which the Excelsior Screw and Tack Company had sent him.

The place was small; Hampton Gorledge was one of its principal resources; and, in any event, his meeting with Gorledge could not have been long delayed. But Gorledge happened in to see him, to welcome him back to the factory, and found him almost in the worst throes of the calamity. Lanfair handed him the despatch he had just received, with a brow of gloom.

"Well, who is R. C. B.?" demanded the visitor, briskly; for their last interview had left no very deep impression on his mind.

"Rosina Camilla Bermond. And if you understood a little fancy she has for signing it in full, you 'd see all the more what it means. Oh, she 's got no time for ornamentalism now."

Gorledge looked yet harder at the paper, and whistled silently.

"I followed your advice," pursued Lanfair, wretchedly, "and there is the result. I 've lost her; that 's all."

"My advice? Come, that 's good; what advice did I give you?"

"You told me to be myself — and I was."

"It 's plain enough," said the other, when he had heard some of the details, "you 've got to knock off your telegraphing and the other short-cuts, and write to her. Write her in full, with a complete, thorough explanation, and you 'll get her yet."

"What sort of explanation, for instance?"

"Why, you 're settled in a quiet retreat at last, and for the first time since leaving her you find the opportunity you have longed for to devote yourself properly to her. You were so distracted before with maddening business cares that you hardly knew what you were about; but now you propose to make ample amends. Put it in in full; don't stint it."

"Yes; many thanks. I — er — I 'll think it over."

"No; if I were you, I should sit right down and do it on the instant. It looks to me as if there was no time to lose. I 'll just look over the paper here, and, if you will do it immediately, I will mail it myself. I 've got to go to the post-office when I leave here."

He picked up a copy of a metropolitan daily, strolled through the not uncomfortable rooms that the company provided for its superintendents and inspectors, found a volume of some poet in the small library, and buried himself in it for half an hour. When he looked up again, Lanfair was still hard at it.

"Looks to me as though there were going to be a rise in the price of ink," said he, referring to numerous heavily blotted sheets lying by the hand of the scribe.

The other, without a word, passed him over the latest, beginning thus:

Dear Rosina, — or if you will still tumble to the friendly expression of Rosin the Bow, — your most esteemed favor, per wire, duly received, as usual, and contents carefully noted. In regard to same, would say —

"Oh, no, no, no!" cut in Gorledge, impatiently. "Excuse me — beg pardon — but that sort of thing won't do at all. There 's a — a coldness about it."

"I was going to go on in a musical way. I was going to see if I could n't work in about how there was some discord in music, and how I wished the Bow could be Rosined up so we could get out the kinks, and everything be all right."

"Yes; but those plays upon words, that

figurative language, are hard to carry out. I would n't if I were you. Now, my own idea would be something more like this," and he struck an attitude of meditative inspiration. "Now here."

My idolized one! my peerless darling! my own! oh! what is this dreadful gulf that seems to yawn between us? What is this hideous misunderstanding? Oh, speak and tell me it is not real! Say that I have not read aright the cruel words brought by a trick of the enslaved electric fluid along the chilling wire.

Lanfair gave a most approving attention, threw off his despondent air, and started up as if glowing with a new hope. "Gorledge," said he, "yours is a talent of the first water; I always knew it, and this proves it. I should n't have thought of stating it exactly in that way, myself. I believe this will bring her; I know it will. You 've got a splendid start; keep it going; probably I 'll get into the swing of it for the next time."

The other magnanimously consented to continue, and a letter in this vein was soon completed and sent off. Its effect was to draw out a conciliatory, relenting reply from Rosina. Not to waste time, the morning it came Lanfair guided his buggy slowly home from the post-office with one hand, while he perused the precious missive held in the other. It was capitalized and italicized in her usual way, and united into pretty much all one sentence by a munificent use of "ands." It appeared that Rosina had had the advantage of a not unfashionable seminary in considerable vogue; but it had made no great impression, up to this time, upon a wayward exuberance and a native soil largely grown to very irrelevant matters.

I will admit I was at first surprised and indignant, but it is all over now *and of all conceited individuals* I ever knew I thought you went ahead of *Any* to try and get a "silly girl" in love with You and *then go away* and send them back *nothing* but entirely Unsatisfactory short telegraph messages and "postal-cards," which I must say was Highly *flattering* to Me indeed, was n't it?

At this point the reader stopped to mop his brow with conviction. He had been so wholly engrossed in his own difficulties that he had not seen the case from her point of view.

And about the worst of all [the letter went on] was your telling about how you 'd *been to the theater* and dined at the Brunswick when I Remember so well Your old Habit of Always sitting up late after everybody else had gone to bed and "Going round" to find some one to *Talk with You* and smoke if you could, so I thought it *pretty strange* you did not Have time to write to me if you wanted to Even when the Theater, etc., *were over* and I said nothing to Anybody "about it" but merely contrary to my "Usual custom" did not even tell my Father about it, but *n'importe* as I say all that is over and Past now.

O, another *piece of News* for you [she concluded] is an old Friend of mine named Isabel Bryce is Expected here "in a few days," and what do you think Papa insists when she goes back home I shall go and Visit her at "her home" in Stockbridge, Mass., which place her family removed from New York and have resided at "for some time" and Everybody who visits there always enjoys Themselves, but I should not go for that Reason, but only because papa says I look Run Down and really Need it before returning to Town.

It was joy indeed to Lanfair that the breach between them was closed. As to Rosina's going away to make a visit at a yet more distant point, that made the less difference now, as they must be separated anyway. But though the breach was closed, it was still in a very precarious condition. Might it not reopen at any moment if Lanfair were not of the necessary force to keep up the correspondence? He sat down manfully to the task, but no new inspiration came now any more than before. In despair he betook himself again to Hampton Gorledge.

"Take charge of this whole thing for me, Gorledge," he begged. "You 've got considerable time on your hands while you 're waiting for these various projects of yours to mature; and if there 's anything I can do to help them along, either personally or through the company, all you 've got to do is to let me know, and I 'll do it. And — er — er — if you 'd take that best pup of Spot's, and drive my sorrel mare all you want to, I should look upon it as a solid favor, I should really."

"I don't recollect your being any such particular slow-coach when we were at Knoblock's Academy. What 's the matter with you, anyway?" responded Gorledge.

"Well, I suppose I — er — got into business kind of early, and did n't go to college, and — er —"

"I 've often thought going to college is what played the deuce with my natural originality."

"But that 's neither here nor there; the question is, will you do it?"

"You know my inborn tendency to help a friend. If you really think I can be of any use to you, put me in possession of the facts, and I 'll go ahead."

"Such facts as what?"

"In the first place, the fair one's photograph; I must get before my mind a distinct image of her."

The treasured Russia-leather case was produced in response to this request.

"Very good; that 'll do. Pretty as — as a picture, or rather a whole gallery of 'em, all

masterpieces. Now some account of her family, her prospects, her belongings, and surroundings generally."

Lanfair gave these details as well as he could. It came out, among the rest, that Rosina had a snug little fortune of her own.

"Ah, ah, these out-and-out business men! Trust them for an eye to the main chance! *I* never was practical, and never shall be.

"In the next place, her letters," Gorledge pursued. "I ought to glance briefly over them, to get the general drift of what 's been going on, and the style and tone that I must adapt myself to."

"I have n't got the collection by me."

"Never mind; the last one will do."

Lanfair expressed considerable surprise at this. "The fact is," said he, "that as there was no reason for filing them away, I 've followed my business rule of clearing off at once anything that would take up useful room. I have destroyed them as soon as read."

This time Gorledge emitted an audible whistle.

"Don't do it again," he adjured, in a tone of involuntary commiseration. "Let me see the next few you get, at any rate. I shall have to have the replies to the letters I write, so as to make connection."

Lanfair described to the best of his ability the contents of Rosina's latest epistle. His counselor took the most commodious place in the room, cleared for action in a large way, and began the answer to it he deemed appropriate.

"Rosina, my most precious!—"

"Is n't that rather strong?" interrupted his patron, alarmed, as he looked over his shoulder.

"Strong? It is n't half as strong as the last time, if you recollect. And language does n't really contain expressions strong enough to suit the feminine taste in these matters. You can't by any chance overdo it; it would be impossible. In fact, you can never half begin to come up to what they demand."

"Yes; but I only meant if it was going to be a regular thing, you know."

He was taken with a tremor at the desecration. What gross freedom was he permitting! What a violation of delicate sanctity it was to allow this stranger to lavish upon Rosina the whole contents of the lover's dictionary—even though she should never know it was not himself!

"It 's merely one of the stages of the case," returned his amanuensis, coolly. "I 'm not in the least anxious to continue. We 'll drop the thing right here, while no harm has been done."

"Oh, no, no, my dear friend; I won't hear of it; we must not think of it."

"Very well. Where was I? Oh, yes."

Darling! now that I know we have not lost faith in each other's love, I shall have strength to suffer, to endure to the utmost. Banished? how truly passionate Romeo says, "Banished, the damnèd use that word in hell!" Death alone can still the inward voice that calls out for you with a resistless yearning, and yet I will tell you of a singular thing. Here, I feel a relief in being able to keep your image wholly free from the impertinent intrusion of commercial affairs, which, in spite of my volition, divided it somewhat in the world without. Now, even though I but suffer the sharper pain of loss, nearly every moment of my day may be passed in thoughts of you alone. There is a sweet sort of restfulness in this idea, or rather shall I say, a restful sort of sweetness?

His principal was lost in admiration at such strokes as the last. These were the things, he thought,—this fine grandiloquence, this easy pitching about of the mysteries of speech, so far beyond himself,—by which Rosina would securely be held.

Fate was against us [the letter terminated]—I cannot too much dwell upon it—in making even my deep despair at being torn from your side wear the aspect of indifference. Shall I say that in those first bitter days of parting I poured out my soul to you in almost countless pages, and then tore them to fragments, as too incoherent, too wild, too unworthy of you in every way? No, I will not! Why evoke anew such poignant memories?

"That 's rather neat, you observe," he said to Lanfair. "I don't say you did write them, you know. That will have a good effect in soothing her; you 'll find that that first apparent neglect cannot be too much accounted for."

Lanfair winced, but no doubt that, too, was one of the stages of the case. Early in this correspondence it struck Hampton Gorledge as a happy thought that he would think of Rosina as the *Aureliana* of his unaccepted novel; he would consider her as a sort of incarnation of his heroine. Thus, this should be a new chapter in *Aureliana Danville's* experiences; she was separated from the hero *Edgar* by insurmountable obstacles, and both were suffering excruciating torments accordingly. This effort would aid yet more the play of his imagination, to which the task was already a congenial one. The only objection to this was that in the heat of composition *Aureliana* sometimes slipped into the manuscript by mistake, and remained there; but as it was afterward copied by Lanfair, this, in the beginning, was of no great consequence.

(To be concluded.)

William Henry Bishop.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lincoln on the Spoils System.

CIVIL-SERVICE reform had not made its appearance in American politics when Mr. Lincoln was President, but there is evidence that he was at heart a disciple of it, and would have been one of its most vigorous champions, had he lived. The descent of the office-seekers upon him was stupendous. Colonel John Hay, in his "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln," published in THE CENTURY for November, 1890, says that "in the first days after the inauguration there was the unprecedented rush of office-seekers, inspired by a strange mixture of enthusiasm and greed, pushed by motives which were perhaps at bottom selfish, but which had nevertheless a curious touch of that deep emotion which had stirred the heart of the nation in the late election. . . . The numbers were so great, the competition was so keen, that they ceased for the moment to be regarded as individuals, drowned as they were in the general sea of solicitation." Colonel A. K. McClure gives a similar picture in his personal recollections, saying in reference to the condition of affairs in Washington at the beginning of Lincoln's administration:

> The place-seekers swarmed in numbers almost equal to the locusts of Egypt, and the President was pestered day and night by the leading statesmen of the country, who clamored for offices for their henchmen. I well remember the sad picture of despair his face presented when I happened to meet him alone for a few moments in the Executive Chamber as he spoke of the heartless spoilsmen, who seemed to be utterly indifferent to the grave dangers which threatened the government. He said: "I seem like one sitting in a palace assigning apartments to importunate applicants while the structure is on fire, and likely soon to perish in ashes."

The reform is moving on surely. It would be expedited if those who believe in it would live up to it. As we have said before, one trouble is that people are good-natured, and when their friends want places under a new administration,— that is, places not vacant, and only to be made vacant by the demands of the office-seekers,— these good-natured people allow themselves to become part of the pressure for the places, by their recommendations and solicitations. It must sometimes look to the appointing powers as if the whole country rose up and demanded not civil-service reform, but positions in the civil service.

There is such a thing as rushing a reform ahead of public opinion, and thus injuring the reform; and there are many positions which are political in the true sense, and should be taken possession of by the party of the majority after every election. But it is the duty of every citizen to do his share in eliminating not only the spoils system, but the spoils idea, from politics; to press upon the authorities the necessity of continually extending the merit system, and of acting according to its spirit outside of the classified service. For it is no exaggeration to say that the evils of the spoils system are illustrated in every sinister career in the history of modern American politics; every disgraceful "success" is to be laid at its doors; every corrupt ring has here its origin. It is the menace and enemy of honest administration in every community in the country; it degrades our legislatures, State and national; and the cause of good government triumphs only when this pernicious system is thwarted or overcome.

Two Values of the Silver Dollar.

THE following letter of inquiry comes to us from a reader in Lincolnville, Kansas:

> Your answer to a letter from Arkansas in the January number encourages me to ask a question in the hope of having it accorded similar courteous and instructive treatment. And it is with no hostile critical object that I ask it, for I am inclined to think your position on the money subject the right one. It is this: Why, if a 66-cent dollar will buy only 66 cents' worth of goods, can we go into any store in the land and, laying down five silver dollars, as readily get five dollars' worth of goods as if we had offered a five-dollar gold piece?

The reason why this can be done is because the country is on the gold standard, and the credit of the United States government is behind every silver dollar. Our inquiring friend in Lincolnville can take his five silver dollars to his local bank and ask to have them exchanged for five gold dollars, and the bank will grant him his request. The bank will do this because its officers know that they can send the silver dollars to their correspondent bank in the East and get gold dollars in exchange. The Eastern bank will oblige the Western one in this transaction because it in turn can effect a similar exchange with the United States Treasury. It is knowledge of the ability of the United States Treasury to do this which induces the local banks, and, through them, all tradespeople, to receive silver on equal terms with gold.

The United States government is able to do this only so long as the coinage of silver is limited, or only so long as the supply of gold in the Treasury is sufficient to meet all demands upon it. Unlimited coinage of silver, or very large currency inflation brought about by the issue of legal-tender notes by the Treasury in payment for silver bullion, tends to drive gold out of the country, and thus to diminish the Treasury supply. When this gold supply becomes so reduced that the Government can meet its obligations only by paying out its hoarded silver, and cannot exchange that silver on demand for gold, then the five silver dollars of our inquiring friend will drop instantly to their real value,— of about 64 cents each at this writing,— and he will be able to buy only $3.20 worth of goods with them.

The drop from the gold to the silver standard would come with astounding suddenness at the very first whisper that the Government could no longer exchange silver dollars for gold dollars. The bank in Lincolnville, like the banks in every other part of the land, would get the news instantly, and from the banks it would spread to the tradesmen, who would instantly mark their prices up to the requirements of the silver standard — that is, more than a third above their former

level. The local tradesmen would have to do this because the merchants in all the large cities from whom they purchase their supplies would do it the moment the country slid from the gold standard. But while prices would be advanced instantly, wages of all kinds would advance at a much more moderate pace, and the result would be the same that it always is in such times of inflation — the wage-earner and the poor man generally would be the chief sufferers from the change.

The Government has two remedies at hand when its gold reserve — which it keeps in its treasury as a guarantee of its pledge to redeem its legal tenders in gold — begins to melt away. It can stop the issue of legal tenders, or it can issue gold bonds, which amounts to buying gold at a premium. In regard to the legal tenders, which have been issued on silver bullion purchases at the rate of 4,500,000 ounces per month since the passage of the Sherman Act of 1890, these can be stopped by the repeal of the act. Under that act the Government had, up to February 1 of the present year, bought 129,926,785 ounces of silver, paying therefor $127,237,410, and issuing legal tenders to that amount. Under the Bland Act, which preceded the Sherman Act, the purchases cost $305,135,497, making a total outlay for silver, during fifteen years, of $432,372,907. The market value of this silver on January 25 of the present year was $351,457,257, showing a total loss to the Government, since the silver purchases began, of $80,915,650, or an average of more than $5,000,000 a year.

To understand the difficulties which confront the Government in maintaining a gold standard, it should be borne in mind that since January 1, 1879, there had remained intact and undisturbed in the Treasury, down to the beginning of February last, a gold reserve of $100,000,000, as a fund pledged substantially to the redemption of the outstanding legal-tender notes, or greenbacks, amounting to $346,000,000. The addition of over $331,000,000 in silver certificates to the volume of legal tenders, taken in connection with the Treasury notes and other outstanding Government promises, raises the total of such legal tenders and promises to $813,000,000, for which there is a redemption fund of only $100,000,000. For redemption purposes the millions of hoarded silver in the Treasury, coined and bullion, are of no use whatever. It could not be sold for gold, for the mere offering of it would start a panic in the silver-market, and send the price far below its present level. Its presence in the Treasury is a constant menace to the financial and industrial stability of the country, and to the welfare of the people. The continuation of the policy which has led to the accumulation benefits nobody, except the mine-owners who have silver to sell, and for whom the United States now generously creates a market at an annual expense to the American people of $5,000,000. It would be much better for the country to pay them the five millions as an annual bounty, and stop taking the silver, for we should then escape the peril which is aggravated by every fresh issue of silver certificates.

Why Our Corrupt Practices Laws Fail.

THE first trial of the Massachusetts Corrupt Practices Act, which is unquestionably the best of the few similar laws thus far adopted in this country, revealed many merits and several serious defects. As we pointed out in our discussion of this law in this department of THE CENTURY for November, 1892, it is an improvement on the New York law in several respects, notably in the requirements for sworn publication after election of all receipts and expenditures by campaign committees as well as by candidates. These requirements have proved valuable and effective in practice, for they gave to the public for the first time full, itemized accounts of the money which the State, county, city, and town committees received, the sources from which it came, and the uses to which it was put. This was valuable information for the public to receive, and the knowledge that the revelation must be made undoubtedly exercised a restraining and wholesome influence upon both contributors and dispensing agents.

The publication of the sworn returns of the two State committees of the leading political parties showed that the politicians in both had been quick to discover a defect which enabled them to conceal the sources of their largest contributions. The law requires full accounting for all contributions received inside the State, but for those coming from outside the State no such accounting is required. The returns of the committees showed that they had their heaviest contributors forward their money to the national committees at New York, which had in turn sent it back to the State committees at Boston. In this way it could be set down in the sworn returns as having come from the national committees. Thus the report of the Democratic State Committee showed an expenditure of $53,000, of which $23,000 was recorded as having been received from the National Democratic Committee, and the report of the Republican State Committee showed that of $59,000 spent, $23,000 had come from the Republican National Committee. No names of contributors were given for these amounts, so that the intent of the law in that particular was defeated. It is difficult to see what remedy there can be devised for this evasion, which is a practical one only in Presidential election years.

But a more serious defect in the law was revealed when its penalty clauses were examined. These impose a fine of one thousand dollars upon candidates, and the same fine, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, upon the treasurer of a committee, for violations of the law, but it is made nobody's duty to bring offenders to trial, or to enforce the law in any respect. This is a defect common to other American laws of the kind, and it is the one which is mainly responsible for their indifferent success in practice. Then, too, if by chance a successful candidate were to be convicted and fined, he would still be able to hold the office to which he was elected, a condition of things which would amount to a public scandal.

For guidance in remedying these and other defects, we must go to the English Corrupt Practices Act, the remarkable efficacy of which has been demonstrated anew by the contested cases growing out of the last parliamentary election. There was an unusual number of these cases, and they resulted in the unseating of five members. In each of these five cases the member was deprived of his seat for offenses which it would be impossible to prove under any existing American law. One member lost his seat, and was

disqualified from being again a candidate before the same constituency during the existing Parliament, because his son, who was acting as his agent, had made an "illegal payment" for 6000 hat-badges bearing the candidate's portrait, which had been distributed among the voters. Such expenditure is forbidden in the law, together with payments for "bands of music, torches, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction," because in former times, before the enactment of the present law, vast sums used for corrupting the voters were set down as having been expended for these purposes, and it was feared that if such payments were not expressly forbidden the practice would be continued under the law. It is a noteworthy fact that in the county and town committee reports in Massachusetts, a very large proportion of the total expenditure is set down to "flags," "campaign uniforms and torches," and similar items.

Another of the English members was unseated, and disqualified as a candidate for seven years, because his agent had paid bills amounting to £326 for various "treats" to the electors, in the form of picnics, excursions, etc. His agent was fined £100, and disfranchised for five years. Another was unseated, and disqualified as a candidate during the existing Parliament, because his agents had been guilty of treating and corrupt practices, he bearing the consequences of their acts, though pronounced personally innocent of all knowledge of or complicity in them. His agents were condemned to pay the costs of the prosecution, and were disfranchised for five years. Two others lost their seats for districts in Ireland, and were disqualified for seven years, because the Catholic Church had exerted its spiritual power, through its priests, in their behalf.

All these English cases were brought into court under the provision of the law which enables any qualified elector to petition for the unseating of a candidate against whom illegal practices are charged. This makes the enforcement of the law an easy and assured thing, for practically all the electors of one party are lying in wait for the candidate of the opposite party, and are accumulating evidence for unseating him in case he carries the election by illegal methods. The law is so minute in its specifications of what acts constitute illegal offenses that the accumulation of incriminating evidence is a comparatively easy task, and the fact that all petitions are tried before a regular court of two judges makes a fair and non-partizan verdict certain. Nobody ever thinks of questioning the verdicts in these cases, any more than in non-political cases.

The lessons for Americans to draw from English experience are very plain. First, let us make our laws as specific, as comprehensive, and as rigorous as the English law. Let us also imitate it by placing a maximum limit to all expenditures. Then let us change our penalties upon offending candidates from fine and imprisonment, which experience has shown cannot be enforced, to loss of office, and disqualification to be again candidates for a period corresponding to the magnitude of the offense; and inflict upon offending agents and committeemen the penalties of fine and disfranchisement for a definite period. Finally, let us give every qualified voter the privilege of filing petitions for the purpose of bringing offenders to trial. When these things shall have been done, we shall still need to take a further step before the reform will be complete: we must have the decision of all contested election cases transferred from our legislative bodies to the courts. In this way alone can we have a penalty of loss of office enforced against successful legislative candidates who violate the law. In other words, we cannot hope for thorough reform unless we adopt thorough measures for bringing it about. If we continue to adopt half-way, defective, and ill-considered measures, what reason have we for either surprise or discouragement when they prove partial or complete failures in practice? Should they prove anything else, there would be genuine cause for wonder.

American Boys and American Labor.

SHALL American boys be permitted to learn trades, and, having learned them, shall they be permitted to work at them? These are apparently simple questions, and the answering of them is an apparently simple matter. Most persons thus interrogated would reply at once: "Certainly they should. Why do you ask such unnecessary questions?" We ask them because under the present conditions of trade instruction and employment in this country the American boy has no rights which organized labor is bound to respect. He is denied instruction as an apprentice, and if he be taught his trade in a trade school, he is refused admission to nearly all the trade-unions, and is boycotted if he attempts to work as a non-union man. The questions of his character and skill enter into the matter only to discriminate against him. All the trade-unions of the country are controlled by foreigners, who comprise the great majority of their members. While they refuse admission to the trained American boy, they admit all foreign applicants with little or no regard to their training or skill. In fact, the doors of organized labor in America, which are closed and barred against American boys, swing open, wide and free, to all foreign comers. Labor in free America is free to all save the sons of Americans.

These are neither idle nor exaggerated statements. They are sober, solemn truths, expressed with studied moderation. So-called American labor to-day is a complete misnomer, as far as the trades are concerned. How has it come about that the United States, alone among the nations of the earth, has not merely surrendered possession of her field of mechanical labor to foreigners, but acquiesces when the foreign possessors exclude from that field her own sons?

THE CENTURY has been so strongly impressed with the evils of this anomalous situation, so unjust to American boys and so fraught with danger to the national welfare, that it has instituted a thorough inquiry into the causes which have produced it. The results of this inquiry will be set forth in subsequent articles, each devoted to a particular phase of the question. It will be shown that the two great causes have been the passing away of the old apprentice system, and the enormous immigration to this country from all parts of Europe. It will be shown that all the trade-unions of this country are controlled by men of foreign birth; that nearly all of them have such rules against the employing of apprentices that American boys can no longer, in any of the large cities of the country, learn a trade

by working in shops with journeymen; that such boys as learn trades in trade schools are refused admission to the unions not because they are not well taught, but because they have not served apprenticeship according to union rules, and are boycotted and persecuted if they attempt to work as non-union men.

It will be shown also that while the unions combine in this effective conspiracy against American boys, they admit freely to their organizations foreign workmen who have not served full apprenticeships, and who have only a slight knowledge of their crafts, and instruct them to a fuller knowledge while obtaining for them full pay as journeymen. It will be shown also that the bulk of foreign laborers who come to America are the poorest of their trades in Europe, the best workmen always finding abundant work and satisfactory pay at home; that in addition to being indifferent workmen, they are in many instances men of inferior moral training and instincts, frequently of turbulent and anti-social proclivities and practices, and are often without sympathy for American institutions, and have no regard whatever for the country's welfare. It will be shown also that in addition to the foreign laborers who take up their abode here and possess the field, there are many thousands of others who come here in every busy season, work while that season lasts, and return to their homes when it is ended. It will be shown that while these "harvesters," as they are called, are admitted to the unions and are given work on equal terms with union members, the union authorities refuse American boys as apprentices and journeymen on the ground that the labor-market is crowded, and the interests of labor will be harmed if Americans are allowed to come in.

We shall set forth these and other points with evidence drawn from official and other authentic sources, and shall illustrate them with incidents and occurrences drawn from actual experience. Our object in so doing will be to call public attention to what we believe to be a question of paramount national importance. Statistics show that one fifth of our able-bodied male population are engaged in the mechanic arts, and are what are known as skilled workmen. This great body ought to be one of the most conservative and steadfast elements in our system of popular government. In the earlier days of the republic the American mechanic was everywhere known as one of the sturdiest representatives of American character. He was an honest man, a good workman, a loyal, faithful citizen. To-day he is an almost extinct species. As a nation we lead the world in mechanical skill, yet we are the only nation in the world that has almost ceased to produce its own mechanics. We not only take the great mass of ours from other countries, but we accept their poorest specimens, and, having accepted them, we allow them to control the field against our own sons.

The consequences of this policy, already momentous, are destined to become more so as time advances. We are not only bringing up our sons in idleness, not only depriving our experiment in popular government of the invaluable support of a great body of conservative citizens of American birth, but we are accepting in place of such a body one that is composed of and controlled by men of foreign birth, whose instincts and character are not merely un-American, but oftentimes anti-American. This body, acting frequently as a unit throughout the country, is able to paralyze all business and industry, and to bring the nation itself almost to the brink of social revolution and industrial war. Is it not time that Americans began to think seriously of these things? Have not the developments of the past few years in the so-called conflicts betwixt capital and labor been portentous enough to give pause to all patriotic Americans? Could anything else have been reasonably expected from a policy which is so full of injustice to our own countrymen, and consequently so humiliating to us as a people? Is there any remedy save in a reversal of that policy? These are questions which we shall consider and answer in subsequent articles, beginning with one in an early number upon the present condition of the apprentice system.

OPEN LETTERS.

What the Phonograph will do for Music and Music-Lovers.

LOOKING at the phonograph from the point of view of a person professionally interested in music, I cannot see room for doubting the tremendous rôle which this extraordinary invention is to play in the future of music and musicians. Few people seem to realize that the phonograph, even in its present stage,—which is admitted to be one of imperfection as compared with what may be expected before many years have passed,—has really title to be called a musical instrument. My own skill with the phonograph is certainly not that of an expert, and yet I get no little enjoyment from the dance-music and the operatic fantasias which it reels off in the evening for the amusement of the family, while people less pampered than I am in the matter of music are filled with enthusiasm over its performances. It is really music, and not a mere suggestion of music. The different instruments employed are perfectly distinct, while the time is of course perfect. Taking, for instance, a chord of the piano, not only are the notes of the chord heard, but the after-vibrations, lasting for several seconds. When a small funnel is used to magnify the sound, every person in a large room can hear distinctly, and the music is almost loud enough to be used for dancing. In one of the phonograms, as the wax cylinders are called, the rounds of applause, the hand-clapping, the pounding of canes upon the floor, which followed the spirited performance of a popular melody at Mr. Edison's Orange laboratory, have been allowed to appear, making most people start with amazement as, after the last chords have died away, come these sharp cries of "Bravo!" and the confused rattle of applause from the audience.

Such being the case,—and every musician familiar with the musical doings of the phonograph will admit that the foregoing is a moderate statement,—what may the phonograph, as a music-maker and -teacher, not do

for the world? Bear in mind that these phonograms do not deteriorate by constant use, the same music coming out the hundredth time as perfectly as the first; also that, by the duplication through a special electrotyping process, facsimiles of a good phonogram can be made in large numbers at almost nominal cost. If each phonogram turned out required the actual performance of music for its production, the output would be restricted and costly; it would be like setting anew the type for every copy of a book. Again, if the phonogram could be used only a few times, as was the case with the zinc-foil sheets used in the crude form of the instrument, the apparatus would remain a toy for the rich. Conceding its power of musical reproduction by means of wax cylinders, which are both cheap and lasting, the imagination may run riot without exhausting the field opened before one. Besides giving musical pleasure past present computation to the million, it will do wonders for the musician. First, it will offer the composer a means of indicating his wishes concerning time and expression compared with which the metronome and all printed directions and expression-marks of the present are but the clumsiest of makeshifts. Secondly, it will become a great teacher of music, as even the phonographic echo of the piano, of singing, or of orchestral work, will be sufficient to furnish pupils with precise models. In the third place, it offers a means for solving tone problems too delicate for the powers of the human ear, and heretofore beyond solution.

At Herr von Bülow's farewell concert in this country, two years ago, a phonograph was employed to make a record of the whole concert, and particular care was taken with Beethoven's symphony, the "Eroica." The learned conductor left the country before the phonograms, the results of the evening's work, could be prepared for his hearing, but these results surprised and delighted a host of musical experts. Musicians of repute have confessed to me that, whereas they had looked upon the stories concerning the phonograph's musical achievements with incredulity, what they heard far surpassed the promises made by the advocates of the invention, and showed possibilities for the device as a help to the musician of the future which would set every musician a-dreaming. It may be granted without discussion that the phonographic record of our music will give for all future time the exact wishes of our composers and performers with regard to *tempi*, shades of expression, phrasing, dynamic gradations, and all the niceties of interpretation which no written marks, however minute, can begin to convey. The metronome has until now been the only means of marking the time or pace at which a composition is intended to be played by the composer. As contrasted with the phonographic guide to correct time, it is crude enough. The worst phonograph will at least give a faithful record of the exact time of a piece, and for every bar — in fact, the exact length of every note in the score. The experiments made with the records of piano-playing show that, so far as accuracy is concerned, no limit can be placed upon its possibilities as an echo. Every minute change of time, every shade of expression, is heard in the echo as plainly as in the original. It is no exaggeration to say that an expert can distinguish between the playing of two pianists as reproduced in the phonograph.

There are certain things about piano-playing — indeed, about all musical performances — that cannot be taught. Pianists, violinists, and singers are apt to surpass themselves under certain conditions, due perhaps to the applause of a great audience, perhaps to peculiar personal conditions favorable to artistic expression. Effects are produced which escape analysis, and cannot be reproduced at will or for the benefit of pupils. The artist may not ever be able to do again what has been done once, and the exact elements or constituents of an effect are lost. The niceties of phrasing cannot be indicated by written marks; they must be left to the musical instinct or intelligence of the singer or player: yet expressive phrasing constitutes an important element of all fine musical work. The half-dozen notes of a bar may each one have a different length and different power, and yet be all alike on paper. If we can obtain at trifling cost a perfect echo of any musical performance, it is highly probable that, when the phonograph is found in every house, a phonographic version of every piece of music will accompany the printed sheet. The latter will give the actual notes, while the phonogram will give the reading of some great player. Or, perhaps, inasmuch as the phonograms can be reproduced for almost nothing, the readings of half a dozen artists will follow the printed page. For instance, the music-shops might sell with Beethoven's pianoforte concertos the phonographic readings of the same concertos by Rubinstein, Bülow, and Saint-Saëns. The whole need not cost more than a few cents, so far as the phonograms are concerned.

Some persons have expressed a fear lest the wide distribution of an apparatus capable of echoing all sorts of music, in a more perfect fashion than any music-box, might lead to the gradual extinction of piano-playing or violin-playing except for purposes of public exhibition, the phonographic echo of some great performer's work being so much superior to what most people could hope to accomplish. It seems to me that the contrary would be the result. Cheap phonographs, giving more or less perfect echoes of music, might make superfluous the painful attempts — painful to others as well as to herself — of the unmusical young woman to master impossibilities. To the person of real musical instinct and capacity, the wealth of good music would certainly prove an incentive. When the phonograph goes everywhere, and phonographic music is cheap, the housewife can listen to Rubinstein as she darns the stockings in the evening, and get superb lessons at the great fountains of musical art, if she has any taste that way. There is no reason to suppose that it will be any more difficult to record a performance of "Die Meistersinger" than a recitation by Coquelin, or a Beethoven symphony under Bülow's baton. There is a good time coming for the poor man of good taste.

An interesting question, perhaps to be solved by means of the phonograph, concerns the differences between a good and a bad performance, whether of a piano piece or of an opera. It has often been remarked that a particular performance "would not go." In the case of a soloist's work, failure to produce the desired effect might be attributed to the shortcomings of the soloist. But operas and plays sometimes fail signally when, according to all rules, they ought to succeed. Every music-lover will remember certain performances which ought to have been superb, but were nothing of the kind. Opera-goers of the city of New York will be pretty sure to cite the memorable performance of "Faust" which

opened the Metropolitan Opera-House in the autumn of 1883 — memorable because of its bitter disappointments. A faithful phonographic record of that performance contrasted with a record of some of the succeeding successful performances of "Faust" by the same artists might disclose interesting features. It might show that success, or artistic effect, lay in taking one part of this chorus a trifle slower and another part a trifle faster, in emphasizing the bass part here or the soprano part there.

A few years ago there was a performance of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" that was also curiously ineffective. The opera had already been given half a dozen times that season with remarkable success; it was the musical achievement of the winter. A repetition was announced for the last night of the year, and the house was well filled. The singers were those who had already made so great a success in Wagner's masterpiece — Fräuleins Lehmann and Brandt, Herren Niemann, Fischer, and Robinson. The conductor was Herr Seidl. Yet long before the evening was over people wondered what the matter was. It may be suspected that the audience was tired out with Christmas shopping, and that the singers, finding no response to their efforts, grew discouraged and careless; the anti-Wagnerite may hint that after six performances of "Tristan," the long-suffering public turned upon its persecutors. But every one cannot have been tired out that New Year's eve. Every one's dinner cannot have gone wrong. Whatever the cause, whether the trouble was in the auditors or the performance, Herr Seidl was thoroughly discontented with the results, and one devoted Wagnerite, who had been known to rave over "Tristan" by the hour, said to me as we passed out of the Opera-House, "I feel as if I do not care to hear 'Tristan' again for the next ten years." A fortnight later there was another performance of "Tristan," which was as conspicuous for success as the one just mentioned had been for failure. A careful comparison of the phonographic records of these two performances might have shown wherein the fault lay. As the sublime is very near the ridiculous, so the impressive performance may be very near the dismal failure — only the phonograph, with its minute and faithful record, faithful beyond the power of human perceptions, can tell us how near.

The phonograph as a musical educator offers encouragement to the composer. His work, if it has value, will be known to millions where now it is known to thousands, and it will not take a generation for its worth to be recognized. It was not until twenty years after the production of "Tristan" that we New-Yorkers were enabled to hear its wondrous beauties; and the masterwork of the high priest of musical art, Wagner's "Nibelung" trilogy, was not heard here until more than ten years after all musical Europe had been ringing with it. In a very few years I fully expect to receive from Europe not only written accounts of the new operas of Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, but phonograms enabling me to hear them from end to end. As the wide distribution of literature which followed the cheap books of modern times has helped the author to a living income, so this wide distribution of music through the phonograph will probably do the same thing for the composer of good music. Then the future Wagner may perhaps receive as much for the composition of a music-drama as the author of another "Silver Threads Among the Gold" gets for his gibberish — which has not been the way in our day.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

Indians Who Deserve Pensions.

I SAW recently in one of our prominent magazines a reference to what the writer was pleased to call the "murder" of Sitting Bull, the great Sioux medicine chief, who was for so many years the mainspring of hostility to the United States among the Dakota tribes, being even a greater bane to his own people than to ours.

Of course to speak of Sitting Bull's killing as "murder" is a piece of simple hysterics. Sitting Bull had always been an arch-plotter and stirrer-up of mischief. In the fall of 1890 various causes combined to bring about a condition of extreme unrest among the Sioux in North and South Dakota. Some of them were due to our own governmental mismanagement, notably to the parsimony of Congress in cutting down the needed appropriations for the Indian service, and to the working of the spoils system in thoroughly disorganizing the agency service. The main fault, however, was with the Indians themselves, or rather with that large minority of them constituting the heathen and hostile party. Among these an epidemic of ghost-dancing broke out, the leaders prophesying that a Messiah would shortly arise through whose agency the Indians would be restored to power and the whites swept off the face of the earth. Fierce, superstitious, fickle, and suspicious savages can very easily be thrown into a state of mind which inevitably results in war — a war certain to end in their own ultimate ruin, and only too apt in the mean while to entail untold suffering upon all the friendly Indians and all the white settlers roundabout. In this case the prompt action of the Government, and the skill with which large masses of troops were handled, together with the unflinching loyalty of the Indian police, and the fact that the majority of the Sioux remained steadfast in their attitude of peace, brought the war to a close with comparatively little loss of life. As always happens in an Indian contest, some of the lives lost were those of innocent non-combatants on the one hand, and of men the community could ill afford to spare on the other.

It is, however, a matter for congratulation, so long as lives had to be lost at all, that Sitting Bull's was one of the number. In 1890 he was active in fomenting the discontent, and was the most influential of the powerful chiefs who were inciting the reckless young men to hostilities. As the outbreak drew to a head, he gathered around him a band of hostiles on the Standing Rock reservation, and took up a position some forty miles from the military post, declining to come in. When it was learned positively that he intended to take all of the young men who were willing to go on the war-path, and to march overland to join the ghost-dancers at Pine Ridge, the commander, after consulting with the agent (who was himself one of the best agents in the service, with a long experience in dealing with Indians), decided to try to arrest him. Hoping to accomplish the arrest without bloodshed, it was arranged that it should be made by a party of the Indian police, a small battalion of white troops following some miles in

the rear, merely to give assistance if the police were endangered. A bloody skirmish followed. I give the facts concerning it as I gathered them from conversation with a number of Indians who were present at the fight, including both Indian policemen and members of the hostile party. For corroboration of their accounts I refer to the report of Captain Fechet of the Eighth Cavalry, commanding the battalion which came to the rescue of the Indian police.

The police, under the command of Lieutenant Bull Head, entered Sitting Bull's camp, or village, about daybreak on December 15, arrested Sitting Bull in his house, and were immediately surrounded by several times their number of furious hostile Indians. They used no violence, and did their best to persuade Sitting Bull to go with them quietly and without resistance. At first it seemed likely that he would do so; but the hostiles, including his own son, kept calling to him, and taunting him, and demanding that he ask them to rescue him. After going a few steps quietly with the police, he stopped, and began to call out to his followers to come to his assistance; and one of the latter, named Catch The Bear, shot the lieutenant of police, Bull Head. The latter immediately, and properly, killed Sitting Bull, and a desperate fight ensued, the police getting possession of the village, while the hostile Indians surrounded them under the cover of the adjoining woods and hills, and kept them prisoners until themselves driven off two hours later by the approach of the white troops. Eight of the hostile Indians were killed, including Sitting Bull, Catch The Bear, and Sitting Bull's son, Crow Foot. Seven of the Indian police were killed or mortally wounded, including their gallant leader.

The hostile Indians whom I questioned, and who had been present at the fight, substantially agreed to this account, although some of them asserted that the Indian police fired first, while others said that both the police and hostiles fired together. All agreed, however, that Sitting Bull was shot while resisting arrest, and while inciting his followers to rescue him from the hands of the police; and all agreed that he at first went quietly with the police, but was taunted by his son and other Indians until he halted, refused to go further, and began to call for help. A curious instance of the spread of our habits of thought among the Indians is to be seen in the fact that all those I interviewed, including both Indian policemen and members of the hostile party, were particular to request me to keep their names out of the papers, lest it should bring them into trouble.

Recapitulating, the testimony shows that in the first place Sitting Bull was inciting the heathen party to outbreak, so that his arrest was a matter of absolute necessity in the interests of the public peace; secondly, that with due warrant of law the Indian police tried to arrest him, acting without violence until forced to take arms in self-defense; and thirdly, that Sitting Bull was shot while resisting arrest and inciting his followers to rescue him, and only after one of the latter had himself shot the commander of the police. The killing was not only a most righteous deed, but was absolutely inevitable, and very beneficial in its results. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the loyalty and courage of the Indian police engaged, and I most earnestly wish that Congress would see that the relatives of those who were killed while thus manfully doing their duty (in the interests not only of their own people, but of all the white settlers) should receive some pension or other reward. No white veteran, of no matter what war, can have a better claim on the Government.

Theodore Roosevelt.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 1, 1893.

A Hint in Municipal Reform.

NOW that America is beginning to take an outside interest in her municipal institutions,—by an outside interest I mean a ratepayer's interest,—it would be worth while to investigate the various independent organizations through which English taxpayers control their civic representatives.

There are no more useful institutions in England than the Ratepayers' Protection Associations, that watch over the work and expenses of vestries and corporations, and at election times bring to bear upon the polls a powerful influence for the general good of wards, parishes, or boroughs, irrespective of politics. What American cities lack, it seems to me, is an earnest and practical interest in the doings of local governments. In England the ratepayers look into the expenditure of their representatives, consider every new movement belonging to the management of streets, sewers, pavements, all questions of improvement, and, indeed, every act of their local legislatures; and by public meetings, pamphlets, or the newspaper press expose any attempt at jobbery, or check any misdirected civic energy.

It is by the aid of such independent associations as these that the municipal machine in England works efficiently, not for cliques, not for "bosses," but for the people; and it is through the coöperation of the representatives of the ratepayers in the local legislatures with the societies outside that it has been possible for the municipalities to become the owners of the gas-works and water-works of various towns and cities. In this respect Bradford, Birmingham, and other great towns in the provinces are ahead of London; but the metropolis will eventually have to buy up the water and gas services. I can speak especially of Bradford, where the citizens not only are the owners of their gas and water, but get these commodities cheap, and still have a profit for the reduction of taxation.

I once discussed these subjects with a great New York merchant, who said: "The fact is, I pay city taxes for my street to be swept, and also for my premises to be watched; but all the same I pay, with others of my neighbors, a private cleaner and a private watchman. Why don't I see after the city's expenditure of the rates I pay? Why don't I combine with my neighbors and get up a ratepayers' protection society? Have n't time; would rather pay five or six hundred dollars a year for nothing than be bothered with trying to stop stealing."

What I would desire to emphasize is the fact that the American ratepayer, the American shopkeeper, merchant, and private citizen, take no part, as a matter of duty, in seeing that the men whom they elect to municipal power properly fulfil their obligations to their constituents; and they fail to organize themselves into independent representative bodies in opposition to the encroachments, not to say outrages, of mere capital.

Most English cities not only own their gas- and water-works, but are proprietors of the local cemeteries and horse-cars. Some of them own real estate, all control their police, and recently, by a new act of Parliament, have acquired power to buy land to be let to the people for gardening, in small allotments. I am writing without any means of reference at hand as to these privileges of the local legislatures; but they have many which are not dreamed of elsewhere; and they are rendered possible because the ratepayers are jealous of their liberties, and look after the proper administration of their affairs.

Joseph Hatton.

"Better United States Senators."

PERMIT me to call your attention to a not very material error in your interesting and timely article entitled, "How Can We Secure Better United States Senators?" in the March CENTURY. Speaking of the equal power of the States in the Senate, your writer says:

> The smaller States will never consent to any diminution of their power, and as such diminution could be brought about only by a constitutional amendment, for the adoption of which a vote of three fourths of all the States would be necessary, they could defeat it easily.

The foregoing might have been put much more strongly, for, according to the Constitution, an amendment of the class suggested must have the acquiescence of every State whose representation would be reduced before it can become a part of our Constitution.

Article V. of the Constitution, after providing that amendments may be made by the concurrence of three fourths of the States, contains two exceptions. The first relates to the clause permitting the importation of slaves until 1808, and is therefore no longer in force; the second provides

> that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

Having ventured this much in criticism, let me add my belief that the subject is one of much importance, and intimately connected with the future welfare of the nation.

If there is any objection to the mode suggested of electing senators by the popular vote of the States which they are to represent, it is that this might foster a tendency to magnify the office at the expense of State officers voted for on the same ticket. It might happen that in a contest where both a senator and State officers were to be elected, the interest in the rivalry for the senatorship would so overshadow that in the governorship that it would leave a popular impression that to be the governor of a single State is insignificant in importance compared with a seat in the smaller branch of the national legislature. Further, such contests would offer new opportunities for the exercise of the arts of practical politics in trading votes for State officers in return for those for senator, and *vice versa*. These objections could, however, be met by holding elections for State and national officers on separate dates, which, with the further separation of those for municipal officers from either, is, I believe, a remedy for many of the evils at present so apparent.

Certainly no one who compares the *personnel* of the present Senate with those of former days, when it was the arena of such titanic combats as those between Webster and Hayne, can doubt that there is somewhere a serious evil requiring on the part of patriotic men an earnest and thoughtful effort to discover the true remedy. In bringing about this result, and in directing the attention of serious men to the existence of the evil, I am assured your article will be of great benefit.

H. Turner Newcomb.

An American Theater in London.

IT seems at first thought an odd coincidence that in this summer of 1893, when the best players of England and France are coming to this side of the Atlantic, and the art of the whole world, plastic, graphic, and dramatic, is expected to find a center, for the time being, at Chicago, the first American theater will be established in London. The foremost dramatic company of the United States — that organized and controlled by Mr. Augustin Daly — will, indeed, spend the greater part of the Columbian year in the capital of Great Britain. Without arguing too curiously, this may be considered a part, and an important part too, of our great national celebration; for it will serve to exhibit to many Englishmen who will not see the Chicago Fair the progress made in at least one branch of American art. Englishmen already know how good of its kind is the work of Mr. Daly and his players, what fine taste and skill are shown alike in the selection and production of the plays in the Daly repertory, and how well the players, guided by the ablest and most energetic stage director American actors ever had, contrive to give the lightest possible touch to the performance of modern farce and comedy, while in their treatment of the old masterworks they make poetry seem real, and yet do not crush the flower of it, or make discord of its melody.

The players of Daly's have acted in old and new comedy in London five seasons since 1884, and the great and growing success of these experimental visits has led to the building, in historic Leicester Square, in the neighborhood of many other popular playhouses, of the new Daly's Theater. The exquisite harmony of the acting of the troupe, in which Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Lewis are prominent members, has been cordially appreciated also in other cities of the British Isles, and in Paris and Berlin as well. There is no doubt of the warmth of the greeting they will get when they formally open, in June, their luxuriously appointed new theater, which hereafter they are to occupy half of every year.

This establishment in London of an international theater was inevitable, and Mr. Daly, above all other American managers, was the one to do it. For a quarter of a century he has been a theater manager in New York, and he has produced plays as a true artist paints his pictures, because he has felt those were the plays he ought to produce. He has thought of something besides money gains, and he has not missed substantial pecuniary rewards either, which surely proves that the theater-going public is not, collectively, such a fool as some managers think. The last season at Daly's Theater in New York reflected much honor on the American stage. The succession of poetical comedy revivals, beginning in December and ending in April,

and comprising works of Shakspere, Sheridan, J. S. Knowles, Hannah Cowley, and Tennyson, all with pictorial settings of rare beauty and appropriateness, and with acting often of the highest order, and always excellently discreet and well finished, gave such satisfaction to cultivated men and women as they do not commonly get in the theater of to-day.

Edward A. Dithmar.

A Friend of the Kindergarten.

Died: In Dresden, January 9, in her 82d year, Madame the Baroness de Marenholz-von Bülow.

THIS honored name has for many years been identified with the most progressive educational movement on the Continent, and also, through her writings, with the work in our own country.

Of noble birth and a most influential family, possessed of a rare intelligence united with an intense desire for practical usefulness in the cause she so dearly loved, it is not strange that the womanly intuition and perception of Madame von Marenholz should at once feel the power of Froebel's idea. In her "Reminiscences of Froebel" (translated by the late Mrs. Horace Mann), one finds a most delightful account of her first meeting with Froebel, and the quick grasp of the underlying thought of the old master's play with the little children in the meadow, which to the uninitiated was "foolishness," but to her was a key to the right understanding and development of humanity.

Through the influence of the baroness many of the most prominent educators in Prussia were made willing converts, and most heartily upheld Froebel's ideas of a "new education."

The edict in 1851 prohibiting the kindergarten in Prussia, because of its "socialistic and atheistic tendencies," was a sore trial to all of Froebel's friends; the more so, as the pamphlet which contained the dangerous germs feared by the Government was not written by Froebel, nor was it in any way authorized or indorsed by him.

Foremost among the noble little army whose faith in the cause never wavered, was Madame the Baroness, whose unremitting endeavors, especially with the minister of the "new era," finally succeeded in the abrogation of this law.

Madame von Marenholz has left many valuable works on education. Among the best-known are the "Reminiscences of Froebel," "The Child and its Nature" (translated by Alice M. Christie; also a "free" rendering of the same by Mme. M. H. Kriege), "Education by Work" (translated into English by Mrs. Horace Mann; also translated into Russian, French, and Italian), besides many most valuable contributions to educational and philosophical journals. Of one of her conversations with Froebel the baroness writes:

As we were speaking of the future life, he said: "Just as we know that the sun only apparently goes round the earth, and that the converse is true, so we shall some time know that the present life and the other life lie in the same universe, in which there is no real separation, and in which everywhere there exists the closest and most unbroken connection. Think of my words — separation is only for union there."

A. H. P.

CHICAGO, February 12, 1893.

The Kindergarten in Canada.

MR. WILLIAMS did not name Canada in his admirable article in the January CENTURY as one of the countries that have adopted the kindergarten. Canada has really taken a very advanced position in regard to the kindergarten. The province of Ontario was the first place in the world to make the kindergarten an organic part of its state system of education. Twelve years ago I had the honor of being appointed a commissioner by the Education Department of Ontario to prepare a report on the kindergarten system. In 1881 the Toronto Public-School Board decided to adopt the kindergarten, and there are now in Toronto thirty-five kindergartens, with an attendance of 2275. The Public-School Board provides all material used, and pays the kindergartners, so that the kindergarten is as free as any other part of the public-school system.

Five years ago the Education Department of Ontario made the kindergarten a part of the public-school system of the province. All training-classes are conducted under the direction of the department, and all assistants and directresses have to be examined by a provincial board of examiners. A special grant is made by the Government for kindergarten attendance. There are training-classes for kindergartners under governmental supervision in Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Brantford, and London, and the system has been introduced by the school-boards of several other cities and towns throughout Ontario. The kindergarten department is recognized as one of the regular departments of the Provincial Teachers' Association.

In the other provinces the kindergarten is being established — in Montreal, Winnipeg, St. John, and Truro.

Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes of Toronto has been chosen to preside at the World's Kindergarten Congress in Chicago this year.

James L. Hughes,
Inspector of Schools.

TORONTO.

California's Presidential Electors.

IN our editorial article in the March number on "Direct Presidential Voting," it was stated that the failure of one Cleveland elector in California was due to the greater personal popularity of one elector on the Harrison ticket. We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. J. F. Thompson, the Cleveland elector referred to, and take pleasure in presenting his explanation of the failure of his candidacy. Mr. Thompson says:

I was nominated for the elector at large, and by all rules of right and of precedent should have had my name at the head of the electoral ticket; but through an oversight or blunder on the part of our State Central Committee, our electors' names were not arranged as they should have been, and the Secretary of State placed them on the ticket in alphabetical order, my name being last. Under the Australian system of voting, requiring each voter to stamp names voted for, the last two or three names on each ticket suffered, the last one being cut the most. I lost in the entire State 311 votes, or ran that many votes behind the head name on the ticket. In practically the same vote, Mr. Hanscom, the last Republican elector, lost over 500, or ran 529 votes behind the head man on his ticket. This came about in part by some voters placing only one stamp-mark after the group, some after the first name, others at or near the middle of the tickets,

and having that vote counted for only the man opposite whose name it was placed.

Mr. Thompson adds:

Mr. Bard did not defeat me on account of his great popularity. He is an estimable and wealthy gentleman of Ventura, and ran only a few votes ahead of his ticket at home; but many a voter placed the stamp after his name, intending to vote for all the Republican electors, and in some cases they were counted only for Mr. Bard. Thus he ran over two hundred votes ahead of the other members of his ticket. The system of voting is defective, and the Electoral College is also a cumbersome and useless appendage to a system that should be changed to allow a direct vote for President by the people.

Mr. Thompson's explanation gives us a view of the matter not accessible at the time of the preparation of our article, the reports from California at that time having given basis for the theory of the editorial.

A Psychological Suggestion.

I HAVE received a letter from a Mr. D. L. Merrill of Union City, Michigan, which suggests an idea worthy of preservation. It is that the cases of double consciousness, such as I related, are simply instances of "twins," in which, instead of there being born two minds and two bodies, joined together, as in the case of the Siamese twins, two minds have been born into different parts of the same body, and that sometimes one mind gets ahead, and sometimes the other.

Trusting that your psychological readers will be stimulated to renewed studies by this novel and interesting thought, I remain yours truly,

H. C. Wood.

1925 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Reflections on Adversity.

GRIEF that is wild is not so serious a matter as the tame grief which follows the footsteps and rests in the bosom.

THE wisest of us do a great deal more grieving over vanished joys than we do of rejoicing over vanished griefs.

SWEET are the uses of adversity; but a superfluity of sweets is unwholesome.

WHAT seems to be adversity to you may look like prosperity in the eyes of another. The clay in the hands of the potter considers itself the mere tool of fortune; yet it is envied by the clay in the hands of the clay-eater.

IF you cannot learn to swim, learn to float; many have been drowned in the waters of affliction in plain sight of solid land.

ADVERSITY is not undiluted disagreeableness. Even adverse criticism gives pleasure to the writer.

IN this world we shall have tribulation; in the next world we shall have opportunities for wondering why we gave it a seat at the head of the table.

IT is true that life is short, but one may always have the consolation of making a long face over it.

WHEN poverty comes in at the door, love takes the pattern of her garment, and thinks it will not be so unbecoming, after all.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

The Prig.

THOUGH genius clad you with a golden mist,
For him your verses would but lamely stammer
If in their texture should by chance exist
One least, unholy blemish of bad grammar.

Vainly for him the powers you would unite
Of Shakspere, Dante, Molière, Lope de Vega,
If, quoting Greek, you once presumed to write
An omicron in place of an omega!

Edgar Fawcett.

Michael Will Not Be In It.

(A ST. PATRICK'S DAY EPIC.)

TO-MORROW will be the parade,
The parade of St. Patrick —
St. Patrick's day parade.
There will be many bands of music,
Horses gaily caparisoned,
File after file of Hibernians,
Mile after mile of high beavers;
Patrick and Lawrence,
Peter and Terence,
They will all be there.
But Michael —
Michael will not be in the parade.

They will march through Canal street, through Hester,
Through the Bowery, through Grand street —
Oh, how the Grand street girls — grand girls! — would admire Michael!
For he is handsome and stalwart.
But Michael —
Michael will not be in the parade.

Michael's father was an army contractor.
Michael is rich, and can do as he pleases.
He loves fair women;
He is a leader of men.
He has a black horse, an Arabian charger;
No man who will march on the morrow
Would look so imposing as Michael.
But Michael —
Michael will not be in the parade.

For he, is he not a Russian?
Does he not live in St. Petersburg?
How has he ever heard of St. Patrick?
No; Michael —
Michaelovitch Papoff —
He will not be in the parade!

Charles Battell Loomis.

Saints and Sinners.

THE same clear ray of light that paints
The windows full of holy saints,
Be sure it fails not in its search
To find the sinners in the church.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Decline of Profanity.

IT is reported of a dignitary of the Church that once in a moment of severe trial, he expressed the opinion that the House of Bishops had neglected its duty, in that it had not prepared an appropriate form of imprecation to be used on extraordinary occasions. I suppose it conceivable that persons bound by the conventions of organized religious bodies sometimes feel at a certain disadvantage through the interdiction laid upon them from expressing acute annoyance or even indignation or detestation by the use of "language" that laymen permit themselves, however impiously, with practical immunity from open rebuke.

But the curious fact is that this disadvantage is likely to be felt only by English-speaking men. No Frenchman would be conscious of it, and, of course, no woman of standing in any civilized race. It would be an interesting speculation, perhaps too tempting to be safe, whether the habit of profanity, in its two quite distinct branches of "swearing" and "cursing," goes with more pronounced energy and rudeness of character, and is absent where these are absent. The English races have it; the Germans have it, perhaps in less degree; the Latin races have hardly a trace of it; and women do not have it at all. I have sometimes fancied that it went with the Hebrew Scriptures, which may have furnished the ideas of which profanity is the perverted expression. But that is a question far too deep for these pages. The point I should like to note is that the habit is dying out. It was, within the memory of those who do not like to think themselves old, very common. I have heard, on what I am sure is trustworthy authority, of a clergyman of the last generation who, summoned to breakfast while at his morning devotions, turned upon the unfortunate messenger with the exclamation: "—— you! How dare you interrupt my prayers!" Much less extreme instances are known to many of us which would now be simply impossible. Are we becoming more pious? That is not the general impression. Is the fiber of the race softening? That is often maintained, but I do not think successfully. The civil war is there to disprove it for Americans, at least. Or are we, as Frenchmen and women did long ago, learning more adequately to master the resources of our own tongue, and becoming independent of this crude and rather stupid—to call it nothing worse—device?

Edward Cary.

The Contributor's Dream.

WE scribblers are human, and sometimes cross;
Besides, I 'd been up all night;
And I thought with gloom on the probable fate
Of the story I could n't write.

I thought, and nodded, and fell asleep,
With my head on that spotless page;
And I dreamed a dream of the editor
As he 'll be in the Golden Age.

I dreamed that I knocked at the editor's door,
And at once there did appear
A beautiful damsel, robed in black,
With a pen behind her ear.

She bowed and smiled as she took my card,
And she did not ask me to wait,
But opened the door of the inner room
Where the editor sat in state.

The editor rose with a courtly grace,
And brought me an easy-chair;
Then he begged to see my manuscript,
And he read it then and there.

He read it with interest, every word;
He laughed at its humor keen;
And the tears rolled down his intelligent face
At every pathetic scene.

And when he had ended, he grasped my hand,
And said: "I cannot express
Our warm and sincerely heartfelt thanks
For the favor of this MS.

"But if I may venture to speak the word"
(Here he fell upon my neck),
"Perhaps you 'll permit us the small return
Of a thousand-dollar check.

"We sincerely hope this is but the first
Creation of your brain;
And whenever a second tale is evolved,
We beg you will call again.

"If a personal call would be too much,
In the rush of your busy life,
Pray trust your sheets to the U. S. mail,
Or send them up by your wife.

"For a man of your very evident worth
We keep an open account,
And shall always be glad to make an advance
Of cash to any amount.

"We never give up a poem or tale
That once gets into our grip;
But because a good many are sent to us,
We use this printed slip."

(Here he read from a slip:) "'Your MS. received,
And accepted with ardent thanks;
We send you a signed and certified check,
And beg you 'll fill up the blanks.'

"It is not for poor devils of editors
To refuse good authors, I ween;
And of course, if we suffer from lack of space,
We enlarge the magazine."

. . . . . .

I awoke; and, alas! it was but a dream,
And my story not even begun;
And I know it must go the usual rounds,
If ever I get it done.

P. S.—
I respectfully beg to submit this verse
While yet the ink is damp;
In case of refusal I 'll call for it—
Not having an extra stamp.

H. S. Huntington.

Over the Sea Lies Spain.

PERHAPS they may count me a beggar here,
With never a roof for the wind and the rain;
But there is the sea with its wave-lashed pier,
And over the sea lies Spain.

And there am I held by a title high,
As befitteth the lord of a broad demesne;
For there is my kingdom, and here am I,
With only the sea between.

And what if the sea be deep, be deep,
And what if the sea be wide?
Some day I shall float in my own fair boat,
And sail to the other side.

A certain man in the city I meet,
As he steps to his coach at the curbstone there,
From a solemn house in a stately street—
You would know him rich by his air.

He gives me a finger or two to hold,
Or only a passing nod may deign:
He does not know of my title and gold,
My castle and lands in Spain.

But what care I for his bonds and stocks?
No solemn house in the city for me!
His are the ships that lie at the docks,
But I have a ship at sea.

And what if the land be far, be far,
And what if the sea be wide?
Some day I shall sail with a favoring gale
To a port on the other side.

And now while I lie on the sea-beach here,
With the fisherman yonder mending his seine,
I know that only the sea sweeps clear
'Twixt me and my castle in Spain.

I can see the sun on its airy towers,
And a white hand beckon from over-sea;
I can smell the breath of the rosy bowers,
Where somebody waits for me.

So content do I walk in this world of men
To which by an alien name I am known;
But how it will gape in wonder when
Don Carlos comes to his own!

Be never the land so far, so far,
Be never so broad the main,
There 's a ship on the sea that belongs to me,
And over the sea lies Spain.

Charles Washington Coleman.

Mrs. Fulsom's Journey.

"I LOOKED forward considerabul to the journey," said Mrs. Fulsom, after her return from a short visit to Montreal and Quebec; "and I own to it that when Mr. Fulsom said as he had business in the provinces, and was goin' to take me along, I was real pleased. Mr. Pike, who does a wholesale bean business, kind o' made up his mind to go an' take Mis' Pike, an' I lotted on havin' her fer company. She had n't been nowhere more 'n I had, an' I thought we should take a sight of comfut together. But, land sakes, she was 'most the death of the whole of us, she was so. Mr. Pike 's a master stirrin' man, an' he wanted to see all he could, an' was anxious to hev Mis' Pike see too. But soon 's we got well seated in the cars she jest dozed off, an' though Mr. Pike would shake her arm now 'n then to point out somethin', she did n't seem to sense much till we got to Montreal.

"Then, I may say, my troubles begun. The men folks had their customers to see, so I thought as Mis' Pike an' I would get out bright an' early; but before we 'd got well out 'n the hotel I could see as 't was wearin' on her. She managed to get up some interest, though, after we 'd got lost. She said she knew we should, an' fer her part she did n't never expect to get home alive. After a spell we found a man who knew where the hotel was, an' showed us the way back. But the hotel did n't seem to please her no better 'n bein' lost did.

"I was calculatin' on goin' out 'n the afternoon, but Mis' Pike thought 't was goin' to rain; so I said I 'd go alone, bein' as our time was limited, an' I wanted to see what I could. But she seemed to feel mournful about it, said she should n't take a minute's peace to be left alone in a strange house; so I settled down an' stayed with her till I got to be about her mind as fer as hotels went.

"The next day we took the boat to go to Quebec. I 'd read some about the French and Indian wars, an' I was a-lookin' for'ard to tellin' the folks to home all about the river. But 't wa'n't no use. We went aboard the boat about two in the afternoon, an' Mis' Pike went right to her state-room an' went to bed. Mr. Pike he came on deck lookin' kind o' worn an' discouraged, an' said Mis' Pike wanted me to come down an' set with her a spell, an' I felt obliged to go. He said he was afeared Mis' Pike was n't enjoyin' herself, an' I said I was afeared not.

"I went down, an' says I, 'Be you feelin' bad, Mis' Pike?' 'No, Mis' Fulsom,' says she; 'I 'm a-feelin' as well as common; but I ain't never been on the water before, so I thought I 'd be on the safe side, an' not take no chances.'

"There wa'n't much I could amuse myself with, an' I did n't feel none the better fer hevin' to stay down there; an' 't wa'n't long before I begun to be sick, an' 't wa'n't so I could get up till the boat was tied up to the wharf in Quebec.

"That 's the way 't was all the way. She acted jest as if she was a livin' sacrifice, so 's to speak, fer our diversion. Fer all that I see, except the day we was lost in Montreal, I might jest as well set right here to home. Then, though I would n't 'a' minded clothes if she 'd only acted well, I felt sort of troubled about Mis' Pike's dress. 'T was a brown plaid gingham, an' she wore her Paisley shawl. 'T wa'n't what I call suitable, an' 'fore we got home she looked limpsy enough.

"She said she was glad enough to get home alive, an' I s'pose she was. But it did seem dreadful hard to me that the only journey I ever took had to be took along with Mis' Pike, though she said a number of times that she did n't know what she 'd 'a' done if I had n't been along. An' she really seemed to enjoy hevin' me sit in state-rooms an' hotels with her, so I dunno as I ought to complain.

"Still, I can't tell you much that I saw, fer Mis' Pike seemed to be about all there was to it."

Alice Turner.

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FROM A CAST.

SEE PAGE 218.

THE JUNO OF ARGOS.

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CAUGHT ON A LEE SHORE.

PLEASURES AND PERILS OF A CRUISE ON THE FLORIDA COAST.[1]

TOWARD the end of 1890 we matured our plans for a cruise (our second) in Florida waters. Accordingly, about the end of December, my wife, I, and the steward of our yacht *Galatea* left England in the *Umbria*, and arrived at New York December 29. There we remained for a week, completing our camp outfit and fishing-gear, not forgetting charts and sailing directions.

Arriving at Jacksonville January 11, 1891, we made our final preparations, and departed for Titusville, at the head of Indian River, where we were met by our old acquaintance Captain Vann, the owner of the sloop *Minnehaha*, which we had chartered. Deep-draft vessels are useless for Florida waters: a maximum of three feet is all that is admissible. The *Minnehaha* was of a type common on Indian River, locally known as a "skipjack." She was flat-sided, with a rise of floor of about fifteen inches, and drew, with all her stores on board, about twenty-six inches of water. Over all she was 28 feet 7 inches; extreme beam, 12 feet 9 inches. She was decked as far aft as the cockpit, and had a deck-house, or booby-hatch, over the cabin, which gave about 4 feet 10 inches head-room. The cabin itself was 13 feet long by 10 feet wide, divided fore and aft by the center-board trunk, which rose about 2 feet 6 inches from the floor. The cabin extended underneath the fore deck, and in that part of it all our light gear was stowed. There were two rudely constructed trestles, which did duty for bedsteads. My wife appropriated the starboard one, while I occupied the port. All the fittings were of the very roughest description; there was nothing yacht-like about them, but it was the best boat available that we knew of. Abaft the cabin was an open cockpit 7 feet by 5 feet. In this space the crew—consisting of the skipper and the steward—lived, cooked, and slept, except at such times as we were able to pitch the tent and make a camp on shore. An awning spread over the main boom gave them shelter at night.

The rig was a simple one, consisting of two sails, jib and mainsail, both laced to booms. She spread a large area of canvas for her size. Although she had less than five hundredweight of ballast, she carried her canvas well, and in smooth water was very fast to windward (her draft was seven feet with the center-board down); but in anything of a lop or seaway she spanked and pounded, and proved very wet. Off the wind she was hard to steer, like all her type. She was good enough for smooth-

[1] This paper is a condensation of portions of a manuscript diary by Lieutenant William Henn, the well-known naval officer and yachtsman, who, in 1886, sailed the *Galatea* against the *Mayflower* for the *America's* cup. The pictures are after drawings by the author and photographs by Mrs. Henn.—EDITOR.

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water work, but was very uncomfortable in the least bit of sea, and soon after we started she began to leak badly.

At 9:30 of a lovely morning, January 15, we cast off from the wharf. Properly speaking, Indian River is not a river, but a long, shallow salt-water lagoon running parallel with the Atlantic Ocean. This lagoon is about 150 miles in length, and, except in the narrows, is from one to five miles in width. It has two communications with the ocean, one opposite St. Lucie or Fort Capron, about ninety miles south of Titusville, and the other at its southern extremity at Jupiter. The depth varies from ten feet to as many inches, but channels have been dredged through the principal shoals and oyster-bars for craft drawing four feet of water. An hour or two after starting, the wind shifted and came dead ahead, and we had an opportunity of seeing what the *Minnehaha* could do to windward. Slowly but surely we caught up and passed boat after boat, and I could see Skipper was getting "the last inch" out of her, and doing it well. At 4 P. M. we were off Rockledge, twenty-two miles from Titusville, and there we decided on anchoring for the night. After midnight on January 17 the rain came down in torrents, and lasted until morning. The downpour soon searched out all weak places on deck, and, to our great disgust, we found the water had penetrated in quantities, which showed that the leaks were serious. Skipper "guessed he 'd find them out and fix them," but this he never was able to do, and throughout the cruise we suffered much inconvenience and discomfort from this trouble. January 18, in Indian River narrows, we ran hard and fast on an oyster-bar. All hands, except my wife, who worked away with a "setting-pole," had to jump overboard to shove the sloop off — a style of navigation called by the Indian River boatmen "shirt-tailing."

At 6:30 on January 19 we were under way with a fresh breeze from the north, bound to Jupiter, forty miles to the southward, and the *Minnehaha* made short miles of it. About noon the lighthouse was abeam of us, and we were steering for the point near the inlet where we had made our camp four years before. We soon cleared the ground and pitched the tent. While engaged in this work, our old friend Captain Carlin, who is in command of the life-saving station at Jupiter, made his appearance, and welcomed us warmly. The fishing proved as good as ever, large numbers of bluefish and pompano being caught daily.

One day Captain Carlin brought a young raccoon on board as a present for my wife. The little creature, which we named "Cherokee Kate," was nine or ten months old, and was still very wild and vicious.

At sunrise on January 23 the weather was fine, so I gave the order to strike the tent and prepare for sea. Skipper showed signs of being unwilling to start, and was very dilatory, but by seven we had everything stowed on board, and, hoisting our sails, finally got off. We had to help her along with the setting-

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

AGROUND.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY J. HELWELL.

JUPITER INLET.

poles, as a strong flood was running, but at the inlet we had wind enough to burst through it, and we crossed the bar without shipping a drop of water, disturbing in our passage over it several large sharks and saw-fish, some of which were close enough to be touched with the boat-hook. Shaping our course south, we ran parallel to the beach, keeping about a quarter of a mile outside the surf to avoid as much as possible the current of the Gulf Stream, which here sets close along the shore. We were at last fairly started on our cruise, and the *Minnehaha*, for the first time in her existence, was breasting the waters of the broad Atlantic. The sea was smooth, the wind being light, and Skipper's spirits revived; but in spite of it all he was not very cheerful, and opined "that a 'norther' was brewing," and "hoped we 'd be lucky enough to reach a harbor before it struck us." We soon passed the life-saving station, and the crew turned out and gave us a cheer, at the same time running up the American ensign at the flagstaff. We dipped our burgee, as an acknowledgment, little imagining that the next time we saw them we should be in dire distress and in want of their assistance.

At 9:25 P. M. we were off New River Inlet, about fifty-three miles distant from Jupiter, and Skipper's forebodings as to being caught by "a norther" were not going to be fulfilled. We had intended to stop at New River for a few days, as the fishing there is excellent, and game abounds in the vicinity; but as it was dark before we reached the inlet, and there being only three feet of water on the bar, we decided on proceeding to Biscayne Bay, about twenty miles further south. At 1:30 we sighted the light on the northern extremity of the Florida Reef, and at 2 A. M. arrived off the passage between Virginia Key and Key Biscayne. Here we anchored to await daylight, having sailed seventy-three miles from Jupiter.

On approaching Cocoanut Grove, we observed several yachts at anchor, their white sails glistening in the bright morning sun. A signal was flying from a wharf, which proved to be the burgee of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club. We hauled down our private signal, substituting for it the burgee of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. A yacht now got under way and came out to meet us, and we were warmly welcomed by her owner, the secretary of the club, who piloted us to the anchorage. Our "mud-hook" had hardly reached the bottom before the genial commodore, whose flag was flying on board his sharpie, the *Presto*, came on board, and tendered to us all the privileges of the club.

The sharpie is, without doubt, both for build, rig, and accommodation, the best type of craft for navigating Florida waters that I am acquainted with, especially the type which finds favor with the yachtsmen of Biscayne Bay. These sharpies are round-bottomed, and carry several tons of ballast, but the draft, without the center-board, does not exceed three feet. They are far superior to the flat-bottomed type, which pound heavily in the least lop of the sea, and are wet and uncomfortable except in smooth water. They sail fast both on and off the wind, are easily handled with a small crew, and are good and safe sea-boats. They are ketch-rigged, with one head-sail, and have a peculiarly cut topsail, which is very effective off the wind.

We left Miami on January 29, bound to Key West, distant to the southward about 150 miles, and after several stops reached there February 4. About noon we anchored among a fleet of small yachts whose crews appeared

to regard us with a certain amount of curiosity, for our craft was of a build unfamiliar to the Key-Westers, and their interest was further aroused by seeing the signal of the Royal Northern Yacht Club fluttering at our topmast-head, and observing a lady on board.

February 6 we set sail for Cape Sable; but our bobstay snapped before we reached the bell-buoy, so we had to return for repairs, making an early start on the 7th. About four o'clock we ran on a bank of coral mud and grass, and stayed there till 9:30, when, getting afloat, we anchored for the night. The next evening we were moored alongside a shelving bank of sand in Little Cape Sable Creek, about ten miles west of Cape Sable. Skipper and I started to explore the creek, which was hedged in with an almost impenetrable growth of tall mangrove-trees. Presently the air became dark with mosquitos, and, pursued by the pests, we pulled back to the sloop, which, to our dismay, we found had been left aground by the ebbing tide. Night was rapidly approaching, and the mosquitos were more numerous and fiercer than ever. We were literally devoured by them; our clothes were little protection; they penetrated everywhere. So, leaving the sloop, we made two large fires on the sand-bank, cutting down and piling on the green mangrove-branches — anything to make a smoke, or smudge. To a certain extent our efforts were crowned with success, and, wrapped in wreaths of smoke, we made a hasty dinner, and anxiously watched the rising tide. The light of the fires threw a ruddy glare on the surface of the creek, lighting up the dark, impenetrable walls of mangroves, and now and again we could see the dorsal fins of the sharks that were coming in on the flood-tide. In spite of our sufferings we determined to fish for them, and in a few minutes the shark-line was rigged. Baiting the hook with a four-pound Spanish mackerel, we pitched it out a few yards from the shore, and, making the end fast to a tree, waited developments. We were not kept long in suspense; in less than five minutes the slack line, which was coiled on the sand, began to run out. After twenty feet or so had disappeared, we seized it, and held on, jerking it hard to drive the hook well home; in an instant we felt we were fast in something, for in spite of the combined efforts of Skipper, steward, and myself, all

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY A. HAYMAN.

FROM JUPITER INLET INTO THE OPEN.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A WHARF AT KEY WEST.

of us were swiftly dragged toward the water's edge, and the next moment the quiet waters of the creek were lashed into foam, as a huge shark plunged and rolled on the surface, vainly endeavoring to get rid of the good steel hook with its three feet of chain. The struggle was of short duration, for after a momentary "tug of war"—twelve feet of shark versus seventeen feet of man—we dragged the great brute's head on the shelving sand, and sent a four-pound ax crashing into its brain. The hook being then cut from its jaws and rebaited, was again cast out. In less than an hour we had hooked five, and landed three ranging from nine to twelve feet in length, and, feeling we had done our duty by the sharks, we were satisfied. At 9:30 the next morning we were sailing up the coast. We were all feeling very sorry for ourselves, suffering terribly from mosquito-bites, and many were the imprecations we uttered against "Little Cape Sable Creek." I have had considerable experience with mosquitos and their ways, in many parts of the globe; but except on one occasion, when elephant-hunting in Ceylon, I was never so badly bitten, nor have ever suffered as much. We afterward heard that this creek was notorious as being the worst place on the coast for these pests.

At 4 P. M. we were abreast of Pavillion Key, which seemed to be alive with pelicans sitting on the mangrove-trees, while many frigate-birds were soaring high overhead. On landing, we found the sand covered with the tracks of racoons and possums, and we saw traces of a deer. Returning on board, we rigged up and baited the shark-line, putting it overboard after dark, and securing the end to the mast. Soon after midnight we were awakened by the violent motion of the sloop. At first I was at a loss to account for it; then suddenly remembering the shark-line, I roused my wife and crew, and hurried on deck. Sure enough, something was hooked, for the line was as taut as a bar, and the sloop, tugging and straining at her cable, was sluing and sheering about in a very lively fashion. We soon got hold of the line, and then it was a case of "pull devil, pull baker," the huge fish plunging and lashing on the surface and nearly dragging us overboard, and with blows from his powerful tail making the phosphorescent water fly in all directions. At last we mastered him, and, dragging him alongside, bent the fore-halyards on to the line for a purchase, and succeeded in lifting the brute's head clear of the water. Then the question arose, How to get the hook out of his jaws? My wife was equal to the occasion, and appeared on the scene with her 45-caliber Smith & Wesson pistol, loaded and ready for action, four rounds from which fired into his brain had the effect of quieting the monster, when, after wetting us all over with a final convulsive lash of his tail, he turned "belly up." We quickly cut out the hook with an ax, after first measuring the fish's length with a boat-hook (it proved to be a little under twelve feet), and then turned in again.

Seven o'clock A. M., February 10, saw us under way with a light southeast wind, bound to Great Marco, distant about twenty-five miles.

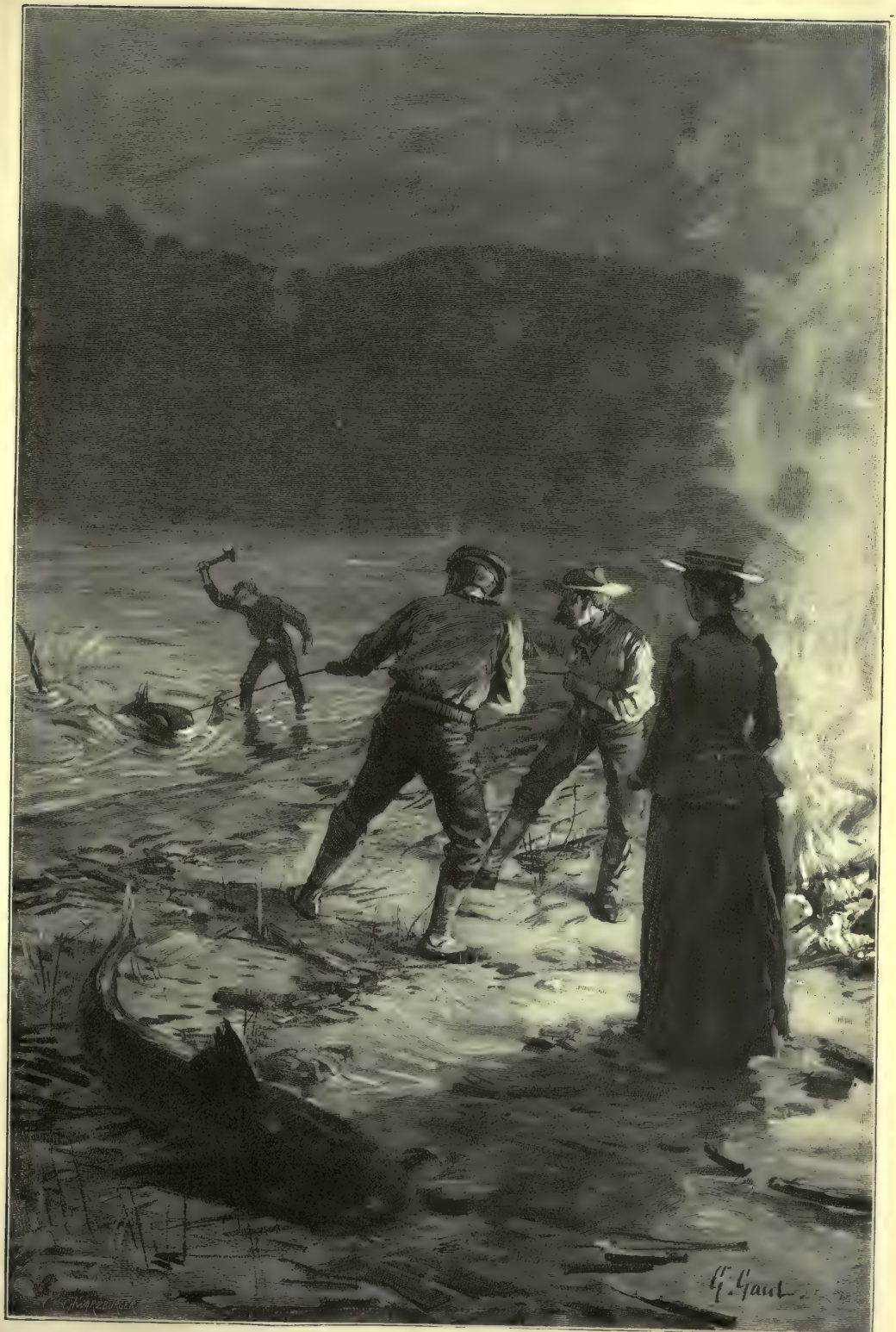
At noon the temperature of the air was 82° in the shade, and the sea-water was 74°. Off Cape Romano the wind fell very light, and on the numerous sand-banks in its vicinity we saw great numbers of pelicans, both white and brown, the white variety being the more numerous. At 4 P. M. we were off Caximbas Pass, and the wind had almost died out. The sea was alive with porpoises, which were leaping clear out of water, and presently we sailed through a shoal of great devil-fish, some of them being close enough to strike with a harpoon; but although we had on board the weapons and lines, I had no desire to use them — devil-fish, as I well know from former experiences, being awkward customers to tackle, even in a properly equipped craft with skilled hands to throw the irons, and afterward to manage the lines and boat. Some of the fish we passed seemed fully eighteen or twenty feet across, from wing to wing, and would probably be the same length from the tips of their horns to the ends of their tails. Many years ago I assisted at the capture of one near Port Royal, Jamaica, which towed us for more than two hours. We were in a 5-oared 27-foot whale-boat, and had no less than three whale-irons fast in the fish; but before we killed it the boat had shipped a great deal of water, and we were all soaked to the skin by the shower of spray which the monster threw over us. This specimen, which was considered by no means a large one, measured sixteen feet in length, about seventeen in breadth, and was estimated to weigh more than a ton. Wonderful stories are told about these fish, of their lifting ships' anchors, and enveloping swimmers with their enormous wings, and drowning them; but I cannot vouch for their accuracy. Skipper, who had never before seen nor heard of these creatures, seemed relieved when we saw the last of them. Just as the sun was setting we arrived off Great Marco Pass, the wind being so light that we were barely able to hold our own against the tide, which was setting out by the channel with a velocity of nearly three knots an hour; but at last we succeeded in passing the inner fairway buoy, and "brought up for the night."

The settlement on Marco Island consists of two or three families, and here there is a post-office. We anchored off the dock, and soon settled with Mr. C—— about hauling out the *Minnehaha*. She had been leaking badly ever since leaving Indian River.

At Marco I met "Joe," the skipper of a 30-foot sloop, which was undergoing repairs, who offered to pilot me on a tarpon expedition. After rowing for half an hour we headed for a bight which Joe called Tarpon Bay. We anchored in five feet of water on the edge of the channel, and began operations by several exciting encounters with sharks, which bit off the hooks. Then we lighted our pipes, and patiently watched. Half an hour passed, and still no sign. The tarpon had disappeared, and so had the sharks; not a fin was visible, but the sun was blazing hot, and I was beginning to think tarpon-fishing a delusion. Even Joe was not very sanguine, and said it was rather early in the season for them to bite well. We were discussing the advisability of shifting our ground, when once more the line began to move, very gently and slowly, but evenly and with increasing velocity. The slack had almost run overboard when, a hundred feet away from the skiff, a dazzling mass of silver some six feet in length shot high into the air, and fell back with a crash which whitened the water with foam, and could be heard half a mile off. "Tar — pon! Tar — pon!" shouted Joe. To pick up the rod was the work of an instant, and then the reel began to whiz as the noble fish dashed away at a tremendous speed, throwing a succession of magnificent leaps, shaking his head (as a dog does with a rat), and making extraordinary contortions in the air in vain endeavor to eject the hook. In a jiffy Joe had the skiff under way, and we followed the fish, which was tearing down the channel, as fast as we could, while I put on all the strain I dared, trying to check or turn him; but I might as well have tried to stop a torpedo-boat. He had now got about one hundred and fifty yards away, and the line in the reel was getting low, when out he jumped again, and, on regaining the water, turned and made straight for the skiff, passing within a few yards of it long before I had time to get a taut line on him.

"Keep a level head, boss, and I guess you 'll get him; he 's got the hook well down. Start in now and work him for all you 're worth," said Joe, who was handling the skiff admirably. I soon got in all the slack, and was bearing hard on him, yet could make no impression. The fish was swiftly and steadily heading down the bay, keeping in the deep water, and we followed, sticking as close as we were able. Then, for the first time, I realized that I had a pretty big contract on hand.

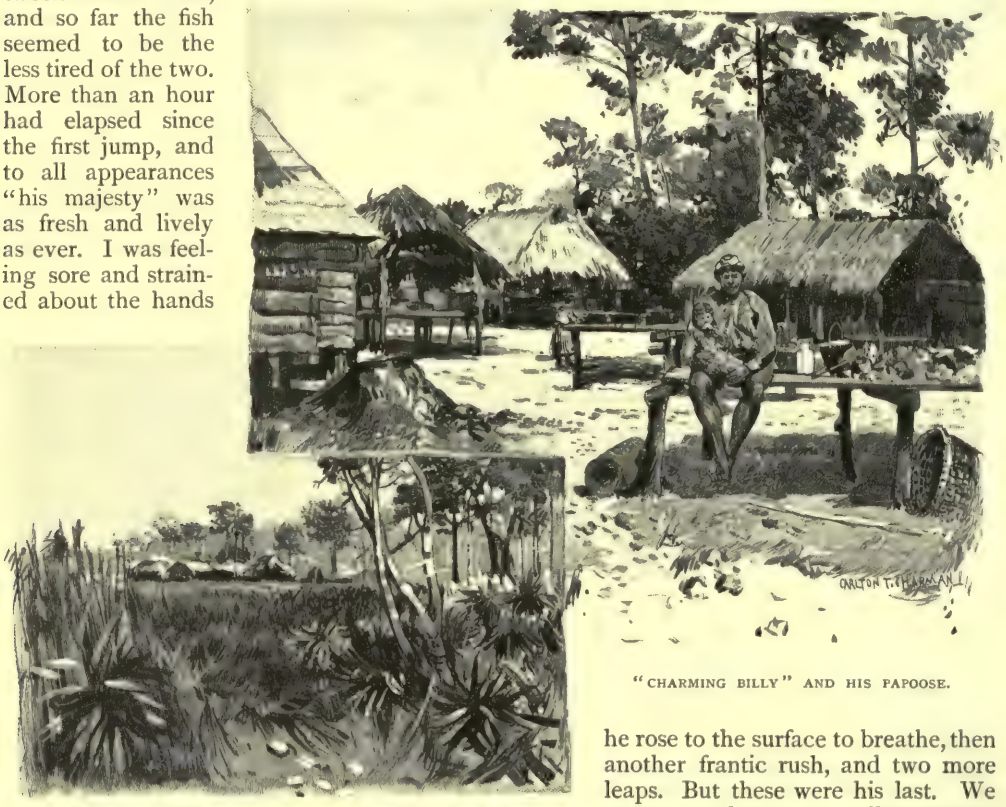
Another wild rush was followed by a couple of grand jumps. "Now 's your time to make him tired. Worry him; don't give him a rest." I worried him all I knew how, until the tension of the line made it fairly sing again. The fish slowly yielded, and I succeeded in turning his head toward the shallow water. The last jumps appeared to exhaust him somewhat, and, by putting on all the strain the gear would bear, I at last got him out of the channel on the flats, where the water was barely four feet deep. He was now moving lazily



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

SHARK-FISHING, LITTLE CAPE SABLE CREEK.

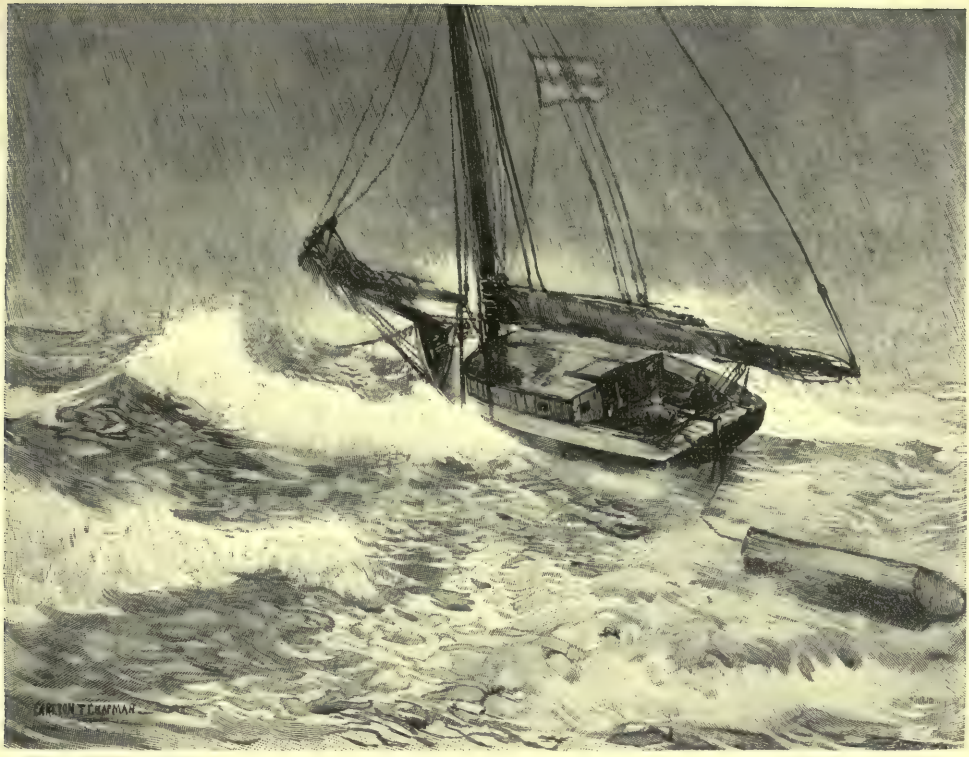
along; we were literally towing him toward the shore. But it was hard work; my hands and arms were getting tired, and my garments were soaked with perspiration. Suddenly the tarpon stopped, and, turning rapidly, made another desperate rush for the deep water. The reel whizzed like a buzz-saw, and, in spite of all my efforts to check him, full eighty yards ran off before "the king" again flung himself high in the air; another spurt, followed by more leaps, showed that he had taken a new lease of life, and I began to despair of ever being able to tire him. It was a stand-up fight between man and fish, and so far the fish seemed to be the less tired of the two. More than an hour had elapsed since the first jump, and to all appearances "his majesty" was as fresh and lively as ever. I was feeling sore and strained about the hands and arms, and my fingers had scarcely strength to turn the crank of the reel. Joe now volunteered to "give me a spell," but I declined the offer, and, getting a fresh grip of the rod, sitting well back, and bracing my feet against the bottom boards of the skiff, put on all the strain the rod would bear, and again brought my huge antagonist to a standstill. Then I started in to pull at him and to worry him, and presently he gave way, and again I led him into the shallow water. He was now much easier to manage, and soon I succeeded in getting him two or three hundred yards away from the channel, within twenty yards of the skiff, butting him hard, and doing all I could to bring him within reach of the gaff; but my efforts were in vain. Suddenly he came to the surface, and blew like a porpoise. "Now, look out," said Joe; "he 'll be off again." That breath of air had undoubtedly put new life into him, for like a flash he ran out fifty or sixty yards of line, and again broke water. "That makes twelve jumps; he 's a bully one. Hold on, and turn him again," roared Joe, and almost immediately the fish came straight for the skiff, actually passing under the bottom, though fortunately the line went clear. Again he rose to the surface to breathe, then another frantic rush, and two more leaps. But these were his last. We were now close to a small mangrove island, in shallow water, and the great fish was unmistakably beginning to tire, for now and then, as he turned, we could see his magnificent broadside; but still he was far from being "played dead," although I was very nearly played out. "Try to lift him," said Joe, who had unshipped the oar. The fish was now within six feet of the skiff, almost motionless, and we could see that the snell outside his jaw was badly frayed. Joe then stealthily seized the gaff, and as quick as lightning struck the tarpon through the shoulder. A desperate struggle ensued, but Joe held on, and so did the good barbed gaff and its long hickory pole. After an exciting ten or fifteen seconds, which



"CHARMING BILLY" AND HIS PAPOOSE.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

EVERGLADES AND INDIAN CAMP.



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"HANGING ON BY THE EYELIDS."

to me seemed a lifetime, we had his head above the gunwale of the skiff, which was nearly half full of water (shipped during the final act), and reeving a stout line through his gills, secured it to the after thwart, cutting the snell, which was almost frayed through, adrift from the line; five minutes more would have done for it, but Joe's clever strike secured the fish. I felt thoroughly tired, my hands and arms were cramped and stiff, as were also the muscles of my back and shoulders. The fight had lasted for an hour and twenty-seven minutes.

Then, taking our prize in tow, we proceeded homeward; but on the way we nearly lost part of him, as a huge shark made a dash at the body of the defunct monarch, and just missed getting a mouthful. As it would not do to run any more risks, with considerable difficulty we lifted the tarpon into the skiff, and reached home without further adventures. The figures were: Length, 6 feet 6 inches; girth, 3 feet 2 inches; weight, 145¾ pounds. Joe said the fish "was lean," and not in the very best condition, or it would have weighed 160 pounds. After it was photographed, Joe took off the scales, my wife securing the best of them for preservation.

On February 14, the *Minnehaha's* repairs being complete, we sailed in company with the *Gipsy*, owned by a friend, for Charlotte Harbor, the limit of our cruise up the west coast, and Skipper's spirits rose when he saw the light on Sanibel Island. In the afternoon an old friend, ex-Commodore C—— of the New York Yacht Club, arrived in his 38-foot water-line sloop *Atala*. We had been antagonists in more than one hard-fought race since we first met on the Riviera. We decided to fish and sail in company, and had many days of pleasant sport. On February 25 I hooked a tarpon, which after a hard fight of over two hours was cleverly struck by the commodore's "goffer."

On March 1, the *Minnehaha*, in company with the *Gipsy* and the *Atala*, cruised up the Caloosa River twenty miles to Fort Myers, a thriving settlement with a population of about 700. Here we had varied experiences with tarpon. On March 5, at 5 A. M., when the first streak of yellow light brightened the eastern sky, and while the good people of Fort Myers were wrapped in sleep, we weighed anchor, and with the last of the ebb-tide, and a faint draft of southerly wind, we dropped slowly down the river, followed by the *Atala*. We had reached the farthest point of our voyage, and henceforth every mile we sailed would be bringing us nearer to Indian River again. It was a quiet and lovely scene: the broad river was like a mirror framed on each side by the dark

pine forests, and there was not wind enough to ruffle its surface, which reflected the exquisite hues and colors of a glorious sunrise. Our progress was very slow, and as we soon would have the tide against us, we began to think we were in for a long passage, when we saw smoke ascending astern, and presently the little steamer which plied between Punta Corda and Fort Myers hove in sight, and, on coming up to the *Atala*, took her in tow; she then steered for us, and, hailing Skipper to throw our line, pulled us down to Punta Rassa at an eight-knot speed. We landed, and after collecting our mails proceeded to St. James's City, arriving there about 10 A. M. Taking leave of our friends, we prepared to set out on the return voyage, which was begun on March 6. A week later we arrived at Indian Key.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

LAUNCH OF THE SURF-BOAT, JUPITER LIFE-SAVING STATION.

The first streak of light of March 17 saw us under way, with a fresh southerly wind, and under a double-reefed mainsail we went flying up Hawk's Channel. Off Key Largo we were struck by a sharp squall from the southwest; we dropped the peak of the mainsail to it, and afterward close-reefed the sail; then skirting the shore of Old Rhodes Key, and keeping close to the northeast point, we sailed into Cæsar's Creek, having done the forty knots from Indian Key in a little over six hours. After passing Rubicon Keys we were once more in Biscayne Bay, and, the wind having moderated, we shook out all reefs and steered for Cocoanut Grove, off which place we anchored at 4:30 P. M., receiving a hearty welcome from the members of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club. My great ambition was to catch a tarpon in Biscayne Bay, as several noted New York anglers had fished for them without success, and I had been told "it was useless to try, as the tarpon there lived principally on shrimps, and would n't look at a mullet." I made up my mind to give them a fair trial, and on March 21 took one which in length was 6 feet 3 inches, girth 3 feet 2 inches, probable weight about 130 pounds.

On Sunday, March 22, we made an early start, and under a double-reefed mainsail, with a slashing northwest wind, soon reached the sheltered waters of the Miami River. A friend had very kindly arranged for us an expedition by land to the Indian village on the edge of the Everglades; and as there was no church service to be held at Miami, a mission to the Seminoles was decided on. Crossing the river to old Fort Dallas, we set forth. The track was rough; the coralline rocks everywhere cropped up, and the tough roots of the saw-palmettos protruded across the trail. Our wagon plunged into the midst of the great pine forest and a jungle of palmetto undergrowth, pitching and

rolling in a manner that threatened destruction to the vehicle, but which served only to increase the mirth of the passengers. Soon all semblance of a track ceased; then the colored coachman's navigation was marvelous, and the way in which he avoided disaster against the trunks of the huge pine-trees proved him to be an old helmsman. At length the prairies which mark the beginning of the Everglades hove in sight, and we soon emerged from the forest. A collection of palm-thatched huts on the edge of the great pine-woods which extended away to the north and eastward, and skirted the vast level expanse that stretched away to the south and west as far as the eye could reach, came in view, and the home of the Seminole was before us.

We soon drew near the camp, and found at home only "Charming Billy," his squaw, and papoose. All the others were at work in their fields in the Namak, some distance off. These Indians are very quiet and friendly. They cultivate sugar-cane, pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, etc., and they also make a good deal of starch from the root of the cassava, quantities of which grow in the pine-woods. They hunt in the fall and winter, and find their way frequently by water to Miami, bringing with them venison, skins, alligator-hides, birds, plumes, and starch, which they exchange for tobacco, calico, ammunition, etc. Billy expressed no curiosity as to the object of our visit, the real purpose of which was to enable my wife to photograph the Indians and their homes. Upon broaching the subject there was some slight demur, but after a little persuasion, and a friendly chat in which it was explained to Billy that we were "strangers from beyond the sea," he was won over, and consented. Mrs. Billy, however, utterly declined being pictured, but I managed to get a rough pencil sketch of her without being perceived.

On our way back we had gone scarcely a mile from the edge of the prairie when we became aware of a strong smell of burning wood, and on reaching an open spot observed great columns of dense smoke rising in the southwest. We were well to windward, and out of danger, but a strong west wind was blowing, and between the lulls we could plainly hear the hoarse roar of the flames, and the crashing of trees and branches, as they were overwhelmed and fell in the fierce conflagration, while clouds of light ashes were floating in the air, and falling all around us. We reached Fort Dallas without mishap, when, bidding adieu to Andrew and our kind host, we crossed the river to Miami, and regained our little vessel.

On March 24 we had a splendid morning, with a light northeast wind, and all of us felt sorry it was to be our last at lovely Miami. Our friends came down to the wharf to see us start, and fairly loaded the *Minnehaha* with green cocoanuts, tomatoes, and flowers. After exchanging salutes with the commodore and the Yacht Club at Cocoanut Grove, we turned our head toward "Bear's Cut," and steered for the open sea.

On nearing Bear's Cut, the wind, which had been gradually dropping, died out to a light air, and as it was impossible to stem the strong flood-tide which was setting through it, we anchored for the night near the Key Biscayne in about six feet of water. The next day broke fine, with a flickering wind from the northward, and after sunrise a light fog rolled in, but soon lifted, and we got under way, and afterward anchored off the south beach of Virginia Key. At 10:30 the wind had shifted to the northeast, and the weather was looking fine and settled. As we could lay our course up the coast, the water being smooth, we weighed and proceeded to New River, distant about twenty miles.

We put out the trolling-lines, and were soon busy with the kingfish. We made good progress, and at 3:30 P. M. arrived off New River bar, which seemed to be smooth; but we decided on anchoring outside until we saw what the weather was going to do, for if the night promised well we made up our minds to give up the expedition to New River, and make a dash for Jupiter Inlet, the state of New River Bar auguring well for finding Jupiter Bar passable.

We were now about to undertake the longest and most dangerous run on the southeast coast of Florida; for we had between fifty and sixty miles to go, with no available harbor, if the sea should rise, for more than two hundred miles, unless we could regain Biscayne Bay. Jupiter Inlet had no more than four feet of water on the bar, and except in fine weather and with smooth water was a dangerous one to attempt. Hillsboro' and Lake Worth inlets, both of which we would have to pass before reaching Jupiter, were no better. If Jupiter Bar was impassable, we would be in an awkward predicament. But everything appeared to be in our favor — settled weather, a fair wind, and smooth water; so, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, we made the requisite preparations for a night at sea, and at 6:30 P. M. let her go north.

Until midnight all went well. We had passed Hillsboro' Inlet, and were some twenty miles to the northward of it, when suddenly the wind increased, and hauled farther ahead, with passing showers of light rain; but the water was still smooth, so we reefed the mainsail and held on. At 3 A. M., having then passed Lake Worth Inlet, and being within ten miles of Jupiter, we ran into a heavy swell setting from

the northeast, and at once knew that Jupiter Bar was impassable. We could already hear the thunder of the surf on the beach, and see the line of white breakers on our lee beam. The wind all the time was increasing, so we now close-reefed the mainsail and stowed the jib. For a craft of her size the *Minnehaha* was doing right well, but it was trying work. She was shipping water, and I could see Skipper was anxious. I must confess I felt the same. It was no use disguising the fact, we were "regularly caught on a lee shore," and cut off from gaining any harbor. However, we remembered the life-saving station at Jupiter; if we could manage to gain it, I knew I could depend on the captain and crew to do all in their power to save us. We spoke but little, for all were aware of the danger we were in; but we drove the sloop to the best of her powers, and longed for daylight.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY GEO. P. BARTLE.

CROSSING JUPITER BAR.

About four o'clock we caught sight of Jupiter Light, the bright flash of which sent a ray of hope into our hearts, for it seemed like an old friend, and told us we should soon be within reach of assistance. Would the night ever pass away? The *Minnehaha* was pounding and smashing into the short lop on the long, heavy swell, sending the spray flying all over us; but we were making headway, and gradually "clawing off" the shore. The little craft, however, was straining and leaking badly, and the pumps had to be kept going without intermission. At last a dim light appeared on the eastern horizon, and the white crests of the waves to windward seemed more distinct; then, as the stars began to pale, a gray light came stealing over the water, and soon it was bright enough for us to distinguish the white beach with its darker background; and to our great relief a dark blurred mass appeared about two points away on our lee bow. This quickly took a definite shape, and proved to be the buildings of the United States life-saving station at Jupiter. But to leeward, as far as the eye could distinguish to the north and south, ran several lines of furious breakers, the spray from which rose in sheets of vapor enveloping the sand-hills in clouds of mist. It was anything but a pleasant sight, and then I think we all realized the peril we were in, and the small chance we had of gaining the shore, if, as a last resource, we should try to beach the boat.

We were now within a mile of the station, and about half a mile from the beach. There was no time to lose, so I ordered Skipper to hoist the ensign "union down," and to half-mast our private signal, which was flying at the topmast-head. The moment had arrived to "lay the boat to." Would she do it? Skipper said, "No"; but try it we must. We watched for "a smooth," and eased down the helm. She came up nearly head to the wind; then, gather-

ing sternway, fell off in the trough of the sea. The next moment a crest struck her amidships, and sent the water flying half-way up the mainsail. Then she came up to the wind, only to fall off again. It was no use; she would not "lay to." But we had still one resource left before trying to run her through the breakers. "Get the anchor ready!" was the order. "She 'll never hold on; she will go clean under," declared Skipper, a bit scared. "Do as I tell you; see everything clear, and let go." It was no easy matter to get forward, but at last he managed to reach the bow, and, cutting the lashings, hove the "mud-hook" overboard, paying out the cable to the last inch. "Will it hold?" we involuntarily asked ourselves, and some moments of intense anxiety elapsed, as heaving and tossing on the heavy swell she drifted astern, the mainsail flapping and banging from side to side.

Suddenly she stopped, and drove her bowsprit clean under, trembling from stem to stern with the heavy jerk, and then swung head to the sea. She was holding on, but would she be able to ride in such a sea? "She 'll go bows under," said Skipper; "better chance it, and try to beach her; the cable will never stand." "Lower and stow the mainsail," was the next order, and this was quickly executed.

She did make some wild plunges, at times going bows under, right into the mast, sending the water flying into the cockpit; but she held on, and if the cable should not part or the sea become heavier, there seemed still a chance of saving her. We went forward, and, watching for an opportunity, secured the end of the cable to the mast, and served it round with a bit of small rope to prevent it from chafing on the bows, at the same time seeing everything clear, in case it should part, for setting the jib, as in that case the sole chance of saving our lives would be to run her ashore.

We now turned our attention to what they were doing at the station, and saw the United States ensign flying in answer to our signals, and the life-boat on the beach with the crew about her. They made a gallant effort to launch her, but the breakers proved too heavy, and to our great disappointment they desisted from making any further attempts. We afterward learned that the boat had swamped. The crew remained on the beach, standing by the boat, watching for a chance to come to us.

We still held on, but were in a very critical position. At any moment the cable might part, as a portion of the rope of which it was composed was, according to Skipper, "old and untrustworthy." This information was not likely to raise our spirits much, so we prepared for the worst.

We had no life-buoys, or anything on board that would float, except the oars of the skiff and the setting-poles, which would n't have been of much account; and, to add to my anxiety, two of our ship's company, my wife and the steward, were unable to swim. The danger in beaching the sloop was very great, as there was an outer line of breakers, with deep water between them and the shore. If we were swamped in crossing it, we should sink before we could reach the beach, and there was the additional risk of encountering sharks, several of which were actually visible. We emptied the water-casks and improvised a couple of life-buoys by slinging and attaching to them beckets for life-lines. Then we could do no more but await developments.

The swell was now very heavy, but the wind was not increasing, evidencing a strong blow somewhere up the coast, which was sending this big sea down to us. We were anchored in four fathoms of water, about half a mile from the shore, and within two hundred yards to leeward, in a depth of eighteen feet, the swell was topping and breaking.

The *Minnehaha* was making much better weather of it than we had expected, but now and again she would almost stand on end when an unusually steep sea rolled in, and then, sliding down the opposite slope, would bury herself to the mast, sending green water over the fore end of the deck-house. Still, if the sea became no worse and the cable held, we stood a good chance; on the other hand, we were literally "hanging by a thread," and at any moment might be fighting for our lives.

Skipper had lost all heart, and was seasick into the bargain, poor fellow. The sloop was pretty nearly all he owned in the world, and I think he had made up his mind that he was going to lose her. Our feelings were not enviable, for even if we escaped with our lives, we were nearly certain to lose everything else. It was, however, reassuring to see the crew of the life-saving station standing about their boat, watching us, and we knew that every man of them would risk his life to save us. They had hoisted a signal at the flagstaff, but, having no signal-book on board, we were unable to ascertain its meaning.

Toward noon there was a decided lull, and we saw the crew gather round the boat, and run her down the beach. They were going to make another attempt to launch her. Would they succeed? It was about as anxious a five minutes as ever I spent, for when they got near the water's edge they were hidden from our sight by the heavy rollers. We could not speak, but we watched with mingled feelings of hope and almost breathless anxiety. Even poor Skipper, who was utterly prostrated, raised his head. Five minutes elapsed,—less perhaps,—but to us

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

CAMP AT JUPITER INLET.

it seemed an hour; then, tossed high on the crest of a great sea, appeared the boat with her gallant crew. They were clear of the beach, and the boat was coming over the breakers like a sea-gull.

The feeling of relief was intense; our dangerous position was forgotten, and soon Captain Carlin and his boys were within hail. They approached cautiously, and the bowmen, laying in their oars, flung a grapnel to us, which was quickly made fast; then, hauling up alongside, Carlin and two of the crew sprang on board. A warm grasp of the hand, and then to business. We had no need to explain the situation; a few hurried words settled everything. "Carlin, you must take my wife and the steward ashore, for they can't swim. Lend us an anchor and cable, and a couple of cork life-jackets, and I think we can hold on. We want, if possible, to save the boat and gear. What do you say?" "All right; we'll manage it for you. We had a hard job to get out; the surf on the beach is the heaviest we have had for a year. Look alive there, boys, with an anchor and line. Pull well out to windward, and let go." This was quickly accomplished; then Carlin and a couple of his hands went forward and re-secured the cables.

By this time my wife, who was very unwilling to leave, was persuaded to go, as her presence on board only added to my anxiety; and, taking with her a few valuables, including "Cherokee Kate" and another coon which had been given to us a few days before, she and the steward were quickly put on board the life-boat, and cork life-jackets fastened round them. Then Carlin tossed two to us, and, saying they would keep a watch on us, and show a light during the night to mark the best place to run ashore, gave the order to let go. In a few minutes the boat was among the breakers. We watched her shooting on the crests of the rollers, losing sight of her in the hollows, and at last, to my great joy, I saw her run up on the beach, and all hands land in safety.

The sea had now moderated, and the sloop was riding easier. Having a second anchor down made us more hopeful, for we now had "two strings to our bow," and I began to feel more cheerful, and as if I could eat and drink something, having had nothing for nearly twenty-four hours. I rummaged about, and finding the "ribs and trucks" of a ham, a box of sardines, and a box of crackers, made a good meal; but Skipper, who was lying prostrate in the cockpit, could n't touch anything. It was the roughest sea he had ever been in.

Standing on the deck-house, I took a survey of our surroundings. Away to the north and west, distant about a mile, was Jupiter Inlet,

across which a furious sea was breaking. The rollers on the bar wildly tossed their great white crests, as they curled and broke in a smother of foam, and a smoke-like mist hung over the coast, rendering its outline almost invisible. Inside the line of breakers I could see the placid waters of Indian River, "the haven where we would be," and the tall, symmetrical tower of Jupiter Light on its wooded bluff. Wistfully I gazed at it, and longed to be safely moored in the smooth waters that it overshadowed. Abreast of us was the life-saving station, and I could see the life-boat on its carriage, all ready for launching, and some of the crew on watch. To seaward the weather looked fine; the swell had unmistakably decreased, and the wind was dropping and veering to the southeast.

Telling Skipper to rouse up and keep a look-out, I lay down and took a nap; but in an hour or so was awakened by an unusually heavy plunge, and found that both wind and sea had increased, and things were not looking very rosy. The flood-tide was making, and the *Minnehaha* would not lie head to the sea; she was shipping water, taking it green over the deck-house. I felt anxious again, and Skipper was in decidedly low spirits, and called my attention to a twelve-foot shark which was slowly cruising to and fro. I admitted that he would n't be a desirable companion if we had to swim for it, and remarked: "We are not going to get to it this time. Cheer, oh!" But Skipper would not be comforted, and "wished to goodness we had gone into New River."

We took another look at the cables to see that they were not being chafed, got our anchor-light ready, and before dark saw everything clear for making sail. About eight o'clock the weather became finer, and the wind fell, and hauled more to the south. We could see the light on the beach, and knew that our friends were keeping an eye on us; then, being thoroughly tired and wet, we lay down, both of us falling so soundly asleep that it was daylight before we awoke.

During the night the wind moderated, and shifted to the westward of south, with heavy rain-showers, which put down the sea considerably; but at daylight of March 27 there was still a big ground-swell, and the surf on the beach and the breakers on the bar looked very formidable, and Skipper agreed with me in thinking the bar was impassable. However, all immediate danger was past; for, barring the long ground-swell, the water was smooth and the wind inclined to come off the land. So, lighting the stove, we put on the coffee-pot, and started breakfast. Skipper seemed to be quite himself again, and had forgotten all the perils and dangers he had been through since leaving New River. At 8:30 A. M., Carlin and his crew mustered on the beach in front of the station, and hoisted a flag; then, waving to us and pointing in the direction of the inlet, they all walked toward it, evidently meaning that we should attempt to "take the bar." I must confess that I did n't like the look of it, but having implicit confidence in Captain Carlin's judgment, we got under way and prepared to run in. Then, stripping off everything with the exception of our trousers, we clad ourselves in the cork jackets, and steered for the bar. On nearing it, the skiff, which was towing astern, swamped, and as she was much strained, and would have been a hindrance to us, we cut her adrift, and never saw her again.

We sailed along the outer edge of the rollers, looking out for the channel, but the breakers extended right across the inlet,—four formidable lines of them,—roaring and flinging their snowy crests in the air as they curled and broke. A surf never looks so dangerous from seaward as it is in reality, and I hesitated. Sharks were visible, plenty of them—an additional risk. But Carlin and his crew had arrived at the inlet, and were ranging themselves on the beach, with their "life-sticks and -lines" all ready to heave. I also caught sight of my wife; she too was there, standing near Carlin, and I felt more than thankful that she, at all events, was on "the right side of the hedge." Being about high water, it was the most favorable time for attempting the passage, and we had a nice steady breeze. The chief danger lay in broaching to; and as we would have to raise the center-board on account of the shoal water, the chance of doing so was thereby increased. We hove to, and reduced the after sail; then, steeling our hearts, we pointed her head for the breakers, and let her go.

The men on shore were still in line, as if on parade; suddenly it struck me that this was not merely accidental: they had been placed in range to show us the best course through the breakers. By keeping them "end on" we should strike the deepest water on the bar. We instantly altered course, and, jumping forward on the deck-house, I held on to the mast, directing Skipper how to steer. We rapidly approached the broken water, and seemed to fly. As the first roller lifted and literally hurled us forward, the water seethed and boiled in over our decks, but comparatively little of it found its way into the cockpit, as it broke ahead, expending itself in an acre of foam. We were still moving fast, but a great transparent wall of green water was rapidly coming up astern, ominously curling and hissing. I held my breath; the critical moment was at hand, for if the roller did not break before it overtook us, to a cer-

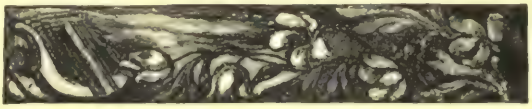
tainty we should be swamped. Skipper's teeth were hard set, and his whole weight was thrown against the tiller to keep the sloop straight. Suddenly I felt her dragging; she was touching the ground, and the roller was almost overshadowing us, when in an instant the green wall changed to a flood of milk-white foam, which, surging down on us, lifted the sloop, tossing and bearing her onward at a tremendous pace. A flood of water swept in over the stern and weather-quarter, and half filled the cockpit, nearly washing Skipper overboard, as we almost broached to; but we were safe. We had crossed the shallowest spot, and when the next breaker thundered astern of us, we shot into smooth water, and all our troubles were over.

A loud cheer went up from our friends as we ran the *Minnehaha* alongside the beach at our old camping-ground, and there securely moored her.

Indian River once more! Farewell to bars and breakers; good-by to the Gulf Stream and its clear blue sea, to coral reefs and sandy keys; henceforth smooth water and sheltered anchorages! Skipper hailed with delight the change to landlocked waters; but for myself, knowing our delightful cruise was nearing its end, I could not help feeling sorry that it was so. We had just finished mooring the *Minnehaha* and clothing ourselves when my wife, with Carlin and his men, appeared on the scene; and after exchanging congratulations we heard all that had taken place since parting from us. They had landed without mishap, and Carlin had taken my wife to his house at Jupiter, where Mrs. Carlin showed her much hospitality and kindness. From first to last Carlin and his crew behaved admirably. The zeal and intrepidity they displayed were worthy of the service to which they belonged, and we must ever feel grateful for the assistance they rendered to us.

The coasts of Florida, from the head of Indian River on the east to Tampa Bay or Cedar Keys on the west, are about the best cruising-grounds for a small or medium-sized yacht that I am acquainted with. As for the fishing, for variety, gameness, size, and quantity of the fish, I believe it to be the best in the world. And game, both fin and feather, is more or less abundant, according as the country is more or less settled.

William Henn



"WHERE HELEN SITS."[1]

WHERE Helen sits, the darkness is so deep,
No golden sunbeam strikes athwart the gloom;
No mother's smile, no glance of loving eyes,
Lightens the shadow of that lonely room.

Yet the clear whiteness of her radiant soul
Decks the dim walls, like angel vestments shed.
The lovely light of holy innocence
Shines like a halo round her bended head,
Where Helen sits.

Where Helen sits, the stillness is so deep,
No children's laughter comes, no song of bird.
The great world storms along its noisy way,
But in this place no sound is ever heard.

Yet do her gentle thoughts make melody
Sweeter than aught from harp or viol flung;
And Love and Beauty, quiring each to each,
Sing as the stars of Eden's morning sung,
Where Helen sits.

Laura E. Richards.

[1] Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

IT was in Zululand, on the evening of June 1, 1879. A little group of us were at dinner in the tent of General Marshall, who commanded the cavalry brigade in the British army which was marching on Ulundi, King Cetewayo's royal kraal. The sun was just going down when Colonel Harrison, the quartermaster-general, put his head inside the tent door, and called aloud in a strange voice, "Good God, the Prince Imperial is killed!" Harrison, though stolid, sometimes jested, and for the moment this announcement was not taken seriously. Lord Downe, Marshall's aide-de-camp, threw a crust of bread at his head, and Herbert Stewart, then brigade-major, afterward killed in the desert march in the Soudan, laughed aloud.

But sitting near the door, I discerned in the faint light of the dying day the horror in Harrison's face, and sprang to my feet instinctively. The news was only too fatally true, and when the dismal, broken story of the survivors of the party had been told, throughout the force there was a thrill of sorrow for the poor gallant lad, a burning sense of shame that he should have been so miserably left to his fate, and deep sympathy for the forlorn widow in England on whom fortune seemed to rejoice in heaping disaster on disaster, bereavement on bereavement.

I knew the Prince well. On the first two occasions I saw him, it was through a binocular from a considerable distance. On August 2, 1870, the day on which the boy of fourteen, in the words of his father, "received his baptism of fire," I was watching from the drill-ground above Saarbrück, in company with the last remaining Prussian soldiers, the oncoming swarm-attack of Bataille's *tirailleurs*, firing as they hurried across the plain. The tirailleurs had passed a little knoll which rose in the plain about midway between the Spicheren hill and where I stood, and presently it was crowned by two horsemen followed by a great staff. The glass told me that without a doubt the senior of the foremost horsemen was the Emperor Napoleon, and that the younger, shorter and slighter,— mere boy he looked,— was the Prince Imperial, whom we knew to be with his father in the field. A fortnight later, in the early morning of the 15th, the day before Marsla-Tour, when the German army was still only east and south of Metz, I accompanied a German horse-battery which, galloping up to within five hundred paces of the château of Longueville, around which was a French camp of some size, opened fire on château and camp. After a few shells had been fired, great confusion was observed about the château and in the camp, and I distinctly discerned the Emperor and his son emerge from the building, mount, and gallop away followed by suite and escort. Years later, in Zululand, when the day's work was done for both of us, and the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt, the Prince was wont occasionally to gossip with me about those early days of the great war which we had witnessed from opposite sides, and he told me his experiences on the morning spoken of. A crash awoke him with a start, and he was sitting up in bed, bewildered, when his father entered with the exclamation: "Up, Louis, up and dress! The German shells are crashing through the roofs." As the Prince looked out of the window while he hurriedly dressed, he saw a shell fall and burst in a group of officers seated in the garden at breakfast, and when the smoke lifted three of them lay dead. That the story of his nerves having been shattered by the bullet-fire at Saarbrück was untrue seems proved by an episode he related to me of that same morning an hour later. On the steep ascent of the *chaussée* up to Châtel the imperial party was wedged in the heart of a complete block of troops, wagons, and guns; a long delay seemed inevitable. But the lad had noticed a wayside gate whence a track led up through the vineyard. He followed it to the crest, and marked its trend; then riding back, he called aloud, "This way, papa!" The Prince's side-track turned the block, and presently the party were in the new quarters in the *auberge* of Gravelotte.

That excellent American publication, "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia," errs for once in stating that after the downfall of the Empire the Prince "escaped with his mother to England." He never saw his mother after leaving Paris for the seat of war until she came to him in Hastings after the revolution in Paris. The wife who pressed her tortured husband to remain with the army to the bitter end by the telegraphed message, "Do not think of returning here — to have people saying that you were fleeing from danger," was also the mother who kept in the field her only son, and he a mere boy, by the curt instruction to his father, "For

reasons which I cannot here explain, I desire Louis to remain with the army." When the shadows were darkening on MacMahon's ill-fated march, the Emperor sent his son away from the front, and the story of the vicissitudes and dangers the lad encountered before reaching England after Sedan would make of itself a long article.

When his parents settled at Chiselhurst, the Prince, then in his fifteenth year, entered the Royal Academy of Woolwich to receive a scientific military education. He had not undergone the usual preparation, and he might have joined without the preliminary examination; but never then nor throughout the course would he accept any indulgence, and his "preliminary" was satisfactory, in spite of his want of familiarity with the language. In the United States West Point affords the same instruction to all cadets alike, those who are most successful passing into the scientific branches; but in England the cadets for the line are educated at Sandhurst, and the severer tuition of Woolwich is restricted to candidates for the engineer and artillery branches. The Prince took his chance with his comrades, both at work and play. His mathematical instructor has stated that he had considerable powers, evincing an undoubtedly clear insight into the principles of the higher mathematics; but he added that he often failed to bring out specifically his knowledge at examinations, owing to his imperfect grasp of the necessary formulæ and working details. Indeed, details wearied him, then and later. In Zululand he more than once told me that he "hated desk work," and M. Deleage, his countryman and friend, who accompanied the Zululand expedition, wrote that on the day before his death, after he had left the staff office tent, "Lieutenant Carey found the Prince's work done with so much haste and inattention that he had to sit up all night correcting it." In spite of this defect in steady concentration, at the end of his Woolwich course he passed seventh in a class of thirty-five, and had he gone into the English service he would have been entitled to choose between the Engineers and Artillery. He would have stood higher, but that, curiously enough, he comparatively failed in French. He was an easy first in equitation. During his Woolwich career he won the love and respect of his comrades; his instructors spoke warmly of his modesty, conscientiousness, and uprightness, and pronounced him truthful and honorable in a high degree.

After leaving Woolwich he lived mostly with his widowed mother at Chiselhurst, but traveled on the Continent occasionally, and mixed a good deal in London society, where from time to time I met him. After he attained manhood, it was understood that a marriage was projected between him and the Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's offspring, who is now the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The attainment of his majority was made a great occasion by the Imperialist adherents to testify their adherence to a cause which they refused to consider lost. More than 10,000 Frenchmen of all ranks and classes congregated on Chiselhurst Common that day, the tricolor waved along the route to the little Roman Catholic chapel on the outskirt of the quiet Kentish village, and as the members of the imperial family passed from Camden Place to the religious service, every head was uncovered, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from the ardent partizans, numbers of whom had already paid homage to the remains of their dead Emperor, which lay in the marble sarcophagus in front of the high altar of the chapel. Later in the day the large company of French people assembled in the park of Camden Place, in rear of the deputations from the different provinces of France, each deputation headed by a leader bearing the provincial banner. The Prince, with his mother by his side, stood forward; behind them the princes, nobles, and statesmen of the late empire, and many Imperialist ladies of rank. When the Duc de Padoue had finished reading a long address expressive of attachment and devotion, the young Prince spoke to his supporters with great dignity, earnestness, and modesty. I remember the last sentences of his speech, the manly tone of which I can never forget. "If the time should ever arrive when my countrymen shall honor me with a majority of the suffrages of the nation, I shall be ready to accept with proud respect the decision of France. If for the eighth time the people pronounce in favor of the name of Napoleon, I am prepared to accept the responsibility imposed upon me by the vote of the nation." Once again, and only once, I heard the Prince speak in public. It was at the annual dinner of an institution known as the "Newspaper Press Fund." Lord Salisbury, one of the most brilliant speakers of our time, was in the chair; Cardinal Manning, the silver-tongued; Lord Wolseley,—better speaker than general,—and Henry M. Stanley, fresh from "Darkest Africa" were among the orators, but, quite apart from his position, the short address made by the Prince Imperial was unanimously regarded as the speech of the evening.

In features, with his long, oval face, his black hair and eyes, attributes of neither of his parents, and his lean, shapely head, the Prince was a Spaniard of the Spaniards. One recognized in him no single characteristic of the Frenchman; he was a veritable hidalgo, with all the

pride, the melancholy, the self-restraint, yet ardor to shine, the courage trenching on an ostentatious recklessness, and indeed the childishness in trifles, which marked that now all but extinct type. Whether there was in his veins a drop of the Bonapartist blood (remembering the suspicious King Louis of Holland with regard to Hortense) is a problem now probably insoluble; certainly neither he nor his father had any physical feature in common with the undoubted members of the race. The Montijos, although the house in its latest developments had somewhat lost caste, and had a bourgeois strain on the distaff side, were ancestrally of the bluest blood of Spain; and it has always been my idea that the Prince Imperial illustrated the theory of atavism by throwing back to the Guzmans, the Corderas, or the Baros, all grand old Spanish families whose blood was in his veins. How strong was his self-restraint even in youth an anecdote told in Miss Barlee's interesting book [1] of his Woolwich days may evidence. Hearing one day that a Frenchman was visiting the academy, he sent to say that he should be glad to see his countryman. The person, who, as it happened, was a bitter anti-Imperialist, was presented, and the Prince asked from what part of France he came. The fellow, looking the youth straight in the face with a sarcastic smile, uttered the one word "Sedan," and grinningly waited for the effect of his brutality. The Prince flushed, and his eye kindled; then he conquered himself, and quietly remarking, "That is a very pretty part of France," closed the interview with a bow. I never saw dignity and self-control more finely manifested in union than when the lad, not yet seventeen, dressed in a black cloak over which was the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, followed his father's coffin as chief mourner along the path lined by many thousand French sympathizers; and his demeanor was truly royal when later on that trying day the masses of French artisans hailed him with shouts of "Vive Napoleon IV.," and he stopped the personal ovation by saying: "My friends, I thank you, but your Emperor is dead. Let us join in the cry of 'Vive la France!'" baring at the same time his head, and leading off the acclamation. His craving for effect curiously disclosed itself during a parade in Scotland of a number of Clydesdale stallions at which were present the Prince of Wales and a number of noblemen and gentlemen. One horse, which was plunging violently, was described as never having allowed a rider to remain on its back. At the word the Prince Imperial vaulted on to the bare back of the animal, mastered its efforts to dislodge him, and rode the conquered stallion round the arena amid loud applause.

[1] "Life of the Prince Imperial," compiled by Helen Barlee: Griffith & Farran, London.

The forced inaction of his life irked him intensely. His good sense and true patriotism induced him steadily to decline the urgency of young and ardent Imperialists that he should disturb the peace of France either by intrigue or more active efforts to restore the dynasty. It stung him to the quick that the scurrilous part of the French press taunted him with the quietness of his life, which it chose to attribute to cowardice and lack of enterprise. In Zululand he told me of a circumstance which I have nowhere seen mentioned, that a year before he had applied to the French government for permission to join the French troops fighting in Tonquin; that MacMahon, who was then President, was in his favor, but that the Ministry refused the request. The English war of 1879 in Zululand was his opportunity. His constant belief was that ten years would be the term of his exile. "Dix ans de patience, et après!" he used to mutter in his day-dreams. The ten years were nearly up, and what prestige would not accrue to him if he should have the good fortune to distinguish himself in the field, which he was resolved to do at any cost! The disaster of Isandlwana, to retrieve which troops were being hurried out, and the heroic defense of Rorke's Drift, were lost opportunities at which he chafed. He felt that he was forfeiting chances which, taken advantage of, might have acclaimed his path to the imperial throne. Determined to lose no more chances, he went to the British commander-in-chief and begged to be permitted to go on service to South Africa.

His attitude and yearnings were quite intelligible, and were in no sense blameworthy. He desired to obtain the means toward a specific and obvious end, if England only would give him the helping hand. But this ultimate aim of his being so evident, it was singularly improper and ill-judged on the part of the English authorities, by actively furthering his object, to give well-grounded umbrage to the friendly power across the channel. The Prince's campaign was nothing other than an intrigue of the English court, always naturally adverse to republicanism—an intrigue the purpose of which was to help toward changing republican France into imperial France, and to contribute toward the elevation of this young man to the throne which his father had lost. The commander-in-chief had his scruples, for he is a man of discretion; but they were overruled, and it was from Windsor, bidden God-speed by the sovereign, that the Prince departed to embark. France sullenly watched his career in South Africa—had it ended differently the mood

might have intensified. If it be asked why for the last fourteen years France has never for an hour worn a semblance of cordial accord with the insular power its neighbor, the answer is, that this attitude of chronic umbrage has its main source in the intrigue which sent the Prince Imperial to Zululand.

At the news of Isandlwana I had hurried from the Khyber Pass to South Africa, and the Prince had already joined the army when first I met him in May, 1879, at Sir Evelyn Wood's camp of Kambula, which he was visiting with Lord Chelmsford and the headquarters staff. The Duke of Cambridge had specially confided him to his lordship's care. But poor Lord Chelmsford's nerve had been sore shaken by the tragedy of Isandlwana, after which he had begged to be relieved. Like Martha, he was careful and troubled about many things; his will-power was limp and fickle, and the Prince was to him in the nature of a white elephant. The latter, for his part, was ardent for opportunities of adventurous enterprise, while the harassed Chelmsford had been bidden to dry-nurse him assiduously. The military arrangements were lax, and the Prince had been able to share in several somewhat hazardous reconnaissances, in the course of which he had displayed a rash bravery which disquieted the responsible leaders. After one of those scouting expeditions in which he actually had come to close quarters with a party of Zulus, and it was said had whetted his sword, he was said to have remarked naïvely: "Such skirmishes suit my taste exactly; yet I should be *au désespoir* did I think I should be killed in one. In a great battle, if Providence so willed it, all well and good; but in a petty reconnaissance of this kind—ah! that would never do."

His penultimate reconnaissance was with a detachment of Frontier Light Horse, under the command of Colonel Buller, V. C., now Sir Redvers Buller, Adjutant-General of the British army. The Zulus gathered, and a fight seemed impending, to the Prince's great joy; but they dispersed. A few, however, were seen skulking at a distance, and against them he rode *ventre à terre* in a state of great excitement. He had to be supported, which occasioned inconvenience; during the night, which was bitterly cold, and during which the Prince's excitement continued, he tramped up and down constantly, singing at intervals, "Malbrook s'en va-t-en-guerre," not wholly to the contentment of the more phlegmatic Britons around him. Colonel Buller reported his inconvenient recklessness, protested against accepting responsibility for him when his military duties called for all his attention, and suggested that he should be employed in camp on staff duty instead of being permitted to risk himself on reconnaissance service. Thereupon Lord Chelmsford detailed him to desk-work in the quarter-master-general's department, and gave Colonel Harrison a written order that the Prince should not quit the camp without the express permission of his lordship. The Prince, made aware of this order, obeyed, for he had a high sense of discipline; but he did not conceal his dislike to the drudgery of plan-making in a tent. He was fond of and expert in sketching in the field.

The orders issued to the little army in the Koppie Allein camp on the 31st of May for the morrow were, that the infantry should march direct to a camping-ground on the Itelezi Hill about eight miles forward, the cavalry to scout several miles further, and then to fall back to the Itelezi camp. Early on the morning of June 10 the Prince, dead tired of routine desk-work, begged Colonel Harrison to allow him to make a sketching expedition with an escort, beyond the ground to be covered by the cavalry. The matter was under discussion, Harrison reluctant to consent, when Lieutenant Carey, a staff-officer of the department, suggested that he should accompany the Prince, and proposed that the expedition should extend into the Ityotyozi valley, where the next camp beyond the Itelezi was to be, and a sketch of which he (Carey) had two days previously left unfinished. Harrison then made no further objection, consenting the more readily because the whole terrain in advance had been thoroughly scouted over recently. He instructed Carey to requisition a mounted escort of six white men and six Basutos, and he subsequently maintained that he had intrusted the command of the escort to Carey. This Carey denied, repudiating all responsibility in regard to the direction of the escort, since the Prince, in his rank of honorary captain, was his senior officer, and maintaining that his function as regarded the latter was simply that of friendly adviser. I was afterward told that before leaving camp, the Prince wrote a letter—the last he ever wrote—to his mother, and that, hearing I was about to ride back to the post-office at Sandemann's Drift, he left the message for me, with his best regards, that he should be greatly obliged by my carrying down his letter. As it happened, I did not quit the camp until I did so as the bearer to the telegraph-wire of the tidings of the Prince's death.

I was with Stewart, the cavalry brigade-major, when Carey came to him with Harrison's warrant for an escort. Carey did not mention, nor did the document state, that the escort was for the Prince Imperial. Stewart ordered out six men of Beddington's Horse,—a curiously mixed handful of diverse nationalities,—and he told Carey that he would send

Captain Shepstone an order for the Basuto detail of the escort; but that time would be saved if Carey himself, on his way back to headquarters, would hand Shepstone the order and give his own instructions. Carey chose the latter alternative, and departed. An hour later, while I was still with Stewart, the six Basutos paraded in front of his tent. Either Carey or Shepstone had blundered in the instructions given them, that was clear; but nothing could now be done but to order the Basutos to hurry forward and try to overtake the balance of the escort. Meanwhile the Prince had been impatient, and he, Carey, and the white section of the escort had gone forward. Carey made no demur to the scant escort, since nothing was to be apprehended, and since he himself had been recently chaffed for being addicted to requisitioning inordinately large escorts. Harrison later met the party some miles out, and sanctioned its going forward, notwithstanding that the Basutos had not joined, which, indeed, they never succeeded in doing. The party then consisted of the Prince, Carey, a sergeant, a corporal, four troopers, and a black native guide — nine persons in all.

When Harrison had announced the tidings of the tragedy, I went to my tent, and sent for each of the four surviving troopers in succession. They were all bad witnesses, and I could not help suspecting that they were in collusion to keep something back. All agreed, however, that Lieutenant Carey headed the panic-flight; and next day it transpired that when a mile away from the scene, and still galloping wildly, he was casually met by Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel Buller, to whom he exclaimed, "Fly! Fly! the Zulus are after me, and the Prince Imperial is killed!" The evidence I took on the night of the disaster, and that afterward given before the court of inquiry and the court-martial on Carey, may now be briefly summarized.

The site of the intended camp having been planned out by the Prince and Carey, the party ascended an adjacent hill, and spent an hour there in sketching the contours of the surrounding country. No Zulus were visible in the wide expanse surveyed from the hilltop. At its base, on a small plain at the junction of the rivers Tambakala and Ityotyosi, was the small Zulu kraal of Etuki, the few huts of which, according to the Zulu custom, stood in a rough circle, which was surrounded on three sides at a little distance by a tall growth of "mealies" (Indian corn), and the high grain known as "Kafir corn." The party descended to this kraal, off-saddled, fed the horses, made coffee, ate food, and then reclined, resting against the wall of a hut, in full sense of assured safety. Some dogs skulking about the empty kraal, and the fresh ashes on the hearths, might have warned them, but they did not heed the suggestion thus afforded. About three o'clock Corporal Grubbe, who understood the Basuto language, reported the statement of the guide that he had seen a Zulu entering the mealie-field in their front. Carey proposed immediate saddling-up. The Prince desired ten minutes longer rest, and Carey did not expostulate. Then the horses were brought up and saddled. Carey stated that at this moment he saw black forms moving behind the screen of tall grain, and informed the Prince. Throughout the day the latter had acted in command of the escort; and he now in soldierly fashion gave the successive orders, "Prepare to Mount!" "Mount!" Next moment, according to the evidence, a volley of twenty or thirty bullets — one witness said forty bullets — were fired into the party.

Let me be done with Carey for good and all. He had mounted on the inner, the safe, side of the hut, and immediately galloped off. On the night of the event, he expressed the opinion that the Prince had been shot dead at the kraal, but owned that the first actual evidence of misfortune of which he became cognizant was the Prince's riderless horse galloping past him. The men were either less active or less precipitate than was the officer. One of their number fell at the kraal, another on the grassy level some 150 yards across, between the kraal and a shallow "donga," or gully, across which ran the path toward the distant camp. As to the Prince, the testimony was fairly unanimous. Sergeant Cochrane stated that he never actually mounted, but had foot in stirrup when, at the Zulu volley, his horse, a spirited gray sixteen hands high and always difficult to mount, started off, presently broke away, and later was caught by the survivors. Then the Prince tried to escape on foot, and was last seen by Cochrane running into the donga, from which he never emerged. Another trooper testified that he saw the Prince try to mount, but that, not succeeding, he ran by his horse's side for some little distance, making effort after effort to mount, till he either stumbled or fell in a scrambling way, and seemed to be trodden on by his horse. But the most detailed evidence was given by trooper Lecocq, a Channel-islander. He stated that after their volley the Zulus bounded out of cover, shouting "Usuta!" ("Cowards!") The Prince was unable to mount his impatient horse, scared as it was by the fire. One by one the troopers galloped by the Prince, who, as he ran alongside his now maddened horse, was endeavoring in vain to mount. As Lecocq passed, lying on his stomach across his saddle, not yet having got his seat, he called to the

Prince, "Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît, Monseigneur!" The Prince made no reply, and was left alone to his fate. His horse strained after that of Lecocq, who then saw the doomed Prince holding his stirrup-leather with one hand, grasping reins and pommel with the other and trying to remount on the run. No doubt he made one desperate effort, trusting to the strength of his grasp on the band of leather crossing the pommel from holster to holster. That band tore under the strain. I inspected it next day, and found it no leather at all, but paper-faced — so that the Prince's fate really was attributable to shoddy saddlery. Lecocq saw the Prince fall backward, and his horse tread on him and then gallop away. According to him, the Prince regained his feet, and ran at full speed toward the donga on the track of the retreating party. When for the last time the Jerseyman turned round in the saddle, he saw the Prince still running, pursued only a few yards behind by some twelve or fourteen Zulus, assagais in hand, which they were throwing at him. None save the slayers saw the tragedy enacted in the donga.

Early next morning the cavalry brigade marched out to recover the body, for there was no hope that anything save the body was to be recovered. As the scene was neared, some of us rode forward in advance. In the middle of the little plain was found a body savagely mutilated; it was not that of the Prince, but of one of the slain troopers. We found the dead Prince in the donga, a few paces on one side of the path. He was lying on his back, naked, save for one sock; a spur bent out of shape was close to him. His head was so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sward. His hacked arms were lightly crossed over his lacerated chest, and his face, the features of which were in no wise distorted, but wore a faint smile that slightly parted the lips, was marred by the destruction of the right eye from an assagai-stab. The surgeons agreed that this wound, which penetrated the brain, was the first and the fatal hurt, and that the subsequent wounds were inflicted on a dead body. Of those there were many, in throat, in chest, in side, and on arms, apart from the nick in the abdomen, which is the Zulu fetish-custom invariably practised on slain enemies as a protection against being haunted by their ghosts. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. Neither on him nor on any of the three other slain of the party was found any bullet-wound; all had been killed by assagai-stabs. Round the poor Prince's neck his slayers had left a little gold chain, on which were strung a locket set with a miniature of his mother, and a reliquary containing a fragment of the true cross which was given by Pope Leo III. to Charlemagne when he crowned that great prince emperor of the West, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs had since worn as a talisman. Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent all and with bared heads, looking down on the untimely dead. The Prince's two servants were weeping bitterly, and there was a lump in many a throat. An officer, his bosom friend at Woolwich, detached the necklet, and placed it in an envelop, with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair, for transmission to his mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we now stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a cloak, was placed on the lance-shafts of the cavalrymen, and on this extemporized bier the officers of the brigade bore it up the ascent to the ambulance-wagon which was in waiting. The same afternoon a solemn funeral service was performed in the Itelezi camp, and later in the evening the body, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, began its pilgrimage to England, in which exile, in the chapel at Farnborough, where the widowed wife and childless mother now resides, the remains of husband and son now rest side by side in their marble sarcophagi. The sword worn in South Africa by the Prince, the veritable sword worn by the first Napoleon from Arcola to Waterloo,— in reference to which the Prince had been heard to say, "I must earn a better right to it than that which my name alone can give me," — had been carried off by his Zulu slayers, but was restored by Cetewayo when Lord Chelmsford's army was closing in upon Ulundi.

To be slain by savages in an obscure corner of a remote continent was a miserable end, truly, for him who once was the Son of France!

Archibald Forbes.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, IN ARTILLERY UNIFORM.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "GIL BLAS."

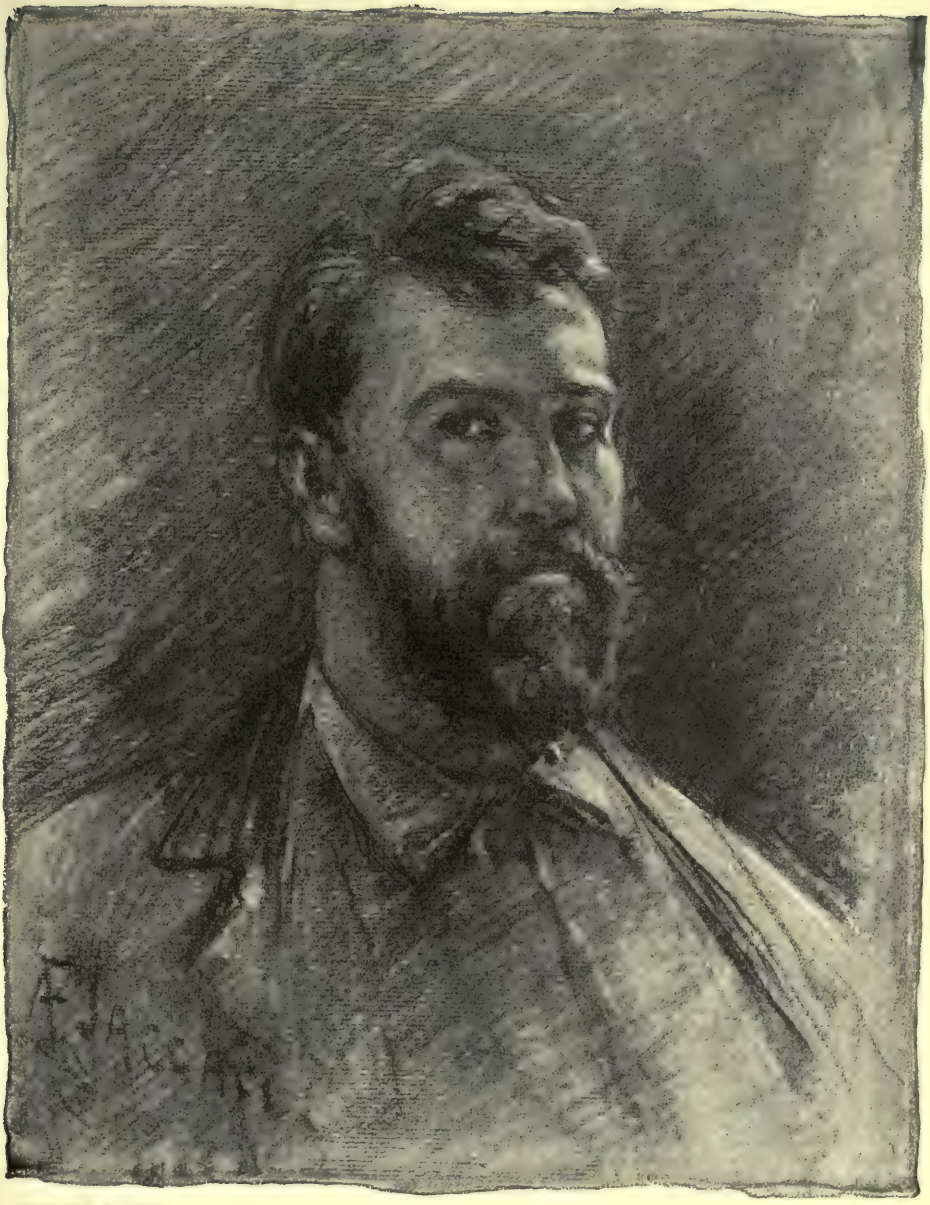
THE FATHER OF MODERN ILLUSTRATION.

DANIEL VIERGE URRABIETA.

THE recent great development of the art of illustration has made it one of the typical features of our time. In the last thirty years the art has undergone a complete renovation, and, being transformed to fit new necessities, it has branched out into many new channels more or less directly connected with journalism. The illustrated press, following in the wake of the newspaper, now stands beside and completes it, being, like it, the logical outcome of our universal craving for news.

In such periodicals as deal with subjects of timely interest to the people, the enormous demand for illustrations — that is, for graphic representations setting forth in a clear manner those aspects of scenes and incidents that no word-description, however elaborate, can give — has created a supply as great. But the demand is that of an age hurried and utilitarian, and the supply, taking on a corresponding form, impresses the observer by its superficiality and cheapness, in place of substance and carefully wrought results involving more time and a finer quality of labor; by its sensationalism and its tawdriness, in place of artistic refinement. These pictures therefore not only portray events of the day, but are a significant evidence of the tendencies of an age which cares less to be touched by beauty and sincerity than to be tickled by novelty, and by a sort of ready-made prettiness.

Though hinted at in early days, and followed during centuries, illustration may justly be called a modern art. It is a province of the kingdom Beautiful which we have made ours by right of conquest; where our advance has been untrammeled by tradition, and unhampered by the crushing achievements of the old masters — those stumbling-blocks to modern architects, sculptors, and painters. Here we have experimented in our own way, confronted by obstacles and problems new and to be solved according to our intuitions and original ideas. Whatever result has been achieved is ours, in so far as all new forms of human pro-



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

DANIEL VIERGE URRABIETA.

gress are necessarily evolved from the previous efforts and achievements of mankind. And it is most gratifying to note that despite its rapid growth, and its adaptation to the tastes of a multitude which, while it certainly has a yearning for art, yet lacks artistic instinct, latter-day illustration evinces a vigorous progress. Less than half a century ago, illustrations were concocted like drugs by industrial workers who had learned the trade of making pictures to suit purely mercantile requirements, and such work in such hands had no pretense to art. Considering what has since been done, it seems reasonable to suppose that even in those days a master would have made clear the possibilities of the highest class of illustration — that of books. Not so, however; since Meissonier's drawings for the "Contes Rémois" show that, instead of trying to lift the debased profession, he had sunk to its level, curtailing his talent within the narrow limitations that cramped the illustrators of the days before the seventies. As artistic expressions, these drawings are leagues behind the refined, exquisitely elegant if mannered productions of the eighteenth-century "Little Masters." They are still further

removed from the works out of which our modern art of illustration has been slowly evolved — those early woodcuts whose hard formulas, long since grown obsolete, nevertheless express admirably all the power, sentiment, thoughts, fancies, and genius of a Dürer or a Holbein. Since its obscure birth, while stumbling on through elementary stages and incessant transformations, illustration has been raised to its legitimate place in art when treated by men like these, who felt and thought for themselves, and ever tried to express their individuality. Meissonier, in giving us little figures, cold, posed, inexpressive of anything save of the correctness of a good *praticien*, that cold-blooded quality which a writer has called "insufferable negative goodness," and ignoring all the higher possibilities of his task, left the art of illustration just where he found it — on the level of a trade.

Of the causes that have prepared the way for the contemporary advance, three are pre-eminent. First, the steady perfecting of mechanical appliances and the invention of more perfect methods of reproduction. Second, the raising to a higher plane of the serious and thorough qualities of painting and sculpture, especially in France, which in turn compelled a higher degree of excellence in all branches of artistic production. The third cause is the influence of a few illustrators belonging to that rare and providential class of men who, when needed, suddenly blossom forth to do the work of the day. The first two causes have aided more particularly in the line of technical advance, while the work of these great illustrators has been of such wide range, has touched in such a vivifying manner the possibilities of the art, that it seems as if they were the prime factors in the new departure.

FIRST DRAWING MADE BY VIERGE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND SINCE HIS ILLNESS.

Among these few, but towering above them, stands Vierge. All illustrators have felt his influence, too many have been his servile imitators; but for the best he has enlarged the horizon, opening hitherto unsuspected fields of activity, and showing by his example what can and what ought to be done. For twenty years all artists have received every produc-

ILLUSTRATION FROM "DON PABLO DE SEGOVIA."

ILLUSTRATION FROM MICHELET'S "HISTOIRE DE FRANCE."

tion of this admirable draftsman as the lesson of a master.

The public must have felt in a vague way the intense sincerity which emanates from Vierge's work, but one may doubt whether it has been converted to the originality of manner, to the bold effects of black and white, the study of "values," the striving for character, type, and local color, which stamp every drawing of Vierge. Indeed, in glancing over most illustrated periodicals, which, after all, are business ventures managed with an eye to profit, there is good reason to believe that the masses still prefer the common stuff of mechanical craftsmen, probably because, having long been used to it, they understand it at a glance, and though it fails to start their thoughts into new channels, at least it neither puzzles nor irritates them. It is a story repeated in all times how real worth, if original and for that reason running counter to the prevailing taste, is decried, and how it always ends by entering into the common inheritance. Gustave Flaubert beautifully compares the man of genius to a powerful horse tortured by the cruel bit and spur of routine and ignorance, who nevertheless forges forward, bearing along with him his reluctant rider—humanity.

DRAWN BY VIERGE.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "SPANISH TALES."

Vierge has been rarely fortunate in seeing during his lifetime, and under the impulse he had given, the advance of even the inferior productions of the craft. They try now to masquerade in the new costume, to assume some character and invention, and they possess at least a semblance of verity, heretofore ignored. What mattered a subject to the earlier illustrators? Day and night effects, gay and sad events, scenes of savage or civilized life, peasants and aristocrats, were cast by them in the same artificial, expressionless mold. As on the walls of an Egyptian temple there defiles a monotonous procession of hieratic figures, endlessly repeating one profile, gesture, costume, expression, so the old pictorial newspapers presented a repetition of wooden types and conventional elements arranged in the same stereotyped manner. Comparing the Paris "L'Illustration" or "Le Monde Illustré" of twenty-five years ago with that of to-day, one cannot but be struck by the definiteness and suggestiveness of the present pictures. The best among them give not only scenes snatched from reality, living people in living attitudes, but they render the very atmosphere, the ambient of reality, and with black and white go so far as to suggest color.

In the face of such progress, it is remarkable how little recognition other than material illustration receives. The world at large, while enjoying it, is wont to consider it a branch of utilitarian, and therefore not of pure or of high, art; not reflecting, apparently, that art is art wherever it be found, and, moreover, that much of the greatest art of the world was born to serve practical ends.

As the Bible has been saddled with explanations and commentaries that have not made a whit clearer its original text,—nay, have obscured it,—in like manner has art suffered. Zealous friends and critics have taken infinite pains to explain and qualify, divide and subdivide, it into all sorts of degrees and classes which, however interesting they may prove to scholars and connoisseurs, almost inevitably result in misleading the crowd—the great throng of people who, because they fear mistakes in using their own judgment, follow blindly a

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

WEIGHING THE JOCKEY.

leader, and, never taking his views *cum grano salis*, become rabid upholders of the letter, not of the spirit, of his law. Hence the pitiful spectacle, so familiar, of the ignorant Philistine turning his back on what he terms inferior art, to worship ostentatiously before the "Masters." What he disdains, being near him, has an intelligible message for him which would naturally become the sound foundation of his personal judgment of things artistic. What he adores is usually beyond his comprehension, but in adoring it he feels secure, for he follows the leaders of the day. While his authorities change with the fashion, he remains always correct, for when his authorities are found after a time to have been wrong, as they are perennially, it is their fault, not his. He does not think; they do his thinking for him.

One of the vulgar traits of human nature is to consider as a sign of refinement, a proof of good taste and superior knowledge, the belonging to a circle of worthies who adore in super-refined language the only true god, one whose chief trait is to be beyond the reach of commonplace mortals. There is a multitude of such sects, a multitude of unique gods, and these idols succeed one another in the worship of the crowd, a procession of short-lived fads. At one time, not so long ago, Mr. Ruskin's ideas on art were sound and right, the best the world had heard. It is stating it mildly to say that while his literary gift is highly valued nowadays, his opinions of art have been found wanting. Again, the same Claude Monet who was thought a practical joker or a crank in 1875, is to-day idolized. Neither he nor Mr. Ruskin has changed. The only thing changed is the opinion of those who professed to know.

In the study of art broad-mindedness, catholicity, sympathy with the multiple forms of expression, are absolute requisites, as each artist has a perfect right to play his own melody in his own way, and on the instrument best suited to him. Criticism has too often been used as a weapon by men of one idea, who want everybody to see just as they see and just what they see. It was no more absurd for certain Parisian critics, influential makers of opinion in their day, to request Jean François Millet to paint nymphs and Cupids instead of peasants, than for Mr. Ruskin to ask every artist to Venetianize or Turnerize, or for the present self-appointed drum-beaters of the impressionist school to see salvation only in that one road. Claude Monet, leaving exaggeration to the rank and file, touched the great truth which should be the vital spark of all criticism as of all study of art when he said to a would-be pupil: "What could I teach you? To do what I am doing? Then you would become a little Monet, perhaps—a bad Monet, surely. If it is in you to be an artist, go and look at nature, and do what you see and feel. An artist must render impressions personally received, ideas person-

ally formed; he must extract from his consciousness an individual interpretation of the eternal subject-matter of art—nature. Why should he fashion himself on another's pattern, however perfect? Why substitute another head, heart, or instrument for his own?"

Above all is it wrong to narrow art to an abstract esthetic convention, and to deny to it its most important function as a refining social influence, an educator of all times and of all people, not merely a preacher for the benefit of the elect. Illustration, in its dealing with subjects in which all take a lively interest, in the fact of its being scattered broadcast over the land, available to high and low, conveying its message to all, is essentially democratic, and consequently in absolute harmony with the tendencies of the age. And it is not the less good because it descends to the masses.

Art is the little flower that finds substance on which to grow and blossom even in the barren desert. Scorning theories, it seizes every occasion to assert itself, and to lend its charm and dignity, its ennobling influence, to things we judge the least worthy of them. Why should not we recognize its ability to adapt itself to the special needs of our civilization, when the relics from Pompeian homes gathered in the Naples Museum afford only one of the many examples history gives us of how art has been yoked to utility, and made a familiar in the home, not alone a divinity in the temple?

ILLUSTRATION FROM "GIL BLAS."

Why, then, should we undervalue illustration, that vine which, climbing over the prosaic masonry of the printed matter, enriches and beautifies it? When carelessly fingering the pages of current periodicals, why dismiss with a light word all the images thereon? The medium counts for little, the result is everything. Certain of Raphael's drawings, of Rembrandt's etchings, are purer works of art than many of their paintings, and the quantity and quality of that indescribable something which constitutes genius are as evident in their scratchy monochromes as in their elaborate pictures. So seldom are we treated to art at all, that when we are, what matters it in which special way it is expressed? Moreover, it is in the very nature of illustrations to set in evidence some of the most precious qualities an artist can show. As they need of necessity to be quickly done, the original idea of their authors is carried out in its freshness, in telling strokes pregnant with suggestiveness. Because of those qualities, too often lost in their big works, we

STUDY BY VIERGE.

prize so highly the rough sketches of great masters, where we see the creative and imaginative faculties in the white heat of the first expression: the goal those men had in view is there plainly visible; each touch, each line, seems to tremble with the emotion they have felt. Not one of the least important results of the entering of illustration into the daily lives of the masses has been to familiarize them with the abbreviated, the spiritual, writing of the artist's mind—the few lines that give all the idea and do no more than hint at those parts of minor importance, the rosettes and buckles which have had the privilege to hold the exclusive attention of the ignorant.

The value of the preceding considerations is not lessened because of their applying only to the highest class of illustrations, as the best work, equally rare in any art or profession, is the one basis whereon to build the possibilities of the future. Daniel Vierge has shown preeminently how modern, varied, serious, and high an art-illustration could be made. It was his good fortune to be born amid the circumstances most favorable for the development of his talent. His father, Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz, the best-known illustrator of Spain in his day, though only an artisan, was at heart an artist, passionately devoted to the work to which he gave the best of his thoughts and all

DRAWN BY VIERGE.

PENCIL STUDIES.

ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

SCENE FROM AN OPERA BOUFFE. ("LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.")

of his time. Under his influence little Daniel knew how to draw before he could read, and when at thirteen he applied for admission at the Fine Arts Academy of Madrid, he was received with honors into the highest class. There he spent five busy years with classmates who have since won wide recognition in the world — Pradrilla Villegas, Rico, the younger Madrazo, Carbonero, etc. Notwithstanding a few inroads into the paternal field, he wanted to become a painter, and had been looking eagerly toward the time when he would go abroad to follow in the footsteps of that Fortuny whose fame was just beginning to dawn on the studios of Europe. Arrived in Paris, the Mecca which was to become his home, Vierge at once set about composing little pictures, which readily assured him the means necessary to pursue his studies. It would be interesting to trace in his work at this time the germs of the future master, but no one knows what has become of these first attempts. That they showed already the bent of his mind is evident from their subjects; turning away from consecrated paths, he chose these from the life about him, in streets and markets, popular fêtes and fairs.

There are on the walls of his studio some oil-sketches showing him as a colorist of superb frankness, and in his portfolios a few water-colors quite summarily treated, yet of a clearness, a force of tone, a vibration of light, and a boldness and refinement of color, absolutely remarkable. It is evident to those who have seen them that should Vierge abandon black and white for color, he would take place in the first rank of contemporary painters. Is it not better that he should stand as he does, the pioneer and supreme master of a decadent art which he has again made young, vigorous, full of possibilities — one that answers the most genuine and general demand of our time?

Vierge had hardly begun to realize his youthful ambition, when evil fortune, in the guise of the Franco-Prussian war, shattered his plans. Apparently his only alternative was to follow the frightened Muses in their flight before Mars to that poor native land of his, where the Muses, worshiped in florid Castilian periods, are nevertheless left to starve. Distressed and dispirited, he was packing to go, when an acquaintance and half-countryman, Charles Yriarte, the art writer, asked him to become a contributor to "Le Monde Illustré," the Parisian weekly, of which Yriarte was then director. Was Yriarte aware of the possibilities of Vierge's talent in the direction of illustration, or was the proposition made simply to help bridge over an embarrassing time? At all events, thus unexpectedly began a laborious career, which, in 1881, was violently ended by paralysis, resulting from overwork. If during that career the son has not produced a million published drawings,—the number his father proudly acknowledged to have made,—it is for no other reason than because the days of those eleven short years had only twenty-four hours.

The feature of this extraordinarily abundant production is that it kept steadily growing in quality. It never entered Vierge's head to consider the purely business aspect of his relations with publishers — a fact the more noticeable because so rarely met with, and which alone shows the fine fiber of the man. With the facility acquired by practice, how easily he could have improvised dashing compositions that, with economy of time and effort, would have brought him more material reward. Being bountifully gifted, how he could have reveled in pot-boiling, and still have been by far the cleverest of his craft! But Vierge studied every one of these illustrations, ordered as hack-work and thrown to an unappreciative public, as conscientiously as though they were to be submitted to a jury of his peers. After all, the lives of great artists are peculiarly alike, woven in the same fashion on the same loom of commonplace circumstances such as befall the rest of mankind. Their key-note is the ability of these men to concentrate and unify their powers in the struggle for the realization of an ideal. Such lives are narrow in the sense that all in them is subservient to one purpose, and at that cost alone can they be made so effective. In all other senses they are deep and of wide range, as the faculties, unceasingly trained and sharpened, are constantly on the alert to further the one aim of those strong and useful lives. The precious lesson of Vierge's career is that his high accomplishment is the result of singleness of purpose and indefatigable study. In the family, at school, in Paris, as a boy and as a man, he worked with that truly southern enthusiasm which transfigures common drudgery, and makes a happiness of dull and dreary routine. All was food for his buoyant energy, and to all he brought a broad spirit of searching inquiry, a passionate desire to find what his individuality (his temperament, the French would say) could assimilate, and therewith strengthen itself.

No preconceived theory ever directed him; he simply followed that instinct which enables an artist to gather from all that comes in his way, from things sympathetic and antipathetic, the good and the bad, what he needs to enlarge, refine, and complete his talent. As a bird's nest is built, so a man's talent grows to a consistent whole, though composed of stray bits gathered here and there. Each individual organism is enabled to work out the problem of its salvation by a law of nature whose subtle workings cannot be traced — a law that baf-

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

FRIAR'S HEAD.

fles our theories by showing that what is death to one man is the source of life to another. Most students would have been ruined by scattering their efforts in so many different fields, and essaying every conceivable medium of expression. Yet such a loose training has brought out the artist of whom Meissonier said that he and Menzel were the greatest draftsmen of the century. What would appear on the surface rambling and desultory labor, was for Vierge the best of preparation — the chrysalis from which, radiant and full-winged, his inspiration was to emerge.

The siege of Paris marks the ending of that period of apprenticeship. If until then he had been, like a true Spaniard, partial to all that shines and details prettily, and inclined to insist upon preciousness of rendering, his shackles to mannerism fell as he worked in a whirlpool of splendid inspirations. Spurred on by spectacles which made a profound impression on him, his feelings found an expression spontaneous, yet sober, virile, and of surpassing individuality.

It has been said that to remain in the French capital during those troubled times was, for a foreigner with few acquaintances and little knowledge of the language, an act of courage. If it were, Vierge never realized it. For him it was that blessed opportunity to

show what he could do which every true artist seeks. As a man, he gave his earnings and the pity of his heart to sufferers about him; as an artist, he was elated, lifted high into pure regions which the miseries of this world cannot reach. The crazy enthusiasm of the populace in the days immediately following the declaration of war, its wild antics at the repeated news of disaster, the fall of the empire, the establishment of the republic, the nation in arms, the months of famine — these thousand scenes of a great drama found in him an indefatigable and truthful interpreter.

With Vierge fatigue and hunger were despised; danger in many forms was ignored. One day when, draped in his national mantle, the *capa*, no doubt looking very odd even in the medley of queer, semi-civilian, semi-military costumes of the Parisians, he was sketching a street post of militiamen, his attention was attracted by growing rumors, "A Prussian spy! A Prussian spy!" Turning to see the spy, he found every flaming eye riveted upon him. The Prussian spy? It was he! Was he not sketching, and in broad daylight taking "plans" of a militia barrack, and portraits of the militiamen loafing in front of it? And for what other reason possible than to furnish the execrated Bismarck with precious data on the actual condition of the city's defenses? Upon so well-founded suspicions Vierge was put in jail, but when rescued by Yriarte, his collection was enriched with the portraits of the sentries who had kept guard over him — a fine lot of types he considered it a privilege to have been able to get at so slight a cost.

Here, there, everywhere, always on the alert and incessantly working, Vierge filled sketch-book after sketch-book with impressions, often simple, rough indications, yet so full of movement, of life, of such incisive accuracy, that they bring back the reality to those who have seen it, and to others they are revelations, not stamped with the cold and dead reality of the photograph, but alive with the very spirit of the things portrayed.

When bombs began to fall in the outlying districts of the besieged city, he sought his inspiration in those dangerous precincts from which all others fled. On hearing that the cellars of the Panthéon were used as a refuge by the inhabitants of the rag-pickers' ghetto, the Quartier Mouffetard, he found his way there. In the large open space around the monument, while the missiles were dropping as "thick as hail," Vierge made some fine studies of the irrepressible street gamins chasing the hot fragments of exploded shells, as flying sparrows in a thunder-storm snatch at insects. Crossing the square, now at a run, again stretched flat on the pavements when an ominous hissing announced the approach of danger, he came to the cellars filled with terrified women clutching their children, and men frenzied with rage. Laments and blasphemies, dolorous stories of mutilation, destruction, and death, echoed along the resounding vaults in a great wail, drowned as by magic when a door was opened and the thunderclaps of bursting bombs — those mighty throbs of the agonizing city — set a-trembling people, monuments, the very earth, and compelled an awful silence. There, amid the confusion, he brushed one of his most tragic compositions.

It was at the risk of his life, and under difficulties of all sorts, that during the Commune he made the collection of some twenty drawings which he ranks as his most precious notes from life. The originals, who never dreamed that they posed for him, are of the most characteristic type furnished by that tempestuous period, when from vile haunts and unknown crevices of beautiful Paris there crawled forth into the light of day creatures no imagination of romantic poet could create, stranger than fiction, more grotesque than Quasimodo, and full of the cunning and ferocity of brutes; all those sad and repulsive types of popular uprisings — selfish leaders, exalted utopists, loafers, criminals, and the great flock of bedraggled sheep. Vierge's portraits of Flourens and of cruel, cold-blooded Raoul Rigault have the value of historical documents, and so have his pictures of unfeminine *cantinières*, of brawlers in fantastic, truculent costumes, and of sailors with bushy beards, and short clay pipes between their teeth, bursting all over with impudent swagger. The capital piece of the series depicts an episode of the entrance of the regulars into Paris. Against a wall, half crouching, half erect, an old *pétroleuse*, dishevelled, the breast nude, the low, depraved face distorted with rage, slobbers anathemas and infamous vituperations on the men who are about to shoot her. A few strokes of the pencil, and she is there so atrociously real that one hears her curses.

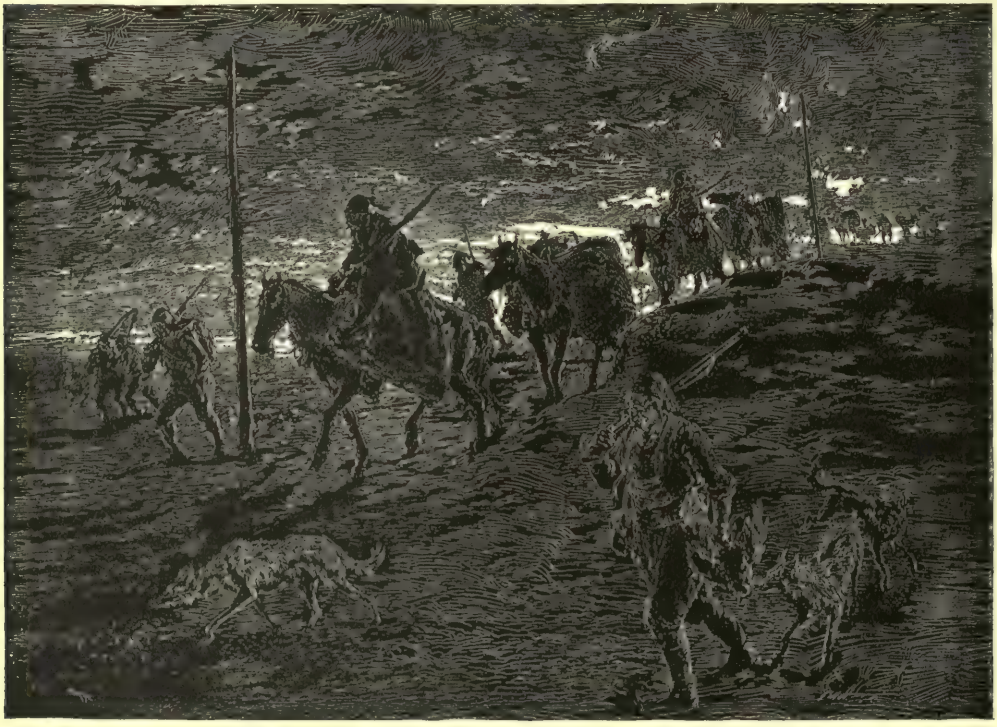
The test of Vierge's career came after this, when, finding himself thrown by the force of circumstances in the gearing of journalism, he had to enter the domain of the commonplace, and to seek his inspiration in the humdrum routine of nineteenth-century life. It was as if, after having been carried along by a strong current, he was left to push his way in a deadly calm. It was trying to come down from the subjects of the war, worthy indeed of a man of genius, to what was in comparison infinitely prosy and uninteresting. But as great writers find ever new ways of treating that hackneyed theme, the human heart, so Vierge, look-

DRAWN BY VIERGE.

THE INFANTA. ("LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.")

ing at daily life in the same lofty manner with which he had looked upon great historical events, revealed to us a new significance in spectacles familiar, and new aspects of picturesqueness and beauty of which we were ignorant. The temptation was almost irresistible to let one's self become a mere technician, or a mirror that does no more than reflect unfeelingly what stands before it. But putting his heart into the task confronting him, Vierge ennobled his subjects by his manner of treating them, making jewels of the trifles constituting that "actuality" which is the small change of history. He dealt with them not in the flippant manner of the reporter, but with the dignity of a sane and robust nature, whose acute-

ness of vision reaches through the external aspects to the essentials, whose large and active human sympathy at once puts him in touch with widely diverse subjects. Thereby Vierge has rendered, not only to illustrators, but to us all, an invaluable service in showing what a rich unexplored mine is that which lies directly under our daily observation. His drawings are to us the same kind of revelation as was a picture of Van Ostade to Goethe. The author of "Faust" had often looked with eyes that did not see at the little shoemaker's shop of his Dresden landlord, until he entered it one day after a visit to the museum where he had been studying an interior of Van Ostade. The suffused light which filled the humble place, bringing out the old cobbler at his last, made a scene the beauty of which for the first time dawned upon him. The Flemish painter had thus helped Goethe to discover the beauty of that which lay at his own door.



BASHI-BAZOUKS RETURNING FROM A RAIDING EXPEDITION. ("LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.")

Notwithstanding the exigencies of an enormous production with exacting limitations of time, Vierge would not consent to do anything without exact documents. On occasions the necessary indications came from eye-witnesses, but whenever possible he went to take them himself. In no case would he condescend to compound those magical fantasies peculiar to a large class of illustrators that depict an event before it happens. His sketch-books testify eloquently to his scrupulous professional honesty, for in looking them over one finds all the elements of his published works. I know few things so captivatingly interesting as those innumerable sketch-books, which fill all the closets of his house. The history of French society, of its interests, fads, manners, habits, pastimes, is there written day by day, almost hour by hour. They make a unique monument of priceless value to future historians, one of the curiosities of the intellectual world. To an artist they present another element of interest, as only an artist can appreciate the courage there shown: how Vierge forgot the science he had at his fingers' ends, and voluntarily deprived himself of the resources of a consummate execution, to be born again for each new subject.

In that respect what a contrast, and how much superior, is Vierge to the craftsman who tries not so much to interpret what he sees, as to make something clever out of it! The one before nature is naïve, humbly attentive; he has the almost religious respect of the student, all his efforts are concentrated in the attempt to render what he sees as he sees it, and with means born of the impression he receives. The other tries in some way to liken what he sees to what he has fallen into the habit of doing,

to adapt it to certain tricks of execution which he possesses; so that freshness, the bloom of truth, being brushed away, the conventional result is, perforce, unimportant. That superficial way of touching "de omni re scibili" may be amusing, but it is as shallow and profitless as small talk.

When trying to enter into the analysis of a man's talent, one is reminded of the saying of a French critic that in art even the finest descriptions are not equal to a hasty view of things. One is conscious, also, of seeing an artist in a partial and incomplete fashion, of dwelling at length upon sides understandable, and passing over others equally worthy of attention.

Fortunately the sketches which are the *raison d'être* of this article give Vierge the opportunity to speak for himself. It can be but a restricted opportunity,—the range of his work is too great to be given adequately, and the large compositions which form an important part of his productions cannot be reduced to the size of a magazine page,—yet these fragments do him better justice than any words could do.

Though generously revealing themselves in his work, how can one do more than hint at the characteristic traits of Vierge's talent; how analyze or describe that felicity of inspiration, subtle and evanescent, which asserts itself so joyfully in his drawings—his discrimination in selecting in each subject the aspect most worthy to be dwelt upon? Nature being always luxuriant and diffuse, with what artful taste he eliminates the superfluous! How intelligently he touches the accessories needful to the impression he wishes to convey, and assigns them to their just place, and gives them their relative importance!

In France he is called a *tachiste*, because he simplifies to be more forcible, to bring out more clearly the important features of his subjects. His wash-drawings, looked at closely, are a confused mass of blots and lines, but two feet away these rough elements, assuming their significance, melt and harmonize in a palpitating impression of light movement and life. Each brush-mark, however careless it may appear, is forceful, and lays bare the essence of whatever it touches; and it is as expressive of the refined, the delicate, as of the virile. In a few synthetic strokes, Vierge exhausts a type, an expression, an effect which would be dwelt upon to tiresomeness by the craftsmen who accumulate smart little details for want of something better to produce a skin-deep semblance of reality.

But to render sensations and impressions; to express the vision mental and physical of beings and things in the *milieu* and atmosphere to which they belong; to show movements, attitudes, gestures, play of physiognomy, the thousand aspects of dress, of architecture, according to the dimness or exaltation of the light; to attempt effects considered impossible; to say so much that none had dared to say before—Vierge has had to manufacture for himself an instrument at the same time large and fine, firm and flexible, an incisive tool, a new language. Hence the great difficulty confronting him at the outset, and against which he has had constantly to contend—of finding engravers capable of being "translators and not traitors." In their bold revolutionary garb his audacious compositions were unintelligible to men who had become accustomed to a narrow routine. When Vierge began his career of illustrator, the wood-engravers were painstaking artisans who hugged with the same affection and lack of discrimination unimportant as well as important facts; they who labored to give the word for the word attached little importance to the meaning of the phrase. In not only inspiring, but in personally training his engravers, Vierge bears the same relation to contemporary wood-engraving that he does to contemporary illustration. He is the father of a school of engravers who, permeating their work with light, color, and refreshing unexpectedness of treatment, putting playfulness, and character, and feeling into it, have infused with vigorous life an art which had grown old, stiff, and mechanical.

Vierge is a realist in that he is a worshiper of truth; but realist is a misleading epithet, embracing as many sins as virtues. Far from the low realism of commonplaceness and nastiness is that realism of Vierge, which beautifies all it feeds upon, because it delights in dwelling on those elements of beauty and goodness existing latent or revealed in all things.

Perhaps the most personal, and thus the most strongly felt, trait of Vierge is his faculty of imparting a sort of heroic character—all his own—to his representations of reality. It seems as if there was more of the Moor than of the Spaniard in his nature, as if his work was a revelation of that fine race that knows how to drape itself in a rag, and on whose lips the honey of beautiful verses is born of a ray of sunlight. But his art is as naturally alert and joyous as it is dignified. One feels that the artist loves his work as a lover his mistress, that it is not work to him, but a constant delight.

VIERGE was making the illustrations for a French translation of Quevedo's "Don Pablo de Segovia," when, in the ripeness of his talent, still young, and with a glorious future before him, he was stricken by the thunderbolt of paralysis. His right side was as dead, his speech and part of his memory were annihilated, and

the athletic physique, the superb working-force to which an hour of idleness had been unknown, were wrecked in an instant.

Shy of society, and so continually busy that he was ever beyond reach of friends, his condition remained long unknown to those who would have hastened to help him. Only after six months, when his incomplete "Don Pablo de Segovia" was published, did the world and his friends learn of his trouble. After two years of living death, the resurrection of his energies and faculties began. Slowly he reacquired a few half-articulate sounds, which constitute all that he has now of human language, gradually the cloud over his memory lifted, and his right side woke again to life, until now the wrist and hand alone are helpless. His mental robustness and sanity have passed through the ordeal unscathed, and his motive in life remaining foremost within him, he has trained his left hand to draw, and returned to his beloved labor.

Naturally he now works very slowly, but with the crisis of his life there came something new and greater into his character, which is reflected in his work. If he has lost traits of pure virtuosity, his observation has grown graver, more impressive, his touch more severe. To his dramatic instinct, his verve, his fertility of invention, there is added that which makes certain artists and poets speak to more than their time and generation, because they depict not alone the surface aspects of humanity, but humanity itself.

As a draftsman with the pen, Vierge combines in a high degree the widely diverse qualities which distinguish the old painters in their occasional use of the pen, and the modern artists who have dedicated themselves to this branch of art. The old pen-drawings, simple notes from nature, studies of figures or compositions made in reference to future paintings, are emphatically expressive of the artist's idea. Not admitting of delicate minutiæ, but large of treatment, as of conception, they show one of the sides of the man of many parts, and with slight means say well all they wish to say.

Unlike the old painters, the modern specialists, regarding the pen as fully adapted to the interpretation of nature and the rendering of their own creations, have achieved excellence in the line in which we usually reach excellence nowadays — in the line of technic. Speaking generally, therefore, one might say that they depend upon the execution, while their predecessors depended upon the idea. In Vierge's pen-and-ink drawings these two contending elements are united. They are clever beyond any one's cleverness, and in the most varied manner. Mr. Pennell well says that if any professional thinks he has invented some new mode of rendering, he has only to look at Vierge's sketches to find himself mistaken. No one has reached such mastery in any of the different styles, simple or complicated, of pen-work. No matter how made, his sketches always compose a sort of dainty filigree: pure blacks, pearl-gray tints, isolated lines forming exquisite combinations which, irrespective of subject, fascinate the eye. That these lines are few, admirably chosen, expressive of character, form, and texture, becomes evident only after one is struck by the first seductive impression of the ensemble. In looking more attentively, it seems impossible that simple black lines on white paper should be made to tell so much: the strong relief of the foreground, the airy indistinctness of distance, the differences in materials, the sheen or dullness of stuffs, the very substance of flesh and bone. And to express it all in so subtle a way that it baffles analysis! But they do this admirably, and what they cannot say aloud they seem to suggest.

However, Vierge's technic, extraordinarily fine though it is, is of secondary importance. Like the old painters, he uses it as a means to an end. His medium, infinitely finer, more complicated, and more resourceful than theirs, is, like theirs, a costume that, becoming the living figure, would lose all beauty if thrown over a puppet. What distinctly separates Vierge from the purely picturesque school, over which master rendering holds tyrannic sway, is the versatility and the grandeur of his ideas and inventions. That is what, with his worship of truth, his broad human sympathy, his sensibility, and his sense of measure, he gives expression to in a form exquisitely wrought, but not mannered, and what prevents the richness and abundance of his picturesque instinct from asserting themselves unduly.

A drawing full of relief, extraordinarily good and true; the choice of the best effect, of the typical gesture, the sobriety of details, the great art to sacrifice and let a few necessary accents sing out from the ensemble — all combine to make his creations what they are, and it is after a careful process of choosing and pruning, after many preliminary studies, that those superbly free pen-and-ink drawings which seem improvised are finally made. Much of their charms come, no doubt, from their admirable freshness and crispness, their unequaled grace of rendering, but their value lies far beyond and deeper than external qualities.

The artist's triumph over difficulties is the greater that, in the cramped sphere of an art full of limitations, he has treated so many different subjects. During the twelve years of his collaboration with "Le Monde Illustré," he has pictured with the pen the principal

scenes of new plays produced in Parisian theaters: the drama, the comedy, the pageantry of opera, and the pretty foolery of opera bouffe — each intensified in its character, each telling its story plainly, completely, and with the emphasis, the glittering artificiality, of the stage. The civil wars of Spain, the conflict in the East, have also given him the opportunity to relate many an unusually picturesque or dramatic incident. But the subjects he was best qualified to treat, because all the instincts of his nature were in sympathy with them, and had been at that early age when things make an indelible impression on the receptive brain, are the subjects of his native land. Refractory to the influences of his second home, Vierge has remained as typical a Spaniard as if he had never left Madrid, and his dearest pleasure has been to make scenes of Spanish life familiar to the French public. Amid such a production as his has been, it is difficult to select and particularize, but surely his Spanish scenes with the pen or the brush count among the most brilliant of his performances on the illustrated press. His masterpiece as a pen-and-ink artist is an illustration of a classic of old Spanish literature. The "Tacaño" of Quevedo, one of many fine picturesque novels half philosophical, half satiric, preceding "Don Quixote," probably inspired Cervantes. The "Tacaño" (bad boy, sharper), otherwise known as "Don Pablo de Segovia," is the story of a barber's son, vitiated in body and soul by bad company, an excess of misery, and the example of a society corrupt and hypocritical. *Pablo* passes through a series of hyperbolical adventures, struggling like a demon with alguazils and robbers, beaten and beating, here cutpurse, there cutthroat, and ever inconceivably full of audacity, of nerve, and of wit. Wily *Figaro* is a holy personage compared with this wild ancestor of his, who, unbridling throughout Spain his extravagant tricks, skips between the clutched fingers of the Inquisition, flouts the nobility, shears the good wool of the rich bourgeois, affiliates himself to every band of scoundrels, and is ever ready to stake his life for a piece of cake. What a picture of the Spain of the sixteenth century! What morals, and what a society! Brawlers, duennas, poets, mendicants, pilferers, hangmen, amorous nuns, filibusters, gamblers — all these swarm, swaggering with life, through that fantastic book. Its pages are filled with thefts and fights, embraces and murders, done with rosary in hand and with profound reverences which make the hat-feathers trail in the dust. Nothing is of importance but to have a fine supper, nothing sacred but a full stomach. Loaded dice and marked cards are more necessary than clean linen, and sword-thrusts are ever ready for those who too keenly notice the game. When the conscience squeaks, two candles at the Virgin's altar, a present to the beadle, and all goes on as nicely as may be under the guardianship of his majesty the king, whom God preserve!

In such strange *milieux* Vierge has roamed, handling his pen like a rapier. Evidently these rascals amused him, and he was interested in them. His drawing has the color, the furious wit, of Quevedo's style. He has made of *Don Pablo* as entertaining and extraordinary a figure in graphic art as he is in literature, and interpreted him as only a Spaniard can interpret a Spaniard. He has depicted his antics with a buoyant humor savoring of the soil and full of the perfume of the air of Spain. He said that while doing these illustrations, he would often leave his work-table, pick up his guitar, and inspire his pictures to the accompaniment of the twanging string. Indeed, they evoke the very raspings of guitar and castanet, the nasal cadences of seguidillas, the bursting "Olé, olé" of Spanish students.

In "Don Pablo" inspiration and rendering unite to form an ideal masterpiece. So far it is the artist's book. He is still young,—barely forty-two years,—so we may confidently look forward to worthy successors of "Don Pablo"; but should his career end to-morrow, that one work will make all lovers of art eager to acquaint themselves with the wonderfully solid and beautiful monument he has erected on the sands of ephemeral journalism.

August F. Jaccaci.

In calling Vierge the Father of Modern Illustration, the writer does not mean that of the two artists Menzel and Vierge, who stand in a position of unique eminence in relation to the modern development of illustration, the art of the latter is superior to the art of the former. The epithet is simply a recognition of the fact that Vierge is essentially an illustrator, while Menzel is a draftsman. (Menzel the painter, it is needless to say, had no more to do with the development of illustration than all other great modern painters.) The difference between the two is radical, for whereas the draftsman's object is accomplished when he has carried out his idea in a drawing the size, medium, and manner of which are of his own choice, the illustrator has to make a drawing the size, medium, and manner of which are imposed, and one that will produce its full and best effect, not as an original, but in the reproduction. Laboring exclusively within the restricted field of illustration, Vierge has had on contemporary illustrators the specific influence of a specialist on specialists. Both men are master draftsmen, but the drawings of Vierge have one side that the drawings of Menzel have not. They were composed and executed, just like the paintings of a decorator, in view of certain definite conditions. Hence, without comparing the two men as artists, the epithet of Father of Modern Illustration belongs to Vierge, and to Vierge alone.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

TRAINING.

"WELL, I 've sent him, George; but I don't believe they will have him six months before he gets into some scrape," remarked General Bradhurst to one of his old friends, whose advice he had taken in sending a rather self-willed boy to college. His friend dined with the general recently, and afterward related the conversation to me as follows:

"I asked him," he chuckled, "if his boy had come home in disgrace yet. 'To tell the truth,' he replied, 'I begin to think you hit the mark in telling me to send him. He *has* been home,— home only last week,— but not in disgrace, and he went back Monday morning bright and early. At dinner Sunday night I noticed he did n't take any of the *entrée*, and would n't have any dessert, and turned down his wine-glass when the claret was passed, and I thought something must be wrong with the boy's appetite, so I said: "What ails you, Jim? Digestion out of order?" "Oh, no," he said; and that was all I got out of him. When Mary brought in the coffee, he would n't have any, and I said: "Look here, young man; I don't understand this. Let 's go into the library, and you shall tell me all about it while we have a cigar." I pushed the cigars over to him, but he said he guessed he would n't smoke. "Now, what is the matter with you, Jim? Let 's have it out," said I. "Nothing," replied the young rascal; "but I 'm on the foot-ball team, and we are in training"; and before ten o'clock he ended our confab with the words: "Well, I 'm going to turn in. Good night." And to bed he went. Now, George, I begin to believe there must be something in your new-fangled athletic fads, when they 're strong enough to make a boy like Jim give up his sweets, turn down his glass, shake his head to a cigar, and go to bed before ten o'clock. They are going to make a man of him there, after all.'"

Yes, my dear sir, and yes, my dear madam, when your boy at college says he is "in training," it means that he is following, with the closest observation, the laws of health. He is free from the taint of dissipation, and is making of himself a clean, strong young man. This training has been made a study, and the results have been handed down through college and school until every boy now enjoys the advantages. The enforcement, too, of these laws of training is stricter than that of any rules of teacher or faculty, for, instead of surveillance, the boy is bound by his honor to his captain and his fellows.

When the collegian first took up training he had as a guide only the conceited follies of broken-down prize-fighters to guide him. The "pug" was the only man who trained in those days, and he was put through a course of purging to take away the effects of months of debauch. It is no wonder, then, that the early training laws in our universities were worse than crude. The governing principle was to feed a man as much nearly raw beef as he could be induced to take, and to give him as little liquid in any form as possible. The exercise, like the diet, was an exaggerated copy of the follies of men who knew next to nothing about the human animal. In 1859 the Yale crew was wont to run four miles before breakfast; then, in the forenoon, to pull weights and wrestle for an hour; and finally, in the afternoon, to do their rowing, which always included one pull over the entire course. By 1864 this had grown to a run before breakfast of from three to five miles, sometimes with weights in the hands, and that before a mouthful was eaten. Then, in addition to general work about the quarters, they rowed the full course — four miles — at speed twice a day.

As late as 1876 the foot-ball men were made to practise general work in the morning, then to play an hour and a half in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock at night to run three miles at speed on a dusty gymnasium track. Base-ball men and track athletes escaped more easily, for their training had hardly become very strict until the days of a more rational system. Training for the 'varsity teams of to-day means keeping early hours, a generous diet of the very best that the markets afford in the way of beef, mutton, and occasionally turkey and chicken; fruit; a limited supply of vegetables, toast, sometimes very plain puddings, oatmeal water, and milk. In the way of exercise, there is a very gradual increase from the beginning of the season up to within a week of the actual contests, and then light work until the event itself. As for the time all this takes from a man's studies, that depends chiefly upon the individual. Probably more than half the athletes average less than three hours a day of actual work in their sport. The length of time consumed in going to the field or boat-

house in some universities would add half an hour more. A week before the important contest, it must be confessed, the great interest in the event, the enthusiasm of the non-contestants, and the general public heralding and predicting, lead the competitors to forget everything else, and studies suffer accordingly. After the contest nine tenths of the men engaged make equally determined application to their studies in order to make up for that week of excitement and neglect. The total result is that the average rank of the athlete is rather above than below the average rank of any other body of men selected without reference to scholarship.

RULES.

In the warm summer of 1844, at Yale, the crew manning a dugout canoe having challenged the crew of a lapstreak gig to a race, and that challenge having been eagerly accepted, it became necessary to adopt a code of rules to govern the contest. The rules then made were as follows: The race to be a four-mile race from the boat-house to the light-house; the start to be made by both crews standing on the pier, who should then proceed to enter their respective boats and to row to the finish; and finally, neither to do anything in the mean time in the way of cleaning the boat or in any way preparing the bottom for the race.

Upon the appointed day the two crews lined up on the float, the word was given, and both crews sprang into the boats, shipped the oars, and started. While in the swift current they kept nearly even, but as soon as they were out of it, although her crew struggled manfully, the gig seemed to be lagging. At last, realizing that something must be radically wrong with their boat, they pulled to the shore, and discovered that a ring had been secured to the keel of the gig and a heavy stone attached. As expressed by a writer, "It was the universal belief that neither crew had violated any of the articles of agreement in doing anything to the bottom of their own boat." This was the first recognized set of rules governing a college boat-race, and showed conclusively that apparently fair rules do not always insure a fair contest.

From that time the rules of college boating went through many changes. With the introduction of intercollegiate contests in 1852 came greater legislative necessities. For a few years opinions differed as to the size and manning of the boats, and a rule was made allowing any boat to be entered, manned by any number of men, and one race (in 1855) saw three boats entered, equipped as follows: *Iris* of Harvard, eight-oared barge, with coxswain; *Y.Y.* of Harvard, four-oared lapstreak, without coxswain; and the Yale boats *Nereid* and *Nautilus*, six-oared barges, with coxswains. To accommodate such a variety, the rule was made that small boats should be allowed eleven seconds for each extra oar in the larger boats. The necessity of such a rule was, however, rather doubted when the result of the race proved to be as follows: First boat in, the eight-oared barge, three seconds ahead of the four-oared lapstreak, and the two six-oared boats over a minute and a half behind.

Perhaps no race ever showed the error of rowing under the wrong set of rules more glaringly than the contest which Yale turned into a bumping race at Lake Quinsigamond in 1870. Harvard led, and, in attempting to round the turning-stake, caught the buoy, and came to a sudden stop. Yale rowed directly into her stern, and gave a most glorious English bump, carrying away Harvard's steering-gear. Finally the boats were separated, and Yale rowed home in good order, Harvard creeping in, in damaged condition, nearly two minutes later. The race was naturally awarded, under American rules, to the bumped boat. Certain hot-headed persons found fault with the Yale management for not having foreseen this result, and for not allowing bumping rules to govern. This was not the only bumping race between Yale and Harvard, as several oarsmen who sat in the Yale and Harvard boats at Saratoga in 1874 might be willing to testify.

But we learn from experience, and the college boat-racing rules of to-day are not made for a dozen crews rowing in indiscriminate fashion, nor for two crews turning the same stake-float; but the boats are few, and each has its own lane marked out, and the course is straight away. The development of what seem now thoroughly satisfactory racing rules has been the work of years. But that work has had a strangely circular course. The first intercollegiate race was a straightaway eight-oared race, with coxswain, and with only two crews on the water. The next race was for a mile and a half and return, and it took seventeen years to get back to straightaway races.

The race of 1855 had four boats entered, and it took until 1864 to get back to two competitors, which number continued until the reform of straightaway courses came in 1872, when the number of competitors was increased to six. The next year there were eleven, and in 1875 thirteen, boats. This last crowd killed the National Rowing Association of American Colleges, and since that time the great college boat-race has had only two crews.

After the eight-oared race of 1852 all sorts of boats and rigging came in — four-oared, six-oared, with and without coxswains; shells,

barges, and lapstreaks. It took, again, over twenty years to get back to eight oars and coxswains, but the shell replaced the 1852 barge. The principal points of the boating rules of 1852, then, are the chief points in the boating rules of 1892; namely, two crews, a straightaway course, eight oars, and a coxswain. Only the distance is four miles instead of two, though had Mr. Sargent's proposed regulations of a few years ago gone into effect, we should have had the two-mile race of forty years ago as well as all the other conditions.

But in other sports there has been a more appreciable distance traversed by the rule-makers. The foot-ball game of the forties was an annual rush between the freshmen and sophomores with a foot-ball as an excuse. The answer of the sophomores to the freshmen's challenge a few years later, in a slight paraphrase of Hotspur's words, characterizes the game and its rules sufficiently:

> Come! like sacrifices in their trim,
> And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
> All hot, and bleeding will we offer you!

In 1872 there had come to be something in the nature of a game, with rules to govern. The important rule bearing upon the history of the sport was, "No player shall pick up, throw, or carry the ball in any part of the field." To-day the chief employment is to pick up, throw, and carry the ball. Then, when there was a violation of a rule: "The player so offending shall throw the ball perpendicularly into the air from the spot where the foul occurred." To-day, when a violation of a rule occurs, "a player of the opposite side puts the ball down on the ground upon the spot where the foul occurred."

Until the fall of 1875 American college foot-ball was a sport *sui generis*, rebelling against any other known code of foot-ball rules. Then, Harvard, having become enamoured of the English Rugby through some matches with Canadian teams, made the first step toward its introduction among American colleges by effecting a compromise with Yale, and playing a game under four fifths Rugby Union and one fifth American nondescript laws. The following year Rugby Union rules were adopted. Since that time rapid changes have been made, but instead of the game having gone to pieces under the alterations, a new game has been evolved which now in point of interest challenges the foot-ball game of any other country. The American scrimmage, though developed from the Rugby scrimmage, has a more clean-cut and satisfactory termination, is faster and more accurate in changing the play, and admits of a wider field for the development of tactics. The American system of interference is a most direct breaking away from the Rugby law of "off side," but possesses many advantages in the way of increased opportunity for team work; and finally, the scoring by points, and the ruling by two men, insure more certainty of determining the issue, no matter how closely the teams be matched.

In base-ball the progress of the rules has been chiefly along the pitcher's crease. The straight-arm pitch, no balls, and no strikes, but the batsman hitting when he chose — these were the characteristics of the early days. Home runs without number, scores of fifty and over, time of games from three to four hours — to these were the patrons of the sport treated in the fifties and sixties. Then came the underhand throw, the hand passing below the hip, and every third ball called; next followed the underhand throw, the hand swinging on a line below the shoulder, nine balls to take the base; then quickly followed seven balls, and the putting back of the pitcher farther from the batsman; then five balls, and the throw instead of the pitch, and the abolition of restriction as to the pitcher's swing; and now we have four balls, and the determination to place the pitcher still farther from the batsman. Such has been the record of our base-ball rules.

In track athletics the seven-mile walk, the three-mile walk and the three-mile run, and the graduates' seven-mile walk have all disappeared, but an effort is being made to revive the three-mile run. The tug of war came in, dug holes in the ground, attained the dignity of a wooden platform, cleats, and harness, and then had its head lopped off. The standing jump had a short life, but the sprints and hurdles have held their own and increased. Throwing the base-ball and graduate events were swept away before having a chance to demonstrate their value. Bicycles whirled into the procession: first the high machines, which nearly murdered the riders when the almost inevitable collision occurred; now the low safety, with its huge bulging tire, which, like the fabled hoop-snake of our youthful fancy, rolls faster than man or horse can flee. Stricter rules, closer matches, longer and more systematic training, have all combined to stimulate interest and endeavor to a higher pitch, and records have fallen until one is almost ready to fancy that the limit has been reached. But as we approach that time there again enters the unceasing restlessness of the American collegian as an element in all rules governing athletics in our universities, and changes in events and rules will probably usher in the unforeseen development to satisfy this craving. The first signs come in the proposal to reinstate the three-mile run. Who knows but that, like the boating legislation, the

track-athletic lawmakers are about to move in a circle, approaching again the old-fashioned distance events and separate graduate contests, especially should the new advocacy of confining the general events to undergraduates strictly meet with general favor?

ELIGIBILITY.

THERE is a story of a famous physician who was asked to write a prescription for a patient afflicted with rheumatism. With it he sent a note which read as follows, "If this does you any good, I wish you would let me know, as I have been troubled with rheumatism myself for the last few years."

A similar desire to try experiments outside of their own person has always afflicted the colleges when dealing with the disease of professionalism, or with any question of eligibility of players. Before college sports became of sufficient importance to provoke symptoms of professionalism, there were differences of opinion as to whether graduates should be permitted to take part. In 1874, at the meeting of the Rowing Association, Harvard proposed that "professional school students should be eligible for crews." The question was put to a vote, but the motion was lost, Yale and eight other colleges voting against it. Later, in 1876, Yale and Harvard passed a rule to the effect that "all undergraduates of either college, and all of its graduates who were studying for a second degree, should be eligible for the crews." These two points in the history of the legislation bear very directly upon the questions now being so fiercely agitated.

In base-ball, when the Intercollegiate Association was formed at Springfield in 1880, the Yale delegates refused to join in the formation because the association was unwilling to bar out professionals, and did not apply for membership until, in the following year, a rule was adopted rendering professionals ineligible. The particular individuals at that time against whom the rule was directed were Richmond and Winslow, the battery of the Brown nine. Both these men went into the professional ranks, and the former played for some years in professional teams. Since then there have been several poorly disguised instances of professionalism among college ball-players, but the point most in question has come to be how far a college player may go in the way of taking expenses — sometimes rather lavish ones, too — for summer ball-playing in local nines. Action restricting this practice is likely to come before long.

But in foot-ball have been seen the most bitter quarrels upon this issue. Professional base-ball and professional boating rather prepared the way for a laxity of opinion in these sports, while in foot-ball, up to a few years ago, there had been no question or supposition of professionalism. It was purely a gentleman's game. When, therefore, a man who had played base-ball avowedly for money, and who was commonly considered a member of one of the professional league nines for the coming season, undertook to play upon one of the teams in the Intercollegiate Association, it gave rise to a storm of protest and not only the passage of a rule forbidding professionalism among college players, but also a bitterly fought quarrel, the after effects of which still keep two of our leading college foot-ball teams apart. The rule passed at that time provided that no professional should be eligible, nor any man who had received any pecuniary inducement, directly or indirectly, nor any man not pursuing a course of study requiring a certain number of hours' attendance each week. That same year, and under this rule, Harvard questioned a majority of Princeton's players, and Princeton questioned a majority of Harvard's men. Feeling ran so high that not one of the colleges represented has since brought a single challenge under this rule. Nor has it been because of lack of cases coming under it, but because of the vivid memory of that most acrimonious set of meetings, and the recrimination indulged in for months thereafter.

This brings us to the vital point: College men as a class are bitterly opposed to professionalism, but college representatives in any law-making meeting are able to see clearly only the professionalism in the rival teams, and the rules proposed by each college are prepared to fit the case abroad rather than the case at home. Then, when the trouble begins, the college likely to get the worst of the arrangement in the matter of players threatens to resign; and what is even worse, if these representatives do not legislate to "save their own bacon" at home, their college is likely to make it unpleasant for them.

Fortunately, the unusual publicity given this year to the fact that men are hired in one way or another on account of their athletic ability, has resulted in stirring up the better element among college men to the necessity of action, and all the colleges are at last vying with one another to discover and adopt the best measure to attain the result. Yale has passed a rule confining membership in her nines, teams, and crews to undergraduates, and strictly to undergraduates of her own college, barring out any man who comes from another college. Princeton has adopted a similar rule. Harvard will undoubtedly adopt some equally stringent measure, but not until a year from now. The other colleges are equally active, and presumably are determined to stamp out the evil, so

that there is little doubt of the final extinction of the most apparent part of it. But there is still an evil existing against which no very satisfactory rules have yet been directed, and that is, the inducements offered young boys to determine their choice of a college.

The difficulty here arising is similar in one sense to that which existed in the first rule, as above described, adopted in foot-ball. Where the proof required is of a nature involving more or less detective work, the obtaining of it is obnoxious to gentlemen. To ferret out the inducement, to play the detective, and to trace back the benefit, whether in the form of dollars and cents, or the remission of usual dues, room rent, board, or tuition, from its recipient to the instigators, and to show that the suggestion of that benefit came in some way from the fact that the man was likely to be serviceable in some athletic branch, is not only an extremely difficult undertaking, but an essentially repugnant one. On this account, any rule that involves detective work will never be practically operative. It will sound well, but the procuring will never be affected by it, because the better class of college men — and they are the ones upon whom, from the nature of things, the ferreting out of infractions of the rule must devolve — will revolt from the only methods which could end in successful search. The summer ball-playing, which is productive of pecuniary gain, and the inducement by similar means which leads a school-boy athlete to be influenced in his choice of a college, are the next two evils to be faced and overcome by some legislation requiring no detective work.

ATTITUDE OF FACULTIES.

THAT professor who rushed into the faculty meeting one day, and, after stating that he had just learned that in base-ball the pitcher was wont to deceive the batsman by curving the ball, proposed that the faculty should at once do away with a sport which placed a premium upon deception, had the right idea in his honest old head, although in the particular instance his lack of technical knowledge led him to pose as something very near a fool. He abhorred cheats and shams, and he did not want his boys taught trickery. Faculties have always been upon the side of honesty of purpose, but where they have undertaken to interfere in points requiring technical knowledge, the results have, in many instances, been disastrous both to their *amour propre* and to the sports themselves. The student, graduate and undergraduate, has built up his own sports. He began with them when none but he took any interest in them. He sat up nights and worked days to make them better, and, as they grew, he puzzled out for himself all the problems involved. Neither the public nor the faculty took any particular interest. That is one of the reasons why the student body has of late years often resented interference with what was regarded as the internal management of the sports. So long as the sports did not interfere with studies, they asked to be allowed to enjoy immunity from interference. Such intolerance of meddling can hardly be regarded as peculiar. But, unfortunately, the line was not always clearly drawn either by the student body or by the faculty, and cases are on record of overstepping the line on the part of both bodies. Moreover, both sides have occasionally changed their minds, and hence their policies have been woefully inconsistent.

In 1883 the Harvard faculty astonished the college world, just previous to the Yale-Harvard foot-ball match, by forbidding Harvard to play the game in New York. But they were over-persuaded, and the game was played. In 1885 Harvard was forbidden to play foot-ball at all, and in 1890 a rule was passed forbidding any athletic contests of any kind by Harvard students outside of New England. A certain exception to this rule has been made in favor of the men engaged in track athletics. These rules, and those of recent date, have been made by a committee composed at first of three members of the faculty. This committee was appointed by the faculty, and was known as the Standing Committee upon the Regulation of Athletic Sports. This was the committee which forbade foot-ball at Harvard. Questions of importance were referred to the faculty for discussion.

After some three years of control, this faculty committee recommended the appointment of a new committee with student representation. The faculty agreed to the composition of the committee, but restricted its powers, requiring it to consult with the faculty on all questions involving general principles. This committee consisted of five, two being undergraduates, but all being appointed by the president of the university, and making reports to the faculty. After three years of experience with this committee, it was recommended that the control of athletics be removed from the hands of the college faculty by the appointment of a committee existing by the authority of the corporation, and responsible to that body alone. This the faculty refused, giving the committee power subject to such general regulations as the college faculty should from time to time adopt. Then by a later rule they appointed a committee consisting of three undergraduates to be elected by the management of the Athletic Association, and six graduates, three to be members of the faculty, and all six to be appointed by

the corporation with the consent of the Board of Overseers.

This committee was allowed control of athletics, "subject to the authority of the faculty of the college," and it is this committee, under such authority, that has supervision and control of all athletics at Harvard.

Almost the exact opposite of all these conditions has prevailed at Yale. There, in the early days, the faculty did not even recognize the existence of athletic sports, and their only recognition of them (with the single exception mentioned later) has come from them rather as individuals than in their official capacity. The exception mentioned is in recognizing the peculiarly powerful means of discipline which lies ready to their hand in the existence of these sports. An act of disorder by any body of men of any class is likely to be punished, whether these men be athletes or not, by the deprivation of that class of their class games either at home or with other colleges, and there is no doubt that any unusual outbreak of the college at large would result to the disadvantage of the university contests of the following season. This tacit understanding has done much to prevent disorder of all kinds, because the captains and general management of the athletic teams make a point of using their influence and authority toward the suppression of all kinds of disorder. The measure of popularity enjoyed by the 'varsity captains insures their wishes being heeded and their suggestions being, in the main, carried out.

One of the striking features of this system lies in the fact that the Yale boat-house, the Yale field, and the Yale gymnasium are the results of unaided subscriptions, mostly in small sums, from undergraduates and graduates, together with the earnings of the athletic teams; and with the exception of the gymnasium, the property is owned not by the college authorities or corporation, but by the boat club and field corporation. The gymnasium was given over by the gymnasium committee to the college a few months ago, but the college authorities paid nothing for it. Not even have the graduates been given a voice in the management of athletics at New Haven, though of course they are at liberty to offer advice.

Some twelve years ago an advisory committee was appointed, but it had no executive powers; and upon the occasion of an attempt to invest it with such powers, several of the members prepared their resignations, declining to serve except in an advisory capacity. This advisory committee has not held a meeting for years, and of the present members of the college few are even aware of its former existence. The faculty had one member upon this committee, but only as a graduate of Yale who was interested in athletics, and not as a representative of the faculty. There is, however, one point of similarity not only between Harvard and Yale, but also between them and almost all the other colleges. Wherever there has been any favor shown in the way of appropriation or salary to a man to direct athletics, it has always been with a leaning toward the indoor rather than the outdoor side — a gymnasium director. That is one feature of the faculty relations which is even now changing, and which the next decade of athletics must see radically changed if the best results are to be obtained. It is the outdoor sport which should have the major part of the attention and encouragement; the indoor apparatus should be only supplemental, to be regarded as a substitute when weather or time prevents the more natural exercise. Without in any way detracting from the excellent results of our gymnasium work, we must not make them so attractive as to draw any man or body of men under a roof that might otherwise be in the fresh air and sunshine.

BRAWN AND BRAINS.

THERE is a story of a party containing two ministers crossing a lake in a storm. When matters became most critical, some one cried out, "The two ministers must pray!" "Na, na," said the boatman; "the little ane can pray if he like, but the big ane maun tak an oar."

Outside of emergencies there is much to be said in favor of brawn, and fortunately it is no longer necessary to argue that brains are better when there is brawn behind them, while, on the other hand, the time has already come when those who select athletes have little use for brawn without brains. So they supplement each other more and more. The college man, caricatured for years as a consumptive, then as a big brute, is to-day neither. The type is approaching more nearly to that of soundness of body and mind. Twenty years ago a father exhorted his son to study hard and stand high; now the anxiety is that the student should not fail to take plenty of exercise.

The strongest argument in favor of school and college sports is the one advanced by Nature herself. She develops the body before the mind. A man reaches the prime of physical power years before the maximum of his mental strength is attained. The best systems, backed by the best exponents of the times, have failed to make physical development popular among men whose college days and days of youth were over, who were in the struggle of their life's work. It then takes too much out of the man to build up his physique. He has not the time. If he has done the

building years before, exercise will prevent retrogression. Youth is the time for physical development, the time to expand the chest and increase the biceps, to take the larger proportion of bodily exercise; then in maturity the proportion should change to a mental exercise with the other for relaxation.

And as for the actual conflict of study and sport, the writer can speak with assurance of his own time in the university, from a comparison of the records for six years. In '76 among the appointments at graduation were one base-ball man, four foot-ball men, one of the crew, and the winners of four out of the five events at the spring athletic meeting. Among the composition prizes were two foot-ball men and one of the crew, and the Townsend prize was taken by a crew man. In '77 the valedictorian was a shining light in the line of the 'varsity foot-ball team, and the short-stop of the ball nine was on the appointment list. In '78 on the appointment list were two foot-ball men, the recipient of the Scott prize was the right fielder on the ball nine, and the first French prize was taken by a foot-ball man. In '79 the appointment list contained four foot-ball men, one base-ball man, two of the crew and the coxswain, while in the same class the mathematical prize was taken by a foot-ball man. In '80 on the appointment list were three foot-ball men, one base-ball man, and one of the crew. In '81 the appointments fell upon five foot-ball men, one base-ball man, and two of the crew, while the salutatorian was the 'varsity quarter-back, and one of the Townsend men was on the team. In '82 the appointment list contained four foot-ball men, three base-ball men, and two crew men; the winner of the Junior Exhibition prize was a foot-ball man who was also one of the crew, and the Scott prize winner was a foot-ball man. I have no doubt that even a better showing could be made by one familiar with the names and records of classes since that day.

But the showing which one cannot follow because the lists are so far separated,—the showing after graduation, the good constitution built up in college days to be drawn upon in the worry and care of later years,—that is the showing which would tell even more strongly how the generally increasing love of athletics is benefiting our young men, and making their lives better and more worth the living.

THE SPIRIT OF FAIR PLAY.

It would be a serious error to infer from the earnestness with which partizans of different plans for the welfare of college athletics hold to their own ideas, that agreement and eventual progress are out of reach. It is not a bad showing that has been already made in our scant thirty years of just such argument. In the heat of controversy, one who looks back over the past may see how easily things adjust themselves, even after the most bitter differences of opinion.

In 1858 Harvard proposed the formation of an intercollegiate regatta association, and delegates met, including Yale. In 1864 Harvard and Yale met, and agreed to row by themselves. In 1871 Harvard again requested Yale to send delegates to establish a union regatta. Yale refused, but in 1872 entered the association. In 1876 Yale withdrew. In 1877 Harvard withdrew. A change of policy was thus adopted for almost every college every four years.

In 1876 Yale wanted Harvard to come to New London, but Harvard would have nothing but Springfield. Two years later it was Yale that preferred Springfield, but Harvard chose New London; and I remember that each thought the other in the wrong both times.

In 1873 Princeton, Columbia, Rutgers, and Yale held a convention to frame a code of foot-ball rules, and Harvard refused to attend. In 1876 Princeton, Columbia, and Harvard held a convention and formed an association, Yale being the one this time to refuse to join. More recent differences of opinion between the large universities are too fresh in the minds of those interested in such matters to need repetition, but the differences are short-lived. Affairs adjust themselves very quickly when the breaches are not widened by a desire to live apart. College managements enjoy the inestimable privilege of rapid changes of men in authority. A new set of men come into power annually, and once in four years their entire constituency has altered, so that they can forgive, forget, and again clasp hands.

After all the proper spirit of fair play underlies college athletics. While each institution may be earnest in supporting its own method, all are united in their final purposes. There may be a bit of rivalry even among the college faculties in posing for public effect; there may be too great a tendency among the managers of the athletic sports to submit their actions to the tribunal of public opinion; there may be even more interest to the athletes themselves in a game played before thirty thousand enthusiastic spectators than would attach to the same contest with no spectators save the umpire and referee; but these are none of them grave faults. They are manifestations of human nature. So long as college athletics build up the physique of our youth, so long as they teach self-control, temperance, and courage, so long as money considerations and dishonesty do not enter into them, they will form a valuable feature of college life.

Walter Camp.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

WOMAN, for some reason which seems to have escaped the philosopher, has never taken a very prominent position in the history of poetry. But she has rarely been absent altogether from any great revival of poetic literature. The example of her total absence which immediately flies to the recollection is the most curious of all. That Shakspere should have had no female rival, that the age in which music burdened every bough, and in which poets made their appearance in hundreds, should have produced not a solitary authentic poetess, even of the fifth rank, this is curious indeed. But it is as rare as curious, for though women have not often taken a very high position on Parnassus, they have seldom thus wholly absented themselves. Even in the iron age of Rome, where the Muse seemed to bring forth none but male children, we find, bound up with the savage verses of Juvenal and Persius, those seventy lines of pure and noble indignation against the brutality of Domitian which alone survive to testify to the genius of Sulpicia.

If that distinguished lady had come down to us in seventy thousand verses instead of seventy lines, would her fame have been greatly augmented? Probably not. So far as we can observe, the strength of the great poet-women has been in their selection. Not a single poetess whose fame is old enough to base a theory upon has survived in copious and versatile numbers. Men like Dryden and Victor Hugo can strike every chord of the lyre, essay every mode and species of the art, and impress us by their bulk and volume. One very gifted and ambitious Englishwoman of the last generation, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, essayed to do the same. But her success, it must be admitted, grows every day more dubious. Where she strove to be passionate she was too often hysterical; a sort of scream spoils the effect of all her full tirades. She remains readable mainly where she is exquisite, and one small volume would suffice to contain her probable bequest to posterity.

It is no new theory that women, in order to succeed in poetry, must be brief, personal, and concentrated. It was recognized by the Greek critics themselves. Into that delicious garland of the poets which was woven by Meleager to be hung outside the gate of the Gardens of the Hesperides he admits but two women from all the centuries of Hellenic song. Sappho is there, indeed, because "though her flowers were few, they were all roses," and, almost unseen, a single virginal shoot of the crocus bears the name of Erinna. That was all that womanhood gave of durable poetry to the literature of antiquity. A critic, writing five hundred years after her death, speaks of still hearing the swan-note of Erinna clear above the jangling chatter of the jays, and of still thinking those three hundred hexameter verses sung by a girl of nineteen as lovely as the loveliest of Homer's. Even at the time of the birth of Christ Erinna's writings consisted of what could be printed on a page of this magazine. The whole of her extant work, and of Sappho's too, could now be pressed into a newspaper column. But their fame lives on, and of Sappho, at least, enough survives to prove beyond a shadow of doubt the lofty inspiration of her genius. She is the type of the woman-poet who exists not by reason of the variety or volume of her work, but by virtue of its intensity, its individuality, its artistic perfection.

At no time was it more necessary to insist on this truth than it is to-day. The multiplication of books of verse, the hackneyed character of all obvious notation of life and feeling, should, one would fancy, tend to make our poets more exiguous, more concise, and more trimly girt. There are few men nowadays from whom an immense flood of writing can be endured without fatigue; few who can hold the trumpet to their lips for hours in the market-place without making a desert around them. Yet there never was a time when the pouring out of verse was less restrained within bounds. Everything that occurs to the poet seems, to-day, to be worth writing down and printing. The result is the neglect of really good and charming work, which misses all effect because it is drowned in stuff that is second- or third-rate. The women who write, in particular, pursued by that commercial fervor which is so curious a feature of our new literary life, and which sits so inelegantly on a female figure, are in a ceaseless hurry to work off and hurry away into oblivion those qualities of their style which might, if seriously and coyly guarded, attract a permanent attention.

Among the women who have written verse in the Victorian age there is not one by whom this reproach is less deserved than it is by Miss Rossetti. Severely true to herself, an artist of

conscientiousness as high as her skill is exquisite, she has never swept her fane to sea in a flood of her own outpourings. In the following pages I desire to pay no more than a just tribute of respect to one of the most perfect poets of the age,— not one of the most powerful, of course, nor one of the most epoch-making, but to one of the most perfect,— to a writer toward whom we may not unreasonably expect that students of English literature in the twenty-fourth century may look back as the critics of Alexandria did toward Sappho and toward Erinna.

So much has been written, since the untimely death of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, on the circumstances of his family history, that it is not requisite to enter very fully into that subject in the present sketch of his youngest sister. It is well known that the Italian poet Gabriele Rossetti, after a series of romantic adventures endured in the cause of liberty, settled in London, and married the daughter of another Italian exile, G. Polidori, the brother of Lord Byron's physician. From this stock, three fourths of which was purely Italian, there sprang four children, of whom Dante Gabriel was the eldest, and Christina Georgina, born in December, 1830, the youngest. There was nothing in the training of these children which foreshadowed their various distinction in the future; although the transplanted blood ran quicker, no doubt, in veins that must now be called English, not Italian, even as the wine-red anemone broke into flower from the earth that was carried to the Campo Santo out of Palestine.

We cannot fathom these mysteries of transplantation. No doubt a thousand Italian families might settle in London, and their children be born as deaf to melody and as blind to nature as their playfellows long native to Hoxton or Clerkenwell. Yet it is not possible to hold it quite an accident that this thousand and first family discovered in London soil the precise chemical qualities that made its Italian fiber break into clusters of blossom. Gabriel Rossetti, both as poet and painter, remained very Italian to the last, but his sister is a thorough Englishwoman. Unless I make a great mistake, she has never even visited Italy, and in her poetry the landscape and the observation of nature are not only English, they are so thoroughly local that I doubt whether there is one touch in them all which proves her to have strayed more than fifty miles from London in any direction. I have no reason for saying so beyond internal evidence, but I should be inclined to suggest that the county of Sussex alone is capable of having supplied all the imagery which Miss Rossetti's poems contain. Her literary repertory, too, seems purely English; there is hardly a solitary touch in her work which betrays her transalpine parentage.

In a letter to myself, in words which she kindly lets me give to the public, Miss Rossetti has thus summed up some valuable impressions of her earliest bias toward writing:

> For me, as well as for Gabriel, whilst our "school" was everything, it was no one definite thing. I, as the least and last of the group, may remind you that besides the clever and cultivated parents who headed us all, I in particular beheld far ahead of myself the clever sister and two clever brothers who were a little (though but a little) my seniors. And as to acquirements, I lagged out of all proportion behind them, and have never overtaken them to this day.

I interrupt my distinguished friend to remark that, even if we do not take this modest declaration with a grain of salt, it is interesting to find one more example of the fact that the possession of genius by no means presupposes a nature apt for what are called acquirements. Miss Rossetti proceeds:

> If any one thing schooled me in the direction of poetry, it was perhaps the delightful idle liberty to prowl all alone about my grandfather's cottage-grounds some thirty miles from London, entailing in my childhood a long stage-coach journey! This privilege came to an end when I was eight years old, if not earlier. The grounds were quite small, and on the simplest scale — but in those days to me they were vast, varied, worth exploring. After those charming holidays ended I remained pent up in London till I was a great girl of fourteen, when delight reawakened at the sight of primroses in a railway cutting,— a prelude to many lovely country sights.

My impression is that a great deal of judicious neglect was practised in the Rossetti family, and that, like so many people of genius, the two poets, brother and sister, contrived to evade the educational mill. From the lips of Miss Christina herself I have it that all through her early girlhood she lay as a passive weight on the hands of those who invited her to explore those bosky groves called arithmetic, grammar, and the use of the globes. In Mr. R. L. Stevenson's little masterpiece of casuistry called "On Idlers and Idling," he has discussed the temper of mind so sympathetically that I will say no more than this, that Philistia never will comprehend the certain fact that to genius Chapter VI., which is primroses in a railway cutting, is often far more important than Chapter XIII., which happens to be the subjunctive mood. But for these mysteries of education I must refer the ingenuous reader to Mr. Stevenson's delightful pages.

From her early childhood Miss Rossetti

seems to have prepared herself for the occupation of her life, the art of poetry. When she was eleven her verses began to be noticed and preserved, and an extremely rare little volume, the very cynosure of Victorian bibliography, permits us to observe the development of her talent. One of the rarest of books — when it occasionally turns up at sales it commands an extravagant price — is "Verses by Christina G. Rossetti," privately printed in 1847, at the press of her grandfather Mr. G. Polidori, "at No. 15, Park Village East, Regent's Park, London." This little volume of sixty-six pages, dedicated to the author's mother, and preceded by a pretty little preface signed by Mr. Polidori, is a curious revelation of the evolution of the poet's genius. There is hardly one piece in it which Miss Rossetti would choose to reprint in a collected edition of her works, but there are many which possess the greatest interest to a student of her mature style. The earliest verses — since all are dated — show us merely the child's desire for expression in verse, for experiment in rhyme and meter. Gradually we see the buddings of an individual manner, and in the latest piece, "The Dead City," the completion of which seems to have led to the printing of the little collection, we find the poet assuming something of her adult manner. Here are some stanzas from this rarest of booklets, which will be new, in every probability, to all our readers, and in these we detect, unmistakably, the accents of the future author of "Goblin Market."

In green emerald baskets were
Sun-red apples, streaked and fair;
  Here the nectarine and peach,
  And ripe plum lay, and on each
The bloom rested everywhere.

Grapes were hanging overhead,
Purple, pale, and ruby-red;
  And in the panniers all around
  Yellow melons shone, fresh found,
With the dew upon them spread.

And the apricot and pear,
And the pulpy fig were there,
  Cherries and dark mulberries,
  Bunchy currants, strawberries,
And the lemon wan and fair.

By far the best and most characteristic of all her girlish verses, however, are those contained in a long piece entitled "Divine and Human Pleading," dated 1846. It is a pleasure to be the first to publish a passage which the author need not blush to own after nearly fifty years, every stanza of which bears the stamp of her peculiar manner:

A woman stood beside his bed:
  Her breath was fragrance all;
Round her the light was very bright,
  The air was musical.

Her footsteps shone upon the stars,
  Her robe was spotless white;
Her breast was radiant with the Cross,
  Her head with living light.

Her eyes beamed with a sacred fire,
  And on her shoulders fair,
From underneath her golden crown,
  Clustered her golden hair.

Yet on her bosom her white hands
  Were folded quietly;
Yet was her glorious head bowed low
  In deep humility.

In these extracts from the volume of 1847 we see more than the germ; we see the imperfect development of two qualities which have particularly characterized the poetry of Miss Rossetti — in the first an entirely direct and vivid mode of presenting to us the impression of richly colored physical objects, a feat in which she sometimes rivals Keats and Tennyson; and in the second a brilliant simplicity in the conduct of episodes of a visionary character, and a choice of expression which is exactly in keeping with these, a sort of Tuscan candor, as of a sacred picture in which each saint or angel is robed in a dress of one unbroken color. These two qualities combined, in spite of their apparent incompatibility, — an austere sweetness coupled with a luscious and sensuous brightness, — to form one side of Miss Rossetti's curious poetic originality.

Three years later, in 1850, she was already a finished poet. That charming and pathetic failure, "The Germ," a forlorn little periodical which attempted to emanate from the new group of Preraphaelites, as they called themselves, counted her among its original contributors. Her brother Gabriel, indeed, who had already written, in its earliest form, his remarkable poem of "The Blessed Damozel," was the central force and prime artificer of the movement, which had begun about a year before. It was a moment of transition in English poetry. The old race was dying in its last representative, Wordsworth. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Miss Barrett were the main figures of the day, while the conscience of young men and women addicted to verse was troubled with a variety of heresies, the malignity of which is hardly to be realized by us after fifty years. Mr. Bailey's "Festus" was a real power for evil, strong enough to be a momentary snare to the feet of Tennyson in writing "Maud," and even of Browning. A host of "Spasmodists," as they were presently called, succeeded in appalling the taste of the age with their vast and shapeless tragedies, or monodramas. Then, with a

totally different voice, but also far removed from the paths of correct tradition in verse, came Clough, singing in slovenly hexameters of Oxford and the pleasures of radical undergraduates in highland bothies. Clough, with his hold on reality, and his sympathetic modern accent, troubled the Preraphaelites a little; they were less moved by a far more pure and exquisite music, a song as of Simonides himself, which also reached them from Oxford, when Matthew Arnold, in 1849, made his first appearance with his lovely and long neglected "Strayed Reveller." Mr. Coventry Patmore, with his "Poems" of 1844, was a recognized elder brother of their own, and almost everything else which was to be well done in verse for many years was to arise from among themselves, or in emulation of them. So that never was periodical better named than "The Germ," the seed which put forth two cotyledons, and then called itself "Art and Letters"; and put forth two more little leaves, and then seemed to die.

Among the anonymous contributions to the first number of "The Germ"—that for January, 1850—are two which we know to be Miss Rossetti's. These are, "Where Sunless Rivers Weep," and "Love, Strong as Death, is Dead." In the February number, under the pseudonym of Ellen Alleyn, she printed "A Pause of Thought," the song "Oh, Roses for the Flush of Youth," and "I said of Laughter, It is Vain." To the March number, then styled "Art and Letters," Ellen Alleyn contributed a long piece called "Repining," which does not seem to have been reprinted, and "Sweet Death" ("The Sweetest Blossoms Die"). To the fourth and last number, in which an alien and far more commonplace influence may be traced than in the others, she contributed nothing. Of her seven pieces, however, printed in "The Germ" in 1850, when she was twenty, there are five (if we omit "A Pause of Thought" and "Repining") which rank to this day among her very finest lyrics, and display her style as absolutely formed. Though the youngest poet of the confraternity, she appears indeed in "The Germ" as the most finished, and even, for the moment, the most promising, since her brother Gabriel, if the author of "The Blessed Damozel," was also responsible for those uncouth Flemish studies in verse which he very wisely refused in later years to own or to republish.

Time passed, and the obscure group of boys and girls who called themselves Preraphaelites found themselves a center of influence and curiosity. In poetry, as in painting and sculpture, they conquered, and more readily, perhaps, in their pupils than in themselves. The first independent publications of the school, at least, came from visitors who had been children in 1850. These books were scarcely noticed by the public; if Mr. Morris's "Defence of Guinevere" attracted a few readers in 1858, Mr. Swinburne's "Queen Mother" fell still-born from the press in 1860. These prepared the way for real and instantaneous successes — for Miss Rossetti's "Goblin Market" in 1862, for Mr. Woolner's "My Beautiful Lady" in 1863, for Mr. Swinburne's dazzling "Atalanta in Calydon" in 1865. At last, in 1870, there tardily appeared, after such expectation and tiptoe curiosity as have preceded no other book in our generation, the "Poems" of Gabriel Rossetti.

It is with these poets that Miss Rossetti takes her historical position, and their vigor and ambition had a various influence upon her style. On this side there can be no doubt that association with men so learned and eager, so daring in experiment, so well equipped in scholarship, gave her an instant and positive advantage. By nature she would seem to be of a cloistered and sequestered temper, and her genius was lifted on this wave of friendship to heights which it would not have dreamed of attempting alone. On the other hand, it is possible that, after the first moment, this association with the strongest male talent of the time has not been favorable to public appreciation of her work. Critics have taken for granted that she was a satellite, and have been puzzled to notice her divergences from the type. Of these divergences the most striking is the religious one. Neither Gabriel Rossetti, nor Mr. Swinburne, nor Morris has shown any sympathy with, or any decided interest in, the tenets of Protestantism. Now Miss Christina Rossetti's poetry is not merely Christian and Protestant, it is Anglican; not her divine works only, but her secular also, bear the stamp of uniformity with the doctrines of the Church of England. What is very interesting in her poetry is the union of this fixed religious faith with a hold upon physical beauty and the richer parts of nature which allies her with her brother and with their younger friends. She does not shrink from strong delineation of the pleasures of life even when she is denouncing them. In one of the most austere of her sacred pieces, she describes the Children of the World in these glowing verses:

> Milk-white, wine-flushed, among the vines,
> Up and down leaping, to and fro,
> Most glad, most full, made strong with wines,
> Blooming as peaches pearled with dew,
> Their golden windy hair afloat,
> Love-music warbling in their throat,
> Young men and women come and go.

There is no literary hypocrisy here, no pretense that the apple of life is full of ashes, and this

gives a startling beauty, the beauty of artistic contrast, to the poet's studies in morality. Miss Rossetti, indeed, is so didactic in the undercurrent of her mind, so anxious to adorn her tale with a religious moral, that she needs all her art, all her vigorous estimate of physical loveliness, to make her poetry delightful as poetry. That she does make it eminently delightful merely proves her extraordinary native gift. The two long pieces she has written, her two efforts at a long breath, are sustained so well as to make us regret that she has not put out her powers in the creation of a still more complete and elaborated composition. Of these two poems "Goblin Market" is by far the more popular; the other, "The Prince's Progress," which appeared in 1866, has never attracted such attention as it deserves. It is not necessary to describe a poem so well known to every lover of verse as "Goblin Market." It is one of the very few purely fantastic poems of recent times which have really kept up the old tradition of humoresque literature. Its witty and fantastic conception is embroidered with fancies, descriptions, peals of laughing music, which clothe it as a queer Japanese figure may be clothed with brocade, so that the entire effect at last is beautiful and harmonious without ever having ceased to be grotesque. I confess that while I dimly perceive the underlying theme to be a didactic one, and nothing less than the sacrifice of self by a sister to recuperate a sister's virtue, I cannot follow the parable through all its delicious episodes. Like a Japanese work of art, again, one perceives the general intention, and one is satisfied with the beauty of all the detail, without comprehending or wishing to comprehend every part of the execution. For instance, the wonderful scene in which Lizzie sits beleaguered by the goblins, and receives with hard-shut mouth all the syrups that they squeeze against her skin — this from the point of view of poetry is perfect, and needs no apology or commentary; but its place in the parable it would, surely, be extremely hard to find. It is, therefore, astonishing to me that the general public, that strange and unaccountable entity, has chosen to prefer "Goblin Market," which we might conceive to be written for poets alone, to "The Prince's Progress," where the parable and the teaching are as clear as noonday. The prince is a handsome, lazy fellow, who sets out late upon his pilgrimage, loiters in bad company by the way, is decoyed by light loves, and the hope of life, and the desire of wealth, and reaches his destined bride at last, only to find her dead. This is an obvious moral, but it is adorned with verse of the very highest romantic beauty. Every claim which criticism has to make for the singular merit of Miss Rossetti might be substantiated from this little-known romance, from which I must resist the pleasure of quoting more than a couple of stanzas descriptive of daybreak:

At the death of night and the birth of day,
When the owl left off his sober play,
And the bat hung himself out of the way,
  Woke the song of mavis and merle,
And heaven put off its hodden grey
    For mother-o'-pearl.

Peeped up daisies here and there,
Here, there, and everywhere;
Rose a hopeful lark in the air,
  Spreading out towards the sun his breast;
While the moon set solemn and fair
    Away in the West.

With the apparent exceptions of "Goblin Market" and "The Prince's Progress," both of which indeed are of a lyrical nature, Miss Rossetti has written only lyrics. All poets are unequal, except the bad ones, who are uniformly bad. Miss Rossetti indulges in the privilege which Wordsworth, Burns, and so many great masters have enjoyed, of writing extremely flat and dull poems at certain moments, and of not perceiving that they are dull or flat. She does not err in being mediocre; her lyrics are bad or good, and the ensuing remarks deal with that portion only of her poems with which criticism is occupied in surveying work so admirably original as hers, namely, that which is worthy of her reputation. Her lyrics, then, are eminent for their glow of coloring, their vivid and novel diction, and for a certain penetrating accent, whether in joy or pain, which rivets the attention. Her habitual tone is one of melancholy reverie, the pathos of which is strangely intensified by her appreciation of beauty and pleasure. There is not a chord of the minor key in "A Birthday," and yet the impression which its cumulative ecstasy leaves upon the nerves is almost pathetic:

My heart is like a singing-bird
  Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
  Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow-shell
  That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
  Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
  Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
  And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
  In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
  Is come, my love is come to me.

It is very rarely, indeed, that the poet strikes so jubilant a note as this. Her customary music is sad, often poignantly sad. Her lyrics have that *desiderium*, that obstinate longing for something lost out of life, which Shelley's have, although her Christian faith gives her regret a more resigned and sedate character than his possesses. In the extremely rare gift of song-writing Miss Rossetti has been singularly successful. Of the poets of our time she stands next to Lord Tennyson in this branch of the art, in the spontaneous and complete quality of her *lieder*, and in their propriety for the purpose of being sung. At various times this art has flourished in our race; eighty years ago most of the poets could write songs, but it is almost a lost art in our generation. The songs of our living poets are apt to be over-polished or under-polished, so simple as to be bald, or else so elaborate as to be wholly unsuitable for singing. But such a song as this is not unworthy to be classed with the melodies of Shakspere, of Burns, of Shelley:

> Oh, roses for the flush of youth,
> And laurel for the perfect prime;
> But pluck an ivy-branch for me
> Grown old before my time.
>
> Oh, violets for the grave of youth,
> And bay for those dead in their prime;
> Give me the withered leaves I chose
> Before in the old time.

Her music is very delicate, and it is no small praise to her that she it is who, of living verse-writers, has left the strongest mark on the metrical nature of that miraculous artificer of verse, Mr. Swinburne. In his "Poems and Ballads," as other critics have long ago pointed out, as was shown when that volume first appeared, several of Miss Rossetti's discoveries were transferred to his more scientific and elaborate system of harmonies, and adapted to more brilliant effects. The reader of Mr. Swinburne would judge that of all his immediate contemporaries Miss Rossetti and the late Mr. Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, had been those who had influenced his style the most. Miss Rossetti, however, makes no pretense to elaborate metrical effects; she is even sometimes a little naïve, a little careless, in her rough, rhymeless endings, and metrically her work was better in her youth than it has been since.

The sonnets present points of noticeable interest. They are few, but they are of singular excellence. They have this peculiarity, that many of them are objective. Now the great bulk of good sonnets is purely subjective —occupied with reverie, with regret, with moral or religious enthusiasm. Even the celebrated sonnets of Gabriel Rossetti will be found to be mainly subjective. On the question of the relative merit of the sonnets of the brother and the sister, I hold a view in which I believe that few will at present coincide; I am certain Miss Rossetti herself will not. If she honors me by reading these pages, she may possibly recollect a conversation, far more important to me of course than to her, which we held in 1870, soon after I had first the privilege of becoming known to her. I was venturing to praise her sonnets, when she said, with the sincerity of evident conviction, that they "could only be admired before Gabriel, by printing his in the 'Fortnightly Review,' showed the source of their inspiration." I was sure then, and I am certain now, that she was wrong. The sonnets are not the product of, they do not even bear any relation to those of, her brother.

Well do I recollect the publication of these sonnets of Gabriel Rossetti, in 1869, when, at a moment when curiosity regarding the mysterious painter-poet was at its height, they suddenly blossomed forth in a certain number of the "Fortnightly Review," in whose solemn pages we were wont to see nothing lighter or more literary than esoteric politics and the prose mysteries of positivism. We were dazzled by their Italian splendor of phraseology, amazed that such sonorous anapests, that such a burst of sound, should be caged within the sober limits of the sonnet, fascinated by the tenderness of the long-drawn amorous rhetoric; but there were some of us who soon recovered an equilibrium of taste, in which it seemed that the tradition of the English sonnet, its elegance of phrase, its decorum of movement, were too rudely displaced by this brilliant Italian intruder, and that underneath the melody and the glowing diction, the actual thought, the valuable and intelligible residue of poetry, was too often much more thin than Rossetti allowed it to be in the best of his other poems. As to Gabriel Rossetti's sonnets being his own best work, as has been asserted, I for one must entirely and finally disagree. I believe that of all his poetry they form the section which will be the first to tarnish. Quite otherwise is it with Miss Christina Rossetti. It is in certain of her objective sonnets that her touch is most firm and picturesque, her intelligence most weighty, and her style most completely characteristic. The reader need but turn to "After Death," "On the Wing," "Venus's Looking-Glass" (in the volume of 1875), and the marvelous "A Triad"[1] to concede the truth of this; while in the more obvious subjective manner of sonnet-writing she is one of the most successful poets of our

[1] Why has Miss Rossetti allowed this piece, one of the gems of the volume of 1862, to drop out of her collected poems?

ENGRAVED BY WALTER TURNER, AFTER A CHALK DRAWING BY D. G. ROSSETTI MADE IN 1866.

Christina G. Rossetti

time. In "The World," where she may be held to come closest to her brother as a sonneteer, she seems to me to surpass him.

From the first a large section of Miss Rossetti's work has been occupied with sacred and devotional themes. Through this most rare and difficult department of the art, which so few essay without breaking on the Scylla of doctrine on the one hand, or being whirled in the Charybdis of commonplace dullness on the other, she has steered with extraordinary success. Her sacred poems are truly sacred, and yet not unpoetical. As a religious poet of our time she has no rival but Cardinal Newman, and it could only be schismatic prejudice or absence of critical faculty which should deny her a place, as a poet, higher than that of our exquisite master of prose. To find her exact parallel it is at once her strength and her snare that we must go back to the middle of the seventeenth century. She is the sister of George Herbert; she is of the family of Crashaw, of Vaughan, of Wither. The metrical address of Herbert has been perilously attractive to her; the broken stanzas of "Consider" or of "Long Barren" remind us of the age when pious aspirations took the form of wings, or hour-glasses, or lamps of the temple. The most thrilling and spirited of her sacred poems have been free from these Marini-like subtleties. There is only what is best in the quaint and fervent school of Herbert visible in such pieces as "The Three Enemies," "A Rose Plant in Jericho," "Passing Away, saith the World," and "Up-Hill." Still more completely satisfactory, perhaps, is "Amor Mundi," first included in the "Poems" of 1875, which takes rank as one of the most solemn, imaginative, and powerful lyrics on a purely religious subject ever printed in England.

Edmund Gosse.

THE JUNO OF ARGOS.

A RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL.

THE excavations of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens in Attica, Bœotia, Eubœa, and other districts of Greece, which in the course of the last six or seven years have yielded such satisfactory results, during the past year reached the highest point of attainment.

Owing to the generous subvention of the Archæological Institute of America, we were enabled during the season to undertake work on a much larger scale, with a large corps of workmen (nearly two hundred men), which for the interest in the site chosen, and the importance of the discoveries made, may bear comparison to the work of the Germans at Olympia, and to Schliemann's excavations among the ruins of Troy, Mycenæ and Tiryns.[1]

RIGHT PROFILE. (FROM A CAST.)

The site of the most important of our several excavations during the season of 1892 was that of the temple of Hera, or Juno, about three miles from the town of Argos at the slope of one of the mountains (Eubœa), running on the east of the Argive plain down to the promontory of Nauplia and the beautiful Nauplian Bay. It thus lies about half-way between the most ancient and important cities of the heroic age of Greece, Mycenæ and Tiryns, and was in the Homeric days the chief sanctuary of the district — in fact of the whole of the Peloponnesus. The Heraion, or Temple of Hera (Juno), at Argos was the cradle from which all service of Hera emanated for the whole of Greece. Even in Homer she is chiefly identified with Argos; for Zeus there says to her, "Twain goddesses hath Menelaos for his helpers, even Hera of Argos and Alkomenean Athene." And Hera answers him, "Of a surety three cities are there that be dearest far to me, Argos, and Sparta, and wide-wayed Mycenæ."

It was here that, according to a later tradition, Agamemnon offered sacrifices before leaving for Troy. This ancient temple, perhaps the most ancient in Greece, though it had a stone substructure, was, as such early temples were, built to a great extent of wood. In the year 423 B. C., through the negligence of the priestess, who fell asleep and did not attend to the light, the famous sanctuary was burned down. A few years later, from 420 to 416 B. C., the temple was rebuilt (as we have found) immediately below the site of the earlier one, by the architect Eupolemos. The great gold and ivory statue of Hera in this temple was the work of the famous sculptor (second only to Pheidias, his contemporary) Polykleitos of Argos. The renown of this statue was as great as that of the Athene of Pheidias in the Parthenon, and nearly as great as that of the statue of Zeus by the same master at Olympia. In fact, the Heraion of Argos with its statue held the same position for the Peloponnesus in the ancient world that the Parthenon with its statue held for Attica and the rest of Greece above the Isthmus of Corinth.

In the year 1854, the late Mr. Rizo-Rhangabé, archæologist, statesman, poet, and historian, whose recent death we have had to

[1] The director was most ably assisted in this work by the annual director, Professor Poland of Brown University, and the students of the school, Messrs. Brownson, Fox, De Cou, and Newhall.

deplore, made tentative excavations on the site of the Heraion. But the very limited means which he had at his disposal, as well as the fact that the art of excavating was at that time in its infancy, did not enable him to do more than run trenches around two sides of one of the temples to a depth below which most of our finds were made. Of the earlier temple the supporting wall, built of huge unhewn blocks piled one upon the other, has ever been visible. This form of architecture is called cyclopean. We cut trenches above this supporting wall, and there found, besides the remains of a stone platform, thick layers of charred wood, together with some interesting fragments of the earliest kinds of pottery, bronze, and beads, which are the actual, tangible proof of the historical record concerning the burning of this temple. Of the second temple, built by Eupolemos, virtually nothing was visible at the time we began our excavations. We cleared away the earth that had accumulated upon the foundation walls of this temple, which proved to be 128.48 feet in length by 65.62 feet in width. On these walls the soil had accumulated to a height of between four and five feet. After clearing this away we also dug in the interior of the temple, laying the whole of the foundation bare, and one end, in front of the temple, we cut down to a depth of over thirty feet.

LEFT PROFILE. (FROM A CAST.)

Besides the walls and the architectural ornaments belonging to the temple which were thus discovered, the harvest of objects of ancient art and craft dating from the earliest prehistoric periods to later Roman times was exceedingly rich and varied. It included large masses of early pottery, terra-cotta figurines and idols, statuettes and other objects in bronze, innumerable rings in bronze, lead, silver, and gold, as well as scarabs, Egyptian images, terra-cotta plaques, heads in glass, amber, bone, and stone, and many other objects in ivory, gold, silver, iron, and terra-cotta. Most of these objects go back to the remotest antiquity. They are far earlier than the building of this temple in the fifth century B. C., and were found in a layer of black earth mixed up with decayed organic matter and bones of animals found about fifteen feet below the top soil at the deep cutting which we made at the west end of the temple. They thus ran below the foundation of the temple, and either mark the site of an early altar below the earliest temple, or were thrown over the supporting wall of the earlier temple and accumulated here, or, finally, were used as what is called dry rubbish to fill up the uneven surface when the second temple was built.

The early terra-cotta images of Hera, of which I shall speak, were found here. Immediately outside and within the walls of the temple we were fortunate enough to come upon some well-frescoed works of marble sculpture of the period of the building of the temple itself, which manifest the highest artistic qualities, and are of supreme archæological interest. Besides a well-preserved portion of a metope, representing a nude warrior in high relief, two marble heads in comparatively perfect preservation — probably from these metopes — were found; while the gem of the whole excavations of the year 1892 is the life-size marble head of Hera, which, being undoubtedly an original work of the time of Pheidias and Polykleitos, and manifesting the touch of a great master, is in itself a unique treasure, perhaps the finest head of the great period of Greek art in existence.

Thus on this site alone we have discovered the earliest and rudest types of the primitive representations of the goddess Hera, while, at the same time, we are presented with a representation of this goddess coming from the highest period of the development of Greek art. In the rudest form of image the face looks more like that of a bird than of a human being. Schliemann found similar images at Mycenæ and Tiryns, and representations of them on jars at Hissarlik (Troy). A second category of such figures, though still rude, shows indications of a head with some pretensions to humanity in form. A third group, still very rude, shows a marked advance, representing the human form

and face, if not with beauty, still with distinctness of meaning.

We find that Hera, like most Greek gods, was at one time worshiped in an image, or rather a symbol, which had no likeness to a human figure. At Argos there was a pillar which was preserved and seen even in Roman times, and this pillar was meant to represent the goddess. It is highly probable that we have discovered this very pillar in our excavations. At Samos Hera's image in the earliest times was a simple board, and we are told that this board was superseded by an image having human shape which Prokles brought from Argolis. Through Prokles we get a fixed date, and we thus know that there existed at Argos an image of Hera in human form before the Dorian migration, certainly before the year 1000 B. C.

From these earliest and rudest types we pass onward through the periods in which Greek art emancipated itself from the trammels of archaic conventionality. The fifty years from 510 B. C. to 460 B. C. marked a change from the lifelessness of works not far removed from those we have just described to the masterpieces of a Pheidias. When once the Greek artist was relieved from the constraint which the symbolism of religious cults placed upon him, and when, on the other hand, through the custom of erecting statues to athletic victors, he was encouraged, and even forced, to strain his power in the perfect rendering of the human form, and finally, with the great impulse which the Greeks received from their victory over the Persian foe, and the consequent uplifting of their national spirit, their artistic genius was directed into channels of wide and lofty thought. In the well-known frieze from the Parthenon, in the portion containing the assembly of the gods, seated beside Zeus there is a matronly female figure holding with her one hand the veil which covers her head. The face of this figure in relief is sadly mutilated, but in the whole form we can divine that all elements of conventionality have been cast off, that with Pheidias an adequately lofty conception of the queen of the gods was attained. But the creation of the ideal of Hera in art was not the work of Pheidias or of the Attic school, but was achieved by Polykleitos and the Argive school. The statue of Hera which this great artist made for the temple near Argos which we have been excavating was one of the most famous in antiquity. The statue was of gold and ivory, colossal in dimensions (certainly over thirty feet in height), and represented the goddess seated on her throne. The face, the nude portions of the body (neck, arms, hands, and feet) were of ivory; while the richly decorated throne, as well as the drapery and the crown on her head, were of gold profusely decorated with repoussé patterns, chased and enameled, so that to the beauty of form were added harmony and brilliancy of color. She had a crown or band of gold surmounting her head upon which the Hours and Graces were represented in relief. In her left hand she held the scepter surmounted not by the eagle, as is the case with Zeus, but by the cuckoo, a bird specially connected with her mythology. In her right hand she held a pomegranate, a symbol of vitality appropriate to this matronly protectress of married life. The nearest approach to the artistic quality of the great work is now afforded by the discovery of the marble head, which was found in front of the west side of the temple containing the gold and ivory statue.

This head of the Argive goddess, of which we present three views, is of Parian marble, and is of life-size. If we attempt to define the nature of the statue to which it belonged, we must first consider that the head was evidently placed straight between the shoulders at right angles to the chest. This absolute straightness of position of the head, and hence of the look of the eyes, gives to a statue a solemnity, simplicity, and severity which in the earlier works contribute to the impression of hardness and lifelessness. Throughout, in this head, in the symmetry maintained in each half, there is a repose which is saved from lifelessness by the delicate modeling of the eyes, cheeks, nose, and mouth, and by the graceful contour of the whole. This regularity is maintained in the oval outline of the face, in the arrangement of the waves of hair on each side of the central parting; but the intermediary modeling of the details of the face, and even of the ridges of the hair, gives a life and a play of light and shade, especially when seen from a distance, which enliven this almost mechanical symmetry to a graceful sense of repose and dignity. On the other hand, the graceful and delicate treatment of the lips, mouth, and chin, set, as it were, in the severer surroundings of this solemn simplicity of outline composition in the head as a whole, especially when placed straight upon the neck at right angles to the chest, does not tempt us to dwell solely upon this element of grace at the expense of the severer qualities. Still, in the modeling the work is far removed from the hard conventional treatment of the earlier works. It has all the qualities of breadth and grandeur which characterize the work of the fifth century B. C., more especially that associated with Pheidias and the Parthenon, and may be said to mark the highest point in the religious conceptions of the ancient Greeks.

Charles Waldstein.

"MY WHITE ROSE O' KILLARNEY."

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES, ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

OH, plight to me thy loving troth,
Oh, pledge thy lily-white hand;
The sail is set, I go from thee
Unto a distant land.
False fortune sends me from thy side,
Across the stormy sea,
But better fortune shall be mine,
And fetch me back to thee.
My white rose o' Killarney,
My white rose o' Killarney,
I 'll ne'er forget,
Till life shall set,
My white rose o' Killarney.

For thy sweet smile I 'll danger dare,
For thee wealth shall be mine,
That it may throw its luster bright
About thy form divine.
I fear not that thy heart will change,
Nor all that fate may show;
My heart it is forever thine,
Thy love hath honor's glow.
My white rose o' Killarney,
My white rose o' Killarney,
I 'll ne'er forget,
Till life shall set,
My white rose o' Killarney.

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"AN INDIAN GIRL STOOD THERE WITH A BLANKET IN HER HANDS."

FORT MICHILIMACKINAC.

THE young fur-trader, Alexander Henry, sat in his house within the fort, writing letters. The June day was sultry. Such midsummer heat was rarely felt on the straits where the great lakes mingled.

The Chippewa Indians of the settlement were playing a game of baggatiway with some neighboring Sacs, and as they pursued the ball across half a mile of sandy beach from one post to the other, their shouts approached or retreated. The fortress gates stood open, officers and soldiers lounging outside to watch the game. Henry could see the expanse of sparkles which Lake Michigan spread beyond the palisade tips. Fort Michilimackinac was one of the oldest outposts of civilization on the continent. The earliest explorers had rested here; and now that French rule was giving way before the pressure of England, this post grudged itself to the new colors hanging from the flagstaff. It had never been strongly built, having only wooden bastions and palisades, and it had never been so carelessly guarded as on this June day.

Within the area, and against eastern walls, which gave them shadow, sat Chippewa squaws, huddling their blankets around them in spite of the heat. There was a canoe at the beach, just arrived from Detroit, and the trader made haste to finish his letters that he might go out and inquire the news of the English garrison there. His habit of self-control kept him at his task while the whole settlement played.

A trampling rush of the Indians driving their ball to the post nearest the fort came like a sudden rustle of the lake against its beach. Out of this noise rose another, echoing from the pine-woods back of the clearing, and filling the sky's hollow and the lake's plane. It was the Indian war-whoop, and meant death to the garrison.

Henry sprang to his feet, and seized his rifle, expecting to hear the drum-call to arms. But the savages took the fort in an instant. Not an English voice was raised except in death-cries. The squaws threw back their blankets, revealing the weapons they had carried into the inclosure, and gave these to the swarming Chippewas. Half-naked figures, their ridged sinews working like lines of fire, struck down and scalped all they met in their furious courses. The earth seemed turned to a frightful picture, and incredible things were done where a deceitful tribe had just been amusing themselves and their victims with ball-play.

That long moment of waiting for the signal of defense blanched the young trader. It was useless for him to take up arms alone against four hundred Indians. He saw through his open windows more than one soldier struggling between buckskin knees. The first savage eye turned his way would mark him for its next victim. The Canadians of the fort stood by unhurt, looking at the destruction of the English, as trees appear to rise calmly above a flood which they cannot stop, but which does not sweep them away. That kindness between French and aboriginal blood, which grew from century to century, was strongest at this very time. The French settlers were not to be included in the massacre.

Lake Michigan sparkled. The hot sunshine lay unchanged and serene on a turf soaking pools of scarlet, and on bodies outstretched or doubled upon themselves in heaps. Henry was conscious of perfume from the garden outside the palisades. Bees were stooping to gooseberry-bushes or searching the apple-boughs. A water-freshened breeze came upon the land, stirring foliage, while seventy men were being hacked down by six times as many

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

HENRY.

savages. The gun sunk in the trader's grasp. He looked around for some hiding-place. As soon as the savages left off slaughter for sacking, his storehouse would be their first thought. He could not escape through the palisades to the woods. Langlade's cottage stood next to his. The French family were gathered safely within, and it flashed through Henry that they might mercifully hide him. He was at his back door, when it opened, and an Indian girl stood there with a blanket in her hands. She was Langlade's slave, whose name her owners never took the trouble to pronounce. They called her Pani, from her tribe. Her copper skin had not its usual tint, the grayness of extreme anxiety clouding it. Pani had often come into the storehouse, and stood looking at the trader. She wore silver bands riveted on her naked ankles. Her rounded arms were bare. Only that morning, when the sun showed the crimson of her cheeks, Henry had noticed that she was handsomer than the girls of the northern tribes; but he saw her now as the means of escape. Pani beckoned to him, and threw the blanket over his head. The trader knew he was stumbling on the low fence, and then within Langlade's door. It was a back room into which Pani took him, and she pushed him up a staircase. The mob's howling filled every crevice of earth and sky that sound could penetrate.

WAWATAM. ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

They reached the attic. The Indian girl looked at him earnestly before she closed the attic door, shaking her head when he whispered his thanks. The young man heard her draw the key from the lock as she turned it, and her moccasins went down-stairs without his knowledge. She had put him out of the massacre for as long a time as his hiding-place would conceal him. There were no windows in this roof-room, but Henry found a crevice between timbers through which he could look into the fort. Chippewa voices were already raising the shout, "It is done!" Some half-naked fellows ran, knife in hand, toward the storehouse. At the same instant he heard others breaking into the room below.

Langlade's house had nothing but a layer of boards between lower rooms and attic. Distinctly the guttural inquiry rose through loosely covered joists:

"Are any English hiding in this house?"

"I do not know of any," replied the Frenchman.

"Where, then, is the trader?"

"You can search for him if you think he is here, and satisfy yourselves."

The man in the attic stood up and looked around him. There was a feather-bed on the floor, and in one corner were some birch-bark vessels and troughs used in making maple sugar, and during their season of disuse piled at one end of the floor under the low rafters. Henry crept to the heap and inserted himself feet foremost. He could hear the crowding of moccasins on the narrow stairs as he labored. Water stood in chill drops on his face. He dared not disturb the light birch boxes too vigorously, for fear they would fall with a clatter, or raise suspicious dust in the air. Indians have many

senses beside sight. They shook the locked door, and bumped it with their hatchets, until the key was handed up from below. Then four light-footed searchers came into the room.

Henry was scarcely concealed. His breath stopped. He expected to be seized and dragged from the heap instantly, and closed his eyes to his fate. Buckskin legs trod around in the darkness of the attic, kicking the pile, and twice brushing against him. The boxes rattled, but did not fall apart. The exhilarated savages talked of what they had done, and stood counting the number of scalps they had taken. Their search was rapid and careless. They trod on the feather-bed, and prodded the darkest corners with their hatchets. They went down-stairs, still talking, obligingly locking the door again before returning the key.

The trader crept out to the feather-bed and lay down, exhausted by suspense. His body relaxed, and he fell soundly asleep.

When he awoke it was as black as midnight in the attic, and rain was beating the bark roof over his head. The tinkling and the rush of streams down irregular grooves soothed him. It was one of those moments between perils when a fugitive rests, indifferent to his pursuers. He could hear the storm roaring on the lake. He knew it was washing away blood-stains in the fort, and perhaps quenching to sullen smoke fires which the Indians would be sure to start. Their voices in drunken cries at intervals struck across the monotone of the storm. Casks of liquor were long ago rolled out from the fort's stores. In the rain, or under shelter of barracks or officers' quarters, the victors were sprawling and drinking.

Henry sat up and looked at his hopeless case. He was probably the only living Englishman in Fort Michilimackinac. It was four hundred miles to Detroit, the nearest point of safety. If the door were unlocked, or if he could make an opening in the roof and steal out unseen as far as the beach, and find a canoe, he had nothing with which to stock it; and the whole route lay through hostile tribes who were evidently united in rising against the English. Yet to stay was to die. These Indians knew him well. They owed him for goods. By morning they would search him out, and as many as could unite in paying him with their hatchets would cut him down.

His troubled thoughts, and the downpour on the roof, must have shut his ears to noise in the room below; for he was startled at seeing a rod of light appear under the attic door. By this token Henry knew a candle was coming up-stairs.

Monsieur Langlade was the bearer of it.

"You searched the place yourselves," he said outside the door, his key groping for its bolt in the lock. "Very good. Look again. Look until you are satisfied."

The door swung back, and Monsieur Langlade stepped in, lifting his candle so that its sheen fell upon naked red heads and shoulders gorging the staircase.

The young trader stood up. His person expanded, and he fixed an unmoving eye on the rabble. As Monsieur Langlade's candle revealed the occupant of the attic, he uttered a nervous cry. It was for the children asleep below, rather than for the trader, whose concealment in his house might bring vengeance on them. He had himself so many times braved death with coolness that it did not seem to him the worst thing which could befall a man, but it was a pitiable thing for the very young.

The foremost savage caught Henry by the collar, and lifted his knife. Death was endured in that action, though the raised arm was not permitted to inflict it. A Chippewa in hunting-dress caught the knife-handle.

The little yellow flame scarcely showed two struggling figures, or the faces brought close together by the bracing of sinewy limbs. Other Indians poured into the attic, but waited, weapons in hand, respecting the brief wrestle of the two for the knife. In the midst of this effort made for him, Henry was conscious that a mouse squeaked in a corner, and he saw the heap of birch-bark troughs enlarging and contracting in the weird play of light. Imperfect as was his knowledge of the Chippewa tongue, he seized the meaning of the fierce words between the holders of the knife.

"Will you kill my adopted brother before my eyes?"

The hunter was Wawatam. Henry knew his voice.

"We will make broth of all the English."

"But every man in the tribe promised me to save the life of my brother, if I would go away and not tell him. I went."

"We know that well. We know Wawatam went hunting, instead of lifting the hatchet against the English. The fort at Detroit is taken, and all the tribes are risen with Pontiac to sweep the English from our country. And Wawatam goes hunting."

"Stop! I am a Chippewa, but I cannot eat my brother's people. My blood is in his arm, and his blood is in my arm. I cannot eat my own blood."

"But we can eat all the English."

"Give me this knife. I believed you were false Chippewas, and so I came back."

"Let go the knife!"

"I will not let it go. I have brought a present to give in exchange for my brother. You taunt me with going hunting. I went to my lodge."

"Yes; Wawatam goes to his lodge in time of war."

"It is well for you now that you hold the knife. I am no woman, but neither am I the eater of my brother's flesh. Will the Chippewas take my present and let him go, or will they cut down one of their chiefs with their enemies?"

The Frenchman who held the light waited the end of this dispute with more visible anxiety than the Englishman. Henry began to feel that no Indian could kill him. His brother Wawatam seemed to prevail. The squad of warriors remembered their promise. They were a people ruled only by persuasive eloquence moving on the surface of their passions, and they felt in their own lives and practices the force of Wawatam's plea. The Chippewa in his grasp inquired where his present was. Wawatam said it was in the kitchen below. His antagonist relaxed hold, and Monsieur Langlade lifted the candle high to light the descent.

A knot of bodies emerged from the foot of the stairs, Wawatam keeping close to Henry. Rain was pouring down the kitchen windows in sheets, showing diamond lights against a background of blackness. The muddy prints of many moccasins tarnished Madame Langlade's scoured floor. Her husband's face was drawn with anxiety to have the business over and the party out of his house.

Wawatam dragged his packet from the spot where he had dropped it, and stooped to one knee while he uncorded it. Fine skins and wampum enough to satisfy the greedy eyes around him were displayed as well as the light could display them. Wawatam was quick in completing this tacit bargain. Only a few of his tribe were parties to the exchange, and so jealous and changeable is the savage nature that he could not count on their continued acceptance of it.

"Take your brother," said the man with whom he had struggled for the knife; and Wawatam at once opened the door and slipped with Henry into the storm. He gave no backward glance to Chippewas dividing the furs or to Frenchmen waiting their pleasure, but he and Henry made their way around the house and toward the palisade gate. It stood wide open. They could see the whiteness of the hissing lake. Wawatam spoke at his brother's ear, wind and water even then half destroying the sound, and directed Henry to tread close behind him. They stumbled across bodies. Lightning smote the world vivid with its glare, and Henry saw one of those faces; but Wawatam swept his eye around for living and drunken Chippewas. He mistook a shout for the outcry of discovery and pursuit, and leaped with Henry through the gate into deep wet sand.

The Chippewa chief pushed his canoe directly out, and bade his brother get in. They were off from the shore in a breath, each balancing himself and paddling with desperate care. No Indian would ordinarily trust his life to the lake on such a night. If driven to the water he would skirt the shore. But Wawatam steered out across the straits as well as he could in the darkness. Their first efforts kept the two men from seeing anything but the lake heaving its awful shoulders to swamp them. They rode swells which made the little boat shiver. Foam hissed around them, and stuck upon their persons in white specks. But as their muscles grew to acting with automatic sweep and balance, the universe around them could be swiftly noticed. There was no sky except when the lightning spilled it. Then vision flashed abroad to immensity, and suddenly contracted to blindness. Thunder bellowed among the islands, and shook like some substance afloat in the air, until the long reverberations lost themselves. The fort was an opaque mass against a low-lying foreground, lighted in one or two spots. White Canadian houses behind it showed their sleek walls as phosphorescence, and then vanished. The scant forest on the mainland pricked out its pine points, and withdrew them again.

Rain trickled down Henry's face, and his long hair clung in tendrils around his neck and ears. He had no hat. Wawatam, who never wore anything on his shaven poll but a chief's decoration, shone when electrical light revealed him. Their peril grew as they advanced farther into the waste blackness. The Englishman answered the motions of his pilot with steady nerve. That day had given him sights which seared the mind. He was ready to drown, though if the canoe swamped he felt he might mechanically swim.

From the general direction of their zigzag tossing he guessed the port which Wawatam hoped to reach. But no talk could pass between the two men except at the top of their voices, and they kept silence.

Henry knew very little about this Chippewa who had adopted him with the superstitious selection peculiar to the Indian nature. Wawatam had begun a year before to make him presents, speeches, and lover-like visits. Henry had responded, amused and touched, giving presents in return, and practising his store of Chippewa words with a good will. He felt no sacred claim upon the Indian, and acknowledged in himself no necessity to risk life in such a service as this. The character of the silent red man loomed before him a colossal manito, of unsuspected worth. He had seen the brutal side of savage nature; he was seeing now its spiritual side.

The trader understood that Wawatam had a family, and he thought of the squaw waiting in anguish, and looking from her lodge at this black chaos. They had been out so long that he forgot every function of life except an automatic balance and the fight with the paddles, when he began to take notice of a roseate star in the north. Lightning blotted it, but in darkness it burned steadily, and he finally saw it was low against a mass of land.

"The island of Mackinac?" he shouted in Chippewa at Wawatam.

"Yes; the Great Turtle," shouted back Wawatam.

Henry had not crossed the straits since his arrival at Fort Michilimackinac, and the islands were unknown worlds to him. He was the pioneer of the English fur-trade, and had ventured with audacious courage to the wooden outpost poorly maintained by a mere advance-guard of his nation. Received coldly by the settled French, with warnings by the soldiers, and sullenly by the Indians, he had not plunged into the woods at all, though their spring freshness tempted him, and the glare on the sand was a monotonous sight, but remained about the fort, guarding his stores, and making such headway as he could into savage friendship. The Great Turtle, or Mackinac, Island was about five miles distant from Fort Michilimackinac across the strait. On clear days, in the elastic and transparent air at the mouth of the lakes, he could see the white cliffs of Mackinac half smothered in foliage. He knew the Chippewas venerated it with superstitious feeling. They gathered there for their great ceremonies. It was sometimes thronged with lodges, and sometimes left in solitude. A colossal manito brooded over the place, and other invisible beings worked spells there. Henry smiled in the darkness at being flung for safety, through flood and storm, upon this enchanted land. Wawatam was attempting, as well as he could, to put his brother in barbarian sanctuary.

A smaller island lying south of the Great Turtle reached out for them with a long phosphorescent arm. Pale green and diamond lights flashed from this sandy bar as the water rolled over it, coruscating and changing through countless tones of color. Wawatam steered far from the uncanny grappling-hook. Henry was ignorant of these insular coast-lines. When, therefore, after long darkness the dying lightning made its revelations, he was startled by the nearness of the shore. It stood above him. The canoe tossed like a chip at the base of wooded heights. The low-lying star which he had watched emerged from the windings of their course a conflagration. They no longer needed the lightning. A fire roared in a stone fireplace on the beach, and rose-colored smoke escaped from the penthouse of its front. Logs of some size, and much small fuel, heaped the hearth. Henry could hear through the hiss of water a crackling of pine and cedar. The fireplace was in a sheltered cove partly walled around by rocks. On the beach floor and in front of the glare two figures moved about, the rain scarcely veiling them. Henry was so wet that he knew his fingers were shrunken and white around the paddles. The June night chill reached his bones. The fire, like a home hearth inviting him to this unknown coast, appealed with a power that his flesh instantly acknowledged. But the tenders of it so surprised him that his discomfort was forgotten in straining sight at them. They were two white children, a girl, and a short, grotesque boy. The girl stood well within the shelter of rocks, and directed the boy in his laying of the wood. Light poured upon her, now rising so that Henry could even note the flush of her cheek and the lines of her eyebrows, and now sinking until her face became a rosy blot in the dimness. She appeared to be dressed in gray gull-feathers lying smoothly downward, untarnished by the rain. This plumage gave roundness to her young shape. Her hair hung in two large braids down the front of her shoulders. When the boy had put wood on the fire, he resumed turning a leather string on which a piece of meat hung roasting. The string was fastened to a crosspiece upheld by two forks set in sand and stones. At a corner of the hearth a bark platter of fish stood ready, savory incense suggesting itself in the air above. Henry noted all these things with a quick glance or two; the picture of the wilderness kitchen so illuminated filled his mind by a single impression.

Such a narrow strip of beach paved it that every swell of the lake threatened to overwhelm the fire. Yet the high-riding water always broke hissing among fragments of rock lying scattered at the edge—waste stuff that it had carved out in past ages when it made the fireplace. Not a spatter of foam reached the girl or the supper she was tending.

She and her companion watched the outer darkness, but, dazzled by the light in which they stood, they were blind to the speck riding so near them. Wawatam knew every inch of the Mackinac coast; but remembering all they had dared that night, Henry thought he was absurdly cautious about landing his canoe. He held it out in the weather, and moved on eastward, until the kitchen's shine lay behind them, a heaving bar across the water. They passed a turn of the cliff, and after much skilful paddling came into a softly rounded cove which could scarcely be called a bay, but which sheltered and let them easily on shore.

Henry guessed at these things by the massing or retreating of glooms above him, and the line of the water. The organ breathing of evergreens overhead convinced him that pine and cedar clothed these heights like a garment.

To feel hard pebbles underfoot, and to grasp a rock or a bough, was returning to life after long suspension in what was neither life nor death. They pulled their canoe in, and Henry helped Wawatam conceal it and the paddles in a thicket of balsam fir which scratched their hands with its wet needles.

Their path under the cliff was a very narrow one. Several times they had to wade, and the lake washed their legs as they hugged the wall. Wawatam led the way. He grunted cautious words to Henry when the Englishman fell behind in crossing a pool or lost the direction among rocks. Again they saw the shine on the water, and felt it reaching to them through chinks of the trees. Wawatam suddenly raised his voice in a low, penetrating hoot. He held the trader in a pause. A similar call answered him from the kitchen.

They came to the broadening of the beach and the roaring fireplace. If it had seemed cheerful from the lake, it seemed home's own altar now, and the offerings smoked in readiness for two hungry, exhausted men. Henry looked eagerly around. No human being was there; not a rustle came from the shadows. He felt disappointed. He felt even tricked by the influences of the island. Two figures had certainly passed before the hearth. In this empty place he had traced the outlines of a girl's eyebrows. No noise of climbing, no crackle of broken brush, betrayed a retreat. There was only the crackle of the fire, and to that he was obliged to give himself, turning himself in luxury and drying his steaming clothes.

Wawatam seemed only half pleased by what the vanished islanders had done for them. He took his knife and swiftly cut small pines, piling them between the glowing fireplace and the lake. It required so many to make a screen high enough, that Henry was quite dry when Wawatam finished his task.

Still looking waterward with misgivings, he made his English brother sit against the pile, hid from possible voyagers, while they ate their supper.

Before Wawatam sat down he brought water from a spring near by. Listening, Henry could distinguish its gush from the falling of the rain. It came down the cliff, as he learned for himself later, but at that time he thought its small noise was simply an escape into the lake. The water and the venison and fish were delicious enchanted drink and food. Henry felt his blood revived with sudden impetus such as wine gives. It flew through his arteries, a distinct rapture. His eyes laughed, and the long taciturnity of the night passed away like a trance. He wanted to raise a shout, and make his voice ring against the cliff, but the precautions of Wawatam were a warning to recklessness. So he only talked rapidly, managing the Chippewa words as well as he could, but exuberantly slipping into English or French where expression failed him.

Wawatam listened, and answered seriously, or with a smile slightly loosening the corners of his mouth. He was glad his brother was safe and full of spirits. He was a straight-featured Indian, spare but sinewy. His face, as it dried in the firelight, showed a clearness of tint and a benignity unusual in his tribe. The draggling rain robbed him of no dignified effect in his clothes. He was well dressed in buckskins, the fringed collar opening and showing a clean-cut neck finely done in human bronze. Exposure to sun and weather had printed small radiating lines at the corners of his unshaded eyes. He was very little older than Henry, but his forefathers of the wilderness had left their somber and aging impress on him, as Saxon and Norman had left their brighter impress on the Englishman.

"My brother has brought me to a good lodge."

"Best not stay here long," said Wawatam.

"Have you some hole to put me in on the island?"

"A good hole," said Wawatam.

"You are not going to let your brother down like Joseph into some pit?"

"Joseph is not in a pit. Joseph stands on the altar," remarked Wawatam, whose knowledge of Hebrew history was bounded by the mission church at L'Arbre Croche.

"I did n't mean the saint. But I shall be safe wherever you put me."

"There is no pit," said Wawatam, "except the rift; and that is not a pit. It is where the heart of the island broke."

"What broke its heart?"

"Once the manito left Mackinac: that broke the island's heart."

"Did he ever come back?"

"Who could stay away?"

"Is your lodge on the island, Wawatam?"

"Yes."

"You are never afraid of the spirits?"

Wawatam glanced around under the rims of his eyelashes. He did not answer, but excused the light inquiry of his brother.

The young Englishman rested against his evergreen cushion and looked at the mysterious cliffs. He was open to beautiful impressions. Strong love of the wilderness had brought him to this perilous frontier. Before penetrating a

yard into the island he felt its influence like the premonition of love. It drew him and claimed him. The fire gave him a flickering sight of crumbly limestone full of little sockets and cleavages filled with moss. Gnarly pine-trees hung down, distorted with gripping the rock. Wet young ferns breathed somewhere under cover, their shy maid's breath being brought to him by the dampness.

"Who were those spirits tending the fire before we landed?" inquired Henry.

Wawatam relaxed his mouth-corners more, and answered:

"They were no spirits. They were part of my family."

"But seen from the lake they looked like a white boy and girl."

"Yes; they are white."

"How did you get a white family, Wawatam?"

"Not all my family are white. My old grandmother is Chippewa."

"How many are there in my brother Wawatam's family?"

"Three: my old grandmother and the boy and girl."

"Was their mother a white woman?"

"Yes; both their mothers were white."

"Then they are not your children?"

"No; the boy is my adopted son. He has but one eye. The girl is my wife."

Henry had a sensation of discomfort marring his perfect physical happiness. As he lowered his eyes to the glowing coals he asked himself why an Indian like Wawatam should not have a white wife if he wanted one.

"Your wife?" repeated the trader.

"She will be my wife," corrected Wawatam. "She lives yet in the lodge with my grandmother. When peace comes I will take her in my canoe to the priest at L'Arbre Croche. No time for marrying now. Too much war; too many evil birds making a noise."

"Who is she, Wawatam?"

"She is a girl without father or mother."

"I understand, then, that my brother has at some time kept her from being killed as he has just kept me from being killed. Is she English?"

"No; French."

"But your people are the friends of the French."

"I did not say I had kept her from being killed."

"And is the boy her brother?"

"No; he is English. He is what you call an idiot," said Wawatam, with unconscious humor. "But we do not call it so." Henry laughed.

"The English at Michilimackinac certainly behaved like idiots to-day when they threw the fortress gates open. And nearly all of us have died the death of idiots. My escape was by no wisdom of mine."

"No more time to talk," said Wawatam, rising. "You must hide."

He took the largest firebrands and plunged them into the lake. The logs and coals he put out with water carried in the gourd which had supplied them from the spring. A hissing white vapor and clouds of ashes drove Henry up from the evergreens, and darkness grew where the hospitable hearth had shone.

As the ashes settled, and steam ceased rising, Wawatam spoke in the darkness to his adopted brother.

"I must go back to my tribe, to the feasts and war-councils, or they may search you out and kill you yet. They think I am only half-hearted in this war. The French girl that is to be my wife will have to bring you food; for there is no one else on the island but my old grandmother, and the boy, who could not remember."

Henry drew in his breath with a quick impulse. But he waited with all the gravity which this hint imposed. After a few minutes he made the promise:

"She shall be my sister as Wawatam is my brother."

The Indian on his side kept silence in the darkness. When he spoke he said:

"I will trust my brother."

He began the march, and Henry followed him. They took the same way along the beach by which they had come, wading pools and walking around rocks. The rain thinned, and the lightning had become a flicker on the horizon, but the angry lake still rolled in white ridges, and made a wide-spread noise of its wash on the shore. When they came to the cove where the canoe lay hidden, Wawatam waited and listened. Satisfied by sound or lack of sound which could not be detected by his white brother, he then made rapid progress. The ground stooped to them; the wooded heights sloped down to draw a lovely semicircle, rounding the froth and glitter of waters. Wawatam did not follow the shore-line here, but struck up a long shoulder of hill, tracing some course he knew well, though the pine boughs had to be parted out of their way. Henry trod directly behind him. A hint of morning was already abroad, in that thinning of the darkness which is more the wan failure of night than the decided approach of day. Birds were inquiring of one another in their unseen retreats. Uncanny wings went past Henry's face, giving him a shuddering start.

"Bats," observed Wawatam.

Moisture in the evergreens and low, broad-leaved oaks rained upon them; but in all this

indistinctness and blind following of his leader, Henry felt the exhilaration of the island. The wet was a sprinkling of balm. Heavenly incense from thousands of primeval censers filled the woods, and filled his spirit. Two or three times he thought he heard twigs breaking behind them, and told Wawatam. The chief listened with him once, and moved on undisturbed.

They had groped over many levels, through many mazes of juniper and hemlock and acres of thick-studded trees, when Wawatam ascended a little mound of flinty waste, and stood breasting a large rock covered with tangle.

"Here it is."

"What is it?" inquired the trader.

"The Skull Rock."

"Do we stop here?"

"You must creep in."

He pressed his hands on his brother's shoulders, and made Henry stoop to the low opening.

"Creep in as far as you can," said Wawatam.

"Is it a cave?"

"Yes."

"A large one?"

"Not very large. But you can hide there."

"Will my brother rest in this cave, too?"

"No; the storm is past now. I must go back to Michilimackinac before the sun is up. It will be better if I am there in the morning. My tribe will not know how far I have brought you."

"But you have had no sleep all night."

"No matter."

"And the lake is still covered with white-caps."

"The paddling will be easier when there is some light."

"How soon shall I see my brother Wawatam again?"

"Not soon, unless there is danger. My brother must lie quiet and wait in patience until I can find some chance to send him to his people."

Henry squeezed the Chippewa's hand. This was no farewell for Wawatam, who took his white brother in his arms. The forest breathed around them, and bits of sky above the trees were translucent with rising light.

"Bless you, old fellow. I am not worth half the trouble you have taken for me. I hope I can do something for you some time, and that you 'll never regret you saved my scalp."

"Good-by, my English brother."

"Good-by, my Chippewa brother."

Henry crawled into the cave's mouth. The dank odor repelled him, and he turned his head back to ask Wawatam, who yet stooped watching him:

"No snakes in here, I suppose?"

"No; Skull Rock is a sacred cave. No snakes on the island except two kinds, and they have no poison."

The trader crept down the cavern's slope. He looked back once more to see the red face at the opening of the rock; but Wawatam's moccasins were silently moving away on their journey to Michilimackinac.

The place was paved with uneven fragments, which rolled under Henry's hand as he groped. It was an irregular hollow, turning at right angles in the rock, and when he reached the turn he thrust his feet backward into the further mystery, and stretched himself out with his face to the opening. He was stiff from his long paddling, and faint from living such a day. The elixir of the island no longer reached him. The presence and restraint of a stoic like Wawatam being taken away, he gave himself up to weakness, and slept like a dead man, unmoving and pale.

(To be continued.) *Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

BALCONY STORIES.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

WITH PICTURES BY A. E. STERNER.

IT is really not much, the story; it is only the arrangement of it, as we would say of our dresses and our drawing-rooms.

It began with the dawn, of course; and the skiff for our voyage, silvered with dew, waiting in the mist for us, as if it had floated down in a cloud from heaven to the bayou. When repeated, this sounds like poor poetry; but that is the way one thinks at daydawn, when the dew is yet, as it were, upon our brains, and our ideas are still half dreams, and our waking hearts, alas! as innocent as waking babies playing with their toes.

Our oars waked the waters of the bayou, as motionless as a sleeping snake under its misty covert — to continue the poetical language or thought. The ripples ran frightened and

shivering into the rooty thicknesses of the sedge-grown banks, startling the little birds bathing there into darting to the nearest, highest rush-top, where, without losing their hold on their swaying, balancing perches, they burst into all sorts of incoherent songs, in their excitement to divert attention from the near-hidden nests: bird mothers are so much like women mothers!

It soon became day enough for the mist to rise. The eyes that saw it ought to be able to speak to tell fittingly about it.

Not all at once, nor all together, but a thinning, a lifting, a breaking, a wearing away; a little withdrawing here, a little withdrawing there; and now a peep, and now a peep; a bride lifting her veil to her husband! Blue! White! Lilies! Blue lilies! White lilies! Blue and white lilies! And still blue and white lilies! And still! And still! Wherever the veil lifted, still and always the bride!

Not in clumps and bunches, not in spots and patches, not in banks, meadows, acres, but in — yes; for still it lifted beyond and beyond and beyond; the eye could not touch the limit of them, for the eye can touch only the limit of vision; and the lilies filled the whole sea-marsh, for that is the way spring comes to the sea-marshes.

The sedge-roots might have been unsightly along the water's edge, but there were morning-glories. All colors, all shades. Oh, such morning-glories as we of the city never see! Our city morning-glories must dream of them, as we dream of angels. Only God could be so lavish! Dropping from the tall spear-heads to the water, into the water, under the water. And, then, the reflection of them, in all their colors, blue, white, pink, purple, red, rose, violet!

To think of an obscure little Acadian bayou waking to flow the first thing in the morning not only through banks of new-blown morning-glories, but sown also to its depths with such reflections as must make it think itself a bayou in heaven, instead of in the Paroisse St. Martin. Perhaps that is the reason the poor poets think themselves poets, on account of the beautiful things that are only reflected into their minds from what is above? Besides the reflections, there were alligators in the bayou, trying to slip away before we could see them, and watching us with their stupid, senile eyes, sometimes from under the thickest, prettiest flowery bowers; and turtles splashing into the water ahead of us; and fish (silver-sided perch) looking like reflections themselves, floating through the flower reflections, nibbling their breakfast.

Now our bayou had been running through swamp only a little more solid than itself; in fact, there was no solidity but what came from the roots of grasses. The banks began to get firmer now, from real soil in it. We could see cattle in the distance, up to their necks in the lilies, their heads and sharp-pointed horns coming up and going down in the blue and white. Nothing makes cattle's heads appear handsomer, with the sun just rising far, far away on the other side of them. The sea-marsh cattle turned loose to pasture in the lush spring beauty — turned loose in Elysium!

But the land was only partly land yet, and the cattle still cattle to us. The rising sun made revelations, as our bayou carried us through a drove in their Elysium, or it might have always been an Elysium to us. It was not all pasturage, all enjoyment. The rising and falling feeding head was entirely different, as we could now see, from the rising and falling agonized head of the bogged — the buried alive. It is well that the lilies grow taller and thicker over the more treacherous places; but, misery! misery! not much of the process was concealed from us, for the cattle have to come to the bayou for water. Such a splendid black head that had just yielded breath! The wide-spreading ebony horns thrown back among the morning-glories, the mouth open from the last sigh, the glassy eyes staring straight at the beautiful blue sky above, where a ghostly moon still lingered, the velvet neck ridged with veins and muscles, the body already buried in black ooze. And such a pretty red-and-white-spotted heifer, lying on her side, opening and shutting her eyes, breathing softly in meek resignation to her horrible calamity! And, again, another one was plunging and battling in the act of realizing her doom: a fierce, furious red cow, glaring and bellowing at the soft, yielding, inexorable abysm under her, the bustards settling afar off, and her own species browsing securely just out of reach.

They understand that much, the sea-marsh cattle, to keep out of reach of the dead combatant. In the delirium of anguish, relief cannot be distinguished from attack, and rescue of the victim has been proved to mean goring of the rescuer.

The bayou turned from it at last, from our beautiful lily world, about which our pleasant thoughts had ceased to flow even in bad poetry.

Our voyage was for information, which might be obtained at a certain habitation; if not there, at a second one, or surely at a third and most distant settlement.

The bayou narrowed into a canal, then widened into a bayou again, and the low, level swamp and prairie advanced into woodland and forest. Oak-trees began, our beautiful oak-trees! Great branches bent down almost to the water, — quite even with high water, — covered with forests of oak, weeds, lichens, and with vines that swept our heads as we

passed under them, drooping now and then to trail in the water, a plaything for the fishes, and a landing-place for amphibious insects. The sun speckled the water with its flickering patterns, showering us with light and heat. We have no spring suns; our sun, even in December, is a summer one. And so, with all its grace of curve and bend, and so — the description is longer than the voyage — we come to our first stopping place.

To the side, in front of the well-kept fertile fields, like a proud little showman, stood the little house. Its pointed shingle roof covered it like the top of a chafing-dish, reaching down to the windows, which peeped out from under it like little eyes.

A woman came out of the door to meet us. She had had time during our graceful winding approach to prepare for us. What an irrevocable vow to old maidenhood! At least twenty-five, almost a possible grandmother, according to Acadian computation, and well in the grip of advancing years. She was dressed in a stiff, dark red calico gown, with a white apron. Her black hair, smooth and glossy under a varnish of grease, was plaited high in the back, and dropped regular ringlets, six in all, over her forehead. That was the epoch when her calamity came to her, when the hair was worn in that fashion. A woman seldom alters her coiffure after a calamity of a certain nature happens to her. The figure had taken a compact rigidity, an unfaltering inflexibility, all the world away from the elasticity of matronhood; and her eyes were clear and fixed like her figure, neither falling, nor rising, nor puzzling under other eyes. Her lips, her hands, her slim feet, were conspicuously single, too, in their intent, neither reaching, nor feeling, nor running for those other lips, hands, and feet which should have doubled their single life.

That was Adorine Mérionaux, otherwise the most industrious Acadian and the best cottonade-weaver in the parish. It had been short, her story. A woman's love is still with those people her story. She was thirteen when she met him. That is the age for an Acadian girl to meet him, because, you know, the large families — the thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty children — take up the years; and when one wishes to know one's great-great-grandchildren (which is the dream of the Acadian girl) one must not delay one's story.

She had one month to love him in, and in one week they were to have the wedding. The Acadians believe that marriage must come *au point*, as cooks say their sauces must be served. Standing on the bayou bank in front of the Mérionaux, one could say "Good day" with the eyes to the Zévérin Theriots — that was the name of the parents of the young bridegroom. Looking under the branches of the oaks, one could see across the prairie, — prairie and sea-marsh it was, — and clearly distinguish another little red-washed house like the Mérionaux, with a painted roof hanging over the windows, and a staircase going up outside to the garret. With the sun shining in the proper direction, one might distinguish more, and with love shining like a sun in the eyes, one might see, one might see — a heart full.

It was only the eyes, however, which could make such a quick voyage to the Zévérin Theriots; a skiff had a long day's journey to reach them. The bayou sauntered along over the country like a negro on a Sunday's pleasuring, trusting to God for time, and to the devil for means.

Oh, nothing can travel quickly over a bayou! Ask any one who has waited on a bayou-bank for a physician, or a life-and-death message. Thought refuses to travel and turn and double over it; thought, like the eye, takes the shortest cut — straight over the sea-marsh; and in the spring of the year, when the lilies are in bloom, thought could not take a more heavenly way, even from beloved to beloved.

It was the week before marriage, that week when, more than one's whole life afterward, one's heart feels most longing — most — well, in fact it was the week before marriage. From Sunday to Sunday, that was all the time to be passed. Adorine — women live through this week by the grace of God, or perhaps they would be as unreasonable as the men — Adorine could look across the prairie to the little red roof during the day, and could think across it during the night, and get up before day to look across again — longing, longing all the time. Of course one must supply all this from one's own imagination or experience.

But Adorine could sing, and she sang. One might hear, in a favorable wind, a gunshot, or the barking of a dog from one place to the other, so that singing, as to effect, was nothing more than the voicing of her looking and thinking and longing.

When one loves, it is as if everything was known of and seen by the other; not only all that passes in the head and heart, which would in all conscience be more than enough to occupy the other, but the talking, the dressing, the conduct. It was then that the back hair was braided and the front curled more and more beautifully every day, and that the calico dresses became stiffer and stiffer, and the white crochet lace collar broader and lower in the neck. At thirteen she was beautiful enough to startle one, they say, but that was nothing; she spent time and

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"HER HEART DROVE HER TO THE WINDOW."

"ALL THAT DAY WAS DESPONDENCY, DEJECTION."

care upon these things, as if, like other women, her fate seriously depended upon them. There is no self-abnegation like that of a woman in love.

It was her singing, however, which most showed that other existence in her existence. When she sang at her spinning-wheel or her loom, or battling clothes on the bank of the bayou, her lips would kiss out the words, and the tune would rise and fall and tremble, as if Zepherin were just across there, anywhere; in fact, as if every blue and white lily might hide an ear of him.

It was the time of the new moon, fortunately, when all sit up late in the country. The family would stop in their talking about the wedding to listen to her. She did not know it herself, but it—the singing—was getting louder and clearer, and, poor little thing, it told everything. And after the family went to bed they could still hear her, sitting on the bank of the bayou, or up in her window, singing and looking at the moon traveling across the lily prairie—for all its beauty and brightness no more beautiful and bright than a heart in love.

It was just past the middle of the week, a

Thursday night. The moon was so bright the colors of the lilies could be seen, and the singing, so sweet, so far-reaching — it was the essence of the longing of love. Then it was that the miracle happened to her. Miracles are always happening to the Acadians. She could not sleep, she could not stay in bed. Her heart drove her to the window, and kept her there, and — among the civilized it could not take place, but here she could sing as she pleased in the middle of the night; it was nobody's affair, nobody's disturbance. "Saint Ann! Saint Joseph! Saint Mary!" She heard her song answered! She held her heart, she bent forward, she sang again. Oh, the air was full of music! It was all music! She fell on her knees; she listened, looking at the moon; and with her face in her hands, looking at Zepherin. It was God's choir of angels, she thought, and one with a voice like Zepherin! Whenever it died away she would sing again, and again, and again —

But the sun came, and the sun is not created, like the moon, for lovers, and whatever happened in the night, there was work to be done in the day. Adorine worked like one in a trance, her face as radiant as the up-turned face of a saint. They did not know what it was, or rather they thought it was love. Love is so different out there, they make all kinds of allowances for it. But, in truth, Adorine was still hearing her celestial voices or voice. If the cackling of the chickens, the whir of the spinning-wheel, or the "bum bum" of the loom effaced it a moment, she had only to go to some still place, round her hand over her ear, and give the line of a song, and — it was Zepherin — Zepherin she heard.

She walked in a dream until night. When the moon came up she was at the window, and still it continued, so faint, so sweet, that answer to her song. Echo never did anything more exquisite, but she knew nothing of such a heathen as Echo. Human nature became exhausted. She fell asleep where she was, in the window, and dreamed as only a bride can dream of her groom. When she awoke, "Adorine! Adorine!" the beautiful angel voices called to her; "Zepherin! Zepherin!" she answered, as if she, too, were an angel, signaling another angel in heaven. It was too much. She wept, and that broke the charm. She could hear nothing more after that. All that day was despondency, dejection, tear-bedewed eyes, and tremulous lips, the commonplace reaction, as all know, of love exaltation. Adorine's family, Acadian peasants though they were, knew as much about it as any one else, and all that any one knows about it is that marriage is the cure-all, and the only cure-all, for love.

And Zepherin? A man could better describe his side of that week; for it, too, has mostly to be described from imagination or experience. What is inferred is that what Adorine longed and thought and looked in silence and resignation, according to woman's way, he suffered equally, but in a man's way, which is not one of silence or resignation,— at least when one is a man of eighteen,— the last interview, the near wedding, her beauty, his love, her house in sight, the full moon, the long, wakeful nights.

He took his pirogue; but the bayou played with his impatience, maddened his passion, bringing him so near, to meander with him again so far away. There was only a short prairie between him and ——, a prairie thick with lily-roots — one could almost walk over their heads, so close, and gleaming in the moonlight. But this is all only inference.

The pirogue was found tethered to the paddle stuck upright in the soft bank, and — Adorine's parents related the rest. Nothing else was found until the summer drought had bared the swamp.

There was a little girl in the house when we arrived — all else were in the field — a stupid, solemn, pretty child, the child of a brother. How she kept away from Adorine, and how much that testified!

It would have been too painful. The little arms around her neck, the head nestling to her bosom, sleepily pressing against it. And the little one might ask to be sung to sleep, Sung to sleep!

The little bed-chamber, with its high mattressed bed, covered with the Acadian homespun quilt, trimmed with netting fringe, its bit of mirror over the bureau, the bottle of perfumed grease to keep the locks black and glossy, the prayer-beads and blessed palms hanging on the wall, the low, black polished spinning-wheel, the loom,— the *métier d'Adorine* famed throughout the parish,— the ever goodly store of cotton and yarn hanks swinging from the ceiling, and the little square, open window which looked under the mossy oak branches to look over the prairie; and once again all blue and white lilies — they were all there, as Adorine was there; but there was more — not there.

Grace King.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE HERMIT-THRUSH.

AN HOUR WITH ROBERT FRANZ.

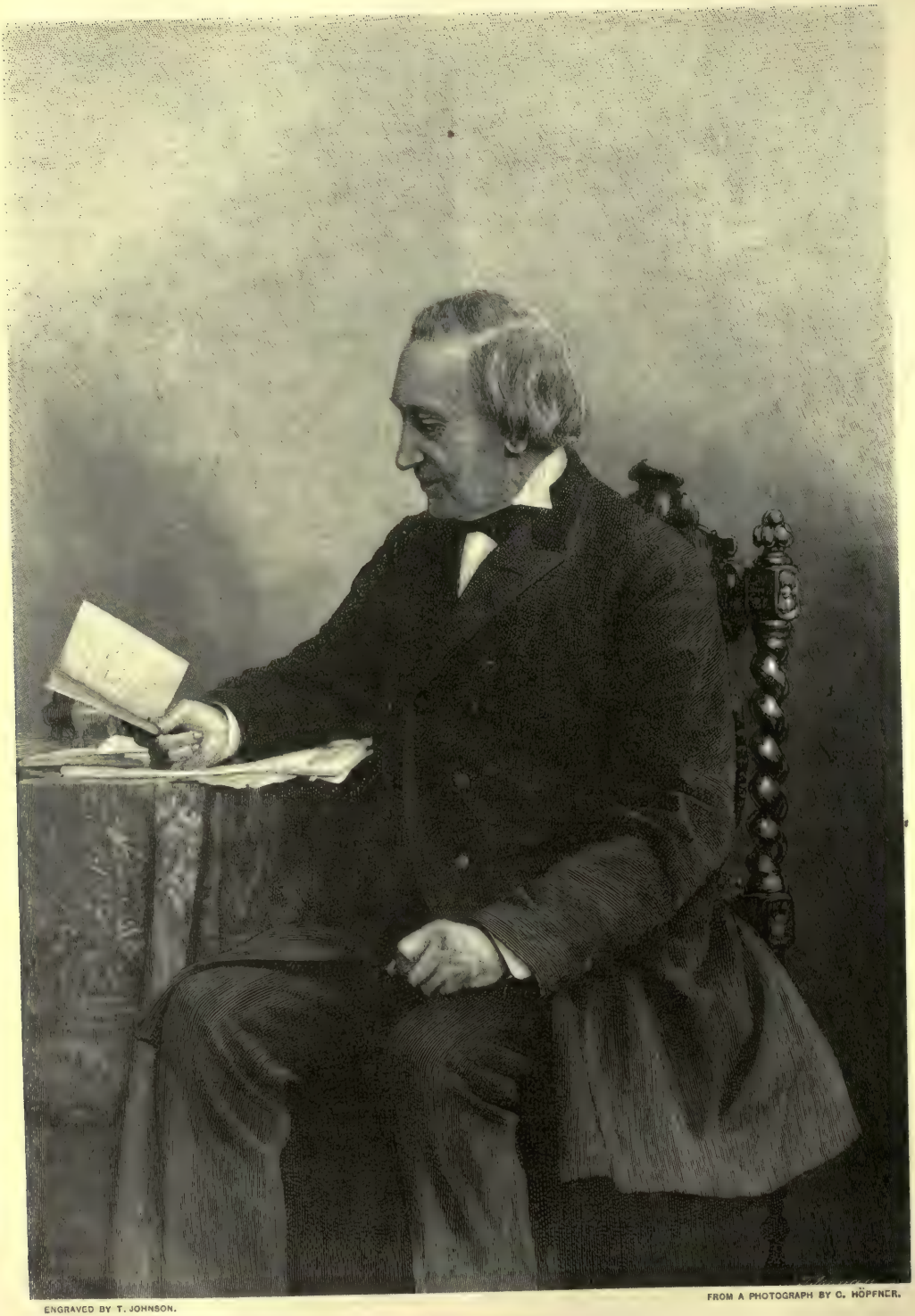
IN the quiet Prussian university town of Halle, where Handel was born two hundred and eight years ago, there lived until October 24, 1892, one of the greatest song-composers the world has ever seen — in some respects the greatest of them all. Like Beethoven, who never heard a note of music from his thirty-second year to his death at the age of fifty-seven, Robert Franz had been deaf almost a quarter of a century. The muscles of his hands also were partly paralyzed, and it was with difficulty that he could write a note, while he ceased composing years ago. There he lived in a modest house in the large university town, seventy-seven years old, yet almost completely ignored by his countrymen.

The life of Robert Franz was almost as uneventful as that of his idol Bach. As in the case of so many other great composers, his parents refused to recognize or encourage the musical talent which he showed in his childhood, and at school he was punished severely and repeatedly for yielding to his impulse to add a harmonic part to the choral melodies sung by the other children! He reached his fourteenth year before he himself or any one else suspected that he was destined to be a musician. One day he accidentally came across an old-fashioned piano, or spinet, in the house of a relative, and, as he relates in an autobiographic sketch, this decided his fate. He now went to work, unaided, to unravel the mysteries of musical notation. His devotion finally softened the heart of his father, who bought the old piano for him, and put him under a cheap teacher. Neither this rickety instrument, however, nor his incompetent teacher satisfied him long, and he soon found himself going from church to church on Sundays to hear his favorite chorals, and perchance to get permission from a friendly organist to take his place for a few minutes.

His next step was to try his hand at composing, again unaided; the result being such that, as he remarked in later years, if any youth should come to him with similar productions he would advise him to choose anything but music for a profession. He neglected his other studies at the same time, and at twenty his father sent him to pursue his beloved art under Friedrich Schneider at Dessau. Two years later he returned with a number of compositions for piano and for voice, to which he continued to add, although his father's fears that music would prove a profitless art for him were shown to have been well founded, for he was unable to get a position or remunerative employment. For this disappointment he found consolation in a loving study of the scores of Bach and Handel, and especially of the songs of Schubert, which made an overwhelming impression on him, and kindled an enthusiasm for that form of art that definitively decided his fate and his vocation.

One result of these studies was that he pitilessly destroyed all his own compositions, and for five years did not again venture to write anything, devoting much of his time to a study of philosophy and esthetics at the university. It required the magic power of love to arouse his creative faculties from their torpor; and just as Schumann, in the year of his marriage, turned to song, and in that twelvemonth wrote over a hundred of his inspired *lieder*, so Franz, though in a more modest measure, came forward as a song-composer, and published a collection of twelve *lieder*, which he dedicated to Schumann. At that time Schumann was approaching the end of his career as critic and professional discoverer of musical geniuses, and his trained eye immediately saw that here was a new light piercing the darkness of Philistinism. These songs, he declared, belonged to the noble modern style which shows what great progress the *lied* — and the *lied* alone — has made since the days of Beethoven. "Poetic singers only can do them justice; they are best if sung in solitude and in the twilight." And so on for a whole page, culminating in the remark, "Were I to dwell on all the exquisite details, I should never come to an end." Subsequent volumes were dedicated to Mendelssohn and to Liszt, who were no more obtuse than Schumann. Mendelssohn wrote to him: "May you give us many, many more works like this, as beautiful in conception, as refined in style, and as original and euphonious." And Liszt wrote his well-known and admirable essay, which, proportionately, did as much to establish Franz's fame as his Weimar essays on Wagner's early opera did for that exiled and unappreciated composer four decades ago.

But while those geniuses, with Chopin, Gade, Henselt, and others, thus recognized and appreciated a fellow-genius, the critics and the public were slow in following suit, and poor Franz



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. HÖPFNER.

ROBERT FRANZ.

shared the fate of Schubert — his *lieder* sold for a mere song, and he had to earn his scant daily bread as organist, director of the academy of singing, and lecturer on music at the university. The trouble with his ears, which began as early as 1841, and was aggravated by the whistle of a locomotive, gradually became more and more serious, and in 1868 it reached such a point that he was obliged to give up all his duties. As the income from his songs was a mere trifle, he would have been obliged literally to starve, or become an inmate of a poorhouse, had it not been for the generosity of Liszt, Joachim, and Frau Magnus, who gave a series of concerts in Germany, England, and Austria-Hungary which yielded $22,000, on the income from which Franz was able to subsist modestly but comfortably for the last twenty years of his life.

Such, in brief, is the story of Robert Franz's life. My wife and I had been for many years ardent admirers of his compositions, and in July, 1891, on our way from Berlin to Bayreuth, we took the opportunity of stopping for a few hours at Halle, in order to make his acquaintance. As we walked up the handsome Leipziger-strasse to the market-place, we were confronted by the Handel statue — a sight which harmonized perfectly with our quest of the great restorer and writer of Handel's scores. It was lunch-time, and, espying a restaurant on one side of the square, we had something to eat, and then asked the waiter to bring us the city directory. Imagine yourself looking in a city directory for Mozart, or Beethoven, or Schubert, with the intention of calling on him! The name was soon found, and quite imposing did it look with all the appendages — Franz, Dr. Robert, Universitäts-Musikdirector, Königlich Bairischer Maximilian Orden für Kunst und Wissenschaft, Herzoglich Sächsisches Coburg-Gothaer Verdienstkreuz für Kunst und Wissenschaft; König-strasse 38, I. The "Dr." prefixed to his name recalled the fact that the University of Halle had made him an honorary doctor for his valuable services to art in editing the scores of Bach, Handel, and other old masters.

So König-strasse 38, I. was to be our goal. It was found without any difficulty, and it was a pleasure to reflect that, thanks to the generosity of Liszt, Joachim, and Frau Magnus, we did not have to search for the great song-writer in a garret, but found him occupying spacious rooms on the second floor of a large apartment-house on one of the main streets, facing an open place with trees and shrubbery. We had been told in Berlin that his wife had died only three months before, so we did not know whether he would receive a visit from strangers. The parlor was furnished in the usual simple German style. The door presently opened, and in walked the immortal tone-poet, a rather large man, with a broad face, square chin, and in a certain way resembling Liszt. His forehead receded more than Liszt's, but there was much the same expression of firmness about his mouth. He was somewhat bald, but his hair was still only iron-gray, although he had passed his seventy-seventh birthday. He held out his hand with a cordial gesture and greeting, but not a cordial pressure, for, alas! of each of his hands all but the first two fingers are paralyzed.

"Do you understand German?" was his first question, and, without waiting for an answer, — for the best and saddest of reasons, — he continued, "I, alas! am absolutely deaf, and if you wish to say anything to me I must beg you to write it on one of those slates."

Two ordinary school-slates, with moist sponges attached, lay on the piano. I wrote a few words on one of them.

"America again!" he exclaimed, after reading what I had written. "Most of my friends seem to be Americans. I do not say this as a mere polite phrase, but because it is actually true. I assure you that of every six letters I receive five are from America or England. The Germans do not seem to be aware of my existence. You know how it is in this country. Envy and jealousy are so rampant that a man who does anything that rises above the average is in danger of being torn to pieces.[1] We have hundreds of musicians, each of whom has a deskful of manuscripts which he is anxious that the world should appreciate; hence each of these men regards every one else as his natural rival and enemy, who must be belittled or ignored as much as possible. Other nations are proud of their authors and composers, — look at France, England, and Italy, — but the Germans ignore theirs till they are dead, and then they erect statues to their memory."

He arose to get a copy of the London "Musical Record," which was lying on the piano. "You have noticed, perhaps," he said, "that my name has been bandied about a good deal lately in England apropos of the use of my edition of the 'Messiah' at a music festival. It is a curious thing," — and he laughed heartily, — "but Mr. Prout has told those critics the truth. The old masters did not elaborate their scores in all the details, but filled them out at the organ during the performance. For modern purposes these missing parts have to be filled out, as far as possible, in the spirit of the old masters. Bach and Handel were my earliest masters, my friends and companions through life, and I have done my best to preserve

[1] I cannot vouch for the exact words used by Franz, which, moreover, were spoken in German. But as I noted down his remarks minutely, immediately after leaving him, I can, at least, vouch for the substantial accuracy of what is here recorded.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. HÖPFNER.

MADAM FRANZ. (MARIE HINRICHS.)

their spirit in my additional accompaniments. Some of my 'bold changes' that the English critics have complained of were simply restorations of Handel's text which Mozart had altered! You see, there are pedants in music, as in every other department of learning — men who swear by the letter and miss the spirit. I was once present at the funeral services of a very orthodox minister. His colleague, in his eulogy of the deceased, dwelt on the fact that he had believed so firmly in the letter of the Bible that if he had read therein that the city of Halle is situated in America he would have believed it.

"Besides," he continued, "we must remember that Bach and Handel were human beings, who made errors like all other mortals, which their editors to-day must not overlook. They wrote enormous quantities of music — it would take a man forty years merely to copy what Handel or Bach wrote. Among Handel's manuscripts in England there was found a detail which neatly showed how rapidly that composer wrote. On the top of a left-hand page of a large score sand was found adhering to the notes, showing that before the ink had had time to dry on the first lines of that page Handel's pen must have reached the bottom of the next page!" He rose again, and brought us the facsimile reprint of the "Messiah" score. "Here you can see how hastily the work was done: here are a few lines canceled with a stroke of the pen, here a bar blotted out with a daub of ink, and here" (this seemed to amuse him particularly) "see how he has actually blotted out notes with his finger, too impatient to erase them." He closed the score, and continued: "Ah, but these were the greatest of all masters! To-day music appears to be manufactured; in Mozart's days it grew, and still more so in the days of Bach and Handel: their thoughts came spontaneously, and shaped themselves naturally, like crystals. To-day we have music which has neither melody nor harmony nor rhythm. Moreover, the theater has absorbed all our musical life; all the arts contribute, but not always their best. And — to use a homely simile — it is the waiter who serves the dishes that gets all the honors, while the cook, whose skill has devised them, is unseen and uncared for. You read about that opera-singer the other day — horses unhitched, drawn to hotel by enthusiasts. But the composer whom the singer used as a pedestal, who cares for him?"

He paused a moment, and I wrote on the slate, "Do you still compose songs?"

"No," was the answer; "when a man has reached his seventy-sixth year he does not care to compose any more." Then he suddenly exclaimed, "But do you know my wife's songs?"

while a sort of triumphant expression came over his face.

I had not seen them, and he brought a copy from the piano — a collection of songs by Marie Hinrichs. To the eye they looked much like his own songs. As the reader doubtless knows, there is an individual appearance about each composer's (printed) scores that makes it easy for an expert to tell at a glance the author of a piece placed before him; and as Clara Schumann's songs resemble her husband's, why should not those of Marie Hinrichs resemble Franz's?

"Ah, but those *are* songs!" he exclaimed. He placed his finger on one, and followed the melody as he hummed it. Being absolutely deaf, he could not get all the intervals of the melody correctly, but only the general drift — a point of psychologic interest, for his speaking voice was always correctly modulated, and had none of the harsh quality so common to the deaf. It was indeed uncommonly expressive, had an insinuating emotional quality, and sometimes rose to a pitch of real eloquence, especially when he was speaking of his wife. After humming the melody, he read the underlying poem by Heine to show how beautifully the two harmonized. It was most pathetic to see the deaf old master, shut out from the tone-world he had helped to create, dwelling for fifteen minutes on the songs of his wife — of his own he seemed to have no thought — with tears repeatedly rolling down his cheeks. "Her picture is in the other room — did you see it? No? Then I must get it." Placing it in my wife's hands, he exclaimed: "There, take a good look at that! Such a face you will never see again!" And we could not but reflect what an inestimable boon it must have been for the poor composer in his more than twenty years of deafness to have such a companion, whose kindness of heart is mirrored in her countenance. No wonder he worshiped her above his own works, above even his idols, Bach and Handel. "Her eyes are black," my wife whispered; "now I know why his black-eyed song is one of his best" ("Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge").

I asked him if he would kindly copy for me a few bars from one of his favorite songs. "I am very sorry," he replied, "but my paralyzed fingers make it so difficult for me to write that I have not even sent a letter yet to my daughter, who has been absent several weeks." Nevertheless he sat down, and copied a few bars with a pencil. I told him that I intended to write an article about him for an American magazine, and asked for permission to illustrate it with his own and his wife's portrait.

"My own pictures," he explained, after resuming his seat, "are all bad; I have never

succeeded in getting a good one. My face is so completely changed by expression that when I sit down before that infernal machine I am not myself. This picture, which you will get, is the only tolerable one — note the amused expression on it. It happened in this way. All the university professors were to be photographed. I sat eleven times, and was about to give up in despair, when, as a final attempt, the photographer suggested that I should sit down at the table. There was a book on it and a piece of music. The book contained Heine's poems, and the song was that barrel-organ piece, 'The Little Fisher Girl.' The contrast struck me as being so ludicrous that a smile crept over my face, and the wary photographer took this opportunity to fix it, as you see. I have another picture which is better than this, but it is taken from behind. It is a sketch of me made by a young lady." It showed him walking in the woods, with his overcoat on, and his umbrella under his left arm. There is no grace in it, but very much character — every inch a German savant, reminding one somewhat of that well-known semi-caricature of Beethoven by Lyser. "See what life there is in all those lines," he commented; "there you see a real picture, although the face is not visible. Some Berlin critics, by the way, have a theory that I do not compose my own songs, but hire a somnambulist, who dictates them to me, and that I then hypnotize him again to correct the manuscript, — the cruelest cut of all! Perhaps my picture is to blame; no one in looking at it would believe that I had written those songs." This reminded me of a little Gounod anecdote a young lady once told me. She met Gounod at a Viardot-Garcia soirée, and in a course of chat with him remarked that one would hardly suspect from his appearance that he could have written such an inspired work as "Faust." Whereupon Gounod replied with a smile, "Il faut être Américaine pour dire cela!"

Fearing that we might fatigue our entertaining host, we now rose to leave. His last words were a request to greet certain of his American friends cordially. He directed the maid to accompany us to the photographer, and on the way we learned from her some interesting particulars regarding her master's habits and daily doings. She said that he was still quite robust, and took a four-hour walk every day when the weather permitted, his hours being from 3 to 7 P. M., and his favorite haunts the woods. One of his eccentricities, she said, was the habit of stopping to crush every cherry-stone he saw on the sidewalks. For this she could give no reason except that, being unable to converse with any one during his walks, he sought diversion in that way. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson's habit of touching every picket of a fence he passed, and even stepping back if he had accidentally missed one. Franz always retired at nine, got up at ten, and often read in bed. Sometimes he played a few bars on the piano; but with only three fingers on each hand, and no ears to guide them, the result was usually not as pleasant as it might have been. His daughter, as already stated, was away on a visit, and he had a son who was a professor at Leipsic. He was always pleased, the maid said, when visitors called on him; but they were few and far between.

Strange people, these Germans, thus to neglect their men of genius during their lifetime. Now that Robert Franz is dead a monument will no doubt be erected to him on the market-place at Halle, facing the Handel statue; critics and antiquarians will spend days and weeks in searching old newspapers and letters for the tiniest bits of information regarding his habits, his appearance, his work, and his opinions; while as long as he lived among them, a very treasure-house of information and esthetic suggestion, no one even took the trouble to ring his door-bell! The plain truth is that the Germans, as a nation, do not even yet realize what a great genius Robert Franz was, although other men of genius — Liszt, especially, and Schumann — told them all about it several decades ago. In Liszt's admirable brochure on Franz there is a passage which Americans will always read with pride, for it points out the fact that it was in America that Robert Franz's genius was first recognized generally, and his songs frequently heard in concert-halls, thanks largely to the missionary work of Mr. Otto Dresel in Boston.

This is something to be grateful for, but it is not a tithe of what is due to Franz. It must be said that in no branch of music are there so many gems of the purest water unknown to the public at large as in that of the *lied*, or lyric song, from Schubert to the present day. When Schubert died only two or three of his six hundred songs were generally known, and to the present day many of his most inspired *lieder* are utterly unknown to the public. As regards Franz, I have often been amazed to find even enthusiastic amateurs, who know almost every opera and piano piece by heart, utterly ignorant of his immortal songs. After I had made them procure the collections published in the Peters and the Breitkopf and Härtel editions, their amazement at their oversight was soon as great as mine had been, and was equaled only by their ardent gratitude. They wondered with considerable indignation why the great vocalists of the day had been so remiss in making them acquainted with these songs. The answer to this is very simple; the singers ignore the Franz songs because they do not consider them

"grateful" (*dankbar*, as the Germans say); that is, because they were not written mainly with a view to showing off the singer's best notes, but were inspired by purely musical motives. What annoys the singers especially is that in these songs the voice so often dies away in the last few bars of the piano part, instead of soaring up to a few final high, loud notes, which are so provocative of cheap applause. But these singers forget one thing: they forget that while the applause of the illiterate in music can always be cheaply bought with a loud, high note, a trill, or a run up and down the scale, musical people, who after all are occasionally seen at concerts, are only disgusted by such claptrap, and would have more respect for singers if they remembered that the interpreter is of less importance than the creator. What these musical people want to hear is a Franz or other song honestly sung, and the poem to which it is wedded distinctly declaimed. It might surprise those singers to find what a great "effect" they could produce by allowing the poet and the composer to speak directly to the audience, keeping their vocalistic egotism and vanity entirely in the background.

It is, no doubt, true that lyric songs, like lyric poems, are better suited for home enjoyment than for a public place. In a concert-hall it is the dramatic songs, like Schubert's "Erl King" or Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," that are most applauded; but in Franz's songs there is little of the dramatic element. They are usually true lyrics — expressions of moods and personal feelings which only a hearer of poetic temperament can fully appreciate. Dramatic moods are easily imposed on a large audience by acting or reciting stirring events, but lyric moods are as subtle and evanescent as the fragrance of a violet, and only an artist of rare magnetism can impose them on a multitude. Such singers are not abundant at present; hence Franz's lyrics will not, perhaps, be in great vogue in our concert-halls for some time to come. But for the home circle nothing is better suited than these songs; familiarity with them invariably leads to enthusiastic admiration. Lovers of lyric poetry will especially relish them. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that those who know well the poetic style and physiognomy of Heine, Goethe, Burns, Mirza Schaffy, Lenau, Eichendorff, and Osterwald well could often tell from the color and atmosphere of a Franz song (without having heard the words) to what poet it belongs, so wonderfully does he individualize in his style, as Liszt has shown in his masterful analysis. And, even more than Schubert, Franz has proved by his clinging, tender melodies that Wagner was right in describing the union of poetry and music as a marriage in which music is the feminine element. Only two other composers — Chopin and Schubert — have shown such a refined and tender feminine spirit in their music as Franz.

In the home circle Franz's songs are a source of endless delight even to those who cannot sing; for it is one of their most striking peculiarities that the vocal and the piano parts are so closely interwoven that it is easy to play both parts together, and thus make a complete "song without words"; indeed, in not a few cases, the "accompaniment" contains the whole of the vocal melody, so that the voice-part need not even be played along. This is one of the points in which Franz resembles Wagner, of many parts of whose operas the same might be said. So far from being a shortcoming, as some have maintained, this is the very perfection of musico-poetic art; for in this last and highest development of modern music the voice is no longer the only bearer of the melody, but every harmonic part of the accompaniment is a melody. Such accompaniments are termed polyphonic, or many-melodied, and with these the chief function of the voice becomes the distinct melodious declamation and interpretation of the poetry. Franz is as conscientious as Wagner in never sacrificing the poet to the musician. In Wagner's operas the singer is primarily an actor representing the dramatic poet, and in Franz's songs he represents the lyric poet, toward whom is his first duty, while the orchestra or the piano represents the claims of the musician. It was not a mere accident, but a common artistic instinct, that made Franz, in 1850, an enthusiastic convert to Wagnerism, after hearing "Lohengrin," and that led Wagner to keep Franz's songs, by the side of Bach, constantly on his piano during the period in which he was composing his Nibelung Trilogy in Switzerland.

Many of Franz's songs, as I have just said, are beautiful if played on the piano alone, unaltered or with slight changes. Liszt, besides providing for Franz financially, and pleading his cause eloquently in a brochure (which should be translated into English), also translated a number of Franz's best songs into the most elegant pianistic idiom, and in some instances even improved on Franz in a justifiable way, as in the wonderful "Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen," where the introductory bars have a more realistic stormy effect than in the original version. But, however delightful these songs may be as simple piano pieces, to get their full beauty the vocal part must be added. Without the voice they will charm, with the voice they will move to tears. Read one of the poems alone, play the music alone, and then perform them both together; and you will realize that poetry and music combined are a greater emotional power than

either of them alone. Rubinstein has recently proclaimed that pure instrumental music is superior to music united with poetry; but I think most of my readers will agree with Wagner on this point, and feel with Schumann when he wrote to a friend, in 1840: "I can hardly tell you how delightful it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it."

A whole number of this magazine, and scores of illustrations in musical type, would be required to point out all the peculiarities and evidences of original genius in Franz's songs. Considerations of space permit me to dwell on only two of their principal characteristics; namely, their relations to the German choral and to the German folk-song. It is to the melodious folk-songs which they hear at home from their infancy, and to the superb harmonic chorals which they hear constantly in church,— and formerly played by trombones on church towers thrice a day,— that the Germans owe the fact that they have become the most musical of nations. The choral and the *volkslied* are the basis of what is most German in music, from Bach to Franz; and in no other composer are these two elements more conspicuous than in the last-named. The choral was Franz's first love. His earliest recollection is of hearing, as a child of three years, Luther's famous choral, "A mighty fortress is our God," blown by trombones on a church tower. His father also was fond of chorals, and often had them sung in his house. Later in life Robert learned to love and worship the grandest chorals ever written, those of Bach,[1] which he himself pronounced the most potent of the forces which molded his style. Many of Franz's best songs might be simply defined as melodious chorals in modern harmonic garb, in which romantic love and religious devotion are exquisitely blended.

Among the best of these choral-like songs are "O danke nicht für diese Lieder," "Schemen erloschener Lieder," "Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge," "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth." In the melodies of these songs the same varied harmonies are latent as in the old chorals, and Franz has enriched them with all the exquisite modulations of the modern German schools, which prove that harmony and modulation have even a greater emotional power than melody itself. And besides mingling the major and minor modes in that delightful brotherly fashion which Schubert first taught the world, Franz has enriched modern music by reviving the medieval church modes in his harmonies, which adds still greater variety to the emotional tints, and points out one of the paths in which the music of the future will develop.

But the most remarkable thing about Franz's songs is that while thus embodying all that is best and most artistic and advanced in modern music, they have at the same time many of the characteristics of the simplest and most primitive form of genuine music — namely, the folk-song. Some of his songs, like "Mei Mutter mag mi net," and "Lieber Schatz sei wieder gut mir," might have originated among the people, so far as the melody and tone are concerned; and very many of his other songs have the charming naïveté, simplicity, and spontaneity of the folk-song. Here, then, we have a most remarkable phenomenon. Folk-songs, as everybody knows, spring up among the people like proverbs, one man originating them, another improving on them, until, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, they have become smoothed and polished to perfection. Such songs, we are inclined to think, were made only in the good old times; but here we have had among us a genius who not only originated scores of them, but with his own hand polished them until they surpassed in brilliancy the oldest of the song-pebbles.

Franz has written no fewer than 267 pieces, and among them there are fewer imperfect or uninteresting ones than among the collections of any other song-writer, thanks to his habit of self-criticism. The other day I went through the first volume of the Peters edition of these *lieder* with a pencil, marking those I considered especially good. When I got through, I found I had marked all but two or three in a collection of forty! The second volume has not so many of the best, while the third and fourth have perhaps even more. Many good ones not included in these volumes are contained in the Breitkopf and Härtel issue. These five volumes embrace about one half of the Franz songs. The other half are not yet printed in an English edition. When they are, it is to be hoped that they will be supplied with less villainous English translations than many of the poems in the above collection. A good poetic and musical translation of the Franz songs is a task worthy of one of our greatest lyric poets, —a task which would add many a leaf to his laurels,—for these are the lyric songs of the future.

Henry T. Finck.

[1] A collection of these is published by Breitkopf and Härtel. I know of nothing else in music so well calculated to develop a taste for the higher harmonic side of music in young minds as a daily playing of these chorals.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE DUTY OF THE NATION IN GUARDING IT.

THE good old Scriptural designation of three score years and ten as the term of human life, whether based upon the facts or fancies of an elder time, has worn well. It has seen the eager search for the fountains of perpetual youth falter and cease; it has seen the hope of an earthly immortality, in one generation after another, kindle and fade. Why, even at life's best, the physical activities of the body, now a little earlier, and now a little later, but somewhere, as a rule, among the shadows of three score years and ten, should grow tremulous and halt, we cannot certainly say.

We do not usually murmur at the natural term of life, however its brevity at the best may be accounted for. It is the accidents which we deplore and dread—accidents which befall us by the way, halting us as the shadows have only just begun to lengthen, or in mid-career, or when hope and promise as yet are all, and demanding our birthright.

The effect upon the average length of life of these accidents, which come sometimes from without, sometimes from within, and include all diseases, all hereditary misdirection of the body's machinery, and all adverse surroundings, has been so closely studied and so often recorded, that nowadays we have elaborate tables from which one may cast his horoscope, and learn year by year how much of his heritage, by the law of chance, he still can fairly claim, when his residence, his occupation, his age, his sex, and his race are taken into the account. "The expectation of life" is the phrase by which the summing up of this most significant of inventories is known among the statisticians. The fact is, however, that comparatively few people do realize their legitimate three score years and ten. And it is through disease that this sinister curtailment of life's allotted term most often occurs.

Since we have learned that no moral or physical rectitude, no diablerie of the crucible, no appeal or incantation, can much delay the natural ending of life, the dreams and hopes and toils of the minister at the bedside, of the solitary worker in his laboratory, or the student at his books, have been leading them toward a new goal—not an extension of life's farthest limit, but its maintenance until it more often nears its natural bourn.

It is not easy—perhaps it is not possible—wholly to realize, as we drift along the busy stream of modern life, that we are just now living through and making an epoch in the knowledge of disease which is full of promise for the welfare of individuals and of nations, such as no other time has ever contemplated, save in dreams. We have long known that clean living, that avoidance of all excesses in work or play, in food or dress, afforded us, under whatever adverse conditions of heredity or environment, the best assurance possible of the fulfilment and enjoyment of life's allotted term. But in the last decade new light has come to us. We have learned little by little, as one by one the toilsome researches into the causes of disease have been brought to light, that a considerable number of the most common and dreaded scourges which so often stop life in the first flush of its promise, or at its full tide of enjoyment and usefulness, may be largely limited, or almost wholly blotted out, by intelligence and care. We now know that these appalling accidents to individuals and communities called plagues and pestilences, which aforetime have masqueraded in the guise of "visitations of God's wrath," "pitiless calamities of fate," or the working of whatever the time recognized as a public or private Nemesis, are not inevitable factors in modern life.

We may regard the human body as a delicate, complex machine, planned, or fortuitously fitted, if you will, to run on for a certain period. But the delicate adjustment of its various tissues and organs is very liable to be disturbed. These disturbances of adjustment we call disease, and the ways in which they occur are numerous and varied.

A certain number of the diseases which lessen the enjoyment and usefulness of life, or steal it away altogether, are due to hereditary maladjustment of the organism. Some arise from causes which we do not understand. Many more are due to excesses and abuses of the body's powers, which we ignorantly, or carelessly, or wantonly, bring upon ourselves, and these directly concern only the individuals affected. This bartering of one's birthright to the full term of life, at the dictates of passion

or the palate, at the behest of fashion, ambition, or sloth, are common enough, and from these modern Esaus come most often the wailings and complaints at the shortness and fickleness of life.

For those whose birthright is threatened by any of the causes already indicated, the ministrations of the physician and, when not too late, the reformation of the life afford the best outlook. But even a cursory inspection of a table of vital statistics in any country shows us that it is not these inherited weaknesses of the body, or these self-engendered diseases, which are most concerned in that wholesale robbery of man's birthright that has actually reduced his expectation of life, as nowadays he enters upon the scene, to a scant *two* score years and ten. It is the infectious or contagious diseases which have made such inroads upon our little stretch of eternity. It has been fully realized for many years that if we could strike these diseases from the list of life's enemies, we could enter at once into a far fuller possession of our heritage. But how to strike them out? What causes them? Where do they come from? How battle with them in a larger way before they gain a foothold in the citadel?

Recent studies have shown, as most educated people well know to-day, that this whole class of formidable diseases is caused by minute organisms which enter the body from without, and, each after its kind, poison or kill. It is a long and sinister list, with consumption or tuberculosis at the head. In its train follow pneumonia, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, cholera, smallpox, measles, typhus fever, yellow fever, malaria, and more of the devilish brood.

Twelve years ago we knew practically nothing of these invisible enemies, the pathogenic germs, which nevertheless carried off prematurely and under untold suffering a large part of the human race. To-day some of them are present at the roll-call in every well-furnished bacterial laboratory; their pedigrees, their lurking-places, and their habits are as distinctly matters of record as are those of larger criminals in statelier prison-houses. To-day we know something of the stories of nearly all of them, and of many how they produce their dire effects in the body; we know the conditions under which they thrive; we know how, outside of the body at least, they can be killed. Now and again it has seemed as if the veil were parting, and we could catch glimpses of a time not far off when we shall be able to battle with these intruders, even in the body, when their ravages are already under way.

But as yet the great practical result of this decade of discovery lies not so much in the power which we have acquired to cure, as in the power to prevent, bacterial disease. We have learned that in a large number of bacterial diseases the inciting germs have no breeding-places outside the bodies of those men or animals which are their victims, and that if all materials thrown off from these be at once destroyed by heat, by fire, by chemicals, or in any other way, all danger of transmission is removed.

In regard to such diseases, then, as typhoid fever, cholera, diphtheria (and in large measure the same is true of consumption and pneumonia), our point of view has entirely changed. They are not inevitable accidents, even under the complex and in many ways unfavorable conditions of life in crowded communities. When to-day we hear that this or that useful citizen has fallen by the way, stricken with typhoid fever, or when diphtheria claims the light of the household, we know that ignorance or carelessness, be it private or official, is alone to blame. We cannot always, we cannot often, trace the fault, so complex are the conditions of modern life. It may be the milk-dispenser, it may be an inefficient street-cleaner, it may be a polluted water supply, or the filthy folly of trailing skirts along the streets, which has brought the germs to the victim. They are sown by indiscretion, and fostered always by ignorance and neglect. Diphtheria claims yearly in this land its hundreds of thousands of child victims, uselessly sacrificed on the altars of public apathy or private indolence. A conservative comparison and estimate shows that in the State of Michigan alone, during the three years 1886–88, at least 10,000 cases of diphtheria were probably prevented, and more than 1700 lives saved, by intelligent isolation and disinfection.

Consumption counts in its harvest about fifteen per cent. of all who die. A large proportion of these the faithful application of definite and simple preventive measures might save. Typhoid fever need no longer work such havoc among us if only once and forever men would insist that sewage, though diluted, is not fit to drink, and, so insisting, would see to it that by no official carelessness, by no false municipal economy, should drinking-water be polluted, or, if polluted, used without proper cleansing.

Science, then, has pointed out the way in which a great curtailment of serious disease may be brought about, and a large share of man's lost heritage in life may be restored, and is now feeling her way slowly and toilsomely toward the solution of the problems of cure. The fact is, sanitary science is far in advance of sanitary practice.

But for the effective prevention of bacterial disease two sets of forces must act in concert:

First, the people must know wherein the great sources of danger lie, and that by simple, intelligent cleanliness these sources of danger may be largely sealed. It requires only a moderate degree of intelligence, and the mastery of only a small domain of fact, to make each person a most useful agent in this new crusade against disease; nor is it necessary that such knowledge and such helpfulness should involve much or sustained attention. Ours has been aptly enough called "an age of pitiless enlightenment"; but if now and then, at the dictates of Hygeia, we must lend attention to the bald, gruesome dangers which crowd in menace upon our path, surely she is cruel only to be kind. The cleanliness which Hygeia demands to-day is a little cleaner, that is all, than that which has been hallowed these many years. It is only necessary to be a little more discriminating regarding the pedigree of dirt, and to realize that dirt from infectious sources can kill.

But the fact that his danger of acquiring infectious disease comes to the citizen largely from without his walls, and from sources which he cannot directly control, leads us to the second and greater force which must be brought to bear if we are to enter into and retain our restored inheritance—that is, to the individual and concerted action of local health boards. These organized bodies of men devoted to the interests of the public health must now add to the powers which they have wielded so long and so well the weapons won from the new knowledge. To see to it that water supplies are kept unpolluted; that human waste is safely disposed of; that food supplies are not derived from infectious sources; that streets and other public places are kept clean; that overcrowding in schools, tenements, and lodging-houses is not allowed; that proper measures of isolation, disinfection, and cleansing shall be practised wherever infectious disease occurs; that the citizen may be intelligently counseled whenever in doubt about his sanitary surroundings, or coerced to cleanliness when ignorantly or wantonly at fault—these are some of the tasks which rest in the hands of local health authorities, and upon whose intelligent and faithful execution our immunity from infection so largely depends.

But while these tasks are deputed by the citizen to his agents in the health department, he should not forget that such officers must be men carefully chosen for their fitness, experience, and special knowledge, and not from the flotsam and jetsam of the political ocean, from which too often strange, uncouth things are stranded in offices where misfeasance may mean death to some, disease to many.

But after the intelligent and careful citizen has fulfilled his duties in matters sanitary to his neighbors and to himself; after local health authorities have used their larger powers in banishing or controlling the common enemy, there yet remain, in a great country like ours, imperative duties to be done, large vital problems to be solved, which must be undertaken by such forces as the National government alone can command.

The most obvious way at the present moment in which the National government can be useful in preserving the public health is in the assumption of the powers and duties involved in the establishment of a national quarantine, to the end not only that serious infection be not poured in upon us from foreign countries, but also that in holding aloof disease and its carriers, such barbarities as have been lately witnessed at our greatest port may never again be repeated.

Furthermore, it is unquestionably the duty of the National government to share in and to foster those toilsome researches into the causes of disease, and the methods of curtailing its ravages, which have already given such beneficent results, but which hitherto in this country have found few devotees outside of privately supported laboratories, or the shelter of the colleges. Good work has been done by the health boards of certain States, but these and their limited resources are mainly occupied with the practical application to the preservation of health and life of facts elsewhere elicited.

Of great importance, too, is the recording and making available the statistics of disease in all parts of the nation, the effects of our varied climates, of race, occupation, etc., on the general health. Further, the study of the effects of certain diseases of cattle upon man is of the utmost importance, and could most efficiently be done with the power and resources of the Federal government. The establishment of a Museum of Hygiene and Sanitary Appliances, which should serve as a great object-lesson and a record of progress, would materially further the ends in view.

A National Bureau of Health would command, as no other less important organization could, the learning, experience, and counsel of sanitarians and experts from all parts of our domain. Such a bureau would be useful in the wide dissemination of sanitary knowledge, through which alone can this or any nation share in the harvest of lengthened life which science has so patiently fostered and now freely offers to whomsoever will enter in and reap.

In arranging for harmonious action and uniform procedures among local health organizations; in raising the standards toward which

all sanitation should be ceaselessly striving; in exalting the dignity which belongs to the office of a public minister of health in village, town, or State, such a bureau could hardly fail to benefit every citizen in the land.

This is no new experiment which is suggested. In other countries national health departments have long ago amply justified their establishment by the strong bulwarks which they have formed against the dissemination of disease, and the new facts and principles which they have brought to light.

Some of us admire, others wonder at, the courage and placidity with which England faces a threatened invasion of cholera. This is because she is ready to encounter it, not only with intelligent sanitation well under control all over the land, but because she meets it as a unit, and not as we are still forced to do, in haphazard fashion, as the resources and the sanitary intelligence of a single State may decree, or as the whim of an autocratic officer may dictate.

A great central Bureau of Health, in which administration, instruction, research, and record in matters concerning the public health should center, and to which in stress local authorities could turn for help and counsel,—a department which, representing the sanitary and hygienic interest of this great nation, could make common cause with similar departments long since established in other lands against the ravages of disease,—such a Bureau of Health is urgently needed in the United States to-day, and should soon be established. Such a bureau might well be organized in the Treasury Department, and consist primarily of an executive board of trained sanitarians under a competent head, which, in coöperation with the Marine Hospital Service, and, if desirable, with the medical services of the army and navy, should perform all those far-reaching functions in the interest of the national health which the Federal government alone could safely and effectively assume. An advisory board composed of physicians and sanitarians of experience and established repute, from different sections of the country, selected by the President and confirmed by the Senate, should be called in council by the executive force of the bureau, in deciding upon the general scope and nature of the work to be done at all times, and be ready to advise and sustain them in times of special danger. No agency could so certainly avert panic and commercial disaster in the face of threatened pestilence, and none so surely stay its progress. The economic interests alone which are involved in a more widespread prevention of disease, and in the prolongation of the average term of life, should effectively commend the establishment of such a Bureau of Health at the nation's capital.

It is surely thus, and thus only, that this country can justify its claim to stand among the nations of the earth which are foremost in advancing the welfare of mankind. So, and so only, can it fulfil its mission, long since declared, to secure for its citizens, one and all, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D.

"IF SPIRITS WALK."

I have heard (but not believed), the spirits of the dead
May walk again. —WINTER'S TALE.

IF spirits walk, Love, when the night climbs slow
The slant footpath where we were wont to go,
Be sure that I shall take the self-same way
To the hill-crest, and, shoreward, down the gray,
Sheer, graveled slope, where vetches straggling grow.

Look for me not when gusts of winter blow,
When at thy pane beat hands of sleet and snow;
I would not come thy dear eyes to affray,
If spirits walk.

But when, in June, the pines are whispering low,
And when their breath plays with thy bright hair, so
As some one's fingers once were used to play —
That hour when birds leave song, and children pray,
Keep the old tryst, sweetheart, and thou shalt know
If spirits walk.

Ellen Burroughs.

WITH TOLSTOY IN THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

N January, 1892, while living in Sweden, I received letters from the hunger-stricken provinces in Russia, describing especially those sufferers who from various causes were neglected by the official helpers. Small sums given for this cause by friends in Sweden were forwarded to Russia. Hopes of larger contributions having been held out by friends in Great Britain and America, it was proposed that I should go to Russia, and try to organize benevolent work among the more destitute and neglected. Fearing that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a foreigner to carry out such a plan on his own responsibility, I wrote to the Countess S. Tolstoy, asking her advice. In reply I received the following letter, written in English:

DEAR SIR: It is so difficult to give advice in such a matter as beneficence. Any help in such a distress is welcome, and an organization of relief for the famine-stricken in Russia could do very much good. But organizations (private) are not permitted in Russia; every one does for the help of the people what he can.

If any one would like to send considerable sums of money, it could be sent either to the committee of the Grand Duke Cesarevitch in St. Petersburg, or to the committee of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth in Moscow; or, if you prefer to direct money in private disposition, my husband and all my family would do our best to spend it as usefully to the profit of the national distress as possible.

I think that if you would come to Russia yourself, you could help very much, as personal help is wanted nearly as much as money-help. But the life in those famine-stricken villages is very hard; one must bear very much inconvenience; and if you have never been in Russia, and have no idea what a Russian village is, you will not endure life in it.

The famine is dreadful! Though the Government is trying to do as much as possible, private help is very important. The horses are dying for want of food, the cows and all the cattle are either killed by the peasants, or are falling dead from starvation. A very small part of them will be left.

We were thinking, if we were to receive considerable sums of money, of buying horses when spring comes, in the south of Russia, so as to give our peasants the possibility of working. Our peasants can do nothing without cattle. But those are only plans. At present we have so much to do to keep the people alive. How dreadfully sad it is to see our poor suffering peasants, so helpless, and looking for help, so full of hope when they meet any one who shows them pity and interest! If you try, sir, to do anything, God will bless you. Yours very truly,

COUNTESS S. TOLSTOY.

January 20th (Old Style), 1892.

In the middle of February I received a cablegram from America settling the plan of my going to Russia. It was decided that all contributions from my friends should be sent either to Countess Tolstoy to be used in the work of her family, or to trustworthy persons in southern Russia to be used for the relief of families who were suffering from persecution as well as from famine.

When I was on the point of leaving Stockholm, there were reports that Count Tolstoy was a prisoner on his estate, and that he was to be banished from the country. I was recommended by a friend to the special help and protection of the Swedish ambassador in St. Petersburg, and was also provided with introductions to prominent Russian officials. As my instructions would not permit me to place one cent of the gifts for the starving in the hands of Russian officials, I had to avoid as much as possible all contact with them and with Russian committees.

I left Stockholm on February 24. In Berlin I was informed that the Slavophil press in Russia had expressed its disapproval of assistance from Germany, and my friends doubted if I would be permitted to visit the famine-stricken villages. Thus with rather gloomy prospects I left Berlin on the night train for Warsaw. At the border station of Alexandrovo, next morning, Russian officials searched our luggage. I traveled second class. On boarding the Russian train I observed that the passports were returned to my fellow-passengers but not to me, which caused me some anxiety. Finally a gendarme came in and handed me my passport. After a few minutes the same gendarme came again, accompanied by the conductor, and said to me in a commanding tone, "Vash passport!" ("Your passport!") I answered as politely as possible that my passport had already been examined and stamped, and asked why he wanted it a second time. Stepping up to me, the gendarme roared out as if he were drilling a fresh recruit from the village: "Eto nashe dielo! Vash passport!"

("That 's our business! Your passport!") I produced it without further remark. My fellow-passengers looked at me, as it seemed, with suspicion, and my own feelings reminded me of the words of a Russian nobleman to me on a former visit, "Russia is a gigantic prison, where honest men must submit to be treated as criminals." Two years previously I had written a book on the religious movement in Russia, which had been forbidden by the Russian censor, but I did not think my name could be on the list of suspicious or dangerous foreigners. After about an hour the conductor handed me my passport. On examining it I could not discover that anything had been done to it beyond writing my name in Russian on it. An old German gentleman, who had observed my anxiety, said to me in a low and paternal tone, "In Russia you must never ask questions nor make objections, nor worry yourself, but quietly submit, and leave everything to God."

My sleeping-car ticket for the forty-eight hours' journey from Warsaw to Moscow cost five rubles. In the compartment where I had my "number" I found three men, whose appearance did not inspire me with confidence. One, who proved to be the keeper of a kind of hotel in Moscow, was of Jewish extraction. The second, an agent, was short and very stout, with thick lips, large mouth, double chin, and glossy pop-eyes. The third, a rich saloon-keeper from Smolensk, was tall and thin, with sharp looks and features. I had hardly entered the car before they assailed me with questions as to my errand in Russia. A letter of introduction to a Swedish resident in Russia saved me from disclosing the real object of my visit. There were seven other sleeping-car passengers. The men spent all their time till after midnight in drinking, gambling, boasting of their horses, dogs, wines, dinners, and adventures, and laughing over filthy stories. We had not traveled far into the country before we began to see crowds of emaciated and forlorn-looking muzhiks in rags, each with a bag of sackcloth thrown over his shoulder, and shivering from cold, standing at every station, with uncovered heads and outstretched hands, begging for bread. At some large stations I counted as many as seventy-five of them. One could see by their looks and their behavior that they were not habitual beggars. With trembling voices they called out, bowing and making the sign of the cross: "Our foster-fathers and benefactors, help us for Christ's sake!" "Give a little of holy alms for Christ's sake, for the salvation of your soul!" or, "Give us a little bread; we are dying of hunger!" Many of these poor people were horribly disfigured by disease.

The contrast between these starving muzhiks and the carousers on the train was painful in the extreme. I now had an opportunity of introducing the subject of the famine in conversation with my fellow-travelers. At one station I was told by two intelligent Russians, who came from the interior of the country, that a number of muzhiks had recently been found dead in the snow near the roadside. When I repeated this sad story, the fat man, wiping his brow with a handkerchief and heaving for breath after his exertions in the restaurant at the same station, exclaimed: "The muzhiks are cattle. Their condition is not so hard as some people think. They are not used to anything else, and they are contented and happy."

Among the passengers was a very intelligent old Russian gentleman who had spent over twenty years in western Europe. He said that the distress among the muzhiks was no doubt great, but the accounts in the foreign press were exaggerated. To my inquiry if he had visited any of the hunger-stricken villages, he replied in the negative; but he had conversed with governors and other high officials from those regions. In general I found that my fellow-passengers avoided as much as possible all conversation on the subject of the famine, but they were all exceedingly interested in horse-racing, dogs, hunting, balls, and dinners. Dressed in homespun woolen cloth, and refusing to take part in the drinking and gambling, I soon became an object of derision or suspicion.

When we were about half-way to Moscow, we began to see at almost every station piles of flour-sacks, and large numbers of peasants coming with loads of flour and grain. At many places the train was detained for an hour or more, on account of the immense transport of grain and flour to the famine-stricken provinces.

Arriving at Moscow, I took an *izvostchik*, and drove directly to the house of Count Tolstoy. After half an hour's ride the driver stopped before a plain two-storied wooden house in one of the suburbs. It was surrounded by a wooden fence. Over the fence gate was written, according to Russian regulation, the name of the owner of the house in large golden letters: "Dom Grafa L. N. Tolstova" ("the house of Count L. N. Tolstoy"). A few years ago the count, I was told, took away this inscription, putting in its place a shoemaker's sign with a painted boot and the following letters: "L. N. Tolstoy, Shoemaker." But the attention of the Czar having been directed to this sign-board during a visit to Moscow, the count was forthwith ordered to take it down, and to replace it by the usual inscription. I entered the gate, and rang the bell at the main entrance. A man-servant let me in. After waiting a few moments, a tall thin-looking young man, with

dark complexion, came into the reception-room, and saluted me in English. This was Count Tolstoy's second son, Count Lyeff Lvovitch, of whose work among the starving in Samara I shall have much to tell in another article. He told me that his mother was not at home, and invited me to dinner at 5 P. M., when she would be present. Meantime I found a suitable lodging-place.

On returning I was shown up-stairs into a large and plainly furnished hall. After a few moments the Countess Tolstoy entered, and saluted me very cordially in English. Countess Sophia Andreevna Tolstoy is a tall and stately-looking lady. She retains in a wonderful degree the freshness, beauty, and elasticity of youth. She speaks with great rapidity and fluency, and yet with precision. She asked me if I knew about the persecution that had been started against her husband by "The Moscow Gazette." I answered in the affirmative, declaring that I had heard so many contradictory rumors that it was impossible to make out what was true; but I had heard enough to entertain the gravest fears with regard both to the count and the object of my journey. By this time the dinner-bell rang. In the dining-room, down-stairs, I again met the young count, and was introduced to a few guests and to those of the family who were at home. The dinner consisted of four courses and *kvass*. The countess apologized for "the very plain dinner," adding, "We do not wish to encourage luxury in our family." During the conversation it was suggested that foreign publishers of the count's works who do not pay any royalty to the author ought to contribute something toward the count's work of relief; and I volunteered to remind some of them of their duty in this matter, and, I am glad to say, not in vain. On leaving the table the conversation about the persecution against the count was resumed. "You cannot imagine," said the countess, "how cruelly the motives and actions of my husband are distorted and wilfully misconstrued." I remarked that in doing good one can take comfort and be calm even in the most trying circumstances. "My husband," she continued, "is no political revolutionist, as his enemies represent him to be. What he above all is aiming at, is a moral regeneration of the individual and of society, and it is a deep and strong moral indignation which lies at the bottom of his words and actions."

The latest attacks against the count had been very characteristic. He had written an interesting article on the distress among the peasants, and how to relieve it. This article he offered to Russian papers, but it was refused. According to his habit in such cases, he allowed the article to be translated and published in the foreign press, and after some time it appeared in the London "Daily Telegraph." In the article the count had said that it was not enough to provide the peasants with food, but they must be roused from their hopeless apathy and elevated from their deep debasement. This sentence in the Russian original had not been very faithfully rendered in English. Now "The Moscow Gazette," the principal organ of the fanatical and autocratical "obscurantism," pounced upon this sentence, distorting the words of the count to the extent of making them mean that "the peasants must be aroused against the authorities." Prince Stcherbatoff, the father-in-law of the late Mr. Katkoff,[1] the former editor of "The Moscow Gazette," published a cynical article in that paper against Count Tolstoy, urging the necessity of "exterminating this evil" (namely, Count Tolstoy and his work). These articles were the signal for other attacks. That this plan was not executed may probably be ascribed to the visit of the Countess Tolstoy to St. Petersburg, and her private audience with the Czar.

These attacks upon the count, and the rumors about his imprisonment or banishment, caused such a sensation that $20 was offered for a single copy of "The Moscow Gazette" containing the article. A large number of letters came from friends and followers, from professors and students at universities down to simple people who could hardly write a legible hand, asking: "Is it possible that our dear count, who by word and deed has taught us to follow the teaching and example of Christ

[1] This Prince Stcherbatoff and his late son-in-law have gained notoriety through their treatment of the peasants in the village of Karbolati, on the estate of the prince in the government of Saratoff. Many years ago these peasants, numbering several thousands, appealed to the father of the present prince to buy in his name a large tract of land that was for sale, but on their account. The old prince gave his consent on condition that the peasants should pay him a certain sum in annual instalments. On these conditions over 300,000 acres of partly wood and grazing land and partly arable land were paid for by the peasants, whose rightful property the land then of course became. But these ignorant and simple peasants neglected to follow up all the formalities necessary to obtain indisputable legal possession of it before the old prince died. The present Prince Stcherbatoff and his son-in-law withheld all this land from the poor peasants, who were reduced to the greatest misery, and in their despair appealed to the governor for help and protection. But this representative of Russian justice ordered that the peasants should be flogged "for their obstinacy." The matter was brought before the Russian bar, and the muzhiks, without influence or means, lost the case. During the winter of 1891–92 the most pitiable distress prevailed among those poor and plundered peasants of Karbolati. I have here only to add that in the Tolstoy family, or from any of its members, I have never heard even the name of Prince Stcherbatoff mentioned, much less the above incident.

in not resisting evil, but blessing those that curse us and doing good unto those that hate us—is it possible that he has, as it is stated in 'The Moscow Gazette,' fallen so deep as to proclaim the doctrines of hate and bloody revolt instead of the gospel of love, self-sacrifice, and patient endurance?"

The count himself paid no attention to these attacks, and continued his work among the starving. At last his friends prevailed upon him to use the right accorded him by law in such a case; namely, to have his defense published in the paper which had contained the attacks. He wrote a short and moderate reply for insertion in the paper, but this legal right was denied him. The house of Count Tolstoy was constantly surrounded by detectives, who went so far in their insolence as to look into the rooms through the windows. On one occasion the countess said, "I sometimes feel as if I would not take it too much to heart if our family were banished from Russia."

The well-known energy of the Countess Tolstoy, and her extraordinary capacity for work, were taxed to the utmost during the time of the famine. She showed me a pile of letters and telegrams which she had received on that day from almost all parts of the world. Some of them related to the work of relief, of which the countess herself has charge, buying up immense quantities of different articles of food and sending them to the headquarters of her husband in Ryazan, and to the similar work of her son in Samara. Many contained appeals for help for the starving; but the largest number were from friends of the suffering in different countries, containing money or promises of help, inquiries with regard to the famine, etc. She had no secretary. "It has grown to be a habit with me," she said, "to answer all letters myself. Otherwise I cannot feel perfectly at ease."

The majority of Russians of the upper class in Moscow with whom I conversed were not willing to own that the famine was so formidable as it had been represented, although the city was teeming with begging muzhiks. "Look here," said a jovial and well-fed Russian, "our cafés and restaurants and our pleasure-resorts are as much frequented as ever. This is certainly no sign of famine." To my question if they had visited any of the hunger-stricken villages, these people invariably answered, "No." An educated and prominent gentleman told me that the authorities had tried as long as possible to ignore the terrible distress in the famine districts, representing it only as a *golodovka*, a little hunger, which is chronic, and occurs every year. He also showed me extracts from a large number of Russian papers, containing descriptions of the famine that were more incredible than those in the foreign press. According to these, not only chaff, chopped straw, goosefoot (*Chenopodium L.*), leaves, and bark from trees, but even sand and dried muck, formed the principal part in the "bread" used by the starving muzhiks. Carcasses of horses were lying in hundreds by the roadsides, polluting the air. People were dying by thousands from hunger. Children were found lying by the roadside struggling with death. Entire families were sometimes found dying of starvation without any one being able to render them the least help. Mothers had killed their children in despair, and then had committed suicide. Many of these shocking notices were taken from such papers as "The Moscow Gazette" and "Novoye Vremya," and could not therefore have been invented by any ill-disposed foreigner. Later on, however, the Russian papers were forbidden to publish similar reports from the field of the famine, the very word *golod*, famine, being prohibited, and *nieurashai*, failure of crops, and other circumlocutions being substituted. The gentleman I have mentioned estimated that about thirty millions of people were suffering. The immense sums at last voted by the Government, and the magnificent gifts from private persons in all countries, could, he said, render only partial relief. "Our muzhiks," he said, "possess an almost superhuman power of enduring hunger and privations, but this power has its limits. They cannot get used to living upon chaff and sand!"

To my question if there were not means to be found in the country toward relieving the distress, he answered that there were both money and large stores of grain, even in the hunger-stricken provinces; but they were in the hands of usurers, who profited by the distress. If the authorities had followed Count Tolstoy's advice, and had compelled the owners of the grain to sell it at a fair price, the distress might have been averted or materially lessened. As for the capitalists, very few of them gave any considerable sums for the relief of the starving. There were a few aristocratic families, as, for example, the Tolstoys, the Bobrinskys, Countess Schouvaloff, Colonel Paschkoff, Lareff Pissareff, Professor Stebut, etc., who rendered the suffering people substantial aid. I was also informed, and had myself opportunity afterward to verify the statement, that a considerable number of private persons had offered to feed smaller or larger numbers of starving people, but had not been allowed to do so by the authorities! Thus a wealthy lady of Moscow, Madame Barbara Marosoff, went to the Minister of the Interior and asked him what would be the consequences if she sent a number of wagon-loads of food to a district where 10,000

people were suffering. "They would be confiscated," was the answer! She was advised to give money to the official committees, but, having no confidence in them, she did not give anything.

In Moscow it was decided that I should first go to Ryazan, and spend a couple of weeks at the headquarters of the old Count Tolstoy, and then accompany his son Lyeff Lvovitch to Samara, where he was to resume his work, and where the distress was said to be greater than elsewhere. On the day that I was to leave Moscow I happened to come to a house where there was a photographic exhibition. "Have you no photographs of the starving in the hunger districts?" I asked one of the men. "Zaprestcheno" ("It is prohibited"), was the laconic answer. "Why?" "Ne znaiu" ("Don't know"). Entering another room, I found a large variety of amateur apparatus, which a courteous German explained to me; and though more than one amateur photographer had been taken charge of by the police in the Russian villages, I resolved to buy a kodak. Many of my kodak pictures are imperfect in an art sense, but they at least possess the value of being direct from nature, and, so far as I know, are the only photographs taken in the hunger-stricken provinces.[1]

Late on March 5 I left Moscow for Klekotki, where I hoped to arrive on the following day; but a snow-storm delayed us until eight o'clock the following night. With a burning headache, and a scanty store of Russian phrases, I stepped out into the penetrating cold, not without misgivings lest I should fall into the hands of detectives, who were said to be swarming in those quarters. On entering the second-class waiting-room, where a number of men and women were bowing and crossing themselves before the icons (the room being furnished as a chapel, with a large number of pictures of saints), I observed a distinguished-looking lady sitting alone. I spoke to her in French, and found, to my glad surprise, that she also was on her way to Count Tolstoy to take part in his work. Mme. B——, who belonged to a prominent family of Moscow, gave me medicine, and introduced me to Mr. F—— S——, a young man dressed in peasant garb, who invited me to spend the night with him. Making our way a couple of miles through the blinding snow-storm, my host and I stopped at a small one-storied wooden house with one somewhat spacious room provided with a number of benches, a large table, and a small closet, used as a bedroom. This room was used as a "court-house" by my host's uncle, who was a justice of the peace. My host proved to be one of Count Tolstoy's warmest admirers and followers, who had left his property, and was following his master's example in living with the muzhiks. He was now coöperating with the count in his work of relief. The night had gone far into the small hours before we retired.

In spite of the storm, which continued on the following day, Mme. B—— resolved to start for the count's headquarters at Byegitchevka, twenty-six miles distant. Packing our luggage in one *rozvalny*, and embedding ourselves in another, we started on our way over the desolate plains. Here and there we observed a few trees surrounding some gentleman's house, or the gilded cupola of a church towering above rows of snow-covered huts. We had to rest the horses in villages on the way, where we warmed ourselves with a cup of tea. After a few hours' ride we reached the river Don, on the opposite side of which we saw the village of Byegitchevka. In a few minutes our *yamstchik* drew up in front of a plain wooden house, and called out, "Vot dom Tolstova!" A number of muzhiks with loads of grain, flour, wood, etc., were to be seen about the premises. Entering the house, we found the anteroom crowded with muzhiks, who were silently standing and waiting to see the count. We passed into a plainly furnished hall, but neither the count nor his daughter was in. I was told to step into the count's room, behind the hall. It was a small room, furnished with a sofa, a cot-bed, a few plain wooden chairs, and a large table covered with papers and account-books. After a few minutes a young lady came in, and saluted me in a cordial way. To my question if she was the count's daughter, she answered: "No; I am his niece. My name is Kuzminsky." As I was talking with her, another young lady, with lively, expressive eyes and energetic features, entered, and, like the former, saluted me in good English.

"Countess Tolstoy?" I asked.

"They call me so," she said.

At the same moment I heard a deep voice in the hall, and the count himself stood before me, dressed in a large *polushubok*, a fur coat of sheepskin used by the muzhiks. With a hearty shake of his strong hand he wished me welcome, inquired about the journey, admired my Lapp dress, and showed me into a small room, which I was to occupy. Then he told me to hold out my feet, and pulled off my Lapp boots. All this was done in a natural way which excluded all thought of the Russian aristocrat, or of affectation on the part of a man who not only preaches but lives the gospel of brotherly love and humility.

We immediately went in to dinner, where I was introduced to a number of the count's helpers, young persons of both sexes, of edu-

[1] An English newspaper correspondent took sixty kodak pictures, none of which could be reproduced.

cation, and belonging to prominent families. During the dinner, which consisted exclusively of vegetables, the count and his helpers all being strict vegetarians, the conversation was on the all-absorbing question of the famine. The count is no pessimist, and is very guarded in his statements, but he said that the distress was fearful. "You will now have an opportunity to see for yourself," he said. After dinner, in speaking about the immense sums of money voted by the Government for the stricken provinces, he said: "I will use an illustration to give you an idea of the state of things. Suppose this little round table placed in a distillery and covered with bottles of different sizes and all filled with spirits. Under the table there is an intense heat, which causes the contents of the bottles to evaporate, after which it is condensed in the cold air higher up into two streams of which one discharges itself into the great reservoir of the capitalists, and the other into that of the Government. Now all these bottles having been emptied, and therefore not being able to produce any more, they must of course be filled again to some extent, in some way or other. Then a large pail is taken, dipped in the great reservoir, and its contents poured over the bottles on the table; but most of it flows outside the bottles. We are now trying to put funnels in the bottles, so that the contents may not run outside."

In the afternoon the count and his helpers were all busy aiding the muzhiks, who crowded the premises all the time. I went with the ladies to visit the "eating-rooms." Later on in the evening a number of the count's helpers came home from their work in the villages, telling sad stories of suffering and distress. Every Saturday night a dozen or so of the helpers used to come together at the count's headquarters, to relate their experiences and to exchange opinions regarding the work of relief, or to listen to the views of the count upon different subjects. I need not say that these evenings with Count Tolstoy were deeply interesting. Sometimes the conversation, out of kindness to me, was held in English, French, or German, but when the speakers became animated it usually glided into Russian, of which I had an imperfect knowledge. But the count and the ladies had the kindness to tell me in English or French the substance of what was said.

I have already mentioned the fact that famine is chronic in Russia, a majority of the peasants being always kept on the border of starvation; but a famine affecting over twenty provinces, with a population of about thirty millions, is extraordinary even for Russia. This was not the first time that Count Tolstoy had engaged in the work of helping the peasants. As a young man he had an experience which he has described in his novel "Utro Pomestchika" ("The Morning of a Country Gentleman"). Later on he expended much work and money on his educational schemes for the elevation of the peasantry; and finally it has become part of his religion, so to speak, to lead the life of a peasant in order to help the peasants both materially and spiritually. With his experience and thorough knowledge of the state of things in his country, he foresaw terrible famine, and warned the Government of it. His warnings were not only left unheeded, but were regarded as dangerous and published abroad as nihilistic plots.[1] In spite of the scoffings of such papers as "The Moscow Gazette," and the prohibition against private work of relief, Count Tolstoy and his family took up the work of benevolence, and their example was followed by other families. The help given by the Government consisted of the monthly distribution of flour according to certain rules. This gave rise to many difficulties of various kinds. It often happened that the muzhiks sold the flour received from the Government, and bought *vodka*, liquor, for the money, leaving their families to starve; or it was taken from them by heartless creditors. But even if it was not disposed of in this way, it lasted only from fifteen to twenty days; the rest of the month the family had to starve. The effect of this was seen in the fact that most cases of sickness and death occurred during the latter part of the month, the sickly and the feeble among the people then literally dying in large numbers from starvation. In many cases the muzhiks could not even prepare their food from the flour, having no fuel for cooking, and thus they had to eat their food raw. The consequence was that many were attacked with sickness, and died even from this cause. Another difficulty was that many of those who were most in need did not receive any help whatever. Thus no help was given by the Government to "laborers,"—that is, persons "who could work,"—or to families possessing a certain number of horses and cattle. Now, what were these people to do, there being no work for the "laborers" and no food for the horses and the cattle? It must also be remarked, with regard to the distribution of the official aid, that, besides the heavy expenses, immense quantities of flour were either stolen, or mixed with chaff and sand, or allowed to spoil. More than one case of this kind came under my personal observation, not to speak of the individuals and classes of persons who were overlooked

1 It was "The Moscow Gazette" which discovered in the count's article on the famine "one of the links of a wide-spread conspiracy," and unsuspecting newspaper correspondents telegraphed to foreign countries that "a wide-spread nihilistic conspiracy" had been discovered in Moscow! It is the way many of the stories of "nihilistic conspiracies" originate.

and pushed aside as black sheep in the fold, such as sectarians, especially Stundists, people of non-Russian extraction, and others who were not looked upon with friendly eyes by the representatives of "the powers that be."

Count Tolstoy's plan was to render as efficient help as possible to those who were overlooked by the authorities. The first thing to do was to find out who were the most destitute and needy. This was by no means easy. A "Westerner" would have put all the muzhiks under the same head as destitute, but our Russian friends knew that there was a gradation downward. The easiest way would have been to apply to the village authorities, such as the *starosta* or the pope, to make out a list of the most needy; but alas! the starosta is not always a person in whom there is no guile, and the pope is not always a saint. Not even messengers sent by whole communities, who came and asked for help, could be trusted implicitly. Therefore the count and his helpers had to go themselves into the villages, visiting every house, making out a list of the names of each family, the number of its members, the number of children, of old and sick persons, of their belongings, and the help, if any, received from the Government or from other quarters. To verify the statements of the muzhiks, the whole *mir*, village community, was convened and the list gone through and discussed before its members, and measures resolved upon toward helping the most distressed. These tables were perhaps the most exact statistics in Russia. They showed that as early as March on an average two thirds of the horses and cattle had been killed or had died from starvation. In these regions, where people burn straw, there being no wood, the famine had deprived them of fuel; the suffering from this cause was terrible during the cold season. In many villages the straw roofs of more than half the houses had been pulled down and used for fuel, or as food for the cattle; groups of families, together with their cattle, crowded together in small and dirty *izbas* to keep themselves warm from the exhalations of their bodies, meantime inhaling poison and disease. Then there were the poor little children, whose starving mothers were not able to feed them, and the thousands who were carried off by disease, without hospitals, or nourishment, or medical care.

The principal branch of Count Tolstoy's work was the establishing of free eating-rooms, where the most needy were served with two meals every day. At the meeting of the mir a locality was selected for an eating-room; a suitable woman, who was in need of help, was appointed to prepare the food and to have charge of the kitchen; and the peasants themselves furnished the kitchen utensils, etc. When the guests came to their meals, they brought with them bowls and spoons. So far as possible everything was done in conference and by coöperation with the peasants themselves. The guiding hand and watchful eye of the count and his efficient helpers were present everywhere. In some villages where there was a supply of flour only warm food was served to the guests; otherwise both bread and warm food were given to them. These "eating-rooms without bread" were established in March, because the Government then began to distribute thirty pounds of flour a month to each person. In these eating-rooms the following quantities of food were distributed for each ten persons per week: 5 lbs. of rye (for kvass); 2 lbs. wheat flour (for soup); 10 lbs. pease-meal, oatmeal, or corn-meal (for *kisel*, a kind of jelly, a Russian dish); 10 lbs. pease; 10 lbs. millet (for *kasha*, a kind of gruel, or *kulesh*, a kind of soup); 2 *meri* (about 72 pounds) of potatoes; 1 *mera* of beets; 1 quart of cabbage; ½ lb. of hemp-oil; 4 lbs. of salt; 1 lb. of onions. During the winter 1½ lbs. of kerosene oil and 60 of wood were consumed each month for every kitchen. This made per day for each individual: 2 lbs. of vegetables (potatoes, cabbage, and beets), and ½ lb. of farinaceous food of different kinds, which, when prepared, amounted to 4 lbs. per day for each person.

The count and his helpers told me that the peasants, in spite of their distress, were at first dissatisfied with the eating-rooms without bread, because to the muzhik sour black rye bread is almost the only thing which deserves the name of food. After some time, however, they learned their mistake, and came in large numbers, and asked to be received as guests. Some of the guests brought with them to their meals a few small pieces of bread, and often came entirely without bread. They were hale and strong the whole winter, their food costing between two and three cents a day; whereas, when their food had been principally of bread, the expenses per day were about double that amount.

Here is the bill of fare for a week, the dinner costing one cent. It will be observed that some of the dishes for supper are included, to give a full idea of the diet.

Monday: *Stchee* (a kind of cabbage soup) and kasha (gruel) both for dinner and supper. Tuesday: *Pokhlobka* (soup of potatoes, shelled barley, and mushrooms) and kisel of pease (mashed pease) both for dinner and supper. Wednesday: Pea-soup and boiled potatoes for dinner; pease with kvass (a favorite dish) for supper. Thursday: Stchee and kisel of pease for both dinner and supper. Friday: Potato soup and kulesh (a kind of millet soup) for both dinner and supper. Saturday: Stchee and boiled potatoes for dinner;

potatoes and kvass for supper. Sunday: Pea-soup and kasha for dinner; pease with kvass for supper.

In most of the eating-rooms, however, bread was used together with the above variety of vegetable food. In all the kitchens, which numbered at the time of my visit about 150, over 10,000 people were fed daily. Afterward this number was more than doubled, I was told.

Besides the eating-rooms for grown people, it was soon found necessary to establish special eating-rooms for little children. These were the particular care of the count. I shall describe later some of the difficulties he had to overcome in this work. In Russia, as a general thing, nearly half of all the children born die in infancy, and during the famine the mortality was terrible. The eating-rooms for children were provided with food made from milk, oatmeal, millet, buckwheat, etc. At the time of my departure the count had established about seventy-five such eating-rooms.

After the new year the count opened a new branch of his work, to provide fuel for the distressed population. About 400 cords of wood were distributed during the winter, either gratuitously or for a small compensation in the form of work.

A fourth branch of his work was to feed the horses of the peasants. For this purpose the count established a large stable in which 300 horses were fed; and through his agency a large number of horses were sent to parts of the country where there was plenty of fodder, to be fed until spring.

A fifth branch of his work was to distribute flax and bast among the muzhiks, to give them some work. The bast plays a very prominent part in the clothing of the muzhik, who rarely can afford to wear leather shoes. From this bast they make a kind of low shoes, and they use rags about their legs instead of stockings. Some of the peasants obtained these materials gratuitously, while others paid a trifle for them. All the shoes which were not needed by the muzhiks who had made them the count bought at full price, and distributed among the needy.

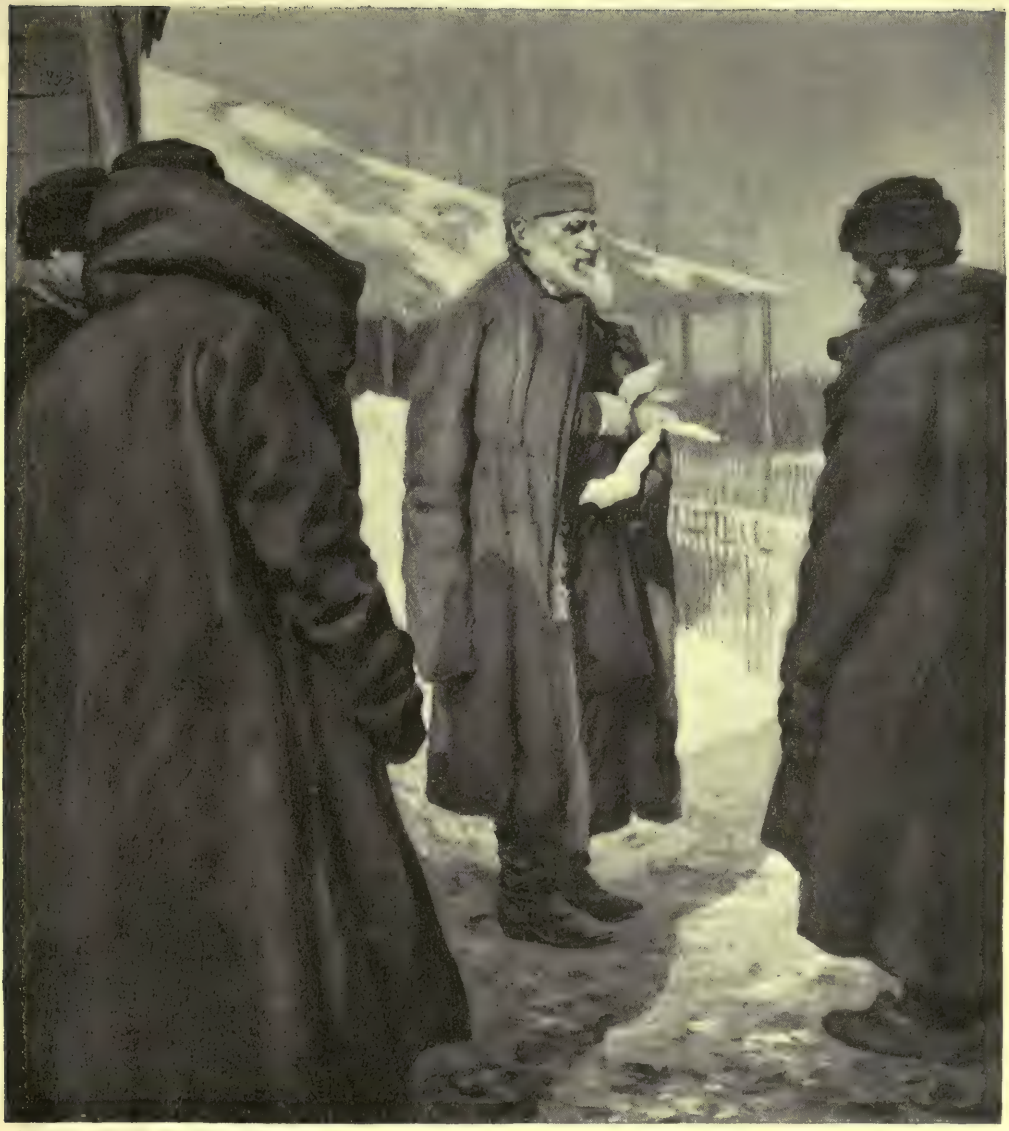
The sixth branch of his work consisted in buying sowing-seed — wheat, rye, potatoes, oats, millet, and hemp — for distribution among the most destitute. The need of this help was very pressing, not only from the fact that the majority of the peasants had no possible means of providing themselves with seed, but also because of the fact that about one third of the autumn sowing had been destroyed by ice, which covered the fields for thousands of versts.[1] The help voted by the Government toward providing seed was altogether insufficient, and often went to the *kulaks* ("fists"; *i. e.*, peasant usurers) instead of to the muzhiks. Of course a very small number of the destitute millions could be reached by this help. This seed was distributed on condition that it should be paid for at a moderate price after the next harvest. The income from this was to be used toward establishing homes for destitute children.

There was still another branch of the count's work, the buying of horses and distributing them to the very destitute. Besides the large number of muzhiks who had never had a horse, amounting in many villages to forty per cent., most of the remaining number had lost their horses or were losing them every day, and must of necessity be reduced to the greatest misery or complete slavery, if they were not helped. During my visit, arrangements were made to buy one hundred horses at an average price of thirteen dollars apiece; but many more were bought and distributed later on. The horses were given away on the following conditions: Every one who received a horse must till the soil for two other peasants who were without a horse, or for widows and orphans. The count and his family also helped the starvelings in other ways. Several bakeries were established, where bread was baked and sold at the cheap rate of 60 kopeks per *pood* (40 lbs.). Small sums of money were also given for pressing needs like burial expenses. The count and his helpers did all in their power to render spiritual aid. In a kind and loving way they encouraged and counseled the people. They always had on hand a large store of suitable tracts, which they distributed among the muzhiks who could read. They also tried to establish schools for peasant children, which, under the circumstances, was exceedingly difficult.

On my arrival at Byegitchevka it was resolved that the following day I should accompany the young Countess Maria Tolstoy on her tour in the villages. As early as six in the morning the muzhiks began to crowd the count's premises, and between eight and nine o'clock not only the rooms inside were filled, but the house itself was fairly besieged by men with haggard looks and hollow eyes, miserable-looking women clothed in rags, and poor little children shivering from cold. A few of them looked strong and hale at a distance, but when you approached them, you found that their bodies were swollen, showing the symptoms of hunger-typhus. Some of these muzhiks had come from great distances, sent as deputies by entire communes to ask for help.

The count and his helpers were always cheerful and kind, and seemed to be indefatigable. The harrowing stories of these people

[1] A verst is nearly two thirds of an English mile.



DRAWN BY KENYON COX, FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

TOLSTOY RECEIVING APPEALS FROM THE PEASANTS.

were an infinite variation on the same theme — hunger, disease, death, and sorrow. Very often they had not come to the end of their stories before they broke out into sobbing, crying: "For Christ's sake, help us! Our horses and cattle have starved to death; we have pawned our land, our winter clothing, everything; we have nothing to eat." "We have not eaten anything for days. Our women and our children are dying from hunger." "My husband died last night, and I have no means of getting him buried." "The authorities have taken our last cow and our last flour in payment of the taxes." The authorities not only took all that could be taken in payment of the taxes, but also, when there was nothing more to take, had the poor muzhiks flogged; and when this did not help, they were imprisoned.

The young countess was up very early looking after the household, and when the peasants began to come she took part in the work among them until the time for breakfast and the departure for the villages. At nine o'clock we had breakfast, consisting of vegetables, butter and bread, and tea or coffee, the count preferring coffee. The young countess acted as lady of the house, and in her absence, her cousin Miss Kuzminsky. Maria Lvovna, or "Masha," as the count calls her, is a devoted follower of her father. In the dress of a peas-

TOLSTOY'S DAUGHTER AND NIECE CONVERSING WITH PEASANTS.

ant girl she follows her father's example in living and working with the peasants. Dressed in a polushubok, felt boots, and a winter cap of Siberian sheepskin, she opened the door to my room and called out, "Ready!" I followed her into a *sani*, a primitive and unpainted sleigh, drawn by a little well-fed and lively Samara horse. Dressed in my Lapp costume, I had taken my place at her side, when I discovered that I had forgotten my gloves. "Here, take mine," said the count, who stood by the side of the sleigh. Off we started at a whirling speed, the countess holding the reins herself. I have often seen Russian ladies driving a troika at a breakneck speed. The young countess certainly knew how to handle her lively little horse. In a few minutes we had passed the Don, and were out on the desolate plains. The cold was sharp, and a blinding snow-storm swept over the steppes. The road not being marked out, we soon lost our way. After having driven for a while in the storm, the snow whirling about us so that we could not see farther than the length of the horse, she drew in the reins, saying: "I think we must turn back home. Soon we shall see nothing." "Do you know the direction of the village where we are going?" I asked. "Yes." "Then let us try to get there." "All right. Get up, Malt-Chik!" (Little Boy) and off we sped again westward along a ridge covered with ice. After a little while we found the road again.

The countess, who speaks English fluently, told me that for a number of years she had been working among the peasants, trying to help them. She had conducted a school for peasant children on their estate, but as she did not teach them to cross themselves and to worship the images of the saints, the priests closed her school. Then she invited the peasant children to her home to tea, and thus continued to instruct them.

In speaking of their home at Yasnaya Polyana, she said that a great many foreigners visited them in summer-time. "Don't you think," I asked, "that some go to see your father out of mere curiosity? "You have hit the mark," she said, laughing. "I have seen so many descriptions of my father,—his eyebrows, his nose, his muzhik costume, his boot-making, —that I know pretty well what every foreigner will write and tell about him." "Your father," I remarked, "is said to deny the immortality of man. This I have never been able to comprehend, as being incompatible with his views of life and his way of living." "My father deny

the immortality of man!" she exclaimed. "You should have heard him recently in a circle of friends. As our shadowy dreams, he said, are to our present life, so this shadowy life is to our future existence."

By this time we descried through the storm a long row of snow-covered mounds. On coming nearer we found that they were rows of huts, from the roofs of which the snow-drifts slanted down to the bottom of the street. This was the village of Piulsi. It looked desolate in the extreme. Almost every other hut was without a roof. No living being was seen about, no smoke rose from the huts; all seemed to be ruins and death. We stopped in front of an izba where the count had established a school and an eating-room. On entering the low hut we were at first unable to see any object distinctly, but the softness under our feet told us that the naked soil served as floor, and when our eyes got accustomed to the dim light, we discovered a number of benches and about thirty children standing silent between them and looking at us, while the teacher, an intelligent young man, came forward and saluted us. A couple of elderly people were standing in a corner. Heavy breathing and coughing were to be heard near the oven, on the top of which we saw three children lying covered with black smallpox. I suggested to the countess that they ought to be removed at once. She answered that it should be done as soon as possible, but she declared at the same time that it was not easy to isolate the sick, since there were no hospitals, and almost every home was infected with disease. These poor children had been brought to the school "because it was warm there."

While the countess attended to the business of the school and the eating-room, I went from house to house through parts of the village. In my diary concerning these visits I wrote: In izba no. 1 I found one cow, three elderly persons, of whom one was lying sick with typhus on top of the oven by the side of two children who were in the last stages of the black smallpox. In no. 2 I found a child with the black smallpox, an elderly man sick with typhus, and two women whose bodies were swollen. No cattle; all starved to death. No fuel, no food. In no. 3 my eyes met a most curious sight. When I entered the small hut, which was so cold that its earthen floor was frozen hard, I saluted, but received no reply, nor did I see anybody. As I was about to go, I heard heavy breathing and a sound as of sweeping coming from the oven, and all at once I saw a pair of feet, wrapped round with rags, sticking out of the oven, and in a moment a big muzhik came out of the opening of the oven.[1] Then there came creeping from behind the oven a sickly-looking woman, shivering with cold and holding her right hand to her brow. To my question as to what was the matter with her, she answered, "Golova bolit" ("My head aches"). "Have you no children?" "Yes; look here," she said, bursting into tears, as she pointed to what looked like a heap of rags on top of the oven, and which proved to be two children, one of them evidently near death from consumption or hunger, the other one from the black smallpox. The tall and strongly built man, with drawn and stony face and hollow eyes, his uncombed hair standing out in all directions, was standing motionless on the frozen earthen floor, a picture of hopelessness and apathy. No cattle, no fuel, no food but what was received from outside. In no. 4 were two grown people and two children, both sick. Taking away the rags which covered the body of one of the children, the mother burst into tears, while I saw large drops rolling down the cheeks of the poor disfigured girl herself. Something stuck in my throat and made me unable to utter a word, as I handed a silver coin to the poor mother, and left. Passing a number of houses which were partly torn down and left empty, I entered izba no. 5, where I found a woman disfigured by a disease shockingly common among the peasants, and two sickly and forlorn-looking children. In no. 6 were three families, one cow, one horse, and two sheep crowded together to protect themselves against the intense cold. It was a strange sight to see the fine-looking *dyadushka*, grandfather, with hair and beard as white as snow, climbing out of a crib, to which the horse was tied. He came tottering on his old limbs up to me, and saluted me with a deep bow. "Where do you come from, *barin*, and what is your business?" he asked. On telling him that friends of the muzhiks in foreign countries had sent me with help to their suffering brethren in Russia, he said with a feeble and trembling voice: "What good people! May God bless you!"

I now returned to the school, which by this time had been changed into an eating-room, filled with young and old people to the number of forty, who, after having crossed themselves and said their prayers, sat down to eat. The dinner, consisting of black rye bread and pea-soup, tasted very good. After the countess had made arrangements for establishing an eating-room for little children, we started for home. "What impression did you get of your first village visit?" the countess asked me. "Terrible!" was the only word I could utter. "Are you not afraid of catching the smallpox and the typhus?" I asked her. "Afraid! It is immoral to be afraid. Are you afraid?" she replied. "No;

[1] Afterward I got used to similar sights. To protect themselves against the cold, the muzhiks, having no fuel, crept into the ovens.

DRAWN BY KENYON COX, FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

REGISTERING THE STARVING.

I have never been afraid of infectious diseases while visiting the poor," I answered. "It is terrible to see such hopeless misery. It makes me sick only to think of it!" I exclaimed. "And is it not shameful of us to allow ourselves so much luxury, while our brothers and sisters are perishing from want and nameless misery?" she added. "But you have sacrificed all the comforts and luxuries of your rank and position, and stepped down to the poor to help them," I rejoined. "Yes," she said; "but look at our warm clothes and all other comforts, which are unknown to our suffering brothers and sisters." "But what good would it do to them if we should dress in rags and live on the border of starvation?" "What right have we," she retorted, "to live better than they?" I made no reply, but threw a wondering look into the eyes of that remarkable girl, in which I saw a large tear trembling. I felt as if something was compressing my heart and threatening to choke me. "But how is it possible that the authorities permit such a terrible state of things?" I asked. "I don't know," was the short and significant answer.

When the count came home in the evening, tired and wearied, he was quite downcast. "I feel really ashamed of this work," he said. "We don't know what real help there is in it. We are prolonging for some time the existence of a number of the starving peasants, but their misery will continue all the same." "You are helping them materially and also spiritually. You are no doubt doing a good work," I said. "I don't preach," he said; "I am so bad myself that I cannot preach to others. And we don't know what is good or not. When we think we are doing something very good, we may be doing the very opposite. The real good is in the will and the motives of our actions."

Next morning I accompanied Miss Kuzminsky on a tour to two villages to make arrangements for the distribution of wood, which was done on the following plan: The most destitute got the wood gratuitously at their homes; the less destitute got it free of cost at the railroad station, and those who were better off paid a trifle for it, not in money, but in work. After a quick ride of two hours over the

DRAWN BY KENYON COX, FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A DINNER IN ONE OF TOLSTOY'S EATING-ROOMS.

snow-covered plains in a sharp cold, we reached the first village, and stopped at the house of the starosta. Entering, we found the starosta, his wife, four children, the grandfather, one cow, one foal, and three sheep, all living together in one room, into which came a dim light through an aperture about eighteen inches in diameter. On the soft earthen floor stood a large table, and a wooden bench ran along one side of the room; no chairs were to be seen. Having made some house-to-house visits, the mir was called together at the house of the starosta, which, by the way, was very easily done, as nearly the whole population of the village was following us in a crowd. Soon the izba of the starosta was literally crammed with muzhiks. Miss Kuzminsky took her seat behind the table, and I was asked to sit beside her. Now the proceedings began. Miss Kuzminsky produced a list of the most needy. First a poor widow with four children was mentioned; all the muzhiks nodded their assent, crossing themselves. Then a certain Alexis B—— was mentioned. A low murmur was heard through the room, and a muzhik said, "He is no doubt without fuel, but so are we all; but he has a horse." Ivan K—— was mentioned: "Otchen byednui!" ("Very poor"). So the whole list was gone through, the peasants expressing their opinions freely upon each case, the sheep and the cow now and then joining their bleating and bellowing with the buzz of the crowd. Miss Kuzminsky did her part well, now and then calling the speakers to order, when they spoke too many at a time, or went too far from the subject. The muzhiks behaved in a gentlemanly way, and when they became a little warm on the subject, they were by no means so boisterous as "Westerners" would be at a public meeting, if every one's honesty and character were canvassed as candidly as they are at these meetings. The air in that assembly-hall, partly owing to the cattle and vermin, was stifling, and I was astonished that Miss Kuzminsky could stand it for over an hour without the least complaint.

A MUZHIK.

We found a large number of sick people, mostly with black smallpox and typhus.

On an intensely cold Saturday morning, when a greenish-yellow stripe along the eastern horizon spread a dim light over the snowy plains, one of Tolstoy's helpers, a young nobleman, and I started for a distant village from which appeals had come for help. Our little shaggy horse quickly became white with frost. The sun soon gilded everything, but a feeling of sadness and desolation filled us as we approached the village. No smoke was ascending from the huts. The roofs of most of the izbas had been pulled down and used for fuel. No life was seen except two or three horses, looking like skeletons covered with skin, which were picking some old and rotten blades of grass in front of an izba, the roof of which had recently been pulled down; and a few shaggy and forlorn-looking dogs, which were so nearly starved that they could hardly move from their places on top of the piles of dirt in front

of the houses. Many of the izbas were deserted, the inmates either having died or left their homes. In almost every home we visited, one or more persons were sick with typhus, small-pox, etc. They had neither cattle nor food, the help received through the authorities having been already consumed, and cabbage, dried and powdered grass, leaves from trees, and chaff and straw were now used for food. The poor people whom we found huddled together and shivering from cold in those miserable hovels presented a most pitiable appearance. Besides those lying sick, many were so weakened by starvation that they could hardly move or speak.

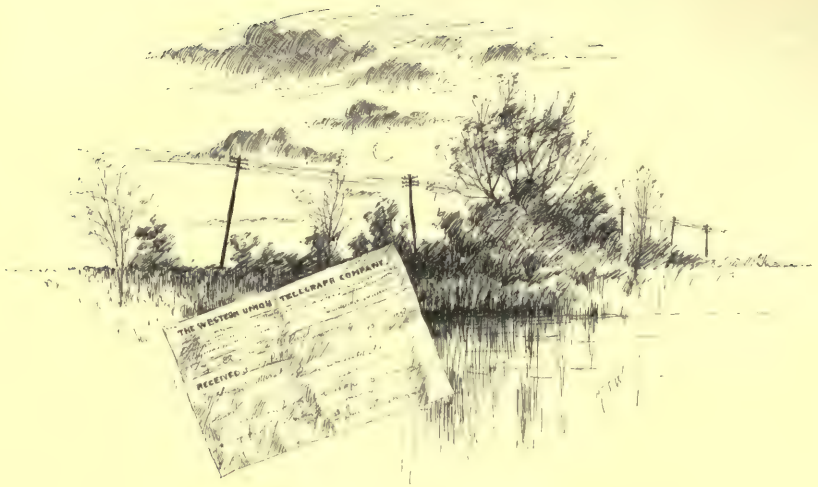
Immediately after our return in the afternoon Count Tolstoy also came home. We were all tired and hungry, but the count was as happy and merry as a child. He talked and laughed, and his eyes, which at times are sharp and penetrating, fairly beamed with joy. He had at last succeeded in his endeavors to establish eating-rooms for little children. This had cost him many a weary day. He had had to overcome not only the great difficulty of procuring suitable food for children, but also the foolishness, ignorance, and superstition of the muzhiks, and, last but not least, the opposition of the clergy. The muzhiks insisted upon having the children's food brought to their homes; but this would not do, because they would consume the children's food themselves, leaving their children to starve. The priests had warned them not to send their children to Count Tolstoy, whom learned theologians had proved, according to the book of "Revelation," to be antichrist himself. The clergy played a prominent part in the attacks against Count Tolstoy, inveighing against him from the pulpit, and promulgating all kinds of absurd theories about him to excite the fanaticism of the masses. It was said that he paid the muzhiks eight rubles apiece for branding them on the forehead and on the hands in order to seal them to the power of darkness. A bishop had on the preceding Sunday in a special sermon delivered in the second-class waiting-room at the station of Klekotki, to a crowded audience, in the strongest terms referred to Count Tolstoy as antichrist, who was seducing the people with such worldly advantages as food, raiment, and fuel. He warned his hearers against having anything to do with such a person, and proclaimed that the Orthodox Church possessed power enough to "exterminate" antichrist and his work. No wonder the poor muzhiks got frightened, and did not know what to do. I heard that a certain muzhik solved the problem in the following very logical way: "If the Lord," he said, "resembles his servants, the popes and the officials who oppress and rack us, and if antichrist is such a person as Tolstoy, who gratuitously feeds us and our children, then I prefer to belong to antichrist, and I will send my starving children to his eating-room." The muzhiks sent their little children by thousands to the children's homes.

After our late dinner, the count was as usual busy among the poor muzhiks who were crowding at his headquarters. Taking a walk to one of the eating-rooms in the neighborhood, I happened to meet an armed gendarme in the road, placed there to watch the movements of the count and his helpers. Besides the "visible" representative of "the powers that be" in St. Petersburg, there was an unseen cloud of detectives swarming about Byegitchevka. Sometimes they came to the count in the garb of a poor muzhik, asking for help and complaining of the authorities, etc., and sometimes as friends of the suffering muzhik, offering their services to the count, whose sharp eye, however, soon saw through them when he politely told them that they were not wanted.

Later on in the evening of that memorable Saturday a number of Tolstoy's friends and helpers arrived from different quarters, and spent the evening and part of the following Sunday together with their master in friendly intercourse and consultation. It was a highly interesting group of men, with two women. None of them were above middle age. All were educated persons, belonging to prominent families, and some possessed a high degree of learning. One of them had been fellow of the University of Moscow, and was on the point of being nominated to a professorial chair, when he suddenly left the university and went to the people. Dressed as a muzhik, he shares the life and the toil of peasants to aid them in every possible way, considering this to be a more worthy object in life than to beat Latin and Greek into the heads of upper-class Russian youth. This person was no dreamer, but a man possessing an imperturbable calmness of mind, an acute understanding, and a deep knowledge of human nature. Two years ago he traveled through nearly all the provinces of the vast empire, mostly on foot, visiting and studying all kinds of sectarians. In the dress of a muzhik he went from place to place, working as a day-laborer with the sectarians, receiving only food and lodging as remuneration.

In the middle of March I left the headquarters of Count Tolstoy for eastern Samara in company with his second son, Count Lyeff Lvovitch Tolstoy, and a young nobleman by the name of P. Birukoff, one of the count's most devoted followers and an energetic laborer in the work of relief. In another article I shall describe my experiences in that province during a sojourn of nearly three months.

Jonas Stadling.



WRITING TO ROSINA.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

WHEN Rosina Bermond received the first of the letters under the new plan, she was startled as well as pleased. Upon the arrival of the second, longer and yet more elaborate, she was electrified and overwhelmed at its ability. "I had no idea he could rise to such a height. What injustice I have done the poor boy!" she murmured.

About this time, Isabel Bryce had arrived. Rosina had taken her into her confidence concerning the engagement, as was the most natural thing in the world to do, but had said nothing about the quarrel or the cause of it, being rather ashamed of this. Now, however, she showed the two latest specimens of the correspondence with pride.

"YOU ARE A HAPPY GIRL, ROSINA."

"He is certainly a man of taste and refinement," said Isabel, commenting upon them. "A little over-flowery, but perhaps that is a mistake in the right direction, easily accounted for by the ardor of his love. You are a happy girl, Rosina, to have won the affection of a man of such thoroughly practical ability as you tell me he is, and at the same time of such strong poetical feeling. It is a combination extremely rare. In our days the world has far too little poetry."

"Yes; but, Isabel, do you know I 'm afraid my own letters are nothing like good enough for his. I have never got in the habit of putting down selected thoughts and — and pen-pictures. I just dash off anything that pops into my head at the moment, about what I 've been doing, and so forth. Should n't you be afraid he 'd get awfully dissatisfied with me pretty soon if I don't give him selected thoughts and — pen-pictures?"

"I always think it well to take as much pains as one can," replied Isabel, discreetly, "especially where it seems likely to be so well rewarded as in this case. A little more pains in the details often makes a wonderful difference. Many a good piece of work that may look spoiled only needs — not throwing away, but a careful attention to the loose ends, a rounding out of the possibilities it contains, as it were."

Rosina took the advice to heart, and apparently acted upon it with the greatest benefit. She attended to her loose ends of expression, and rounded out her possibilities, to such good purpose that her next letter read substantially as follows:

You are not angry with me then, Darling, for my stupid mistake? Now I see clearly that it was your poor head, too worried to write fully, with all those trying business cares. Your reasons were good, as they always are. Destiny was a little envious, did not want us to enjoy here below the felicity reserved for another world, and so let us fall out. Do you know, you ill-used boy, that I even tried hating you in those early days? And I thought I had one almost happy day, hating you. But what a poor pretense it all was! Ah, no, sweetheart mine; we have been too much to each other ever to be estranged. You know in religion and love there is no standing still; one must either be always going forward or else one is falling behind. Can you doubt in which direction I am always moving? Let me sum it up in *Proteus's* beautiful couplet from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—twisting it a little to my own meaning, which is better:

> "At first I did adore a twinkling star,
> But now I worship a celestial sun."

I now see, indeed, that only a little quiet and seclusion were needed to bring out the full measure of your wonderful powers of expression. Nor can the same thing be said of you alone; for do we not know that the greatest philosophers have found their truest inspiration even in the solitude of the desert?

On receipt of this, Lanfair's qualms of conscience were eased. "It is clear," said he, "that Rosina—and I thought it very good even then—has been writing down to my level. I would never have suspected, from our talks together, that she was capable of toplofty flights of this kind. Still, I have always felt that any quantity of mysterious work might pop out in a correspondence on this line, and I would n't be in it. I was right; now it has begun. It has taken a Gorledge, a—but, never mind—a Gorledge to draw her out. It 's as plain as preaching that without him I 'd never have stood a show to get her. She never would have called in that telegram of dismissal; and I could not have seen her, for dust, by this time."

"Hum! hum!" commented Hampton Gorledge, rather electrified, too, when this first letter came under his observation. He had not looked for so much in any correspondent of Lanfair's. "Hum! ha!—elevated diction—style—reading, reflection, sentiment. Spelling capital, too. Absence of all school-girl underscoring, and quotation-marks that don't quote anything. Lanfair, this is good; you 're to be congratulated more than ever.

"But the most remarkable thing about it," holding the paper out at arm's length, and tapping it for observation, "is that she knows a sentence when she sees it. There 's not one woman in a thousand, no matter what her station, who knows how to begin a sentence with a capital, and put a period when she 's come to the end of it. You 've noticed that, of course?"

"Yes, I 've—er—noticed it."

Though Lanfair saw the improvement in Rosina's letter, he was vague enough about many such matters, and it is not at all likely that he saw the full measure of it.

"So have I; I have made rather a specialty of it. I don't know what our educational establishments are thinking about, to be so supinely indifferent to one of the very first elements."

"What do you say to the handwriting?" inquired Lanfair, by way of diversion to a more familiar ground.

"Good—good; the chirography of a well-balanced, harmonious, intellectual individuality. Corresponds to the photograph and all the rest you 've told me of her generally. Oh, I 'm a great judge of character from handwriting."

"Speaking of that, now I think of it, Gorledge, your hand is n't so very different from my own. If you would n't mind sloping your upright lines a little more, and crossing your *t* 's something like this—so—I don't see why it might not do for you to send off these things direct, and save copying."

"Capital idea! excellent! trust you practical business fellows again for that! Why make two copies when one would suffice? Life is too short for such waste of good material. A capital labor-saving invention."

After this, Hampton Gorledge had the correspondence almost entirely in his own hands. Lanfair, quite satisfied with his management of it, and interested in hardly more than the fact that the affair was getting on and the time of probation passing, even allowed him to receive Rosina's letters first, and retain them, and often to send off his own to her without overlooking. He asked few questions, and made no suggestions.

Of course there was always the liability that he might ask questions. Thus, one day, glancing carelessly over Gorledge's shoulder, he found him at some such passage as this:

> Chotank is a mere green pocket in the hills, a sleepy settlement on the banks of a little stream. The stream might be said to babble or brawl on its way to the sea if it had anything either to babble or brawl about, but it has n't—not the first blessed thing to interest either sea or land. The Screw and Tack Factory, its large boarding-house, the country store and post-office, the blacksmith shop, the country tavern—there you have the village complete.
>
> But one person, a single congenial companion [ran the succeeding paragraph], relieves this dearth of all things. It is Hampton Gorledge, a valued friend of childhood's days, whom I find here waiting for various plans to ripen, all marked by a high and noble ambition. He is certainly

one who is called to a brilliant future. Of fine and distinguished presence, a superior mind, an unswerving will, a heart true as steel to friend or woman, he is —

"Is it necessary to put all that in?" here interrupted Lanfair.

"*Nothing* is strictly necessary; sometimes we fill up with one thing and sometimes with another. We 'll take this out if it is n't to your liking." Gorledge lifted his pen to erase, taking refuge in a certain offended air. "I 've written of myself as I knew you would have written of me, had you been able to do it in person. I thought it would give more of a human interest, more of a realistic air, to throw in, now and then, something about people."

"Let it stand! As you say, it does give more human interest."

But Gorledge, thus checked, did not go much farther in this direction. In truth, he had only yielded to a strong desire to lay some account of himself before his unseen correspondent, who began to possess him with an extreme interest. He had meant to identify himself somewhat with the hero of his novel, as he had identified her with its heroine; to mix with his own some of the dark and magnificent qualities of his *Edgar:* but being thus balked or observed, he thought it hardly worth while to continue, and in the main dropped it.

It occasionally happened, now that he wrote the letters without copying, that the inadvertent Aureliana, which sometimes crept in, would stand uncorrected. For instance, he would say:

> Some time we shall count these dark days only too well spent, my Aureliana, since by them we shall have but the better earned our happiness, and they will give us back but the more securely to each other's arms.

Or again it would be found with a pen drawn through it, as thus:

> Do I weary, displease you, adored ~~Aureliana~~ Rosina? I beg you not to deny me my one joy, of sending you daily, almost hourly, missives.

At Rosina's end of the line the name was taken for some obscure poetical reference, a high compliment, no doubt, and there was not a little hunting for the source from which it might be derived. Isabel, in particular, had taken the prize for answers to fifty questions proposed by a leading newspaper, and was very good at that sort of thing.

On the other hand, there also appeared an occasional oddity in Rosina's letters. Her handwriting varied; and she would say, "Rosina is doing this," or "Rosina is doing that," or "I shall mention it to Rosina." It had a quaint, child-like effect. Sometimes one might have thought a third person was speaking of her.

She now hit off the scenes and people about her with a rather bright, vivid touch:

> Saratoga [she said] is new to Isabel, so we go about rather more than we might on my account alone. We drag Papa away from his judges and governors as often as we can. If I had *my* way, during the absence of a certain person, I should rarely be in any company but my own. I suppose Saratoga is one of those places of which it may be said that the good society is very bad, while the bad society is very good. When I come to write my novel, I shall make it out of these miscellaneous snobs and adventurers, these Tammany politicians, high-comedy old gentlemen, and low-comedy old ladies. Perhaps Mrs. Graxton, from our modest hotel, — you remember, — will go in. How she does that wonderful hair is still a standing mystery. I privately submit to ~~Res~~ Isabel the theory that she gets up in the morning and has a fit, and there it is all done. I shall make my heroine one of the pretty Cuban girls who sit about on the verandas, beautifully dressed, and profusely powdered over their smooth dark skins, and who smile a good deal, but never speak unless spoken to, and very little even then.

Hampton Gorledge here clutched Lanfair by the arm in wild excitement.

"She talks of a novel!" he exclaimed. "Has she ever written one — or a novelette? Do you know of her ever having made any regular literary attempt?"

"Yes — no; I guess not — I guess so," was the confused answer. "I don't know really. I should n't be at all surprised. She 's up to 'most anything."

> Last night a bat got in at the Grand Union hop [the letter went on], and, swooping among the dancers in the most irrepressible way, almost broke it up. But I say, where there 's a ball it 's natural enough there should be a bat. Ahem! I shall try to get that off on Isabel presently. We must be just to everybody, even to ourselves; and I think it 's rather good. Isabel is a quiet girl, very sympathetic. Of course I confide in her all about our engagement. She has been engaged herself, and thus is quite capable of understanding it. We often have beautiful times talking you over. I 'm sure your ears must burn, especially the left one. Yesterday, Isabel and I went to the memorable trout-ponds, and again in the afternoon to the Indian encampment. I tell Isabel a good deal, as I have said; but does she suspect, I wonder, just why I take her certain walks, and make her visit the ground at certain places to the very last inch of it? At the Indian encampment, feeling mopish, to cheer ourselves up we even tore around in the absurd little circular railway. Thus, you see, I am falling into my dotage. Does not Herbert Spencer say that "any arrangements that tend to make it as well to be inferior as superior" are immoral to the most serious degree? Very well; this sepa-

ration of ours is one of the wickedest possible of that sort of arrangements.

"Quotes Herbert Spencer too?" exclaimed Gorledge in amazement. "Marvelous! prodigious! Any woman that quotes Herbert Spencer — well, there 's nothing more to be said."

"That 's 'way up, is it?" asked Lanfair.

"It 's the top wing of the perch," descending to his friend's own language. "There 's no going beyond it.

"Lucky rascal! Little he knows what he is going to get," he said to himself; and "Lucky dog, lucky rascal, that Lanfair," he began to repeat frequently, in both sighing and growling tones.

The correspondence, in the stage it had now reached, was passing miles above Knox D. Lanfair's head. He could not recognize his once stolid commonplace self in the letters ascribed to him, nor Rosina in hers. It was simply as if two sublimated intelligences had taken the matter in hand, and were conducting it without any reference to their corporeal bodies. The future lay dark indeed before him; but he did not mean to think of it. He stuck doggedly to his wish, his engagement, nevertheless; he meant to have Rosina at all hazards. He was willing to take her by the aid of another if it could not be done otherwise, just as it seems Günther was glad enough to get the terrible Nibelungen beauty, Brunhilda, even though she had first to be bound fast for him by the hero Siegfried.

The outcome of all this was that Hampton Gorledge too fell a prey to an all-absorbing passion for Rosina. At least that is the way he put it to himself. Her correspondence wrought upon him by degrees a potent spell. He throned it in the pride of a superior female intelligence; her letters contained every conceivable charm. He quoted Plato, Josephus, La Rochefoucauld, and Dante: she calmly replied with Epictetus, Pascal, Goethe, and Ariosto — in the original.

"No use keeping *that* going," he said. "She 's got the bigger public library at her disposition; but, all the same, it 's adorable, it 's enchanting."

He took, by accident, to the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," as she had once done. He reflected a great deal upon that *Proteus* who asks, "In love, who respects a friend?" and began to have a good deal of leniency, not to say admiration, for his character.

"It is indisputable that love is the superior passion to friendship," he said; "then why should it not have its rights when the two come in conflict? Such persons as *Proteus* probably yielded but to a natural law, an unavoidable compulsion of destiny. No doubt, too, the cases are much commoner in real life than one might think."

But, on the whole, he struggled manfully against this temptation to treachery. He admitted that he had his faults, but he did not mean to be the person to betray a friend. No, no indeed; he would not dally with the knavish thought.

Rosina Bermond now, in due course, departed from Saratoga to make the visit she had announced to Isabel Bryce. She at once began to record her impressions of the charming village of Stockbridge, in that pleasant region of the Berkshire Hills to which people like to go in the russet autumn, after they have finished their regular season at springs or seaside.

Isabel's home [she wrote] is a large, comfortable old abode, near the green, in appearance half farm-house and half villa. In fact, you know instantly it is a villa because it looks like a farm-house. No farmer ever condescends to do that sort of thing any more; and he not only would not paint his dwelling that nice old-fashioned red, but not even his poorest outbuilding. Stockbridge is scarce more than a single long, shady village street, kept up with spruce attention by the Improvement Society. I rather think they expect by the virtue of neatness to make their more modest town rival the glories of its fashionable neighbor Lenox. Some one has presented to the green a lovely tower with a chime of bells, which the people do not allow to be heard, on pretense that it would be more their poor nerves than the chimes that would be wrung. Tum te tum tum!

> "Oh, the bells of Shandon,
> That (do not) sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

"And this was once Rosina!" interjected Knox D. Lanfair.

There is a small hotel here which they have had the excellent idea of filling up with old colonial furniture, blue china, and such comfortable things generally, so that it does n't look like a hotel at all. If you could only come and stay there even a few days! But, ah me! I suppose that is wholly out of the question. If I go on longer about my surroundings, you will think it like a certain soldiers' monument they 're proud of over at Pittsfield — all pedestal and no soldier; but as to my *doings*, another time.

Then, in their turn, she described her doings — excursions to Icy Glen, to October Mountain and Monument Mountain, and to former homes of Hawthorne and Bryant. She hunted up, too, the haunts of minor literary celebrities of what she termed a "prehistoric sort." There were not a few of these in the region; for it was there that, among others, some of the romances of Miss Sedgwick and Miss Wetherell, Herman Melville, and "solitary horseman" James saw the light.

"Aha, those were good!" exclaimed Lanfair, referring to the latter. "I 've read some of those myself."

Soon she wrote of a longer trip they had made—to the Shakers at Lebanon. They had had in this excursion the company of some pleasant people, staying at the hotel before mentioned, a family named Crampion, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

"No?" cried Gorledge; "why, these Crampions are my first cousins." And he leaped up from his chair with a bound. But he sat down again immediately. "After all, what difference does it make?" said he.

He was especially won by observation of her very evident literary taste. And the conquest was completed by her warmth of nature, her gift of expressing the most tender and caressing affection—alas! for another. For instance, she said:

Yesterday to an out-of-doors "tea" at a beautiful place on Stockbridge Bowl. The twilight was particularly lovely there. The fading sun, a crescent moon just rising, the intermingled fragrance of woods and flowers, formed an enchanting whole. Impossible to think of anything but the *one*, the ONE, the ONE. And all I could do to gratify the longing was to go home and look at your photograph, which holds the place of honor in my chamber. I say good night! to it, and good morning! to it, and how do you do? to it, every time I pass before it, if it 's twenty times a day.

"Lanfair, forsooth! and Lanfair's photograph!" Gorledge growled. "Does that man know in the least the treasure he is securing? Has he any capacity for appreciating a rare nature like hers? Has he the very faintest idea in the world of the value of the priceless pearl that is going to be cast before him, the—ahem! that is no offense, of course, to Lanfair, who is the best fellow in the universe.

"Would something of that kind have suited me, Hampton Gorledge?" he would ask himself in a sarcastic temper at destiny. "Oh, no; of course not. Does any such windfall ever drop into *my* lap? Well, hardly."

As he did not wish to be a traitor, the conviction was forced upon him that he must abandon this dangerous correspondence. He could no longer swim in the maelstrom of fascination, and whirl toward the vortex of ruin. He went to his patron and brusquely announced his intention of withdrawing from it.

"For heaven's sake, old fellow, don't abandon me now!" Lanfair appealed, in consternation.

"Do you think it 's just the fair thing to impose upon an innocent girl and give her a—er—misleading ideas, in this way?" he asked, seeking some adequate pretext for his conduct.

"It 's rather late in the day to slack up for any such reason as that. Why did n't you speak of it in the beginning? Oh, see here, old man, you can't possibly leave me in the lurch just now. You can't do it—especially at a time like this. You don't know it, but Dorfin, the boss of our finishing-shop, is getting on the rampage; strikers are going round these days, and who knows but we may have a strike ourselves?"

His entreaties proved, in fact, too strong to resist, the more so as his scribe had already begun to regret the lost delights of the rare interchange of mind he had been enjoying. Gorledge, therefore, resumed his peculiar functions, and continued to discharge them yet a little while longer. But he resumed with them all his mental wrestlings and moral strugglings, his conflict with the potent temptation that grew in force daily. Involuntarily, he was forever running up the list of Rosina's attractions, and trying to resist the effect of the overwhelming total. Youth, beauty, grace, culture, fortune, sentiment, taste, deep feeling, a capacity for the warmest affection, and, above all the rest, intelligence, an intellect of the first order! Thus was his formula conceived, and he was always repeating it with melancholy iteration.

And all to end only in absorption by a—a Knox D. Lanfair. There was one clear aspect of the case that gave him ground for indignation, even apart from any personal feeling of his own. Who could deny that a union of most incompatible natures was about to be perpetrated, and that the result was certain to be misery? Was it not a *duty* to prevent this in the interest of the finer being, and even of both? The knowledge had come to him by no seeking of his own. Did this indicate that he was chosen by Heaven to carry out the mission? To do so might have a rather unpleasant look in the eyes of some, but he asked himself if one ought not to seek even to be a martyr in so noble a cause.

A vein of asperity crept into the letters of Rosina; she was not content to employ the amusing and caustic touch she had merely in making game of the persons and things about her, but sent more than one mocking shaft in the direction of her lover himself. Now and again she would raise some little quarrel about nothing at all.

Why, in the name of common sense, do you write to me like that? How have I had the bad luck to offend you now?

Gorledge protested in alarm against one of these onslaughts.

I don't always write in the name of common sense. It is n't necessary. And do not fancy

there is any such thing as bad luck. We often get more than our deserts in this world, but rarely less. You probably did not have half teasing enough in your youth; a course of it might do you good. Yours with pious regards, ROSINA.

"Looks to me as if she was cooling off some lately," said Lanfair. "You see, it would n't do at all for you to give me up just now when she needs a particular smoothing down."

"With her fine woman's intuition, she is perhaps beginning to pierce the deception, and to become irritated while ignorant of the cause," Gorledge suggested.

"Stuff! Where has she kept all her fine woman's intuition till now? No; you just boom it up, old boy, and you 'll see she 'll be all right enough."

THAT there was, however, some real shade of difference, some omen of a change, in Rosina Bermond, may be seen from the following conversation that took place, about this time, with Isabel. Lanfair's *fiancée*, who had been half reclining in a hammock in the pleasant front dooryard of the Bryce homestead, sat up with a pouting expression.

"If I had thought this high-poetical, light-fantastical sort of thing had got to go on forever, I don't think I should ever have got engaged."

"And *my* engagement, on the contrary, was broken off just for lack of what you are pleased to trifle with; he — you know whom I mean — was so wholly commonplace, and I can't stand commonplace to that extent. I tell you again, you are the happiest girl in the world. If you want my honest opinion, Mr. Lanfair's come nearer to realizing my ideal of what such letters ought to be than any others I ever saw."

"Thanks so much! But that does n't keep me from feeling like a walking dictionary and a living skeleton, all the same." She rose, with a weary little sigh, shook out her pretty skirts, and waved a stamped and sealed letter she held in her hand. "Well, let us come and put our ologies and ographies and languages ancient and foreign in the post-office." Then, changing her tone, and putting her arm affectionately about Isabel's waist: "Don't mind a thing I say! Because I 'm cross, that 's no reason for acting as if I were ungrateful to so accomplished a — an — "

"An admirer," supplied Isabel.

"So perfect an adviser."

AT Chotank, Hampton Gorledge continued to fight stoutly against his feelings and his sophistries. But, worn out at last with the conflict, he knew that some step must be taken absolutely to end it. A communication arrived at this time slightly reopening the question of the place at the East Lee furnace. He welcomed it almost as a guidance direct from Heaven.

"This is what I will do," said he; "I have fully thought it out. I will go direct to Stockbridge and see Rosina. I will combine with it the trip to East Lee, which may be the means of settling me in life. It is like this: I am forever dreading and brooding over her, here, at a great distance, wholly in the dark and without any real idea of what she is like. Imagination, left to itself, is notorious for getting up absurd chimeras and ideals that will not stand the test of actual life. Nobody, nothing could be quite as perfect as the image I have invented of her. Now, the only corrective to this is to see her face to face, to go into her presence. In that way I shall discover some flaw in her character — as likely as not some very striking defect; and that will disillusionize and cure me at once. It will have the effect but the more surely from the very impossible ideal I have formed of her. I shall not be able to support in her what I should in any ordinary person. Yes, I see that is my only course; that is my only salvation. At any rate, this life has become unendurable, and I can be no worse there than here."

Thereupon he set off for Stockbridge without notifying anybody, or leaving intelligence of his real destination behind him. Strangely enough, so occupied was he with his own agitations that he was almost at the train before he gave a thought to the predicament in which Lanfair would be left by his departure. But he did not relent or hesitate on that account.

"So much the better," he reflected. "I was not willing to betray the confidence reposed in me, but, on the other hand, I was not bound to sustain the structure of deceit that had been raised to take an innocent and admirable being in the toils. That I had begun it was no reason for continuing, but all the more reason for loathing it and hoping for its ruin. It was a league with iniquity, and a covenant with perdition. If the withholding of my hand now be the means of forcing Lanfair to show himself in his true colors, he will certainly lose her. It will be some reparation on my part, and an unmixed benefit, no matter at all what may become of me."

The despair of Lanfair was profound when he awoke to the hard actualities of life with the correspondence upon his hands. He hurried to the elder Gorledge, the retired politician, now a sort of Cincinnatus in a battered straw hat hoeing vegetables, but could get no news from him of the son. He could get no one else to write the letters for him. He thought vaguely of a bright young bookkeeper in the factory, and of the village schoolmaster; but, besides

the fact that he dared not trust this peculiar kind of confidence to any other persons, he deemed it impossible for any mortal man to "catch on" to the correspondence at the point to which it had advanced. Gorledge had even taken Rosina's packet of letters with him.

Lanfair was left also to even worse perplexity than this. Dorfin, the boss of the finishing-shop, had been indeed upon the rampage, and just as Lanfair was thinking he must go to Stockbridge at all hazards, the threatened strike in the factory broke out, under his management. Then Lanfair could not go. It would have been to sacrifice the interests of his company to ruin, and not only to abandon all hope of the expected promotion, upon which his ability to marry Rosina depended, but even to lose his present position. He was bound hand and foot. It was of no use to resume his old plan of feeble telegrams; and thus he relapsed into a suffocated volcanic sort of silence.

He had not at first suspected Gorledge of anything more than selfishness and indifference. He supposed he had left him to himself merely to go off impulsively about some of his own affairs. But presently a letter arrived from Rosina that caused him to emit a sort of leonine roar. It was a letter of languid inquiry.

"What has become of you?" she asked. "I have made the acquaintance of a friend of yours, Mr. Hampton Gorledge, who is here for some days past, and have asked him about you; but he does not seem to be able to tell me very much."

Then the truth flashed upon him, the whole truth, dating from far back. Hampton Gorledge was a traitor of the blackest dye, a schemer full of diabolical malice, who had been plotting to undermine him all along, and who had only waited till he was securely trapped by the outbreak of the strike to hasten away and win Rosina for his own. What folly, what asinine blindness, had been his!

Under these circumstances, he was prepared to throw all considerations to the winds — all, all. But, fortunately, just as he was starting for Stockbridge, Dorfin came in to treat. He received his adhesion and that of the strikers in the railway station itself, and thus, in speeding away to the scene of yet more vital interests, left things in a fairly peaceable state behind him.

Arriving at Stockbridge, he learned that Rosina and Gorledge, with other persons, had gone that morning on another picnic to Monument Mountain. He followed upon their track. He lost himself, in his great eagerness; took a rustic guide to aid him; and finally, treading the high upland paths of Sky Farm, and traversing the belt of rough wood, came out upon the thunder-scarred summit of the mountain.

The woods had drunk up the sunshine of the year, and imprisoned it in their leaves of yellow and scarlet, so that the air was sharp and frosty, for want of it. A rather nipping wind, too, was blowing. Lanfair had glimpses of the fertile little valleys of Stockbridge and Great Barrington nestled below, of Stockbridge Bowl ruffled black to the breeze, and far across to the cloudy peak of Graylock, but these were not of the least consequence to him. He wandered about in search of human beings, and found some polite people, who answered his inquiries.

"I think you 'll find Miss Bermond and her friends up there in a sort of rocky glen, where they 've gone to get out of the wind," said a young lady whom later he knew as one of the Misses Crampion. "It 's up near where you see that signal-pole with a scrap of white flag fluttering from it."

A few words now as to Hampton Gorledge's doings at Stockbridge up to this time. He had put up at the small hotel of the old blue china and colonial furniture. He had not found time to go over to see about the iron-furnace matter at East Lee. His cousins, the Crampions, had given him the advantage of Rosina Bermond's acquaintance, and he had devoted all possible time to enjoying it and studying out her character. At first, as often as she was not observing, he used to look at her with a smile of pity, and reflect with sardonic bitterness:

"Ah, yes; there she is, poor, lovely, misguided creature, innocent of her fate. Perhaps even at this very instant she is framing words of tenderness to send to that doltish object, who can never by any chance worthily respond to them. And here am I, the one, the only, the veritable, her true affinity in soul and spirit, close at her side, and she knows it not."

He did not discover in her at once the salutary defect of looks or character that was to serve him as a disillusionment and cure; but he was still valorously on the search for it. One thing surprised him greatly, and that was that there did not spring up between them immediately the close sympathy and understanding on which he had counted. He had felt secure that, after the intimate revelations of the letters, days with them would count about as years would with others. A day in her society should advance him as much as a month, at the least, in anybody else's. No time would be lost; conversation must be delightfully easy.

So he began with subtle art to lead up to her favorite topics and delicately to flatter her peculiar tastes. But, somehow, when her peculiar tastes were flattered, she remained unimpressed, and when her favorite topics were led up to, she

was often vague, absent, and scarcely seemed to recognize them. He was sometimes driven by her indifference dangerously near to certain marked literary allusions and other things in the correspondence. It did not matter; she received them just as blankly. She seemed to prefer a persistent commonplaceness, and she kept him perversely at arm's length. Of course if this commonplaceness had been real, it would have supplied the grave flaw he desired; but he felt that it was merely an irritating pretense, which he could account for only as an exaggerated form of her fidelity to Lanfair.

"Poor thing! it will pass—it will pass," he murmured; "but it is taking an unlooked-for amount of time. Alas! how little she dreams the truth; and how can I enlighten her?"

Being rebuffed by Rosina in this way, he naturally fell a good deal to the share of Isabel. He summed up Isabel Bryce as a quiet, demure sort of girl, with nice dark eyes and a pleasant smile; indeed, it was probable that some would have thought her rather pretty, Rosina being out of the way. He saw, too, that she had considerable liveliness, when it was brought out. He regarded her as not at all bad to talk to, and he even had a vague longing to open himself to her on the subject of his relations to Rosina, but this seemed quite too imprudent. Once or twice, after they were over, he realized that he had insensibly been holding long and animated discussions with her on literary topics. But the friendship with Rosina had naturally been an excellent thing for her; she would naturally borrow much from that superior source, and shine a good deal by reflected light.

As the days wore on, however, Rosina began to show Gorledge somewhat more favor, which he hailed with joy. He flattered himself that her true self was at last about to awake. She was unusually amiable with him, for instance, on the occasion of the picnic to Monument Mountain. She walked with him that day, and permitted him to disparage Lanfair not a little, which was a most favorable sign. Gorledge was always drifting toward it now, either consciously or unconsciously. Rosina's comeliness, his intimate knowledge of her character, and the near approach of her sad fate, had increased his passion to the most dangerous extreme. He considered that her rescue was a cause that might have been worthy of the proudest knight of old; and he was ready to try it by any means in his power. The great temptation had proved too strong for all his prudent resolutions. He had gone completely over the rapids.

In the afternoon of the day in question, they strolled with Isabel into a sort of shallow gorge or glen in the rocks, whence, while sheltered from the breeze, they could look out at a fine spread of landscape. A large boulder was wedged in between the crags—black, white, or ashen gray, as if they had been blasted with fire—at about half-way from the top, and gave the spacious entrance somewhat the look of a cave.

Gazing up at this fragment, as she passed beneath, "If you were only a little boulder, you 'd come down," Isabel said quietly.

"Jove! what does *that* mean?" Hampton Gorledge asked himself. It was very like the bright things in the letters, though of course she had only caught the trick from Rosina. But it seemed to have other meanings too.

What it really did mean was that Isabel deemed it desirable to encourage the flirtation, if flirtation it were; for she had come to entertain doubts whether any satisfactory future could be looked for in the grave case of incompatibility existing between Rosina and Lanfair. The better to aid this object, after her sphinx-like remark, she went on to the remote end of the ravine, and almost out of sight, to collect lichens, leaving Gorledge, unimpeded, to seat himself at Rosina's feet, and to assist her in preparing a circlet of autumn leaves to adorn her hat.

Seeking an appropriate beginning to the avowal he had determined to make, he quoted a line or two from a local poem of Bryant's, which he had the best of reason for believing familiar and pleasing to his companion:

> There is a tale about these reverend rocks,
> A sad tradition of unhappy love—

"Is there really? What sort of a tale?" she asked carelessly, as she plaited her chaplet by pinning the stem of one leaf through the faces of two others.

Now there it was again. What did she mean by keeping up the affectation of ignorance? It was a pretty stale joke. Here was almost a regular slap in the face once more, when they had been getting on so well.

"Why, you must know; I 'm sure you know," he rejoined impatiently, "about the Indian maiden who dropped off the cliff here, and all that."

"You need n't lose your temper with me, Mr. Gorledge of Chotank; everybody can't be so remarkably posted."

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon. I did n't mean to, I 'm sure. That would not be possible."

"I may have heard vaguely of some such thing, but there are a good many Indian maidens, in different places."

"The fact is," said he, daring a bold stroke to end this, "I saw five or six lines of the story from Bryant's poem in one of your letters to Knox Lanfair. He was good enough to let me

see it. However, he may have forged the handwriting; he was capable of anything."

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, startled and flushing brightly; "you mean the Indian maiden who jumped off — the one from Bryant's poem. Why, yes, to be sure." Then, making a quick change in the subject, "So he showed you my letters, did he?"

"Not *all* of them; only one occasionally — now and then. I dare say it was n't right; but it was such an ecstatic pleasure to me, and old Lanfair used to be so knocked out by them — never knew what to say in reply, you know."

"Mr. Gorledge, I trust I 'm not blind to *all* his defects, and I 'm a person who wants to hear the exact truth, but you must be aware that he writes the most remarkable and — ah — ah — wonderful letters in the world."

"Oh, yes, yes; I don't mean that. I — er — ahem! ahem!" rejoined the young man, hastily retreating from the advance he had made. The disclosure that should entirely revolutionize the situation of affairs was burning to be made; he had been on the very verge of it. But how could *he* make it? It could not fail to put him in an unpleasant light, at least for a time, even in her eyes. Why was there no stranger to reveal that he, and not Lanfair, was the author of all the fine and beautiful sentiments that had glowed in the manuscript pages?

The next instant his confused reflections were broken in upon by a sharp little cry from Rosina.

"Oh! I have hurt my hand. A piece of stick has gone right through my glove. It is going to bleed."

She extended him her hand, and he endeavored to pull off the pierced glove.

It was precisely this inopportune moment that was taken by fate for producing Knox D. Lanfair at the open mouth of the gorge. The scene in progress could only confirm his worst suspicions and fears.

"You rascal! you slippery Judas! you — you — confounded chump!" he opened upon Gorledge, suffocating with rage, but somewhat checked too by recollection of the "bad form" of using strong language before ladies. "You slide away from Chotank without word or notice or warning, and come off here to cut me out, eh? I *thought* I knew where I should run up against you. Pretty comfortable berth you 've fixed for yourself there; quite a happy-family look all around. Well, now, I 've got an account to settle with you. I 'll see you somewhere else. You 'd better begin by making yourself scarce."

"I have n't the least idea what all this can be about," said Rosina, bristling with dignity, "but we cannot stay and listen to such expressions. Come, Isabel, let us go."

"If you knew even half the underhand game he 'd been carrying on with me, you would n't think the expressions bad enough. Just let him tell us all squarely here what he came to Stockbridge for."

Gorledge arose slowly, shaking a choice collection of autumn leaves from his lap in the process, and began in hesitating words:

"I got word about the East Lee furnace matter again. It was my plain duty to attend to that; and being here — "

"East Lee be hanged!" Lanfair cut him off contemptuously.

"This is too offensive," repeated Rosina; "it really is. Isabel, we *must* go."

"You see? Your own conduct shows it," cried the new arrival, despairingly. "You have not even offered to shake hands with me since I came."

"Shows *what?* What does my conduct show?"

"Why, your coldness; it shows how he 's changed you."

Isabel could not possibly help hearing, but, as there was no way for her to get by, she discreetly began to gather lichens with greater zeal than before.

"No other person has anything to do with it," retorted Rosina; "but I *have* been thinking that we were not very well adapted to each other. But if it comes to coldness," quickly seizing an opportunity for a countercharge, "what could be greater than yours? You have n't written me a line in more than a week, and you were the one who wanted to send me 'daily, almost hourly, missives' — I believe those were the words."

"I did not write that sickening stuff," he roared, in an agony of rage and grief. "Has not old Gorledge there told you? No; not the first line, not the first syllable of it."

"Do you admit and declare, in your sober senses, that you did not compose all those — those beautiful letters?" demanded Rosina, voicing a consternation which for the moment was genuine, though mingled with the most varied motives.

"Not the first cursed word of them. There, it 's all over; it knocks me out," he groaned. "I knew it would end everything between us for me to tell you that, but I had to do it. I can't help it, can I? It takes a weight off my mind, anyway. No man's life was worth living on such terms. I should have been a raving lunatic if I had kept on; especially this last part of the time. Maybe I shall be yet."

Gorledge glowed with triumph at the turn affairs had taken. Decidedly fortune was with him; the great secret was about to come out without his having had to stoop to the dishonorable rôle of revealing it. As to Isabel, she was

so startled that she let fall the rarest of her specimens of rock-plants — indeed, the greater part of the collection — into a crevice at her feet, where they were beyond recall.

"So some other person did them for you! Who was it?" asked Rosina, dryly.

"Why, old Gorledge, over there, of course.

"IT WAS PRECISELY THIS INOPPORTUNE MOMENT."

What 's the matter with him? Do you mean to say he has n't told you? What has he been doing with his first-class opportunities? Gorledge," sarcastically, "I 'm surprised at you."

"Yes," said Gorledge; "I admit it. I humbly and frankly confess it. But hear me yet further; I first lent myself to this course of deception to oblige my friend. I entered upon it gay, light-hearted, without thought of serious consequences. But soon I was confronted by two terrible problems. In the first place, I saw that a fearful injustice was being committed toward the loveliest of mortals. The conviction was forced upon me that it was my duty to prevent it. In the next place, I found myself captivated by the fascinating influence breathing from the correspondence — held with a force beyond all my powers to resist."

Lanfair, in gestures of dumb show, expressed his complete disgust. Isabel Bryce had recovered from her first surprise, and her glance, which was so often quizzical, now certainly rested upon Hampton Gorledge with no little favor.

"I was wholly enraptured, entranced," the narrator went on. "Yes; this is no time for concealment," directing his gaze eloquently toward Rosina. "I was filled with a mad, wild, unspeakable passion for my unseen correspondent. I was seized, enthralled, beyond all else, by the admirable intelligence, the superior intellect, that created those remarkable letters. I saw that we two were congenial in every thought and feeling; it seemed to me clear that we were made for each other. I struggled, I resisted, I — yielded; and I came here to lay the offer of my life, my devotion, at her feet."

There seemed little doubt that he expected Rosina — now the truth was out, and she knew how long they had really been united in spirit — to throw herself into his arms. But, instead, she stared at him with a look almost as quizzical as Isabel's could be; burst out laughing; and turned to Lanfair, who stood by with a most hopeless air.

"You poor, unliterary person! you poor, old, prosaic thing!" she exclaimed; "so you did not write those letters for yourself? Well, I did n't write mine, either. I got somebody to do it for me, too."

Here Isabel Bryce all but collapsed. She could no longer make any pretense of gathering lichens.

"Please let me get past," she said. "I must go and hunt up the Crampions." But Rosina still gently detained her.

"You don't mean it, Steamer?" cried Knox D. Lanfair, with an instant renewal of brightness. "What! do you tell me we were both in the same boat? And it 's all right, Leaner? And you don't care a rap, anyway? And the telegrams and postals can go down?" From the crushed, badgered, and rueful being that he had been, he suddenly became one full of his natural buoyancy and spirits, and fairly danced about with joy.

"No, the telegrams can *not* go down; I draw the line there. Though of the two extremes I don't know but they were the best. I was just going to break off our engagement on account of those tiresome extra-superlative letters. I was bored to death. I really could n't be a patent duplex encyclopedia and stereopticon of all the arts and sciences my whole life long."

She had evidently forgotten Hampton Gorledge for the moment. "'Tiresome, extra-superlative letters? — bored to death?'" he was repeating to himself, fuming and scarcely believing his ears. Was it possible? Had he lived to see the day when anybody could speak of his beautiful efforts like this?

"Oh, *please* don't mind me! It 's only because I 'm so stupid myself that I talk in such a way," she begged, recollecting herself imme-

diately. "It is n't right. Oh, dear! how shall I explain? What shall I say?"

"It does n't matter," said Gorledge. He had found indeed the great flaw in her charm for which he was looking.

"*Everybody* does n't think of them in that way," she pursued, catching at another resource; "there are persons who consider them just too perfect and lovely."

Isabel now, with high color, made a very determined attempt to push by, alleging that it was time to call the Crampions and move homeward.

"Wait a minute!" protested Rosina, still detaining her, laughingly. "Since there is a mad, wild passion going on for the admirable intellect that created my most remarkable letters — it is only fair to say that it was Isabel Bryce's."

William Henry Bishop.

ART.

SHE stood, a vision vestureless and fair,
Glowing the canvas with her orient grace:
A goddess grave she stood, with such a face
As in Elysium the immortals wear.
And I, unworthy, as I pondered there,
Cold to the marvel of her look divine—
Saw but a form undraped, in Beauty's shrine.

Then she, it seemed, rebuked me: "Old and young
Have worshiped at the temple where I breathe,
And deathless laurels, for my sake, enwreathe
The brows of him from whose pure thought I sprung:
Lips consecrate as yours his praise have sung,
Who neither sued for praise nor courted ease,
But reverently wrought, as from his knees.

"No raiment can the base or mean reclaim,
And that which sacred is must sacred be,
Clothed but in rags or robed in modesty.
In the endeavor still is felt the aim:
The workman may by skill exalt his name,
But, toiling fault and failure to redeem,
Cannot create what 's loftier than his dream.

"For chaste must be the soul that chastely sees,
The thought enlightened, and the insight sure
That separates the pure from the impure;
And who Earth's humblest faith from error frees,
Awakening ideal sympathies,
Uplifts the savage from his kindred sod;
Who shows him beauty speaks to him of God!"

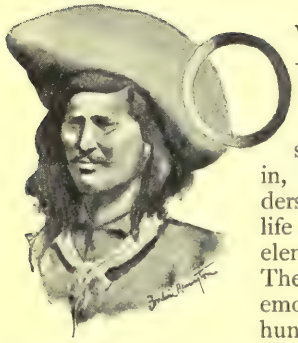
Florence Earle Coates.

PAINTED BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE. SEE "OPEN LETTERS." ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF, BY PERMISSION OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

THE WIDOW.

IN COWBOY-LAND.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



BUT on the frontier, and generally among those who spend their lives in, or on the borders of, the wilderness, life is reduced to its elemental conditions. The passions and emotions of these grim hunters of the mountains and these wild rough-riders of the plains are simpler and stronger than those of people dwelling in more complicated states of society. As soon as communities become settled and begin to grow with any rapidity, the American instinct for law asserts itself; but in the earlier stages each individual is obliged to be a law to himself, and to guard his rights with a strong hand. Of course the transition stages are full of incongruities. Men have not yet adjusted their relations to morality and law with any niceness. They hold strongly by certain rude virtues, and, on the other hand, they quite fail to recognize even as shortcomings not a few traits that obtain scant mercy in older communities.

Many of the desperados, the man-killers, and road-agents have good sides to their characters. Often they are people who in certain stages of civilization do, or have done, good work, but who, when these stages have passed, find themselves surrounded by conditions which accentuate their worst qualities, and make their best qualities useless. The average desperado, for instance, has, after all, much the same standard of morals that the Norman nobles had in the days of the battle of Hastings, and ethically and morally he is decidedly in advance of the vikings, who were the ancestors of these same nobles, and to whom, by the way, he himself could doubtless trace a portion of his blood. If the transition from the wild lawlessness of life in the wilderness or on the border to a higher civilization were stretched out over a term of centuries, he and his descendants would doubtless accommodate themselves by degrees to the changing circumstances. But, unfortunately, in the far West the transition takes place with marvelous abruptness, and at an altogether unheard-of speed, and many a man's nature is unable to change with sufficient rapidity to allow him to harmonize with his environment. In consequence, unless he leaves for still wilder lands, he ends by getting hung, instead of founding a family which would revere his name as that of a very capable, although not in all respects a conventionally moral, ancestor.

Most of the men with whom I was intimately thrown during my life on the frontier and in the wilderness were good fellows, hard-working, brave, resolute, and truthful. At times, of course, they were forced of necessity to do deeds which would seem startling to dwellers in cities and in old settled places; and though they waged a very stern and relentless warfare upon evil-doers whose misdeeds had immediate and tangible bad results, they showed a wide toleration of all save the most extreme classes of wrong, and were not given to inquiring too curiously into a strong man's past, or to criticizing him too harshly for a failure to discriminate in finer ethical questions. Moreover, not a few of the men with whom I came in contact — with some of whom my relations were very close and friendly — had at different times led rather tough careers. This fact was accepted by them and by their companions as a fact, and nothing more. There were certain offenses, such as rape, the robbery of a friend, or murder under circumstances of cowardice and treachery, which were never forgiven; but the fact that when the country was wild a young fellow had gone on the road, — that is, become a highwayman, — or had been chief of a gang of desperados, horse-thieves, and cattle-killers, was scarcely held to weigh against him, it being treated as a regrettable, but certainly not shameful, trait of youth. He was regarded by his neighbors with the same kindly tolerance which respectable medieval Scotch borderers doubtless extended to their wilder young men, who would persist in raiding English cattle even in time of peace.

Of course, if these men were asked outright as to their stories, they would have refused to tell them, or else would have lied about them; but when they had grown to regard a man as a friend and companion, they would often recount various incidents of their past lives with perfect frankness; and as they combined in a very curious degree both a decided sense of humor, and a failure to appreciate that there was anything especially remarkable in what they related, their tales were always entertaining.

Early one spring, now nearly ten years ago, I was out hunting some lost horses. They had

strayed from the ranch three months before, and we had in a roundabout way heard that they were ranging near some broken country where a man named Brophy had a ranch, nearly fifty miles from my own. When I started to go thither the weather was warm, but the second day out it grew colder, and a heavy snow-storm came on. Fortunately, I was able to reach the ranch all right, to find there one of the sons of a Little Beaver ranchman, and a young cow-puncher belonging to a Texas outfit, whom I knew very well. After putting my horse into the corral, and throwing him down some hay, I strode into the low hut, made partly of turf and partly of cottonwood logs, and speedily warmed myself before the fire. We had a good warm supper of bread, potatoes, fried venison, and tea. My two companions grew very sociable, and began to talk freely over their pipes. There were two bunks, one above the other. I climbed into the upper, leaving my friends, who were to occupy the lower, sitting together on a bench recounting different incidents in the careers of themselves and their cronies during the winter that had just passed. Soon one of them asked the other what had become of a certain horse, a noted cutting pony, which I myself had noticed the preceding fall. The question roused the other to the memory of a wrong which still rankled, and he began (I alter one or two of the proper names):

"Why, that was the pony that got stole. I had been workin' him on rough ground when I was out with the Three Bar outfit, and he went tender forward, so I turned him loose by the Lazy B ranch, and when I come back to get him there was n't anybody at the ranch, and I could n't find him. The sheep-man who lives about two miles west, under Red Clay Butte, told me he seen a fellow in a wolf-skin coat, ridin' a pinto bronc' with white eyes, leadin' that pony of mine just two days before; and I hunted round till I hit his trail, and then I followed to where I 'd reckoned he was headin' for — the Short Pine Hills. When I got there a rancher told me he had seen the man pass on toward Cedartown; and, sure enough, when I struck Cedartown I found he lived there in a 'dobe house just outside the town. There was a boom on the town, and it looked pretty slick.

"There was two hotels, and I went into the first, and I says, 'Where 's the justice of the peace?' says I to the bartender.

"'There ain't no justice of the peace,' says he; 'ther justice of the peace got shot.'

"'Well, where 's the constable?' says I.

"'Why, it was him that shot the justice of the peace,' says he; 'he 's skipped the country with a bunch of horses.'

"'Well, ain't there no officer of the law left in this town?' says I.

"'Why, of course,' says he; 'there 's a probate judge; he is over tendin' bar at the Last Chance Hotel.'

"So I went over to the Last Chance Hotel, and I walked in there.

"'Mornin',' says I.

"'Mornin',' says he.

"'You 're the probate judge?' says I.

"'That 's what I am,' says he. 'What do you want?' says he.

"'I want justice,' says I.

"'What kind of justice do you want?' says he. 'What 's it for?'

"'It 's for stealin' a horse,' says I.

"'Then, by ——, you 'll get it,' says he. 'Who stole the horse?' says he.

"'It is a man that lives in a 'dobe house just outside the town there,' says I.

"'Well, where do you come from yourself?' says he.

"'From Medory,' says I.

"'With that he lost interest, and settled kind o' back; and says he, 'There won't no Cedartown jury hang a Cedartown man for stealin' a Medory man's horse,' says he.

"'Well, what am I to do about my horse?' says I.

"'Do?' says he. 'Well, you know where the man lives, don't you?' says he. 'Then sit up outside his house to-night, and shoot him when he comes in,' says he, 'and skip out with the horse.'

"'All right,' says I; 'that is what I 'll do;' and I walked off. So I went off to his house, and I laid down behind some sage-brushes to wait for him. He was not at home, but I could see his wife movin' about inside now and then, and I waited and waited, and it growed darker, and I begun to say to myself, 'Now here you are lyin' out to shoot this man when he comes home; and it 's gettin' dark, and you don't know him, and if you *do* shoot the next man that comes into that house, like as not it won't be the fellow you 're after at all, but some perfectly innocent man a-comin' there after the other man's wife.'

"So I up and saddled the bronc', and lit out for home," concluded the narrator, with the air of one justly proud of his own self-abnegating virtue.

One of my valued friends in the mountains, and one of the best hunters with whom I ever traveled, was a man who had a peculiarly light-hearted way of looking at conventionally moral obligations. Though in some ways a true backwoods Donatello, he was a man of much shrewdness and of great courage and resolution. Moreover, he possessed what only a few men do possess, the capacity to tell the truth.

"WHAT KIND OF JUSTICE DO YOU WANT?"

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

He saw facts as they were, and could tell them as they were, and he never told an untruth unless for very weighty reasons. He was preëminently a philosopher, of a happy, skeptical turn of mind. He had no prejudices. He never looked down, as so many hard characters do, upon a person possessing a different code of ethics. His attitude was one of broad, genial tolerance. He saw nothing out of the way in the fact that he himself had been a road-agent, a professional gambler, and a desperado at different stages of his career. On the other hand, he did not in the least hold it against any one that he had always acted within the law. At the time that I knew him he had become a man of some substance, and naturally a stanch upholder of the existing order of things. But while he never boasted of his past deeds, he never apologized for them, and evidently would have been quite as incapable of understanding that they needed an apology as he would have been incapable of being guilty of mere vulgar boastfulness. He did not often refer to his past career at all. When he did, he recited its incidents perfectly naturally and simply as events, without any reference to, or regard for, their ethical significance. It was this quality which made him at times a specially pleasant companion, and always an agreeable narrator. The point of his story, or what seemed to him the point, was rarely that which struck me. It was the incidental side-lights the story threw upon his own nature, and the somewhat lurid surroundings in which he had moved.

On one occasion when we were out together we killed a bear, and, after skinning it, took a bath in a lake. I noticed that he had a scar on one side of his foot, and asked him how he got it. To my question he responded, with indifference:

"Oh, that? Why, a man shootin' at me to make me dance, that was all."

I expressed some curiosity in the matter, and he went on:

"Well, the way of it was this. It was when I was keepin' a saloon in New Mexico, and there was a man there by the name of Fowler, and there was a reward on him of three thousand dollars—"

"Put on him by the State?" I interrupted.

"No; put on by his wife," said my friend; "and there was this—"

"Hold on," I interrupted; "put on by his *wife*, did you say?"

"Yes; by his wife. Him and her had been keepin' a faro bank, you see, and they quarreled about it, so she just put a reward on him, and so—"

"Excuse me," I said, "but do you mean to say that this reward was put on publicly?" To which my friend answered, with an air of gentlemanly irritation at being interrupted to gratify my thirst for irrelevant detail:

"Oh, no; not publicly. She had just mentioned it to six or eight intimate personal friends."

"Go on," I responded, somewhat overcome by this instance of the primitive simplicity with which New Mexican matrimonial disputes were managed; and he continued:

"Well, two men come ridin' in to see me, to borrow my guns. My guns was Colt's self-cockers. It was a new thing then, and they was the only ones in town. They come to me, and, 'Simpson,' says they, 'we want to borrow your guns; we are goin' to kill Fowler.'

"'Hold on for a moment,' said I; 'I am willin' to lend you them guns, but I ain't goin' to know what you 're goin' to do with them. No, sir; but of course you can have them guns.'" Here my friend's face brightened pleasantly, and he continued:

"Well, you may easily believe I felt surprised next day when Fowler come ridin' in, and, says he, 'Simpson, here 's your guns.' He had shot them two men! 'Well, Fowler,' says I, 'if I had known them men was after you, I 'd never have let them have them guns nohow,' says I. That was n't true, for I did know it, but there was no cause to tell him that." I murmured my approval of such prudence, and Simpson continued, his eyes gradually brightening with the light of agreeable reminiscence:

"Well, they up and they took Fowler before the justice of the peace. The justice of the peace was a Turk."

"Now, Simpson, what do you mean by that?" I interrupted.

"Well, he come from Turkey," said Simpson; and I again sank back, wondering briefly what particular variety of Mediterranean outcast had drifted down to New Mexico to be made a justice of the peace. Simpson laughed, and continued:

"That Fowler was a funny fellow. The Turk he committed Fowler, and Fowler he riz up and knocked him down, and tromped all over him, and made him let him go."

"That was an appeal to a higher law," I observed. Simpson assented cheerily, and continued:

"Well, that Turk he got nervous for fear Fowler he was goin' to kill him, and so he comes to me and offers me twenty-five dollars a day to protect him from Fowler; and I went to Fowler, and, 'Fowler,' says I, 'that Turk 's offered me twenty-five dollars a day to protect him from you. Now, I ain't goin' to get shot for no twenty-five dollars a day, and if you are goin' to kill the Turk, just say so, and go and do it; but if you *ain't* goin' to kill the Turk, there 's no reason why I should n't earn that twenty-five dollars a day.' And Fowler, says he, 'I ain't goin' to touch the Turk; you just go right ahead and protect him.'"

So Simpson "protected" the Turk from the imaginary danger of Fowler for about a week, at twenty-five dollars a day. Then one evening he happened to go out, and met Fowler. "And," said he, "the moment I saw him I knowed he felt mean, for he begun to shoot at my feet"; which certainly did seem to offer presumptive evidence of meanness. Simpson continued:

"I did n't have no gun, so I just had to stand there and take it until something distracted his attention, and I went off home to get my gun and kill him; but I wanted to do it perfectly lawful, so I went up to the mayor (he was playin' poker with one of the judges), and says I to him, 'Mr. Mayor,' says I, 'I am goin' to shoot Fowler.' And the mayor he riz out of his chair, and he took me by the hand, and says he, 'Mr. Simpson, if you do, I will stand by you.' And the judge he says, 'I 'll go on your bond.'"

Fortified by this cordial approval of the executive and judicial branches of the government, Mr. Simpson started on his quest. Meanwhile, however, Fowler had cut up another prominent citizen, and they already had him in jail. The friends of law and order, feeling some little distrust as to the permanency of their own zeal for righteousness, thought it best to settle the matter before there was time for cooling, and accordingly, headed by Simpson, the mayor, the judge, the Turk, and other prominent citizens of the town, they broke into the jail and hanged Fowler. The point in the hanging which especially tickled my friend's fancy as he lingered over the reminiscence was one

that was rather too ghastly to appeal to our sense of humor. In the Turk's mind there still rankled the memory of Fowler's very unprofessional conduct while figuring before him as a criminal. Said Simpson, with a merry twinkle of the eye: "Do you know, that Turk he was a right funny fellow, too, after all. Just as the boys were going to string up Fowler, says he, 'Boys, stop; one moment, gentlemen — Mr. Fowler, good-by,' *and he blew a kiss to him!*"

often dislike to be reminded of their kinship with the natives of their parents' country. On one occasion I was out with a very good hunter whose father had come from Germany, though his mother was a New England woman. He got into an altercation with a traveling party of Germans, and after peace was patched up one of them turned to him, with an idea of making himself agreeable, and said, "By your name, sir, you must be of German origin." To which my friend promptly answered, "Y-e-s;

"CLOSING IN ON THEM." (SEE PAGE 282.)

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

On the frontier there is not much attention paid to the nicer distinctions of ethnology and foreign geography. On one occasion, late in the fall, on returning from the last beef round-up, I found a little hunter staying at the ranch, a clean, honest, handy fellow, evidently a foreigner. After he had stayed two or three days, and it was evident that he regarded himself as domiciled with us for the winter, I asked one of my cowboys who he was, and received for an answer: "Well, he 's a kind of a Dutchman, but he hates the other Dutch mortal. He comes from an island Germany took from France in the last war." This seemed puzzling, and my curiosity was sufficiently aroused to prompt me to make inquiries of the hunter himself, although in the cow-country, as in the wilderness, one is not apt to cross-examine a stray guest too closely as to his antecedents. In this case, however, my inquiry developed nothing more startling than the fact that the "island" in question was Alsace.

Native Americans take the lead in every way in the far West, and give to the life its peculiar stamp. The sons of immigrants always lay especial stress upon their Americanism, and

my father was a Dutchman, but my mother was a white woman. I 'm white myself." Whereat the Germans glowered gloomily at him.

In the cow-country there is nothing more refreshing than the light-hearted belief entertained by the average man that any animal which by main force has been saddled and ridden, or harnessed and driven, a couple of times is a "broke horse." My present foreman is firmly wedded to this idea, as well as to its complement, the belief that any animals with hoofs, before any vehicle with wheels, can be driven across any country. One summer, on reaching the ranch, I was entertained with the usual accounts of the adventures and misadventures which had befallen my own men and my neighbors since I had been out last. In the course of the conversation my foreman remarked: "We had a great time out here about six weeks ago. There was a professor from Ann Arbor came out with his wife to see the Bad Lands, and they asked if we could rig them up a team, and we said we guessed we could, and Foley's boy and I did; but it run away with him, and broke his

leg. He was here for a month. I guess he did n't mind it, though." Of this I was less certain,—forlorn little Medora being a "busted" cow-town concerning which I once heard another of my men remark in reply to an inquisitive commercial traveler: "How many people lives here? Eleven,—counting the chickens,—when they 're all in town."

My foreman continued: "By George, there was something that professor said afterward that made me feel hot. I sent word up to him by Foley's boy that seein' as how it had come out, we would n't charge him nothing for the rig; and that professor he answered that he was glad we were showin' him some sign of consideration, for he 'd begun to believe he 'd fallen into a den of sharks, and that we 'd gave him a runaway team a-purpose. That made me hot, callin' that a runaway team. Why, there was one of them horses never *could* have run away before—it had n't never been druv but twice; and the other horse, maybe, had run away a few times, but there was lots of times he *had n't* run away. I esteemed that team full as liable not to run away as it was to run away," concluded my foreman, evidently deeming this as good a warranty of gentleness as the most exacting could require.

The definition of good behavior in the cow-country is even more elastic for a saddle-horse than for a team. Last spring one of the Three-Seven riders, a magnificent horseman, was killed on the round-up near Belfield, his horse bucking and falling on him. "It was accounted a plumb gentle horse, too," said my informant; "only it sometimes sulked and acted a little mean when it was cinched up behind." The unfortunate rider did not know of this failing of the "plumb gentle horse," and as soon as he was in the saddle it threw itself over sidewise with a great bound, and he fell on his head, and never spoke again.

Such accidents are too common in the wild country to attract much attention; the men accept them, with grim quiet, as inevitable in such lives as theirs—lives that are harsh and narrow, in their toil and their pleasure alike, and that are ever bounded by an iron horizon of hazard and hardship. During the last year and a half three other men from the ranches in my immediate neighborhood have met their death in the course of their work. One, a trail boss of the O X, was drowned while swimming his herd across a swollen river. Another, one of the fancy ropers of the W Bar, was killed while roping cattle in a corral: his saddle turned, the rope twisted round him, he was pulled off, and was trampled to death by his own horse.

The fourth man, a cow-puncher named Hamilton, lost his life during the last week of October, 1891, in the first heavy snow-storm of the season. Yet he was a skilled plainsman, on ground he knew well, and, just before straying himself, had successfully instructed two men who did not know the country how to get to camp. All three were with the round-up, and were making a circle through the Bad Lands. The wagons had camped on the eastern edge of the Bad Lands, where they merge into the prairie, at the head of an old, disused road which led almost due east from the Little Missouri. It was a gray, lowering day, and as darkness came on Hamilton's horse played out, and he told his two companions not to wait, as it had begun to snow, but to keep on toward the north, skirting some particularly rough buttes, and as soon as they struck the road to turn to the right and to follow it out to the prairie, where they would find camp. He particularly warned them to keep a sharp look-out, so as not to pass over the dim trail unawares, in the dusk and the falling snow. They followed his advice, and reached camp safely; but after they had left him nobody ever again saw him alive. Evidently he himself, plodding northward, passed over the road without seeing it, in the storm and the gathering gloom; probably he struck it at some point where the ground was bad and the dim trail in consequence disappeared entirely, as is the way with these prairie roads—making them landmarks to be used with caution.

He must then have walked on and on, over rugged hills and across deep ravines, until his horse came to a standstill; he took off its saddle and picketed it to a dwarfed ash; its frozen carcass was found, with the saddle near by, two months later. He now evidently recognized some landmark, and realized that he had passed the road, and was far to the north of the round-up wagons; but he was a resolute, self-confident man, and he determined to strike out for a line camp which he knew lay almost due east of him, two or three miles out on the prairie, on one of the head branches of Knife River. Night must have fallen by this time, and he missed the camp. He swerved slightly from his line, probably passing it within less than a mile; but he did pass it, and with it all hope of life, and walked wearily on to his doom through the thick darkness and the driving snow. At last his strength failed, and he lay down in the tall grass of a little hollow. Five months later, in the early spring, the riders from the line camp found his body, resting face downward, with the forehead on the folded arms.

Accidents of less degree are common. Men break their collar-bones, arms, or legs by falling when riding at speed over dangerous ground, when cutting cattle, or when trying to

control a stampeded herd, or by being thrown or rolled on by bucking or rearing horses; or their horses, and on rare occasions even they themselves, are gored by fighting steers. Death by storm or in flood, death in striving to master a wild and vicious horse, or in handling maddened cattle, and too often death in brutal conflict with one of his own fellows — any one of these is the not unnatural end of the life of any dweller on the plains or in the mountains.

Only a few years ago other risks had to be run, from savage beasts and from the Indians. Since I have been ranching on the Little Missouri, two men have been killed by bears in the neighborhood of my range; and in the early years of my residence there, several men living or traveling in the county were slain by small war-parties of young braves. All the old-time trappers and hunters could tell stirring tales of their encounters with Indians.

My friend Tazewell Woody was among the chief actors in one of the most noteworthy adventures of this kind. He was a very quiet man, and it was exceedingly difficult to get him to talk over any of his past experiences; but one day, when he was in high good humor with me for having made three consecutive straight shots at elk, he became quite communicative, and I was able to get him to tell me one story which I had long wished to hear from his lips, having already heard of it through one of the other participants of the fight. When he found that I already knew a good deal of it, old Woody told me the rest.

It was in the spring of 1875, and Woody and two friends were trapping on the Yellowstone. The Sioux were very bad at the time, and had killed many prospectors, hunters, cowboys, and settlers; the whites retaliated whenever they got a chance, but, as always in Indian warfare, the sly, lurking, bloodthirsty savages usually inflicted much more loss than they suffered. The three men, having a dozen horses with them, were camped by the river-side in a triangular patch of brush shaped a good deal like a common flat-iron. On reaching camp they started to put out their traps, and when he came back in the evening Woody informed his companions that he had seen a great deal of Indian sign, and that he believed there were Sioux in the neighborhood. His companions both laughed at him, assuring him that they were not Sioux at all, but friendly Crows, and that they would be in camp next morning. "And, sure enough," said Woody, meditatively, "they *were* in camp next morning." By dawn one of the men went down the river to look at some of the traps, while Woody started out to where the horses were, the third man remaining in camp to get breakfast. Suddenly two shots were heard down the river, and in another moment a mounted Indian swept toward the horses. Woody fired, but missed him, and he drove off five horses, while Woody, running forward, succeeded in herding the other seven into camp. Hardly had this been accomplished before the man who had gone down the river appeared, out of breath from his desperate run, having been surprised by several Indians, and just succeeding in making his escape by dodging from bush to bush, threatening his pursuers with his rifle.

These proved to be the forerunners of a great war-party, for when the sun rose the hills around seemed black with Sioux. Had they chosen to dash right in on the camp, running the risk of losing several of their men in the charge, they could of course have eaten up the three hunters in a minute; but such a charge is rarely practised by Indians, who, although they are admirable in defensive warfare, and even in certain kinds of offensive movements, and although from their skill in hiding they usually inflict much more loss than they suffer when matched against white troops, are yet very reluctant to make any movement where the advantage gained must be offset by considerable loss of life. The three men thought they were surely doomed; but being veteran frontiersmen, and long inured to every kind of hardship and danger, they instantly set to work with cool resolution to make as effective a defense as possible, to beat off their antagonists if they might, and, if this proved impracticable, to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Having tethered the horses in a slight hollow, the only one which offered any protection, each man crept out to a point of the triangular brush-patch, and lay down to await events.

In a very short while the Indians began closing in on them, taking every advantage of cover, and then, both from their side of the river and from the opposite bank, opened a perfect fusillade, wasting their cartridges with the recklessness which Indians are so apt to show when excited. The hunters could hear the hoarse commands of the chiefs, the war-whoops, and the taunts in broken English which some of the warriors hurled at them. Very soon all of their horses were killed, and the brush was fairly riddled by the incessant volleys; but the three men themselves, lying flat on the ground and well concealed, were not harmed. The more daring young warriors then began to creep toward the hunters, going stealthily from one piece of cover to the next; and now the whites in turn opened fire. They did not shoot recklessly, as did their foes, but coolly and quietly, endeavoring to make each shot tell. Said Woody, "I only fired seven times all day; I reckoned on getting meat

every time I pulled trigger." They had an immense advantage of their enemies in that they lay still and entirely concealed, whereas the Indians of course had to move from cover to cover in order to approach, and so had at times to expose themselves. When the whites fired at all, they fired at a man, whether moving or motionless, whom they could clearly see, while the Indians could shoot only at the smoke, which imperfectly marked the position of their unseen foes. In consequence, the assailants speedily found that it was a task of hopeless danger to try to close in such a manner with three plains veterans, men of iron nerves and skilled in the use of the rifle. Yet some of the more daring crept up very close to the patch of brush, and one actually got inside it, and was killed among the bedding that lay by the smoldering camp-fire. The wounded, and such of the dead as did not lie in too exposed positions, were promptly taken away by their comrades; but seven bodies fell into the hands of the three hunters. I asked Woody how many he himself had killed. He said he could be sure of only two that he got: one he shot in the head as he peeped over a bush, and the other as he attempted to rush in through the smoke. "My, how that Indian did yell!" said Woody, retrospectively. "*He* was no great of a stoic." After two or three hours of this deadly skirmishing, which resulted in nothing more serious to the whites than in two of them being slightly wounded, the Sioux became disheartened by the loss they were suffering, and withdrew, confining themselves thereafter to a long-range and harmless fusillade. When it was dark the three men crept out to the river-bed, and, taking advantage of the pitchy night, broke through the circle of their foes. They managed to reach the settlements without further molestation, having lost everything except their rifles.

For many years one of the most important dwellers of the wilderness was the West Point officer, and no man has played a greater part than he in the wild warfare which opened the regions beyond the Mississippi to white settlement. Since 1879 there has been but little regular Indian fighting in the North, though there have been one or two very tedious and wearisome campaigns waged against the Apaches in the South. Even in the North, however, there have been occasional difficulties which had to be quelled by the regular troops.

After an elk-hunt in September, 1891, I came out through the Yellowstone Park, riding in company with a surveyor of the Burlington and Quincy Railroad, who was just coming in from his summer's work. It was the first of October. There had been a heavy snow-storm, and the snow was still falling. Riding a stout pony each, and leading another packed with our bedding, etc., we broke our way down from the upper to the middle geyser basin. Here we found a troop of the First Cavalry camped, under the command of old friends of mine, Captain Frank Edwards and Lieutenant (now Captain) John Pitcher. They gave us hay for our horses, and, with the ready hospitality always shown by army officers, insisted upon our stopping to lunch. After lunch we began exchanging stories. My traveling companion, the surveyor, had that spring performed a feat of note, going through the Black Cañon of the Big Horn for the first time. He went with an old mining inspector, the two dragging a cottonwood sledge over the ice. The walls of the cañon are so sheer and the water is so rough that it can be descended only when the stream is frozen. However, after six days' labor and hardship the descent was accomplished, and the surveyor, in concluding, described his experience in going through the Crow Reservation.

This turned the conversation upon Indians, and it appeared that both of our hosts had been actors in Indian scrapes which had attracted my attention at the time they occurred, both taking place among tribes that I knew and in a country which I had sometimes visited, either when hunting or when purchasing horses for the ranch. One which occurred to Captain Edwards took place late in 1886, at the time when the Crow chief Sword-Bearer announced himself as the Messiah of the Indian race, during one of the usual epidemics of ghost-dancing. Sword-Bearer derived his name from always wearing a medicine sword—that is, a saber painted red. He claimed to possess magic power, and, thanks to the performance of many dexterous feats of juggling, and the lucky outcome of certain prophecies, he deeply stirred the Indians, arousing the young warriors in particular to the highest pitch of excitement. They became sullen, and began to paint and arm themselves, the agent and the settlers near by growing so apprehensive that troops were ordered to the reservation. A body of cavalry, including Captain Edwards's troop, was accordingly marched thither, and found the Crow warriors, mounted on their war-ponies, and dressed in their striking battle-garb, waiting on a hill for them.

The position of troops at the beginning of such an affair is always peculiarly difficult. The settlers roundabout are sure bitterly to clamor against them, no matter what they do, on the ground that they are not thorough enough and are showing favor to the savages, while, on the other hand, even if they fight purely in self-defense, a large number of worthy but weak-minded sentimentalists in the East

are sure to shriek about their having brutally attacked the Indians. The war authorities always insist that they must not fire the first shot under any circumstances, and such were the orders at this time. The Crows on the hill-top showed a sullen and threatening front, and the troops advanced slowly toward them, and then halted for a parley. Meanwhile a mass of black thunder-clouds, gathering on the horizon, threatened one of those cloudbursts of extreme severity and suddenness so characteristic of the plains country. While still trying to make arrangements for a parley, a horseman started out of the Crow ranks and galloped headlong down toward the troops. It was the medicine chief Sword-Bearer. He was painted and in his battle-dress, wearing his war-bonnet of floating, trailing eagle-feathers, and with the plumes of the same bird braided in the mane and tail of his fiery little horse. On he came at a gallop almost up to the troops, and then began to circle around them, calling and singing, and throwing his red sword into the air, catching it by the hilt as it fell. Twice he rode completely around the troops, who stood in uncertainty, not knowing what to make of his performance, and expressly forbidden to shoot at him. Then, paying no further heed to them, he rode back toward the Crows. It appears that he had told the latter that he would ride twice around the hostile force, and by his incantations would call down rain from heaven, which would make the hearts of the white men like water, so that they would go back to their homes. Sure enough, while the arrangements for the parley were still going forward, down came the cloudburst, drenching the command, and making the ground on the hills in front nearly impassable; and before it dried a courier arrived with orders to the troops to go back to camp.

This fulfilment of Sword-Bearer's prophecy of course raised his reputation to the zenith, and the young men of the tribe prepared for war, while the older chiefs, who more fully realized the power of the whites, still hung back. When the troops next appeared they came upon the entire Crow force, the women and children with their tepees being off to one side, beyond a little stream, while almost all the warriors of the tribe were gathered in front. Sword-Bearer started to repeat his former ride, to the intense irritation of the soldiers. Luckily, however, this time some of his young men could not be restrained. They too began to ride near the troops, and one of them was unable to refrain from firing on Captain Edwards's troop, which was in the van. This gave the soldiers their chance. They instantly responded with a volley, and Edwards's troop charged. The fight lasted only a minute or two, for Sword-Bearer was struck by a bullet and fell; and as he had boasted himself invulnerable, and promised that his warriors should be invulnerable also if they would follow him, the hearts of the latter became as water, and they broke in every direction. One of the amusing, though irritating, incidents of the affair was to see the plumed and painted warriors race headlong for the camp, plunge into the stream, wash off their war-paint, and remove their feathers in an instant; in another moment they were stolidly sitting on the ground, with their blankets over their shoulders, rising to greet the pursuing cavalry with unmoved composure, and with calm assurances that they had always been friendly and had much disapproved the conduct of the young bucks who had just been scattered on the field outside. It was much to the credit of the discipline of the army that no bloodshed followed the fight proper. The loss to the whites was small.

Theodore Roosevelt.

HEART-SONG.

WITH eyes of fire and wings of flame,
Into my heart one day Love came
Crowned as king of my heart's desire.

Swift as the day-dawn, unaware,
Yet unsought of my heart's white prayer,
Love's breath blew on my heart's still fire.

With wings afold and eyes downcast,
Out of my heart one day Love passed,
Pale and cold through the ashes gray.

Nay, I said to my heart's despair:
"Love's voice silenced my heart's white prayer;
Best for my heart Love went away!"

Lucile Du Pré.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XVI.

JASPER pushed Vixen across the five miles of level plain lying between the ranch and the mountains on the other side of the valley, with quirt and spur. It was an incomparable morning, but nothing in his mood answered to it. The stirring, potent, heady morning air swam richly through his blood, awakening him to a hotter anger and a deeper resolve. He drank its strength as he rode on. It made him strong for what he had to do. He set his teeth, and spurred forward, hammering his horse's flanks. The noises of the day's work were only beginning in the ranch-houses he passed on the road. The spacious, deep-lunged, awful quiet that settles at night over the big hills and the stupendous prairie reaches of the West had not lifted, and the mountains, black and still in the motionless pines at their feet, and white and still about their snowy heads, looked down on the silence gravely.

Jasper was not thinking of mountains. His imagination, active enough within its own range of themes, was busy with a man who, up in the hills before him, would be just rising. The hills were not near enough. He cried upon the horse with an oath, as if Vixen could reduce the distance visibly at the leap she gave under a cut from his quirt.

At the "Snow Find" shaft a workman was busy lowering the bucket. Jasper tethered his horse at the cabin door and strode over to him. "Pull up that bucket, will you? I want to see my brother."

Mike Dougherty stared at him, and went on lowering. "Pull it up, do you hear?" said Jasper, laying his hand roughly on the man's shoulder.

"Yis, I hear," returned the man. With his arm he followed the revolving crank stolidly. The rope unwound.

"You 'll mind, if you know what 's good for yourself."

"Yis, I 'll moind me owners. I takes me orders from Misther Cutter and Misther Dade, d' yez moind?"

"I *am* Mr. Deed—Mr. Deed's brother."

Mike shot a look at him as he stooped to his work. He may have found warrant for the statement in the resemblance Jasper bore to Philip. "An' how would I know that?" he said, reversing the crank, and fetching up the bucket, hand over hand, with the same deliberation. Jasper cursed him silently. "There yez are. Yez 'll find Misther Dade in the big drift to yer right at the bottom." Jasper got into the bucket, and Dougherty lowered away. "The second to the right, d' yez moind?"

Jasper had thought out his meeting with Philip as he rode. He had decided, if he did not find him at his cabin, to go down into the mine without asking for him. He preferred not to give him the opportunity of refusing to see him.

He dropped past a stretch of pale-green earth out of the light. After the mellow stratum of brown he was in the dark, and all colors were alike. The firmament shrank above his head to a narrowing circle, the size of a man's palm. When he looked over the sides of his swinging, sinking bucket, the darkness deepened thickly into the abyss. He told himself that he was a fool to so put himself in Philip's power. But he could not stop now, and at the moment a pinhead of yellow flame danced in the depths, and he shouted at it.

The man behind it caught the bucket as it settled on the floor of the mine, lifting his candle to peer into the visitor's face. All the morning shift was in the mine, and both the superintendents. Any one who came now was a stranger, and, in a productive mine, a stranger is likely to be held an enemy until he proves himself a friend.

"Well?" interrogated the figure in shadow behind the candle.

"Is Mr. Deed here?" asked Jasper, stepping out.

"Yes; but he don't allow no one in this here mine," returned Henry Wilson, formerly of Missouri.

"He 'll allow me. I 'm his brother. I settled that at the top." As the man still scrutinized him, without offering to move, he said, "You don't think I lowered *myself* down in the bucket, do you?"

"*I* don't know what you did," growled the figure, which now showed a face, as the candle was lowered to the level of the head.

"Well, I do, then. I satisfied the man on duty at the top before getting down. You can lay odds on that."

"Yes," assented the man. The candle

showed a smile in the recesses of his tawny beard. "I guess you would n't be let by Mike very slick without you halted and gave the countersign. Who did you say?"

"I sha'n't say it again. Come! Get a move on!"

The man surveyed him again surlily, and, turning suddenly away with his candle, left him in darkness. Jasper lighted a cigar, and sat down on the edge of the bucket. The man's stumping step died away in the lateral gallery into which he had turned.

Two minutes passed without a sound. The air of the mine laid a clammy hand on him. He puffed vigorously at his cigar. The silence in the black space not lighted by the fitful glow of his cigar was like a thing in the darkness. Then he heard a quick step coming along the same gallery, a candle wavered into sight down the long passage into which he sat looking, and Philip stood above him. They gazed into each other's eyes.

"*You!*" cried Philip.

Jasper lifted his eyes lazily to the candle Philip held aloft, and smiled. "Yes," he said. He bit at the end of his cigar. "I want father's address."

"I can't give it to you."

"You mean you won't."

"I said '*can't*,'" returned Philip, thrusting the steel point of his candle-holder into a soft space in the wall, and advancing toward his brother with bent brows. "I don't know where my father is; and let me tell you that you will do well to measure your words." He looked steadily into his eyes across the candle-glare. "This interview is not of my seeking."

"Huh!" uttered Jasper, meditatively. "Your manners have rather gone off since I met you last. The life of a mining camp seems to have been — relaxing."

Philip bit his lip. "You should not be the first to say so," he said.

Jasper laughed. "You have n't looked me up with your report of my mine," he said, with impudent perception of Philip's meaning. "No, I understand; it was n't ready," he continued, lifting his hand deprecatingly at Philip's motion to reply. "I quite understand the delay: there was something else that was n't ready. *You* were n't ready." A dangerous light kindled in Philip's eyes. "A man who has done a sneaking thing behind another man's back usually *is n't* ready, I 've noticed, to face the man he 's injured."

Philip's hands twitched at his sides. "Ingrate!" he cried. "Keep those words to ticket yourself with!"

Jasper looked at him quietly from between his half-closed lids. "I 'm talking of *you*," he said. "Bluff is a good dog — for tricks; but I 'm dealing with facts; and I say that to rig a game on me with father in my absence was a dirty act. You can turn it back or front, or upside down," he went on with mounting anger, "but you can't get around that. It was a dirty act, and calling me names won't whitewash it." He came close to Philip, casting the words in his teeth.

The creak of an ore-car on a distant track cut upon the silence that fell for the instant while Philip searched for words. The preposterous reversal of their positions dizzied him. For a second everything went round in a whirl, in the midst of which Jasper's adroit shifting of the question between them seemed to take on a demoniac physical body, and to go capering through the candle-flame, gibing at him. The right which he felt at the center of Jasper's accusation quelled him, and beat back one after another the answering words thronging to his lips. He clenched his fist and dropped it at his side. Everything in him called upon him to choke back the falsehood in his throat as it touched *him;* but as his words touched his father, he owned sickly to himself their truth. The thought dashed him, and Jasper took the word before he could choose between one of the half-hearted answers that lay upon his tongue.

"You thought I would n't see through this thing, — you and father, — did you? You must have taken me for a bat. Why, you 'd see through it yourself — yes, even you, my helpless, pottering brother, who don't know as much of business in a year as I could guess before breakfast any morning. Yes; you who never turned an honest dollar in all your life, and who have managed to lose a pretty number, even you would see through it. The thing 's childish, I tell you — hiring Snell to make a show of buying the range, and fixing things to take it over on your own account and father's as soon as you 've quieted me. There were just two leaks in that chivalric scheme, let me tell you: first, the idea that I would n't see the point of all this roundabout trick for doing me out of my range; and second, that I *would* be quieted. I do see the point, and I won't be quieted. There 's going to be a row about this thing before we 're done with it, let me tell you. I should n't wonder if you heard the echo of it as far as the 'Snow Find,'" he sneered. "I 'm just the sort of man to sit down and whistle at my fate, I am! Huh!" he grunted, for lack of all other expressions of his scorn, and turned away.

"Do you find yourself safe in *always* judging other men by yourself?" asked Philip after a pause.

Jasper stumbled, and Philip caught up his halting words. "You think you know me. You say I 'm this and that. Answer me! Am

I the man to meet your low-downness with something lower? Have I ever played the blackguard toward you? You need an accusation, and it ought to be a first-class one, since it has to shelter you, and stand for answer to an act you know of. But it should be plausible, and you might begin by believing it yourself. Good God! Do I look like a fellow who could stoop to your notions of what a man may let himself do? Was I ever a sneak?"

Jasper clenched his hands. "Yes," he cried hoarsely—"yes. When were you ever anything else? Your life has been one long slinking out of every sort of duty, responsibility, and hard work. Your father has fed you since you were a man; he has kept you in amusement, and helped you in every fool scheme for dodging disagreeable things that your ingenuity could invent. You've gone on horseback from the first, young man. Do you think I have n't seen it? Do you suppose I have n't watched you while I was putting my back into my own work, and sweating to pull up this ranch you talk about?" Philip had not mentioned it. "*Sneak*, do you say? Why, if you were mousing about for a type of all the sneakingest things a man can do, you would n't have to go far. Fancy your demand that I should give up a share in this range to *you*, after what I 've done for it? You always had an eye for a soft snap; but I swear you never had the courage before to put in a claim for such a soft snap as that."

"Oh," cried Philip, "you should add that! Don't leave your hellish ingratitude half baked! Don't let me go free of your crime! It is I who have dealt my father this coward's blow, then? It 's *my* act that 's tortured and maddened him? It 's I who 've sent him to fling away his fortune distractedly, so that he might stab me back with the loss of my share in it? It 's like you to be the innocent one, is n't it, and mighty like me to be in the wrong? Was I ever anything else? And it 's I, too,—it must be, for if it 's not, it 's you, and that 's impossible,—who begged his brother to stake out a claim for him in the mountains, and then got him without much bother (for you were always an easy-going fool about taking trouble for others, were n't you, Jasper?) to work the claim for him, alongside his own. Ah, yes," he cried, with a derisive shout that went echoing under the hewn roof above his head, and ran stormily among the galleries, "it would be I, would it not, who took such a service from my brother, who left him to slave for a year for me in an ungodly hole among the hills, and paid him at the end with a coward's trick of fence that has its name among gentlemen? Yes; it would be I! And it 's you who have the burnt end of the stick in all this; it 's you who are basely wounded, and heaped with injury; and it 's you who come out of this thing with white hands! It 's a fine saying,—a monstrous fine saying—*brother!*"

Jasper slashed away with his cow-puncher's knife at a strip of iron pyrites in the rock at his side as Philip went on. At the last word he twisted the knife violently, and brought away the glistening little stratum at which he had been quarrying. It dropped to the floor of the mine with a tiny note that was like a crash in the silence which fell as Philip ceased. Jasper paled to the eyes.

"Words!" he said, in his throat. "Words! Better stick to them. Keep away from facts! They hurt. Where is my father?"

"I have told you that I do not know," returned Philip in the tone of enforced patience which one uses toward a guest who has outstayed his welcome. He folded his arms.

"And I think I 've said I don't believe you," answered Jasper. "If you hope to force me to a quarrel with *you*, by keeping me from the bigger game, let me tell you that you are badly off your base. I 've got a juicy bone to pick with you later; you 've given me matter enough this morning for all the quarrel you 'll ever have any real need for, I fancy. But I choose my time for quarrels. This is n't my time for a quarrel with you. I 'm not gunning for assistant sneaks to-day. I 'm looking for the brains of this deviltry. Tell me where my father is, and when I 've made him disgorge, I 'll be ready to give you all the attention you can want."

Philip fixed his eyes steadily on him above the candle. It began to gutter, and flared between the brothers.

"D—— you!" he said deliberately, between his teeth. "Keep your foul tongue from your father, or I 'll teach you courtesy!"

"T-s-s-s!" uttered Jasper. "An interesting person to teach courtesy! Tell me," he cried, taking a stride forward, and in the baleful light that suddenly entered his eyes Philip guessed, as by a fatal inspiration, what he must say—"tell me," he repeated, "what did you say of me to Miss Maurice when I left you alone with her not many days ago? What pleasant tales about me did you entertain her with? Ah, my knightly brother! You were asking if you were ever a sneak since I 've known you. To abuse me to a woman in my absence with the mean hope of undermining my favor with her, and slinking into my place! There 's chivalry for you! The chivalry of a confidence-man; the courtesy of a back alley!"

With a single movement Philip whipped past the candle, and took him by the throat. "You hound!" he cried. "Breathe Miss Maurice's name again, and I 'll— You never had a decent thought. You are as incapable of understanding the movements of a gentleman's mind as if you had sprung from the gutter.

Who taught you such thoughts? Not your father, you —!"

"Take off your hands! Take your hands off, I say!" shouted Jasper.

"Must I be a cad because we are sons of one father — more shame? Must I use my position to slander you to a woman because you would have done as much in my place? How *should* you guess that your father could wipe out your share in that cursed ranch in the pure generosity of his anger? It needs a *man* to understand certain things!" Philip's voice was a sob. "You think it like him to turn a penny from his revenge, do you? You can't understand his unreckoning love turned to unreckoning hate. You can't understand his ruining himself to even things with you, eh? Cur! Do you suppose he knows *how* to do a thing you could understand?"

Jasper cast himself free, and fell upon his brother in blind rage. They clenched in silence, and swayed in each other's arms.

"Curse you!" muttered Jasper, as Philip forced him to his knees. He caught fiercely at him, and, rising suddenly, by sheer strength, ground Philip back inch by inch, and, with an adroit twist, had all but thrown him. But Philip, winning a fresh grip, cast him back against the wall, where the candle leaped in a dying flame. Jasper's head struck upon a point of rock. He fell heavily to the floor. They had gone crashing into the candle together. It lay upon the floor, extinguished.

In the darkness Philip stooped in horror, and thrust his hand under his brother's clothing, feeling for the beating of his heart.

XVII.

THE minutes lengthened as he crouched there in the stillness, dazed and shuddering. In the silence he heard the dull, regular stroke of a sledge upon a drill in the recesses of the mine. His eyes seemed bursting in the darkness as he strained them upon the still figure beneath his hands. The blackness began to pale. The daylight, streaming through the shaft, reasserted itself vaguely, and, with his eyes, Philip devoured the motionless form. Its outlines slowly discovered themselves in the sick uncertainty of the yellowing light.

Steps drew near in one of the lateral galleries, and the gleam of a candle suddenly floated over the white face. Cutter laid a hand upon Philip's shoulder, and he looked up, turning a drawn visage on him.

Cutter raised his candle, peering upon the prostrate figure; and as Philip gave way to him, bent above it, and, after a moment's study, gave Philip his candle to hold, and put his ear to Jasper's heart.

"Pshaw! He 's all right!" cried Cutter in a cheerful tone, which shook Philip out of his laboring nightmare. "Come, let 's have him in the bucket."

Philip stooped without a word, and they carried him to the bucket, and, stepping in, gave the signal. As they rose, with their freight between them, Cutter caught out his handkerchief at sight of the wound on the head from which the blood still flowed, and bound it up.

They laid him on the grass in the wide sunshine at the top. Philip fetched water, and they dashed it in his face. They loosened his collar, and plied him with brandy. He stirred.

Philip, who had been bending over him, sprang up. "Here, take this," he muttered hurriedly, pressing the flask into Cutter's hands. Mike came up with a telegram which had come from Gasher's, the small railway station a mile from the "Snow Find." Philip tore it open, and with a glance at it handed it over to Cutter.

PIÑON, December 22.

The Ryan outfit have made a strike in the "Little Cipher." Assays $1200 to the ton. You are a rich man. Come at once to protect your interests. HAFFERTON.

"By *Jove!*" shouted Cutter as he read. Did n't I tell you!" He rose in excitement Jasper moaned uneasily.

"No," said Philip.

"Well, I told you the other thing. It 's all the same."

"You told me that the 'Pay Ore' was a great mine and that the 'Little Cipher' was no good," returned Philip. His voice had a hollow sound.

Cutter looked at him. "Well?" explained he, impatiently. And after a pause, "See here, will you take my advice?" he asked, laying a compelling hand on Philip's listless arm.

"I don't know," returned Philip, out of the mazy seizure into which the despatch seemed to have plunged him.

"You don't want to see this fellow when he comes to, and you ought to be at Piñon by the first train that will take you there. Take his horse over by the cabin, and catch the 11:12. It 's only twenty-five minutes past ten now, and you can make it on that horse of his with hard riding. I 'll send Mike after you to fetch back the horse, so that it will be at the ranch when we get there."

"When you get there?" repeated Philip.

"Yes, yes. Don't make objections, but start. The Ryans will have time to play the deuce with you if you don't start at once. I 'll get Wilson to help me make up a bed for him in the Studebaker wagon, and I 'll drive him over

to the Triangle myself. I 'll see him through. Don't bother! And get on that horse!"

"Cutter," said Philip, in a tone of conviction, "you are a brick!"

He gave him his hand in a silent pressure, strode over to Vixen, flung himself on her back, and, with a wave of his hand to Cutter, disappeared below the brow of the hill on which the "Snow Find" buildings stood.

Jasper opened his eyes.

PHILIP saw the meeting hills within which Maverick lay part before the climbing progress of his train, and then close in behind it again, as they issued from the valley. The train writhed upon itself, crossing and recrossing its track, snatching an advantage where it could, and winning its way from height to height by breathless climbs, by level tugs in which the engine seemed to fill its lungs, by stealthy curves, by assaults. They stood at last where a mountain-side dropped sheer away below the rails, and, looking out from the dizzily clambering train, Philip saw beneath a white world, out of which the melancholy firs lifted their wailing arms in scattered companies. Ouray impended spectrally above the opposite window for a moment, and then the train was at rest upon the summit, within the black hole which snow closes at all seasons. The scene was the same to Philip's heated sight within the tunnel and without: the monstrous bulks of the interfolded hills, the vision of a white, tumultuous wilderness, desolately broken by rocks and pines, ran upon his distracted sense like frost tracery, dissolving unintelligibly as it shaped itself.

He was facing a new fact, with a thousand consequences, and watched the marching panorama as one watches a play in an unfamiliar tongue. He had known his fact only an hour, but a year's pain had gone into it, and a year's idle wrestling.

The mine in which the Ryan outfit had struck a fortune was Jasper's.

As the train pulled out of the tunnel, and slipped down the first stretch of the descent on the other side of the mountains, Philip dreamed in rage of the day in which Jasper should take over with a silent smile the fortune he had won for him. It was the twist too much in this devilish business, he cried to himself, in speechless bitterness, as he stared from the window again. The train swept into a snow-shed or burst out of one momently, and he took the white and glistening sweep of the wilderness upon his unseeing eyes in abrupt flashes. In the snow-sheds, where the other passengers could not see, he beat the arm of his seat in wrath.

He could bear that Jasper should give him no thanks for the year he had divided between the two mines; he could bear that he should cheat him of his inheritance; and in the helpless tangle of fate in which that act had involved his father and himself, and even Margaret, he could bear to owe to Jasper the loss of his father's trust. He could suffer this and not attempt reprisal, he could even feel how deeply, fatally wrong all reprisal must be; but he could not heap a fortune on the man from whom he had borne all this.

He frowned on McCormick, as he threw his leg over the pony he hired from him at Bayles's Park for the ride over the Pass.

"Been gittin' bad news?" asked the hotel proprietor. He had got the best of him in the bargain for the pony, and could afford to be sympathetic.

"Heard of the strike up at Piñon?" asked Philip, with an idle willingness to amuse his misery by what the man should say.

"Don't mean the 'Little Cipher'? You ain't got nahthin' to do 'th that, have you?"

"I leased it to the Ryan outfit a couple of months ago."

"Why, shake!" cried the hotel man, with honest pleasure. "You don't tell me! They tell *me* it 's a Josephus dandy. Moshier come down the other day on his way to Leadville,—you know Moshier,—and he said it was the biggest strike they 've made at Piñon: the hull town 's wild about it." Philip conquered the envious pang for which he began to despise himself.

"How long ago did Moshier say they made the strike?" he asked, to stifle his thoughts.

"'Bout a week? Have you jist heard about it?" asked the man, interestedly.

"Yes; they were n't in a hurry to let me know."

"No; nachully," mused his interlocutor. "Did they tell you what it assayed? *I* heard $1500."

Philip found a smile. "The assayists get a little rattled when somebody really strikes something, I 've noticed. Trying to find pay ore in iron pyrites three hundred and sixty-four days in the year dulls a man."

"Well, you take it easy," said McCormick, admiringly. He had spent a good part of his life on an Illinois farm, where things do not happen so often as they do in Colorado. "If any one was to have asked me before you spoke up about the 'Little Cipher' bein' yours"—Philip winced—"I should have said you had been losin' a near relation 'stid of strikin' it rich in a mine — somethin' a little nearer 'n an uncle, and a little further than a father — 'bout a brother, say." McCormick laughed for enjoyment of his humor, but he changed the subject at Philip's scowl. "Say, what become of the pretty young lady and her father that you come through with a while ago, after the big storm?"

And at Philip's answer, "That 's good," he said. "Glad to hear it. She was lookin' shaky. I was a little mite afraid she would n't pull through. It was a close call you had up round the Fifth Cascade, there. We ain't had such a storm since. Well, better luck this time! We can't afford to lose you, you know. You 'll be one of our millionaires, now. Come in and have something before you start," he urged, in the overflow of his hospitality.

Philip said it was too cold to get off his horse again, and offered him a nip from his flask, if he must pledge him. They drank together, McCormick praising the quality of Philip's whisky. "One more? Well, I don't mind. Here 's to the success of the 'Little Cipher' and its owner."

"No," said Philip. He laid a hand on McCormick's uplifted arm. "There are better toasts than that, McCormick. Drink to the poor devils who have n't struck it rich."

"Oh, all right," returned McCormick, surprised. "To the poor devils who have n't struck it rich, then. That takes in me," he added, as he smacked his lips.

Philip rode away and over the Pass with set teeth. Jasper would be even richer than he had fancied — brutally rich. It was the chance of mining: Jasper had won, and he had lost, and it was the kind of chance for which he could see himself being almost glad, under certain conditions; he could not imagine himself grudging a brother a fortune, if that were all. Very likely Jasper could do more with a fortune than he could; he had never learned how to use money, or even how to keep it; and at least there would be something to say for the wisdom of the fate which should pick out Jasper rather than him for her money favors. But after all that had passed, to choose him as the instrument of her bounty was an odious freak. Contrived in this way, he did grudge the fortune to his brother, and grudged it to him savagely. He felt like howling in his rage to the cañon walls, as he thought that it was for this he had spent that cursed year at Piñon. He thought of their fight in the mine. He thought of what he had said to Jasper, and now took none of it back, as he had begun to take it back when he stooped over him in the awful fear of what he had done.

There was no snow in front of the cave near the Fifth Cascade when he reached it, though a heavy fall lay upon the hills toward which his face was set. The thought of Dorothy and of the days they had spent in the cave — days in which the friendly meeting of a common danger and the natural, candid, almost happy conditions of their situation had drawn them together — taught him a new pang. His heart labored thickly with the sudden pain of the thought that she was lost to him. If he could still hope to restore himself to his place in her thought, — when he recalled how he had lost it through a sentiment of delicacy about Jasper, he loathed himself, — what sort of man was he now to propose marriage to any woman?

He said to himself, with a smile of irony, that he was in just the condition to tempt to marriage a woman whom he had given reason to distrust and dislike him; and especially he was in a state which commends itself, everywhere, to the careful fathers of lovely girls, and would be certain to commend itself to her money-loving father.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, he was a beggar, and a beggar, now, without hope. He saw, now, how he had built upon the expectation that the Ryan outfit would strike it rich in the "Pay Ore"; he went back and told himself that he should never have gone on seeing so much of Miss Maurice if he had not made sure of this in his own musings upon his future. His visible resources during the time when he was seeing Dorothy every day, and for a good part of every day, were contained in a leather trunk, the worse for mountain travel on pack-animals. But he had been rich in confidence. He smiled wearily as he remembered that he was always rich in that; if at any moment of his life he could have realized the wealth that he saw in "futures," he would seldom have needed to wonder where he could borrow money to lend good fellows, or to buy a useless third pony. It was an instinct with Philip to want the third pony, and an irresistible instinct to buy it when he lacked money for a new hat. In moments like those he was enduring as he rode forward over the Pass toward Piñon he recognized these instincts for follies at least as cordially as his wisest friend could have wished. He even said to himself that it was cold-blooded to have borrowed that last money from Vertner for the purchase of Dan; but he excused himself by recalling that he had expected the "Pay Ore" to do something for him then. And so had Vertner. Surely it was n't to the "Little Cipher" that he had trusted in making the loan!

The thought was too bitter. He turned from it to wonder sarcastically if Jasper's luck would hold in the search he knew he would be making for his father as soon as he was able to be about again. It would be like the way things had been going since his father had struck back at Jasper, if he should find him, and revenge himself as Jasper would know how to revenge himself. Ah, that was the mistake! It was useless to regret it now; the thing was done. But what, of all that had happened since, was not the fruit of it? It would have been a wise or a very hardy man who had ventured to foretell what shape the sure train of evil must take, when

his father answered Jasper's blow with another; but a child could have foreseen the inevitableness of the pursuing chastisement — of all this horrid, fertile coil of wrong begotten of wrong. Subtle, ingenious, pitiless — by what sureness of indirection, by what deadly certainty of straightforward vengeance, was the law which his father had outraged taking its satisfaction! Was it only nightmare? Did it not truly seem that the wrong which his father had dared try cure with wrong must go on helplessly begetting other wrong, after its kind, and in its own image? Philip felt as if he were getting his Bible mixed; but Nature seemed to have her own idea of the eye-for-an-eye doctrine — that was what he was thinking. She did n't spare.

His thought ricochetted, in the aimless manner of thoughts, toward the ever-recurring theme of his debts. With his horse's head turned toward Piñon they became a subject of immediate, of even pressing, importance. What was he to say to those fellows? He had staved off men to whom he owed money before; but he had never made so many promises about any other set of debts, nor broken so many. The letters he had received lately from Piñon had made him writhe; for it is a curious truth that reminders of debts contracted in carelessness about the means of meeting them are often felt to be more insulting than reminders of the same nature conveyed to conscious innocence, whose checkbook is in its pocket. Philip hated the men to whom he owed money. They represented the difficulty of life. Worse — they stood for his weakness: they *were* his weakness in material form. From this point of view their mere existence was insulting.

He chose to hold in his pony after passing Laughing Valley City. There was snow at this height, and he did not wish to press the animal. Besides, a plan of getting into Piñon after dark, and up to his old cabin on Mineral Hill — a plan of investigating the find at the "Little Cipher," leaving Hafferton in charge, if he was still there, and getting away again before the shopkeepers in the town below should have the opportunity of representing disagreeable facts to him, had been forming itself in his mind.

In the event, Hafferton hailed him from the sidewalk as he rode into the town, and Philip had to alight and walk along with him, while he heard Hafferton's story. It was an interesting story; and they were at Hafferton's cabin, and Philip had consented to stay the night with him, and allowed his horse to be stabled in the burro shed behind the hut, before he knew. A party of four were playing cards in the cabin which Hafferton had shared with the editor of his old paper since he had returned to Piñon (his leased mine at Leadville had ceased to pay lately), and in the doubtful light cast by two candles set in two whisky-bottles, Philip saw at once that one of the party was Charlie White — red-haired Charlie White, the newsdealer, whose bill he knew by heart.

"How are you, Mordaunt?" he said, giving a listless hand to the editor, who rose with his cards, and wrung his hand.

"Lucky dog!" said Mordaunt, in a hearty half-whisper, which Philip felt was intended for congratulation. He half withdrew the hand which Mordaunt was crushing, and then let it lie. They all rose from the table and crowded about him, eager to snatch his hand. "Oh, come," cried Philip, as his bones crunched upon each other in the grasp of a hairy paw, "I can't interrupt the game."

"Game be blowed!" replied the owner of the paw, cheerily. "What 's the latest from the 'Little Cipher'? That 's a daisy strike of yours, Deed!"

They liked the coolness with which Philip took his good fortune. When they heard that he had n't seen his mine yet, they formed themselves into a committee on the spot, to escort him to it in the morning.

"Better hire the 'Silas R. Phinney' brass-band," said Philip, sickly laying hold of the humorous view of the situation, and staying himself upon it, as the only permanent object in this lurching welter, while he went on to chaff them.

None of them knew. But of course. Had he not known that no one knew? Yes, yes; oh, no doubt. But he had not fancied them ignorant in this way. He had expected — Heaven knew what he had expected! Or, yes — he remembered what he must have expected. He had understood vaguely that at Piñon they could not know the mine to be Jasper's — how should they? They had never heard of Jasper. It was all in his own name: both mines had been known in Piñon as equally his — "Deed's mines," Philip Deed's mines. Yes; he had said this to himself; but never the other thing, that they must think the "Little Cipher" *his*. Was it too obvious, he wondered, now? Had he been crazed by Jasper's damnable good fortune? Well, what matter? They thought the mine his.

A black suggestion — the devil's — plucked at him as he stood among these fellows, giving back their congratulations with dazed looks and half-hearted raillery. It came upon him, suddenly, fatally, as if this too were a fresh thought. The thought was that Jasper knew no more than they. He knew that he owned a mine at Piñon. But which?

Philip turned pale, and tried to cry the truth at them. It would not utter itself. Then some one proposed a toast to the owner of the "Little Cipher," and when at last he lifted his voice to

explain their mistake at any cost, it was drowned in the uproarious shout of congratulation.

But Philip was determined, now. He waited until he could catch Charlie White away from the crowd, and, drawing him into a corner, said, "That bill I owe you—"

"Oh, that's all right, man! You didn't think I was anyways worried about that, did you?" asked White, jovially.

"Yes. You have n't left me at a loss to understand that you were worried."

"Oh, my letters!" cried Charlie, waving them off magnificently. "You surely have n't been taking them seriously! What? My little joking way! Why, I thought you were too much of a joker yourself not to understand a bit of fun like that, Mr. Deed."

"It is n't my idea of fun, Mr. White," retorted Philip, reckless of consequences with a man whom he might have to sue for indulgence the next minute. "I can't meet your bill in cash at the moment," he went on haughtily; "but if you will allow me to return the set of Thackeray, and some of the other books in good bindings,—it 's coming Christmas, and you 'll have a sale for them,—I can make a small payment, on account, on the magazines and other things I owe you for."

They spoke in an undertone; but Philip felt that they were watched by the others, who went on drinking, leaving the new-made mining king to his royal whim.

"Why, what the—?" began White; and Philip saw that he had humiliated himself for nothing. Then, as if taken with discretion, White went on: "Why, pshaw, man! What 's the use of talking! Charlie White ain't the last man to understand how a fellow can be hard up with a leased mine where they 've only just struck the dust. I don't want neither books nor payment. Not I! Why, you must come down in the morning, after you 've been up to your mine, and see what you want in our line. We won't stand on the question of credit. Five years and no questions asked is my motto with Mr. Deed."

If Philip could have drawn a check for $69.17 then and there, and handed it over to him, he would have answered this as he was aware that it ought to be answered. The consciousness that he had less than $15 in cash in the world, and less than $10 in his trousers pockets, taught him to parley with the situation, as it had often taught him to parley with situations less vital. A wandering recollection came to him of something he had been hoping to be able to send Dorothy for Christmas — something which he could get at Charlie White's, on credit, as he faced, for a moment, the opposite prospect of a suit. White would n't want his books, nor the small sum on account, if he knew the truth: he did n't need to glance at the hard lines under the smile he was wearing at the moment to understand this quite clearly. What he would do would be to sue him, now that he was within reach again, and to bring down the whole howling pack of his creditors on him. It would be an infernal row, and he would be spattered with a lot of mud. Why not postpone the question until he could look into the mine quietly, and take himself out of Piñon? Then they were welcome to bay at his heels, if they liked: it might amuse them, and would n't hurt him. But to bring it on himself while he was here — The horror of the temptation came over him again, and to shut out the vision of the man that it sought to make him, he plunged into, "Don't rely on the mine, White, if you know what 's good for yourself."

"Why not?" asked White, sharply. "You have n't assigned your interest in it, have you?"

Philip saw what was in his mind; he was imagining that he might have assigned his interest to avoid his creditors. He might better risk the truth than that; if that idea got abroad to-night he might as well drop everything in the morning, and give himself up to his creditors. But he knew that the moment when he was likely to risk the truth was past, and in despair he said:

"No; I have n't assigned it."

It occurred to him that he would have to send his gift to Dorothy anonymously.

XVIII.

I PLEASE myself by thinking of Dorothy just at this time as the center of all the young sentiment gathered about her. In the East, where we know that things are not what they were, a young girl is no longer likely to be called upon to choose among three lovers, a privilege which ought probably to be the inalienable right of every nice girl on both sides of the continental divide. But the eager army of adventurous spirits who populate the West, crossing the Mississippi at an age to which a nice girl seems much the nicest thing there is, are apt to find her the rarest product of the country, and to hold her in proportionate esteem. That one man should alone be in the secret of her niceness would, under Western conditions, be a painful extravagance; and though the instinct of the West is not for economy, it is never, in this regard, other than frugal. By a fortunate provision of Nature the pretty contest between the members of a group of young ranchmen or mining engineers, or the galliard lieutenants stationed at a frontier fort, cannot go on forever, else the nicest girl might finally lack niceness enough

to go around. She usually mobilizes her straggling lines of amiability, and throws them upon a single knight, after a time, and if they hardily resolve to undertake the Western experiment together, she commonly finds, during the first year or two, that she needs all her niceness to keep the experiment going. Sometimes she returns to the East, and marries, in the end, some humdrum New Yorker or Bostonian. In cases like this she leaves a reproachful sentiment of regard behind her, which half a dozen agreeable young fellows may share without enmity until the next young girl comes from the East to divide their good will. And she often takes with her a romantic regret. She sees how the West — or at least these young Westerners — need her, or some one not too unlike her; she pities their unfriended, unfeminized lot; she thinks how, if she were braver, she should have courage to share it with them; and after her humdrum marriage she has moments of despising the weak-heartedness which withheld her from sharing it with them. Fifth Avenue is a long way from the Rocky Mountains: through the mist of distance in miles and in years she finds it easy to imagine herself suffering the West for love of one Jack or Harry,— if she had only loved him enough,— and she keeps a perfumed corner of her memory for the real romance that clings about the whole great, rude, unspoiled country beyond the Mississippi — the romance which seized her young girl's fancy, even more than the battalion of young men, and which makes the unceasing and inexhaustible interest of the West.

Dorothy's heart and her conscience were sadly occupied, as, with Jack by her side, she went her parish-visiting way some days following the encounter of the brothers at the "Snow Find." She had heard nothing of this as yet. Her trouble was an ill-starred instance of the imperfection of the frank and abundant Western love-making. Dick, whom she liked so much, Dick, who had been so generous and tireless a friend to her, in ways unknown to any friendliness but the very kindest, Dick, who had come to her rescue in one of the most difficult hours of her life, and had ever since been beyond all saying good to her and to her father — Dick wanted to marry her! The fact, when it was fully explained to her, almost caused her to revolt against the whole institution of marriage. *Why* should Dick want to marry her? Why could he not remain her dear, her very excellent, her never-to-be-enough praised or liked, friend? Why must the tiresome question of love perpetually rise to haunt the fine and cheering and noble friendship which might bind men to women, if men were different?

She could not help grieving for Dick,— poor Dick,— but she would not allow herself to be sorry for the pleasant days which had led to this. It had been very pleasant to her, his friendship; and if it was at an end (at least on the old, kindly, unconscious ground), it was not her fault, but her great misfortune. She could not see, as girls often see remorsefully, in such cases, with no better reason, how she had been to blame. Was she to have imagined, then, that Dick was in love with her? She said to herself indignantly that no such discreditable and vexatious thought about Dick could ever have entered her head. But as the full meaning of Dick's passion for her made its way into her consciousness, her heart bled for him, in perceiving how just this frame of mind, on her part, must lend poignancy to his regret. That she found him impossible and incredible as a lover was not a thing to console his lonely sorrow at Laughing Valley City. It was to Laughing Valley that he had returned the day before, with a gentle air of asking forgiveness for having spoiled their relation, which went to her heart.

"Ah, well," she said to herself, as she caught sight of Vertner coming toward her down a side street. "He will find some good girl after a while who will see how splendid he is, as I do, and will love him besides. The worst is, we never can be friends again!"

Vertner, as he joined her at the corner, asked if he might walk along with her, and then inquired where she was going. Dorothy said she was going on a round of duty-calls, but that she was glad to see him; she wanted to ask him about his plan for enlisting her father in the publication of a church paper. She spoke anxiously, and Vertner had his unfailing cheerfulness ready for her.

"Oh, that 's all right," he said. "It 's a wonderful field. It 's curious some clever chap has n't worked it before." He was distributing his happy, indomitable little smile, as they walked, to every one they met. Dorothy, who had come to know a great many people in Maverick herself, by this time, was surprised and amused by the extent of his bowing acquaintance. She said he seemed very neighborly, and Vertner laughed. Oh, yes, he owned; a man had to know everybody. There was no telling what business he would be wanting to go into one of these beautiful Colorado days; and perhaps from a willingness to avoid plumbing the depths of his church-paper scheme with her, he called upon her to admire the unwearying and systematic goodness of the Colorado weather, and insisted upon the admission that there was no place in the world for a man to settle in like Maverick. "I used to think Leadville was

about right," he said, with a smile which admitted her into his professional insincerity, "but that was when I owned more corner lots in Leadville than I do now."

"No; but about the paper—" began Dorothy, again.

And, as if it had slipped his mind, "Oh, yes; about the paper!" he exclaimed—and changed the subject.

Dorothy had intended to make her first call on Miss Kiteva Snell; but perceiving that Vertner hoped that she would be obliged to leave him before they had definitely arrived at the subject of the paper, she changed her course, determining to begin with Mrs. Felton, who lived much further out, not far from the river road.

"Why, you see it 's this way," said Vertner, when he found that he must make a virtue of necessity. "There 's no diocesan paper, and your father and I thought it would be a good thing to start one." Dorothy laughed boldly at Vertner's use of the word "diocesan"; if she had not been much concerned about her father's share in the paper, she would have taken time to be amused by the idea of Vertner as the publisher of a church journal, a function which he presently explained that he was to assume, if her father decided to go into the enterprise, and would accept the post of editor.

It appeared that this was to be a weekly—"a little weekly for a cent," Vertner called it; it was really to be very small, but was to be sold at rather less than a cent, in quantities, to the various congregations of the diocese. "We 'll take in New Mexico and Wyoming after a while; but we thought of beginning with Colorado," said Vertner, modestly. "In these missionary dioceses, you know,"—Dorothy could not help admiring the glibness with which he used his second-hand knowledge procured, she felt sure, from her father,—"they have n't got around to the little diocesan papers that are so common in the East. But all dioceses need them. They are popular with the bishops because they afford a channel for direct communication with all the people of their dioceses—appointments, pastoral letters, and all that, you know; they are popular with the priests" (Dorothy wished not to be irreverent, but she was forced to smile at Vertner's confident use of her father's high-church word) "because we print a special edition for each church, with local announcements; and the people like them because they get them for nothing."

"For nothing?" inquired Dorothy, not understanding how her father was to profit by such an arrangement.

"Well, the same thing. They feel as if they got them for nothing. Of course each church will subscribe as a body, but the papers will be distributed every Sunday in the pews free. Every church will subscribe. We sha'n't stick them very much for the paper by the hundred."

"But how do you expect to make your fortune, Mr. Vertner, by that plan—and papa's? I suppose you intend to make your fortune?" she answered, with twinkling eyes.

Vertner smote his hands together with delight. He was wearing a pair of sealskin gloves, and the concussion made a resounding noise. "Yes, yes," he cried, generously enjoying his foible with her. "Of course. What are we here for?"

"For your health, Mr. Vertner?" suggested Dorothy, roguishly, under her breath.

Vertner smiled with her. "I 'm afraid it would n't do to trust you with our scheme for making a go of this thing," he said, looking at her with admiration. "You might understand it."

"Thanks."

"It 's a good scheme," he said fondly. "Do you think I could trust you?"

"To misunderstand it?"

"No; not to go and give it away to the big advertisers." They laughed together at this, and Vertner said he thought he could rely on her friendliness to her father to keep her from indiscreet revelations, and explained how they—he always implicated her father, Dorothy observed, with interest—were going to charge for advertising only in proportion to the circulation, and were going to charge only a cent a line per thousand of circulation, at that.

"But that is worse and worse," cried Dorothy. "I don't see but you are sure to lose money. You are taking every precaution."

"Um!" meditated Vertner, with a cheerful smile. "Strikes you that way, does it? Well, it does most every one, to tell the truth. I 've mentioned the idea to half a dozen men in Denver who do a good deal of advertising, and that 's what they said. They asked me if I could n't corner enough annual ruin in mines without monkeying with church newspapers, at a cent a line, and prove your circulation by monthly affidavits? I had to do a little fright at that, of course, as if that view of the case had n't occurred to me. Your intuition, Miss Maurice," he said, making her a flattering bow, "taken in connection with their business judgment, makes me feel happy about the scheme. So you think your father and I would drop our molasses-jug if we went into the 'Church Kalendar' on that basis?"

"No, Mr. Vertner," returned Dorothy, with an unperturbed face, which Vertner resisted an inclination to applaud; "if you say there is a fortune in it, I shall get myself a new pair of gloves

to-day. I 'm sure you always know when you are going to make a fortune."

"Ah, that makes two persons who believe in me!" exclaimed Vertner. "The other is a man in Denver who dropped to my scheme. He fell off a ten-story building on it. It was glorious. I chummed with him for an hour like a brother, and swore him to secrecy."

"Oh, please chum with me like a sister, Mr. Vertner!"

"Shall I? Well, the man said it was too pretty a scheme to give away. I believe you 'll have the same feeling," he said, with a reverence which he failed in burlesquing. "You see—"

He hesitated.

"Well?"

"Well, we don't make any guarantees about the circulation. It may be small or it may be—large." He paused for the effect.

"But—" began Dorothy, not finding herself more enlightened.

"Well, we make them take out a yearly contract in consideration of the lowness of the price."

"But still I don't see," cried Dorothy.

"Don't you? How many subscribers do you think we shall have at the end of six months?"

"I don't know," returned Dorothy, laughing. "Five thousand?"

"What! Five cents a line! Do you want to starve us? The circulation at the end of the first half year will be a quarter of a million. How many churches do you suppose there are in Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, Dakota, Washington, Oregon, California, and Nevada?" He rolled off the portentous list with enjoyment. Dorothy again replied that she did not know. "Well, neither do I," owned Vertner; "but there must be a quarter of a million regular attendants at those churches at a low calculation. Now do you see?"

Dorothy laughed aloud. "And are you going to make every one of those people subscribe to the 'Church Kalendar'?" she asked.

"I 'm going to *give* it to them," replied Vertner. And at Dorothy's look of bewilderment, "On a *bona-fide* subscription plan, of course. We 'll arrange that with the rectors. But you see the point, perhaps?"

"With the advertisers?" faltered Dorothy.

Vertner nodded happily.

"But will they — will they like it?" asked Dorothy.

"Well, I don't believe they will renew their contracts for the second year," admitted Vertner, sententiously.

Dorothy did not instantly see her way through the sinuosities of this ingenious plan; but she thought she was sure that there was a lurking wrong to somebody involved in it. She reserved this for her father, however. She meant to ask him all about it, and to beg him, whatever the honesty, and whatever the promise of the enterprise, not to share in it. She doubted all projects of making money, *prima facie*. She had not merely a woman's conservatism about finance, she had the timidity of all who live on a stated income, and to this she added a rooted distrust of her father's financial capacity. It was the only distrust she allowed herself regarding him, and even this was affectionate: how should such a man be skilled in the ways of trade?

She formed a project of asking Jasper to advise him not to engage in the plan. She knew that her father respected Jasper's judgment, and perhaps he would suffer himself to be persuaded by him on the business side, when her own remonstrances would not avail. Jasper and her father had been even more intimate since the renewal of their acquaintance in Maverick than she remembered them in the old days. Jasper had once come and sat out the evening with her father in his study, smoking a pipe, only looking in on her to say "Good night." Possibly Jasper would go into it with him; that would make it safe, for she was sure that any business project of which Jasper approved, and to which he gave his mind, must prosper. But she was in a moment not sure that she wished this. She would not say to herself all that this thought implied. She had begun to shrink lately from her previsions of the final outcome of her present singular relation to Jasper. She had said to herself that she must bring the matter to an end, but she had not yet found the hardihood for that, and meanwhile she felt herself being surrounded; she had the sense of being softened and drawn to him by a slow, certain process, like the fatal eating of the sea into a rock. Jasper's will was in itself a reason for anything that he strongly wished; through all the strength of her own will she felt this. Sometimes she felt it unsupportably, and it was at such times that she said to herself that she must end it. Alas! it is really only the man who can put an end to such a situation. A woman can make her way out of it only by a violence, an unwomanliness. From all that could be held unwomanly Dorothy shrunk with much more reluctance than from anything that the situation into which Jasper had contrived to bring her could have to offer; and she helplessly let the affair lapse and drift.

Thinking of Jasper led her to speak of him; and Vertner's extraordinary interest in the subject was causing her a vague wonder, when they met Dr. Ernfield, driving back to Maverick from a professional visit which he had been paying at Loredano. He drew up to the sidewalk, and they paused to speak to him. Dorothy thought sadly that he was looking very weak and ill again. Dorothy had last seen him at

Beatrice's card-party, where he was looking much stronger than now; and she was grieved by his appearance of illness. She begged him to come to see her; she said she was in shockingly good health, but she would come down with any new and unstudied disease that he liked, if he would not come without that. But she hoped he would.

Ernfield said he should be glad to come without excuse, if she would let him. He had often seen Dorothy at Mrs. Vertner's while Margaret was in Maverick, and twice since Margaret had gone he had been to the Maurices' cottage,—once to see Maurice himself, when he had been suffering from a bad cold, and once again to call on them, with no business reason. Dorothy's cordial freedom, her sweetness, and the candid openness with which she lavished herself on him when he came, were not things which any one could fail to like, and certainly were not things which a man in his position could be other than grateful for. When he had last seen her he had scorned himself for the stealthy pain which ventured to show its head at the thought that it was only to a man out of the running that a woman could venture to be as good as that, and he was willing to go again to punish himself for the thought by enjoying her kindness as whole-heartedly as it was offered. Surely, in so far as any one could imply by words said, and left unsaid, that he was a robust marcher in the ranks with the rest, with a brave, rich life before him, she implied it, with her woman's tact. It was himself he must accuse; and he did it handsomely, as Dorothy, with the yearning painted on her face, in spite of herself, to do something for him, somehow to give him a lift, to cheer and comfort him, begged him to come to see her.

Vertner asked the news at Loredano. How was the strike Pope had made in the "Nugget" coming on? And had Metuchen driven his bunch of cattle over into Bayles's Park for the winter? It was part of the kindliness and inbred courtesy, which oddly mingled themselves with other qualities in Vertner, that he forbore to follow Dorothy's suggestion with one of his hearty invitations to "look in on a fellow, once in a while, won't you?" He did not care anything about Pope's mine or Metuchen's cattle, but he felt the obligation to bridge the gap. Ernfield did not want to be asked to that house of painful reminders, *he* knew; and he did n't want to be reminded that anybody was taking care not to remind him.

Ernfield, after a word of inquiry about Dorothy's church work, which had always seemed to interest him, drove on, turning back to say that he had met Mrs. Vertner coming out of Mrs. McDermott's house, on the river road: they would meet her if they went on. Fred Kelfner, who occupied his usual seat beside the doctor, lifted his hat to Dorothy as Ernfield whipped up his horse.

They were out of town now, and walking toward the mountains against the brisk wind which often blows at these altitudes. Ouray was behind them, but on their right the long serrated rib of the Sangre de Cristo range cut the fiery welter of the western sky. The range hung a curtain before the setting sun, which went on shining behind it. Over the white flanks of the sweep of hills walling the other side of the valley there began presently to spread a tender, subtle, infinitely delicate glow, like a maiden's blush, which is and is not.

Vertner talked gaily on, in the wind; but the still peace and beauty in which the hills lay about her, and a flying rack of thoughts within her mind, kept Dorothy quiet. She began to wish that she had not set out to make a round of visits: she had come out to escape, if she could, from her miserable thoughts about Dick; but she had not lost them, and this new trouble about her father, about Jasper, seemed to connect itself with the other, and to agglutinate the whole into that single mass of vexation which will sometimes cloud over a day or an hour for the lightest-hearted.

She would have turned back, but she bethought herself of Mrs. Felton, for whom she had set out, and who, she knew, was battling with a misery of her own, which her visit might lighten momently, perhaps. She did not say to herself that to solace Mrs. Felton's homesickness might be a roundabout way of helping herself to climb a little out of her own depths; though she knew well enough that the only real happiness lay, and must always lie, in bringing happiness to others.

Mrs. Felton had lately come to Maverick from Philadelphia as a bride, having married a capital young fellow, originally from the same city. He had founded a prosperous real-estate and insurance business in Maverick within the year, and had lately been encouraged by his success to return to the East long enough to marry the faithful and charming girl who had waited four years for him. She was just passing through the first homesick time in which young wives, fresh from certain traditions of the East, sit in puzzled and miserable helplessness before the conditions of Western life. Mrs. Felton felt that the desolation, the strangeness, the hideousness, of her first month in Maverick — the month which she had looked forward to as the happiest of her life — had left a permanent mark on her. She wondered whether they would see it in her eyes at home when she went back. But she was determined that they never should. They had told her that it would be something

like this, not guessing, in their ignorance, a thousandth part of the fact, but prophesying in the cheerful manner of kinsfolk before one's marriage. They should never know how she realized their prophecies.

She planned to confide the truth to Jessie Kidder, who was betrothed to a young man who had just left Harvard, and had gone to Dakota to start a horse ranch; she planned to warn her under the seal of confidence. It was wrong to let a young girl venture upon such a future blindly. Jessie would be dazed and troubled by what she would say to her; but she heard her answering that she did n't care, that she was not marrying to live in this place or that, but for love of her husband, who would be sufficient for her anywhere. And then Mollie Felton saw how she must tell her that that too was a mistake: that what she said was true enough, in a way, and more than true enough. She herself had never been so happy. No. But, then, she had never been so unhappy. She perceived that it would be useless; but if she ever got home again — she no longer really believed that they would ever be free to retraverse all those dreary miles of rail — she should tell her. It was a duty.

Mrs. Felton was of course not very well seen in Maverick. She was thought too Eastern, too exclusive. She had an honest hatred of gossip, and, in other ways, had not proved as "adaptable" as some of the ladies could desire. It was reported that she had once said that she did not think herself better than her butcher, but different. And opinions like this separated her from such society as there was in Maverick, and had helped to make her first month difficult.

Dorothy understood her trouble exactly: when she had first come to the West she herself had passed through a time not very unlike Mrs. Felton's. Even in the midst of her week or two of homesickness, however, she had been able to see it, partly, as the joke it was; and when she was better of it, the humor of the whole Western situation had soon so penetrated her, that she remembered her first feeling about the West, now, only as a sentiment which she could call up, at need, to assist her sympathy for another in like case. She did not pretend to delight in the West, now, as Kiteva Snell did; but she was busy, she was absorbed in making the West bearable to her father, who hated it; she was up to her eyes in the business of tempering the situation to him, in the enterprise of making him happy, and for herself she had ceased to care very definitely. One was happy anywhere where one had an absorbing occupation; and it was this wisdom that she was presently preaching to Mrs. Felton, when she had left Vertner with Beatrice, whom they met near Mrs. Felton's house.

Mrs. Felton had often accompanied them on their rides lately, and Dorothy pretended that it was to invite her to join Beatrice and Ernfield and herself in a ride on the morrow that she had called.

Mrs. Felton was not like the pretty little Jewess upon whom Dorothy called next, unhappy because she "did so miss the matinées." Mrs. Felton's homesickness, if passionate, was not fantastic. Dorothy did not ask Mrs. Stern (who, for an occult reason of the sort that no one thought of questioning in Maverick, chose to go to Maurice's church) why she did not complain of the indigestibility of the clay in Lone Creek valley; but a number of impossible questions were on her lips.

At Kiteva Snell's the atmosphere was amusingly different. The Snells, of whom Kiteva was most in evidence socially, were very happy about themselves and the West. Miss Kitty, in particular, would hear nothing against any State west of the Mississippi, and she kept alive a fine enthusiasm about Maverick and its future which had the fire and the taking largeness of a sentiment of patriotism. She had not seen New York, and did not care to; but she knew and loved the Omaha of her birth, though she could seldom be persuaded to go so far East, when her father would go on his pass. She was glad to remember that even her name was Western, for she had been christened Kiteva in honor of a summer resort for the people of Chicago that her father had been engaged in booming at the time of her birth. It was a regrettable fact that the books she wanted to read were, for the most part, published in New York or Boston, and she could balance this misfortune only by ordering them through the local newsdealer (there was not a bookseller in Maverick), in order that "the money," as the Western phrase is, "might not go out of the town." It happened also that the center of her present intellectual life had its physical habitation on the shores of a New York lake; but she tried not to remember that the advantages of the "Chautauqua Literary Association" were derived from Jamestown.

Kiteva had acquired her fondness for reading at a Toledo boarding-school, where one could acquire a glossy coat of culture in three years, with diligence. Kiteva had used the diligence, and when Dorothy first knew her, she was in the earlier maturity of the habit of exactitude and impeccability, which are the very things for general conversation. Her *a* in "squalor" was quite, quite long, and she pronounced her "Asia" between her teeth, with the alluring sibilant effect — *Acia*. She accented her "le-gis-lative" on the second syllable, and

could pronounce a great many words just as they are in the dictionary, without smiling. Nothing, though, was so nice in her conversation as her elegant habit of bridling the shambling looseness of our common speech in colloquial phrases, like "could n't you," which she prettily replaced with "could not you," and the sloven "a-tall," to which she restored its printed aspect, so that "at all," with a proper fence between, lived again. Her favorite books of reference were "The Orthoëpist," "A Thousand Words often Mispronounced," and "The Verbalist." Her *vade mecum*, however, was "Don't," and it is fair to say that Miss Snell did n't.

Kiteva did not talk of the things of the mind, as she called them, with Dorothy; she talked of Jasper — a little persistently, Dorothy thought. She had heard that he had returned, and had seen him ride by from her window, but had not yet met him face to face since his return. How was he looking? Had he enjoyed his visit to New York? He seemed very fond of the ranch and of his work there. He had done wonders with it. She quoted sayings of Jasper; she rehearsed incidents of the time before Dorothy came to Maverick. She gave the impression of having known Jasper very well. Dorothy wondered if this was the kind of young lady with whom he occupied his leisure when she was not near.

She left Kiteva a little abruptly at last, and took her way back to her own end of the town with a vague feeling of weariness tightening about her heart. Too many things had happened to-day; there was too much to think of. Her head went round in a whirl.

She entered her own home with Jack, at last, on the verge of tears. The day and the world seemed to have gone hopelessly wrong. Her father, who had learned to interpret the signs of suppressed emotion in her, patted her hand quietly as, with her hat and jacket still on, she took her accustomed seat in his study, on the arm of his big leather chair.

"Well, little girl, what is it?" he asked, laying down the volume of Guy de Maupassant he had been reading.

"Oh, I don't know, father. I don't know. I wish you would n't go into this paper of Mr. Vertner's," she said abruptly.

"But, my dear young woman —" He smiled vaguely at her.

"He told me all about it this afternoon. I don't believe," she told him, stroking his beard as she bent over him, "that you know as much about the 'Church Kalendar' as I do, papa. Ask Mr. Vertner about his advertising, and his — his 'scheme,' as he calls it. It is n't nice. It is just like you, papa, not to have looked into the details of it, at all; and to have accepted the idea because Mr. Vertner says it is a good one."

"Pshaw! pshaw! There 's nothing wrong with the idea, child. What do you know of papers, Dorothy?" He got up and went over to the upright piano which filled a corner of the study.

This room, in which Maurice wrote his sermons and played on his piano, was the largest in the house, and occupied the whole front of the second story. Dorothy never interrupted him here in the mornings, when the superstition was that he was hammering out his sermons; but she often spent the evenings with him in its smoke-laden atmosphere. Sermon-writing, with Maurice, required the consumption of a number of Havana cigars, and was accompanied by a good deal of Sullivan and Offenbach on the piano. Dorothy would hear him playing and singing snatches of comic opera in the mornings for half an hour; then the piano would suddenly go silent, and, from below, she would hear him pacing the floor. Then this sound, too, would cease, and she would know that he was at work, until the piano burst out again. In the moments of silence he was as often reading as writing; but this would have counted as work, too, with Dorothy, if she had known it. She had a little pride of her own in his learning. Maurice's smattering of a number of subjects was far from that, but he was by nature a bookish man: he read the poets, whom he was fond of quoting in his sermons; he had once relinquished the thought of a book on the old dramatists; he had a pretty taste for Barrow, whose sturdiness and solidity attracted him by the law of the attraction of opposites, perhaps; he rambled through him from time to time, penciling his winged adjectives; and regularly, once a year, he read Thackeray from start to finish. His contemporary reading was, for the most part, French; of the older writers he liked Dumas, whose "Trois Mousquetaires" he read at all seasons; he was a subscriber to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Saturday Review," and he loathed the present school of American fiction. He said it lacked — but we know what it lacks. "Come and sing," he said, as he took his seat on the piano-stool.

Dorothy, who had taken up her knitting, shook her head. She seated herself in the chair he had left, and, lost to his sight in its depths, she stared into the fire through the tears of overwrought emotion which stole out upon her eyelids, and coursed silently down her cheeks. Her father, after a dreamy prelude, had rattled into the "Entrance March" from the "Mikado."

"Did Vertner say how he was getting along?" he asked, pausing in the middle of the march.

"No," Dorothy managed to reply in a muffled voice.

"I should like to get out the first number in January," he said meditatively. He whistled a bar or two of another air from the same opera thoughtfully over to himself, and turned to the piano to finish it.

"Papa!" she said, loud enough to be heard above the music. He rose and came over to her.

"What! crying?" he exclaimed. "But this won't do at all." He drew up a chair beside her, and took her hand. "Why, girlie, there 's nothing in this — nothing." He regarded her tenderly, as he stroked her hand. He let her sacrifice herself to him from habit, he postponed her to many things; but he loved her. One saw it in his glance even when it rested on her casually; no one could have seen him at the moment without feeling sure of it. "I won't enter into it at all if you take it so hard. But you 've been accepting some of Vertner's joking literally. You must allow for his way of looking at things. Why, I don't believe he would care for this paper idea at all if he did n't see a joke in it."

"Yes, papa," rejoined Dorothy, starting up in her chair; "that 's it. It 's a joke, a practical joke; but it is n't — it is n't quite what you would call a fair one, I think, papa, if you understood it. Do look into it before you give your word to Mr. Vertner to be his editor."

"Of course I will, little girl. Vertner must n't be allowed to compromise me. Perhaps I 've let him have it too much his own way. But he knows about the business side of it; and after my experience with the Church School of Music, I 'm willing to let some one else take all that responsibility. You can understand that, Dorothy."

"Oh, father, I 'll be so glad if you will. And let some one else find the money, too."

Maurice pensively stroked his long golden mustache, with its young-mannish upward turn at the ends, without speaking. "I suppose you see the necessity of my making more money, my dear. The last monthly bills look bad. Maverick seems to be dearer than Laughing Valley. This editorship is more like a necessity than a choice. It is n't time to be too nice," he said, with the doubtful accent of waiting her opinion on this.

This man, who could satisfy his own conscience about one and another matter of daily dealing with his fellow-men, and forget it lightly; who could shuffle and balance before doubtful questions, and choose the easy issue with a sigh for the man he might have been if things had turned out differently with him, was afraid before his daughter's moral judgments. Their certainty, their bare, blind justice, were more than he could bear at times. He avoided all such questions with her when he could, but he had committed himself to this paper with Vertner; and since he must go on with it, and she had learned of his connection with the plan, he would rather go on with her support than without it. They lived too much alone, he was too dependent upon her for sympathy, to make it pleasant for him to carry on constantly, by her side, a work of which she disapproved. He was sensitive; he always reckoned with that. If he had not been, it would have been easy to use his authority, as he sometimes did in cases like that of the money he procured from time to time to meet their bills. No one knew better than Maurice how to put aside discussion of painful subjects with dignity; but no one liked less to accept what such uses of power involved.

He did not think for a moment of abandoning the scheme of the paper; he believed that he and Vertner would make a very good thing of it together; and it was five years since he had drunk just the wine he liked. The moral question, which had never occurred to him until Dorothy suggested it, he had dismissed without a thought. He understood Vertner's advertising plan at least as well as Dorothy, but he saw nothing wrong in it, as he had told her.

He explained to her, now, that it was not original with Vertner; that it had been tried in the East, where a man had made a small fortune out of it. There was no harm in it, except as there was harm in all business. She did not hope to bring in a new sort of business transaction, which would leave the money in the same pocket after it as before it, he hoped. They did not dispute — he and Vertner — that they were going to take money for the advertising; but they were going to give *quid pro quo*, strictly. They did not even leave the degree of circulation given to the advertisement in doubt, as was usual. The advertisers were to pay for what they got, and for no more than they got. She heard Vertner in all these phrases, yet it was her father who spoke, and she did not know how to put her doubts together and bring them to bear on him. She found herself shaken by his confidence; but she said: "I see you think you understand, papa. But you don't; you can't, or you would n't have anything to do with it. These advertisers you speak of — they are not to know what Mr. Vertner means to do. They will suppose that they are giving their advertisement to a little paper which will have a circulation of a few hundred copies. When the bills come to them, if Mr. Vertner succeeds in what he hopes to do, they will be for a circulation of a great many thousands; it will go on increasing every month, and they will have no redress because Mr. Vertner is going to make them sign a contract for a year."

Maurice laughed lightly. "Don't you think you may safely leave Vertner's scheme to the business men of the Great West, Dorothy? Do you think it likely that they will not understand all the bearings of a proposition that a girl like you can understand?"

Dorothy stared at him. "Oh, I suppose so," she said after a moment, daunted. "But promise to insist on Mr. Vertner making it plain to them what they are doing." She laughed herself at the futility of this. "I mean," she amended, "that the contract should imply what Mr. Vertner is about — what he hopes to do."

"They would laugh at what he hopes to do. You do, yourself, Dorothy. Every one who knows Vertner understands his disposition to add ciphers to his schemes. You may be sure he has given them all the ciphers that he thinks they will credit. After all, you know, Vertner is honest. You must n't be losing yourself in any theories depending on the opposite supposition, you know, Dorothy."

"Oh, of course he 's honest," sighed she, parting with her position, in fragments, as she felt, but with a deep reluctance. She saw that it was one of those obscure cases where the ethics have a tendency to liquefy, to escape from the instinct which is their only witness, and to melt into the medium of the business-like, the practical, the customary. She could not detain them; perhaps she was wrong to try. Her father must know; and, "Yes, I 'm sure Mr. Vertner is good," she found herself saying, "in spite of his ways — perhaps because of them. There is something very charming about him. He is so sure, so gay. And I don't believe that he would deliberately do anything that he thought wrong," she argued aloud with herself.

"Certainly not."

She balanced it all in her mind a moment, and then, with the recurrence of her loyal trust in her father, which at the end of everything had always to be the permanent fact in her relation to him and to his doings, she said, with a brightening face, "Oh, well, if you have really looked into it, papa, and think it right, why —"

"Yes?"

"Why, of course it *is* right. But you will look carefully after Mr. Vertner, won't you, papa? You will see that he makes an agreement that will be fair to everybody?" He gave the promise readily, though he had no intention of interfering with Vertner. She leaned over, and kissed him. "Dear papa! And shall we be shockingly rich?"

"Appallingly!" laughed Maurice, easily, as he returned to the piano. "Come and sing for me."

She came over to his side, adjusting the light so that it should not fall into the eyes he tired by late reading at night.

"Then you can have a horse and phaëton," she said, stroking his hair, as he spread out the music for her.

"I am not so ambitious, my dear. What I 'm hoping for is an income which won't force me to look three times at a dollar. Twice, I can bear. Well, are you ready?"

He struck a chord on the piano, and she raised her voice to the first notes of a quaint old air.

XIX.

PHILIP remained a fortnight at Piñon, and it was a week before Jasper was seen in Maverick again. Dorothy heard from Dr. Ernfield on the day following her parish visits and her meeting with Vertner that Jasper was suffering from the effects of an accident; but Ernfield either knew no more, or thought it well to say no more, for she got no particulars from him. Vertner had heard all about the affair in the mine from Cutter; but he had left town the day after their meeting to look after a contract for the electric lighting of Empire, a mining-camp lying to the northward, and was not expected to return for some days, so that Dorothy learned nothing from him.

Jasper's first clear thought on returning to consciousness was of her. What would she think of the fight, if it should come to her ears? Her swift, pitiless moral judgments were as terrible to him as they were to her father. Suppose she thought him in the wrong?

But he believed she had not the material for such a thought. Philip's freak of reserve had spared her some facts that might affect her judgment, and he believed that, in any event, the initial faith in him which Dorothy retained from the habit of an earlier day would carry him through a good deal with her. He accepted now, in good faith, Philip's assertion of his forbearance from his obvious opportunity, and he saw that she would never hear Philip's story until he should force Philip to defend himself by telling her his own. What a frightful ass Philip was to play the chivalric at that rate, he mused. But that was his affair.

His thoughts melted dizzily into one another, as he lay half awake on the morning after the accident, trying his eyes in a blinking way every little while on the view from his bedroom window. The cowboy who had been nursing him assured him that the hill he saw was Mount Blanco, fast enough. To Jasper it was a green blur. Some sort of film seemed to be crackling and sparkling before his eyes, like a kaleidoscope, eternally breaking up and

renewing itself. He saw objects as the natural eye sees the page of a book held within an inch of the pupil. He felt vaguely for the bandage on his forehead, and then remembered again how it came there, and all that had led up to it. At recollection of the blow, the suffocating sense of hatred and rage he remembered as he fell was fresh in his mind again. He clenched his hands under the bedclothes. When he was well again, he should not spare.

The thought that Philip might be making favor with Dorothy, or that she might have learned what he had refused to tell her, and that the knowledge might — nay, certainly would — have effected a promotion of him in her kindness, caused him to thresh restlessly about in the bed. He told Ernfield, when he came, that he must get up to-day. Ernfield smiled quietly, and asked him to try sitting up in bed. He straightened himself, and sat up painfully, his eyes wild and unseeing, his carefully kept hair in disarray. The air dissolved about him, he clutched at his fading consciousness, and fell back among the pillows with a moaning curse on his lips.

It was the fourth day before Ernfield would allow him to sit about in his dressing-gown and write a letter, and the sixth before he pronounced him well enough to try the voyage down-stairs, staying himself upon the balustrade.

He made Ernfield remain to dinner with him the first day. "I say, I 've been taking a simple cut pretty hard, seems to me. What 's been the matter? What have I had?"

"Why, you have n't had it," said Ernfield.

"How 's that? You mean I 've escaped it. Well, what have I escaped?"

"Congestion of the brain."

"Humph!" exclaimed Jasper, without troubling himself to explain the connection. "That brother of mine is a brute." He asked Ernfield if he would take another bit of venison, and Ernfield did not pursue the subject. He had his own notions of the way his patient had come by his cut.

"I say, Ernfield," Jasper went on, after a moment, "you knew something of my new mother when she was here in Maverick. What was she like?"

"Like?"

"Yes; you know I never saw much of her. Was she the kind of woman to make my father happy, for instance?"

Ernfield busied himself with his fresh slice of venison, pursuing a bit of currant jelly with his fork. "I did n't know your father well; I could n't say," he answered. "One ought to know more than one party to a marriage to answer a question like that."

Jasper had heard fragments of the talk which still went on in Maverick about Ernfield and Margaret, of course. He was revolving the gossip of the town in his mind, as he bent his shrewd, penetrating eyes on his companion's face.

"Yes; to be sure. But you would form some idea of her temperament. Would she be the sort of woman, for example, to support my father in — well, in what you might call the extravagances of his temperament? I suppose you know him well enough to understand what I mean."

Ernfield looked at him for what seemed a long time without speaking. "Yes," said he, at last, with intention; "I know what you mean."

"It *was* rather rough, was n't it?" agreed Jasper to the unspoken comment.

"It was cowardly," said Ernfield, briefly.

"It certainly left Miss Derwenter with a nasty position on her hands. It was a test of character — abandoning her on her wedding-day," he said tentatively. But Ernfield did not offer to discuss this. "She came out of it curiously — on a plan of her own," he mused. "But it 's given me a kind of respect for her. Not every woman would have done it, you know, Ernfield."

"I know," nodded Ernfield to the canned peaches, which had been set before him.

"She answered my question for me, there: she supported him with a vengeance. But would she in a case where she was n't concerned in just that helpless way?"

"I can't answer that," said Ernfield, after a moment. "She would do what seemed right to her."

"Yes," rejoined Jasper; "I gather that. She seems to have a conscience. But she seems fond of father, too. What I was wondering was whether in a case where he was on one side and her conscience on the other, she might n't — well, negotiate with her conscience."

Ernfield glanced at him without speaking.

"Well, I 'm glad you think so," said Jasper, after a moment, in response to Ernfield's contemptuous glance. "Father needs a check." He turned the subject then; but as he lighted Ernfield's cigarette for him he asked carelessly, "Where did the wedding-party go? Did you hear?"

Ernfield perceived that he meant to imply that he might have heard from Margaret since her departure from Maverick. But he chose not to resent this. Jasper was not worth the powder.

"No," he replied. He puffed his cigarette in silence.

The following day, seeing how Jasper chafed under his confinement, and thinking,

on the whole, it might be less harmful for him to venture out than to remain within doors lashing himself into a state of morbid irritation, Ernfield consented to allow him to drive to town. Riding he forbade, and Jasper found that the jolting of his buckboard was all he cared to bear for the present.

He had not seen Snell since the day he had called to make his preposterous announcement, but this had not surprised him. His father and brother were too wise to attempt to push the matter to a conclusion while he lay ill; but they should see that he was not seeking a prolongation of the truce. He meant that they should hear from him at once.

When he had been to his lawyer, and arranged with him to secure a temporary injunction against Snell, and to begin suit against his father, he drove to the Maurices' cottage, smiling for the first time since his discomfiture at the "Snow Find."

He had made up his mind to a definite move which would at least relieve him of the fear of what Philip might be accomplishing with Miss Maurice behind his back.

She came in to him with her face alive with sympathy, and Jasper was agreeably sure that he had not been wrong in thinking she had warmed to him with a new kindness in the week before his accident, while he added to himself that his illness and the wound on his forehead were not things to diminish her mood of good will. He lacked material for guessing that part of her mood of sympathy was due to the fact that she had just parted with Dick Messiter, who had stopped over a train to call on her father in regard to some business on his return from a visit to Denver. She had found him much changed in the week that had passed since his return to his work at Laughing Valley City. Much more, Jasper lacked facts to understand that her recent disposition toward him was the outcome of the talk between her and Philip which had followed his encounter with Philip in the doorway of the room in which he was now sitting. He was occupied, so far as his mind turned toward Philip's refusal, for motives of his own, to give him away, with the negative good fortune that she had no information about their quarrel. It did not occur to him to imagine that if she knew of a quarrel between them, she must believe one of them in the wrong, and that Philip might be suffering for his quixotic silence.

"You have been ill," she said. "You have been suffering."

"Oh, so, so," returned Jasper. "I got a rather nasty cut."

"Tell me how it happened. No one has been able to say — or perhaps no one would."

Jasper slipped down in the sleepy-hollow chair she had forced him to take, and toasted the foot he stretched toward the fire, enjoying her interest in his illness. His pallor, she thought, became him; and the firelight, playing on his handsome face, and twinkling whimsically upon the court-plastered wound, lent his solid, prosy good looks a remote effect of distinction and of glamour.

"Don't let me ask, if it 's a secret. But if it is n't a secret," she went on with a laugh, "you can make it as romantic as you like, for I 've heard nothing. You can make out that you have been rescuing a lovely maiden from the Utes, if you wish. That would be as pretty as anything. Or you can have been dragged by Vixen, with your foot caught in the stirrup; that would be exciting. Or a fight with the Eveleighs about your water rights, or fences, which would make a good story. I like mining stories, too, Mr. Deed."

She smiled at him from her seat at the other corner of the fire. She often chaffed him to avoid the serious talk with him which she had begun to see must one day come, and which she feared.

"This *is* a mining story," returned Jasper, staring musingly into the fire, with a disengaged look.

"How nice! Well?"

"Well — I think I must n't tell it," he said, still seeming to muse. He glanced at her speculatively, and Dorothy thought she saw that she would not be overstepping in urging him.

"No," he said, shaking his head slightly, in response to her mock-humble entreaty; "it is n't altogether my story."

"How tiresome! Could n't we buy out the other man's rights in the story? Is he the same man who owns a part of the mine — was that it?"

The guess was wide, and yet so near that Jasper smiled. "Something like that."

He glanced at her with intelligence, and she suddenly paled, and cried, in a kind of fright: "Surely it is n't your brother! Surely you have n't been — been — ?" She breathed quickly, and stopped.

"Yes," owned Jasper, with the air of a man who yields to a revelation past remedy — "yes. Since you have guessed it, there is no reason why you should n't know. But don't ask me any more about it, please. I could n't tell you."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dorothy. "Of course not. And it was he who — Oh!" she exclaimed. Her tone expressed reproach and repulsion and withdrawal. She shuddered away from the thought of Philip's act. "And you have been very ill. I can see it. Dr. Ernfield would not own it, but I could see

that he was anxious. He was afraid of its affecting the brain."

"Yes," said Jasper, lightly; "congestion, and all that. But there was never any actual danger of that, I fancy. Ernfield did n't really know what had happened to me, you know,—one would n't feel inclined to tell even a physician a thing like that, of course,—and he thought my little scratch more serious than it was. You see, I have scored on him. Here I am."

"Yes; oh, yes," breathed Dorothy in an absorption of which she was unaware, and which was far from being as wholly related to the man beside her as he was believing with a joy which he could not have concealed if she had been more attentive. "But you might not have escaped. A little more one way or the other, and— Oh, how could he!"

Jasper had not expected such success. He thought of Philip's chances with her now almost with compassion. It was a pretty outcome of the fight that it should make for him in her favor, and lead her to so desirable a thought of Philip. In the luxury of success, he felt that he could afford to be generous—generous enough, at least, to let her see that he was.

"Oh, I don't know," he deprecated.

"Oh, but I do," exclaimed Dorothy, quickly. All her old thoughts about the relations of the brothers returned to her, and she now caused Philip to suffer for all the excuses she had found for him.

"No, no! It was fair enough—as fair as such things can be."

"Would it have been fair if he had killed you?" she asked conclusively.

Jasper bent quickly toward her, fixing her with a passionate glance. "Would you have cared?" he asked.

All his love for her was in his eyes. She lowered her own.

"Of course," she stammered. "Why, yes. But of *course!*"

"Would you have cared in the way I mean?"

She controlled her eyes now, and swept his pale, eager face with a furtive look.

"I don't know," she said hastily. "I—I think not."

"Oh, but Dorothy, girl, surely this time you know? I have loved you ever since; I love you even more, I think, than then. It has gone on. It has grown. You won't say that you have n't seen this—that you have n't been answering it a little bit in your heart. I can't live without your love. I 've tried it a long time. I can't," he cried—"I *can't!*"

It was the thrilling, irresistible note of passion. It seemed to infold and seize her, to benumb her will, to make a reason of itself for a return. She remembered thinking, in a prevision of this scene, how his will must always make a reason for anything he strongly wished. The old fascination of his feeling for her returned upon her. Re-created, and palpitating before her as if it had never ceased to be an active part of her experience, the remembered charm went through her veins exaltingly.

For a moment she felt herself slipping, slipping.

Jasper read the half consent in her eyes. He rose, and drew near her, but at the touch of his arm she started away.

"No, no!" she cried, rising in her turn; "I don't know! I must have time to think. Don't press me for an answer now! Don't!"

There was a moment in which Jasper stared hungrily into her eyes, balancing in the remote second consciousness the wisdom of pressing his advantage, or of complying with the frightened longing for escape from this moment's decision which he saw in her face. Her look at once promised his bliss and confounded him.

It was at last his willingness to use the subtle rather than the direct means of arriving at any object which decided him.

"Well," said he, "let it be so, then. But you will let me have my answer soon, Dorothy?"

"Yes, soon," she murmured breathlessly.

"You have seen that I still cared. You have let me go on. I really don't believe you could have the heart, you know, to cast me off now. I don't ask you to say anything to that. I only tell you to let you know that I trust you completely."

He snatched her hand to his lips, and was gone. Dorothy trembled to a seat, torn and pulled by a mob of emotions—excited, intoxicated, exhausted.

How could Philip have done a thing like that! She wondered languidly where he was.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

MRS. PETTIBONE'S DINNER-HORN.

IT was capital fishing weather, and seven o'clock in the morning found me driving over to Phelps's Pond, a lovely sheet of water about a mile long and hemmed in on all sides by pine woods.

A ride of five miles brought me to the house of Ephraim Pettibone, who lived a quarter of a mile from the pond. He kept a flat-bottomed boat, which he let at fifty cents an hour, an afternoon, or a day, it mattered not.

He was a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, and might, indeed, have given that cheerful old fisherman points on his beloved sport. It was said of him that he could catch fish in a haymow with a currycomb.

The noise of my wheels brought to the door a tall, angular woman, with a pallid, wrinkled face and an air of contented invalidism.

"Haow air ye? Hain't seen you in a long time. I declare fer 't, ye 're lookin' well, in spite of all the complaints thet 's abaout. Haow any one manages to 'scape 'em *doos* beat me. Naow Ephr'm an' me hain't hed a puffeckly well day sence we was married, an' thet 's nigh on to fifty year. He often says, says he, 'Huldy, ye think too much abaout yer health,' an' I tell him 't ain't *my* health, 'cause I hain't got it. *He* don't look real sick, but he 's hed a stroke, ye know. Oh, yes; he was took in the woods yender, an' ef 't hed n't been thet aour hired man Isaac chanced acrost him, I guess he would hev gone to the land where there ain't no sickness.

"Well, haow I am a-ramblin' on, an' I ain't feelin' good, nuther, this mornin'. Thought one spell I 'd hev the doctor, but then I thought this 'd been a pore season an' I 'd best deny myself.

"Well, I s'pose ye want the boat. Ephr'm he 's gone a-fishin' in it, but ye put yer horse up, an' then ye kin take the ol' dinner-horn an' blow it for him. Be kind o' keerful an' not blow too hard, or he 'll think I 'm took bad. I told him I was purty porely when he went aout. Says he, 'Well, ma, I guess ye 'll last till I git back with a good string o' fish.' Ephr'm will hev his laugh." So saying, she stepped into the house, and I took my horse to the barn. Having seen that he was comfortable, I returned to the house, in order to give the poor old soul a chance to gratify her chief desire, the recounting of the ills with which she was blessed.

She met me at the door.

"Come in an' rest a bit, an' give my man a chance to git a mess o' fish fer dinner. He hain't be'n gone a half-hour yit, an' I do love black bass. Seems ez ef when I git t' eatin' black bass, I a'most fergit I 'm sech an invalid. Hev an apple? Ye don't min' takin' it aout o' sech crooked fingers, do ye? D' ye know what did thet? Rheumatiz. Inflommaterry. Dear, dear! I laid purt' nigh from airly summer to January on my back, on'y gittin' up fer Thanksgivin' dinner. I dew hate to miss thet, fer I ain't too old to be fond o' good eatin'. I 'm a purty haarty eater, in spite o' my dyspepsy."

"Whose picture is that, Mrs. Pettibone?" said I, pointing to a crayon portrait of a pretty girl that hung over the mantel.

"Why, thet 's Mary Jane. Good, ain't it? Hain't ye never seen it? We hed it done by a' artist daown to Waterbury. He was a friend o' my sister's, an' he done it cheap. Ye never saw Mary Jane, did ye? She was took sick in Ansonia, workin' in a factory there, ye know. She ketched typhoid fever. 'T was the wust case he ever had come acrost, doctor said who 'tended her. My children 'most allus doos git purt' sick when they air sick, an' I guess they 're sick ez often ez the nex' ones. They brought her up here, an' they say it 's the on'y case of ginooine typhoid fever ever in these parts. Poor dear, she was a good child, an' I dessay she hez her reward. She was allus sickly; most o' my children hez be'n, 'n' yit she 's th' on'y one thet 's dead. I hev two sons aout West, an' a married darter to Bridgeport. I hain't seen 'em fer sev'l years. Railroad fares is expensive. Sometimes I 'most wish they was confined to this house like me; but then they hev their own fam'lies, an' I s'pose they don't miss their old ma ez much ez she misses them."

While she was speaking, her pale face grew paler, and she raised her hand to her heart.

"Uh! 't wa'n't nothin', on'y a little ketch in my haart. Doctor says I 'm li'ble to drop off with it 'most any minute. Well, I 'm ready enough to go, I s'pose, on'y I don't know what Ephr'm 'd do 'thout me; I guess he 'd foller soon. I told ye, did n't I, he 'd hed a stroke? He says he 's ready whenever I am."

"You ought to exercise, Mrs. Pettibone," said I, in order to give her a chance to talk of some ailments hitherto unmentioned.

"Well, I don't hev no inclination to. It 's

ten years sence I was to the foot o' the hill, an' I hain't seen the lake in twenty-five years. Once 'n a w'ile I creep daown to the garden patch, but, ye see, I hev th' asthmy so bad thet I hev to stay inside mostly, an' then my liver ain't be'n right sence I kep' indoors, an' my dyspepsy 's purt' nigh chronic naow.

"Well, I s'pose ye want to git to fishin'. Don't furgit not to blow too hard, or Ephr'm may git a shock."

As I left the house, I turned and said, "Mrs. Pettibone, you have more diseases than anybody I ever met," a remark that I knew pleased her greatly; for she probably got more enjoyment out of her ills than the suffering many a woman would have derived from twice as many.

When I reached the lake, I could see nothing of Ephraim, so I blew tentatively at first, then with more freedom, until at last I saw a boat approach from the further end of the lake.

As soon as it was within hailing distance, I yelled that I only wanted to fish, and that nothing new was the matter with Mrs. Pettibone. The old man laughed; for although they were a devoted couple, he had a keen appreciation of her foibles.

As the boat came nearer, he held out a forked stick on which were some twenty black and rock bass, the result of an hour's sport.

In appearance and manner he formed a pleasing contrast to his wife. Despite his sixty-five years, he was erect — a hale and wholesome-looking man, with clear, rosy skin, twinkling blue eyes, and hair and beard of silky whiteness.

"Come t' spile my sport, hev ye? I b'lieve I 'd a'most rather ye 'd keep yer fifty cents."

By this time he had grounded the boat and held out a weather-beaten hand for me to shake.

"I 'm glad t' see ye. I guess, ef ye don't mind, I 'll go back with ye in the boat, fer the fishin' 's extry t'-day. Did ye speak to ma? She 's got a couple o' new diseases sence ye was here last, I b'lieve. I s'pose she told ye. Ef she hed n't her diseases to talk abaout, I b'lieve she 'd take sick."

We had stepped into the boat, and he shoved off, and began rowing back.

"She 's allus be 'n thet way. W'en we was fust married, of course she hed n't quite so many complaints; on'y the hopes of them then. I tell her one person makes a collection of sea-shells, an' another collects postage-stamps,— thet allus seemed senseless to me,— an' she 's a collector of diseases. I guess she kin make the fines' show in these parts. Well, here we air. Jes drop the stun daown, will ye? Thet 's it. Naow, I think ef there 's any fish to git, this is the spot to git 'em."

We had been fishing perhaps an hour and a half, when Ephraim happened to look at the horn, which lay on my coat.

"Gosh! th' ol' lady hain't no way o' callin' ef she 's took sick."

"I should think she 'd need vigorous health to send any sound 'way out here, even if she had the horn."

"Don' know but yer right," said he, smiling. "I b'lieve I 'll go back ef ye 'll put me ashore. I hev enough fish for ma's dinner — an' thet 's a good ketch."

He rowed the boat ashore, and after he had gone, I anchored in a new spot, a few strokes away from the beach. I sat there fishing, but luck seemed to have deserted me. I could not help thinking of Mrs. Pettibone and her many ills. In spite of her evident relish of the rôle of invalid, there was an undertone of real sadness in her life.

While I sat in the boat, allowing my thoughts to make me oblivious of the fish, which, in turn, seemed oblivious of my bait, I was startled at hearing a tremendous blast on the horn, followed by an ominous breaking in the tone, as though one had essayed to blow and had fallen short of wind.

Hastily rowing ashore, I ran up through the woods to the house.

Just before I came in sight of it, I stopped and listened. All was silent. I ran on until a sharp turn in the path brought me to the gate — and to the body of Ephraim. He lay across the path, his horn in his outstretched hand. The stroke had come.

Conscious that he was beyond human aid, and feeling that the horn's alarm had been for his wife, I passed by him and hurried up the path. Looking in at the kitchen door, I saw Mrs. Pettibone sitting in a straight-backed chair, her bent hands clasped in her lap, a smile of perfect content on her drawn and withered features, and her eyes closed forever.

Charles Battell Loomis.

THE SUNLIGHT.

THE sunlight, the sunlight,
It cometh apace!
It breaks through the dun light
Of night-shadowed space!
It comes with a shimmer,
A sparkle and glimmer;
The moon showeth dimmer;
The planets give place.

It bendeth, it rendeth
Night's prisoning bars!
Exultant, outsendeth
Its voiceless hurrahs!
O'er bulwarks and bowers
It scatters bright showers,
Like luminous flowers
Grown out of the stars.

O souls that lie sleeping
In doubt and in night,
Wake, wake from your weeping!
Day comes, in despite
Of cavil or grieving.
Man's best of believing
Is but the receiving
Of heavenly light!

TO THE CICADA SEPTENDECIM.

(SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.)

BURIED at moment of thy birth
Beneath the earth;
Hid thy life long afar
From glimpse of nearest star;
Creeping in darkness while rich seasons roll,
Year following year, above thy stunted soul;
Knowing but what the dead know in the tomb
Of silence and of gloom,
Dead, thou too, in thy present and thy past —
What call doth reach thy deafened ear at last?
What instinct bids thee yearn toward the light,
Thou, who hast known but night?
What dream dawns in thee, beautiful and bold,
Of sylvan flight in noons of shimmering gold,
Where trembling trees their fluted leaves unfold?
How should such radiant dream be thine?
Or how canst thou divine
The counting of the years?
For when their meted tale is told,
Lo, summoned straightway from the mold
By voice none other hears —
Lo, born anew,
The dream thou couldst not dream is true!
Thy sluggish spirit wakes, spreads wings away,
And knows the day.
So, when God's time is done, may mystic call
On my dull senses fall,—
So may I, groping upward through life's night,
Go forth, new-winged, to an undreamed-of light!

THE POET-HEART.

ONE day, in Time's sunniest ages,
Fair Life, and her servant Pain,
Her workman, who works without wages,
And wiser who is than all sages
That follow the stars in her train,

Together, in friendliest fashion,
Sat framing a poet-heart,
And with infinite care and compassion
Life chose out each charm and each passion,
And blent them with marvelous art.

"Fairer," she cried, "than Earth's fairest,
This lovely spirit shall be,
Enriched with all gifts that are rarest.
See to it no power thou sparest
In molding my poet for me.

"Here are days that are golden and sunny,
And a heart made to gather their light,
And hold it as purses hold money —
To hold it as flowers hold honey,
And tremble and thrill with delight.

"Take, take without stint, without measure,
Of all that I have that is best;
Of beauty, of love, and of pleasure
Take richly, and make at thy leisure
A poet to sing me to rest."

And so, from her full store of graces,
Fair Life, with a smile, gave the whole,
While Pain, with the stillest of faces,
And fingers whose touch left no traces,
Wrought her of these a soul.

Then he stood up and said: "It is ended,"
And held forth his soul to the light —
A wondrous creation, where blended
Strange shadows, and sunlight so splendid
It darkened all else to the sight.

Life took and beheld it in gladness.
"Such," cried she, "true poets should be —
All ecstasy, rapture, and sadness,
Created in moments of madness,
And fashioned, O Pain, by thee.

"This, sure, is thy ripest endeavor,"
Cried Life, smiling soft as she spoke.
"Now, poet-heart, sing on forever!"
But alas! Earth will hear its song never.
Pain touched it once more — and it broke.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

UNCLE OBADIAH'S UNCLE BILLY.

HE spare figure of the old man on the houseless country road, pushing on into the twilight with a weary, swinging tread, was as erect under its weight of fourscore years as that of any boy of fifty. The spare figure melted into the leafless woods, and reappeared a little later on the hill, very tall and very mysterious against the fading light. A knapsack as thin and shrunken as the muscles of the old man clung close to his square shoulders, and the bronze star, made of the metal of captured cannon, rattled against a medal for personal service, and the music cheered his old heart.

Although it was not yet the first of March, the rank smell of the mellow earth proclaimed the absence of frost, and the brook at the roadside ran swollen and yellow between its banks. The old man in blue asked the way to the village of a boy who was trotting in the gravel behind the crackling hoofs of a white cow, and then added in a weary voice:

"Perhaps you might know, my lad, of a youngster hereabouts of the name of Frederick Brown?"

But the boy only stared, and then ran away, as if he had seen a ghost. He did not know Private Obadiah Brown, of six wounds and one medal: one wound received in storming the outworks of Atlanta; four, in the heart, for the sons he had buried on as many bloody fields; and the sixth for his youngest boy, "missing" after the battle. And this was the wound that had never healed, and this was the boy he had never given up. All the years that had passed since his discharge, with unfaltering courage and undying hope he had kept up the weary search, growing old and childish, with a youth of twenty in his vision, who should have been a man of fifty — so completely had the two changed places. He had passed the short winters at many soldiers' homes in many States, ready to start afresh in the spring on roads that led through new towns and cities, armed with the bronze star and the countersign and the fraternal grip, potent to open the doors and the hearts of the Grand Army posts.

Although in his restless journeying he was always coming to some new town or lodging-place, it better fits his character of wanderer that he was always leaving friends and firesides — the known behind and the unknown fleeing before him — always going, going.

While the form of the boy faded into the bosky landscape, the cow grew whiter with the growing darkness, and preceded the old man like a cloud by night, until he came in sight of the village belfry sprinkled around with early stars. It was too dark to see the face of the clock, but as he approached the hammer beat three strokes, and then was still.

This was encouraging.

The tavern was a little further on, and Private Obadiah Brown turned in at the open door. The landlord was behind the dismantled bar, trimming the oil-lamps. The quick eye of the old man caught the light on a small bronze button in the lapel of the landlord's coat, and the landlord took in the star and medal on the other's breast, and the two men were friends in an instant, and, no customers being present to interfere, were promptly off on their old campaigns, with chuckles, and hand-shakes, and "you bets," and "Grant fit it out on them lines, shure," and "They could n't fool Uncle Billy."

The tavern-keeper forgot to offer the fly-blown register, which had not secured an autograph in a week, with the spluttering pen out of the tumbler of bird-shot, and the old man forgot his knapsack and his hunger and his rheumatics, until the more important functions of comradeship had been duly performed to their common satisfaction.

Private Obadiah Brown felt refreshed when supper was done. Indeed, he had not been overtired on his arrival, late as the hour was, for he had walked only a few miles since he had mended his last clock.

About the soft-coal fire, which flickered and blazed in the open grate before the bar, a few of the old soldiers thereabouts, with metal buttons on their vests, had chanced in for an evening's lounge, and were ready to give a fraternal greeting to Uncle Obadiah when that ancient veteran should reappear.

The blacksmith, who had been a sergeant in a light battery, by a sort of acknowledged village supremacy was the first to present himself.

"I reckon, comrade," he said, as he put out his great hairy arm, and the two exchanged the regulation grip, "as how you must outrank us all, countin' by years."

"I 'm turned of eighty," said Uncle Obadiah, straightening himself with soldierly pride, and looking across at the old boys, each standing unconsciously at "attention" in front of his arm-chair. "Old enough to be a major-gin-

eral, an' not too old nur too proud to be a high private."

"This here old vet," continued the sergeant-blacksmith, giving a hearty whack to the first old farmer's back, "is Comrade Stover of the 81st infantry, an' he 'll give ye all the hand he 's got, an' he can drive a pair o' young hosses as well as the next one; an' him with the bow legs," giving Uncle Obadiah a sly poke in the ribs, "is Comrade Hitch of the Fourteenth Cavalry (never run no great resk o' bein' hurt). An' this next one, on crutches, is Comrade Cist from Georgy, as fit on the other side, an' left his leg on Missionary Ridge."

"I 'm truly sorry 'bout the leg, comrade," cried Uncle Obadiah, marching over to give an extra-energetic shake to the last man's hand, "an' I 've no doubt you did yer duty as you saw it. But, comrades, I had a boy, an' he was the last o' five, jest risen twenty, who went into that fight on Missionary, as bright and chipper as a lark, an' ef he 'd 'a' left a leg there I 'd 'a' had somethin' to remember him by; but instead he jest disappeared out o' hand, comrades, an' it 's him I 'm lookin' for. Jest risen twenty,— favors me when I was that old,— light-complected, with blue eyes — powerful chipper, and answers to the name o' Frederick Brown. Have airy one o' you comrades seen or heard of sich a boy goin' by the name o' Frederick Brown?"

The comrades maintained a respectful silence, and the eager look of inquiry which had overspread the old man's face faded into an expression of weariness, and with a deep-drawn sigh he sank into a chair.

"It 's all right, comrades; I did n't much think you knew my boy, but if I could once meet up with Uncle Billy, he 'd tell me all about him. Uncle Billy knew him well. He hilt his horse one day. No one once seein' my boy could easy forgit him, an' Uncle Billy never forgot a human being as did him a favor. They say he was terrible crusty sometimes, and them under-ginerals was mortal afeared of him when he was riled, but he always had a smile an' a kind word for the boys. I might 'a' writ him a letter about Frederick, but writin' would n't be like talkin' to Uncle Billy face to face; an', you see, I wanted to see him once more afore I died, an' appeal to him like a father to a father, an' show him that I kep' the old medal faithful." Uncle Obadiah lifted the bronze coin from his breast and gazed fondly on his treasure.

"Uncle Billy did n't just give it to me with his own hands, comrades, but he had a letter writ to the whole army givin' it from him to me. I was young then, comrades,— only fifty-two,— an' when the gineral's aide pinned it on my blouse front before the colonel an' the whole regiment,— parade rest,— he gave me another letter, an' ev'ry word of it was writ by Uncle Billy with his own name signed to it: 'William Tecumseh Sherman, Major-Gineral Commanding, to Private Obadiah Brown.' An' I hain't never parted with that letter, comrades, not for a day."

With trembling fingers Uncle Obadiah unbuttoned his tightly fitting, threadbare, military-looking coat, and drew from the breast pocket a formidable package, from which he undid wrapper after wrapper until he came to an official paper, yellow with age. Then he got up and shuffled over to the bar, with all the comrades crowding eagerly about him; and after the boards had been wiped clear of dust and moisture, he spread the precious paper out on its tattered wrappers.

"Uncle Billy did n't write a copy hand, boys," said the old man, gloating over the eager study of the veterans as they spelled out the words. "My Frederick could 'a' give' him lessons; but there 't is, comrades, an' there 's his whole name put to it. If he did n't write a copy hand, he could command an army, Uncle Billy could."

The landlord, the blacksmith, Comrade Stover, and Comrade Hitch of the cavalry, every one a veteran of the Army of the Tennessee, and Comrade Cist from Georgia, leaning on his crutches, regarded the yellow paper with as much reverence as if it had been a newly discovered chapter of the sacred Scriptures, and in their eyes Uncle Obadiah was as big a man as a prophet.

Each old soldier who wore the bronze button had something to tell to the praise and glory of his old commander and personal Uncle Billy, and Private Obadiah Brown told them how in '86 he had tramped all the way to St. Louis to see the general and find out the secret of his boy's whereabouts, and how his idol had just sold his Western home and gone to live in a far-off Eastern city; how he had been hoarding his money ever since, what he could save from his earnings and his pension, and how the sum was nearly large enough for the stupendous undertaking of a journey by rail to New York, where he very soon expected to see his Uncle Billy face to face, and to put an end to the mystery; for he had no doubt of the absolute omniscience of his old commander.

"Well, now, Comrade Brown," said Comrade Stover, knocking the ash out of his pipe on the heel of his cowhide boot, "when you git to see old Uncle Billy, you can tell him that when you was out here in Ohio you met up with one of the marchin' Eighty-first, an' that his legs was good as new."

"There was a man here a couple o' year

back," said the landlord, leaning over the bar until his face was inscrutable in the shadow, "what had been on to New York, an' he told me that he seen old Uncle Billy a-settin' in a gold box to the theater with his regimentals on, an' his yaller belt, an' that folks looked at the gold box more 'n they did at the play. An' how, by an' by, the West Point cadets, settin' down below, jumped up an' hurrahed for Gineral Sherman, till the play had to stop whilst Uncle Billy made a speech. He said the gineral talked to them kids as plain as any old farmer, givin' 'em good advice, his little beads o' eyes twinklin' in his head, an' his hook-nose rangin' over his stubby white mustache an' beard, like a ten-pounder Parrott squintin' over slashed timber."

"Hooray!" piped Uncle Obadiah, brightening up; "they could n't flank Uncle Billy ef they had him shet up in a nest o' gold boxes."

"That 's a fact," said the landlord; "ef old Uncle Billy had n't ordered them cadets to keep quiet, the theater would n't 'a' been let out yet."

It was pleasant to see how kindly the old soldiers took to Uncle Obadiah, and how well they agreed with one another, and, in short, what very mild old fellows they were, notwithstanding their youthful exploits.

"It 's gittin' ruther late," observed the tavern-keeper at last, turning down one of the dingy oil-lamps to emphasize his meaning. "Comrade Brown ain't leavin' us jest yet, havin' a considerable engagement 'long o' the town clock. When he gits that strikin' right ag'in, Hitch an' Cist 'll have to go to bed at nine, or have a fallin' out with the meetin' folks."

So the old comrades quietly filed out into the night, leaving Private Obadiah Brown to get some needed rest before he undertook the job of mending in the belfry. While he was waiting for his host to show him the way to bed, he fell to listening, in a half-conscious way, to the frying of the fat coal in the grate, and to the sound of the rising wind outside as it rattled the wooden shutters against the windows. His chin was settling on his breast for weariness when the stumping sound of a crutch on the platform outside brought him back to himself, and the door was gently pushed open to admit the head of Comrade Cist from Georgia, who said that if he should not see him in the morning he reckoned he would n't forget to show the general that letter.

When Private Obadiah Brown awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and the crazy old town clock was striking two. It had just got on to three bells, an hour later, when Comrade Stover drove by with a wagon-load of wood.

"It 's a-callin' to ye," cried Comrade Stover, gaily saluting with the stump of his right forearm. "'Pears like it 's ruther short o' breath, Comrade Brown. Putty nigh time ye was gittin' yer invalid hospital set up in the belfry, an' runnin' out the yaller flag — he! he! The ball 's open."

The sun was unusually warm for a morning in February, and the ice that had beaten in, in the form of sleet, and had crusted the wooden shield above the works of the old clock, was melting drop by drop and spattering on the belfry floor, where Uncle Obadiah had opened his thin knapsack and spread out his small store of professional tools and cords and wheels. The air as it came in through the blistered green blinds had no power to chill the thinnest blood in the oldest veins. Uncle Obadiah had climbed upon a short ladder, and beaten down a last year's swallow's nest or two, before he put on his "spec's" to take a critical look at the works and to plan his campaign. The ropes which held the weights were certainly badly worn, and must be replaced with new ones. It taxed the old man's strength to lift the heavy iron and detach it from the rusty hook. He had just accomplished the separation, and held the weight poised over the opening in the floor cut away for its natural descent between the old beams and braces, when the urchin who had refused to direct him to the village came clambering up the stairs, all out of breath.

"I say, granddad — now — General Sherman 's dead."

Down fell the iron weight, splintering the wood and crashing through the plastering, and making the old stairs rock and shiver as if the belfry itself were tumbling. Uncle Obadiah backed down until his feet rested on the firm boards, and glared through his glasses at the frightened boy.

"You ought to be whipped, you rascal! I 'm eighty year —"

"It 's true," said the boy. "Si Wilkins, the tavern-keeper, told me to come an' tell ye."

Uncle Obadiah tottered over to the wall, and looked down through the blinds, muttering in his incredulity as he went. There stood Comrade Stover's team alone in the road. A woman at a house door was shading her eyes with her hand and looking out, much as he was. The blacksmith, bareheaded, was running up the path from his shop with a red-hot horseshoe in his pincers.

Uncle Obadiah began to fear the truth, and to feel his way down the rickety belfry stairs.

"No, no!" he muttered to himself; "he was young, an' I 'm risin' eighty. Perhaps ye might 'a' heard of a youngster by the name of Frederick Brown. No, no! It ain't true."

The clock-weight had burst its way through lath and wooden ceilings, and as the old man

tottered out upon the sunlit porch, it lay in his path on the shattered planks.

The railway ran through the valley, a mile from the village, but there was no telegraph-operator at the small station. The news had come over from a neighboring town, and come so tardily that there was a rumor of the great military funeral in New York, which should, that very morning, be passing down the long avenue, between the ranks of the uncovered multitude, amidst the tolling of bells and the beating of muffled drums, a flowing stream of funeral dirges. In truth, at the very moment when the clock-weight fell from the hand of Uncle Obadiah, eight sergeants were raising all that remained of his Uncle Billy, draped in the folds of the flag he had loved, to its place aloft on the caisson catafalque. The artillery drivers were in their saddles ready at the word to draw the caisson down the long avenue, as a soldier should take his last ride. The black charger stood behind, and all the city streets for miles were massed with posts of grizzled veterans, and the serried ranks of national troops and sailors from the fleet, and the brilliant regiments of citizen soldiery, and the historic corps of cadets, come to honor the last American general, whom they had long regarded as their military father — the same Uncle Billy whom they had cheered until they were hoarse, in his gold box.

When Uncle Obadiah shuffled out upon the sunlit porch, past the fallen clock-weight, all this was going on five hundred miles away, in the presence of the President of the republic, the judges of the Supreme Court, the senators and generals and representatives of the people, and Uncle Obadiah was as unaware of it all as was Uncle Billy himself.

The blacksmith shut up his shop. Comrade Stover drove his empty wagon home, and returned to the village. Comrade Hitch of the cavalry left his plow in the furrow, and came up to the general rendezvous with his bronze star pinned to his coat. Si Wilkins furbished up his metal button, and bought some yards of black cloth, with a surprising recklessness of cost, to drape the front of his tavern. Comrade Cist from Georgia covered up his leather-seated bench, and hobbled over to the tavern, to find Uncle Obadiah crooning over the fire, with trembling lips and a dazed look in his watery eyes.

"I can't ever show him the letter," muttered Uncle Obadiah when he saw the other, "nor yet the medal, give' from him to me, I 've kep' so long. Have any of you comrades heard of a youngster that answers to the name o' Frederick Brown?"

There was no more work for the old comrades that day, and when, later, news came that the funeral train bearing the remains of their old general was already speeding on its way from the banks of the Hudson to the shores of the Mississippi, flying through the great cities and the smallest villages, and never halting except to exchange one powerful engine for another, and that the way of the swift pageant lay over the line in the valley, they knew that Sherman Post — their post — would come marching over from the county town with all the comrades, and the old flags, and the fifes and drums, and they began making preparations to receive them.

With furled flags and more black cloth they draped the little railway station, and helped Comrade Si Wilkins to provision his tavern for a larger crowd than it had held for many a day.

It was a long line of graybeards that flanked the supper-table, and the lamplight danced on stars and medals and badges and no end of brass buttons. Private Obadiah Brown sat at the head of the board, and, by way of grace, asked if any one of the comrades present had heard of "a youngster answerin' to the name o' Frederick Brown," and ate but little, and had his knapsack fetched from the belfry floor, because he said he should not feel dressed without it.

The funeral train was full three hundred miles away, and it was early bedtime, despite the silence of the village clock, when ranks were formed in front of the tavern door. Comrade Cist from Georgia, who could n't hope to keep up with the march, and did n't feel sure that he belonged in the column, together with Uncle Obadiah, whose impatience outran that of all the others, had already started on before. The post's new banner was furled and draped in black, but the tattered old battle-flags, in all their homely nakedness, fluttered free beneath their old eagles, showing along the frayed-out stripes at least half the letters of each of the famous battles of the Army of the Tennessee. Away ahead in the darkness Comrade Cist and Uncle Obadiah heard the regular thump, thump of the bass drum, and held up their heads and quickened their pace with the old instinct born of martial habit.

"Jest to think," said Uncle Obadiah, feeling his shuffling way in the darkness, "Uncle Billy is comin' tearin' like them snortin' engines used to come into a captured town, loaded down with commissaries."

"Jest to think," mused Comrade Cist from Georgia, stumping on his crutches.

"An' he was a young man," continued Uncle Obadiah, "an' I 'm turned of eighty, an' keepin' good time yet; an' him — did I say eighty? — tut — I 'm only fifty, an' Uncle Billy a matter o' forty. Harkee, prisoner, you 'll see

a sight when Uncle Billy comes, ridin' in front of his ginerals — mighty stiff and plain himself, but miles o' horses an' acres o' gold lace an' plumes behind him. Did they say you fit on t'other side? An' ruther badly hurt, I guess — never you worry, boy; I 'll make it right with Uncle Billy. I 'll tell him how you did yer duty as you saw it, an' he 'll send you back to hospital."

"I 'm much obleeged," said Comrade Cist from Georgia.

"Halt! Rest!" commanded Uncle Obadiah. "It 's black as cats. What regiment is that a-marchin' by? It does me good to hear the belts an' canteens rattle. They 're his soldiers, prisoner, but they 'll treat you like a prince, because you 're hurt. I wonder if any o' them comrades have heard of a youngster that answers to the name o' Frederick Brown. What matter? Uncle Billy is comin' to tell me all about it — an' I 'm eighty — fifty — how old am I, comrade?"

"I reckon you 're turned of eighty," said Comrade Cist from Georgia.

"It may be," said Uncle Obadiah.

Before the post drew up at the station, a cold, drizzling rain had set in, and the little waiting-room was already filled. The way-trains had passed from east and west, bearing news of what was going on along the line. To the east, the general's old veterans were massing in city and village, in the night and in the storm, baring their heads and dipping their ragged flags to the flying special as it flashed through the darkness; and to the west, when the day should dawn, the school-children, with songs and winter flowers, would reinforce the Grand Army.

The old soldiers built ruddy fires alongside the track, laying ruthless hands on broken fence-rails and discarded railroad ties, and constructed shelters from the rain as promptly as they had ever thrown up ten miles of log and earth breastworks under Uncle Billy's orders; and Private Obadiah Brown — six wounds and one medal — and Comrade Cist from Georgia — two crutches and one leg — were snugly housed in the warmest corner by the first fire.

And so while the silent sergeants were standing guard in the draped funeral car, heavy with the odor of flowers, and the rivers and towns were flowing east under the wheels of the gliding train, the simple veterans, around the smoky fires hissing with raindrops, were singing the old songs, as they waited with throbbing hearts: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground," and "We are tenting tonight on the old camp-ground."

As the long night wore on, each one had some story to tell of the old days; and it was Uncle Billy here and Uncle Billy there — Uncle Billy in his shirt-sleeves on the porch of his log hut, and Uncle Billy at the head of his brilliant staff, surrounded by his generals, and all the roads full of cavalry, and all the air full of music.

Once Uncle Obadiah fell asleep, and awoke with a start, and with the old question on his lips, to find the blacksmith replenishing the fire, and Comrade Stover punctuating his story with the stump of his right arm, and Comrade Cist from Georgia snoring lustily at his side.

"Somethin' might 'a' happened to the road," said Uncle Obadiah; "but he was dreffal quick at buildin' bridges an' layin' gaps o' track. Uncle Billy ain't a-travelin' to-night without a construction train ahead." And then, laying his hand on the blacksmith's arm, "Don't let me forgit to show him the medal an' the letter writ from him to me. You 're strong an' young, an' you must make me a way through the ginerals. I must have a word with him, comrade, face to face. I 've been a-waitin' thirty year — "

"Uncle Obadiah ain't jest awake yit," observed Comrade Stover.

"He 's gone clean daft, has Comrade Brown," said the blacksmith, dropping the heavy stick he held over the hissing fire, and standing stiff and black against the leaping flames. And then, in a louder tone: "This here is a bad storm, Comrade Brown; have ye made out to keep dry and warm?"

"I 've seen worse," said Uncle Obadiah. "I 've seen worse. There was Kenesaw an' the storm o' Vicksburg. What are we lyin' here for?" cried the old man, starting to his feet. "We 'll have our orders quick enough when Uncle Billy gits here. Have you heard the batteries yet, boys?"

"Never mind the batteries," said the blacksmith, putting out his strong arm to restrain Private Obadiah Brown, who would have gone out into the rain. "The colonel 's got his orders. We 're to lay right here till Uncle Billy comes. Did n't you see the orderly ride by?"

"Yes, I did," said Uncle Obadiah; "I heard his saber jingle, an' the spatter of the water as his horse trotted past. I thought I saw the yellow envelops stuffed underneath his belt."

"So you did," said the blacksmith, as he and Comrade Stover gently forced the old man back to his seat. "We 're to stay right here till Uncle Billy comes. Them 's his orders."

"His orders," muttered Uncle Obadiah, calming down with that assurance. "He won't be far behind his orders. I 'll lay down alongside my prisoner, here, till the doctors come. They can't flank Uncle Billy."

So the old man fell asleep with a childish trust in his great commander; and that he might get the rest his old bones needed, his

comrades talked in lower tones around the fire. Uncle Obadiah was not the only veteran asleep beside the fires, for the vigil had been a long one, and although the rain was falling steadily, there was just a perceptible graying of the darkness which betokened the near approach of day.

HARK! Miles to the east, where the next town lies, they hear the prolonged scream of a locomotive. Promptly the drum beats, but not so fast as the thumping hearts of the old soldiers.

"That 's Uncle Billy coming," breaks from every lip, and then every lip is still.

To the bugle blowing the "assembly," the veterans fall silently in line, dressed on the old flags at the center, the fires burning brightly behind them, and the rain falling steadily upon them. Each man is thinking his own thoughts. In the distance they hear the rolling of the train, but the sound is scarcely louder than the hissing of the raindrops on the fires, or the tinkling of the bronze stars against the medals.

Now it has turned the wall of the intervening mountain. The great engine pants in furious crescendo. The swelling roar of the monster is like the coming of a great shell. The dazzling headlight glares through the trees. The iron rails, wet and slippery, turn to parallels of glittering gold. As if it were the passing spirit of their great commander, the fierce light flashes along the ranks of his old veterans, gleaming for an instant on bared heads and tearful faces, and gilding once more the fragmentary names of his battles on their ragged standards, and then leaves the old line in redoubled darkness.

And, through it all, there are two beside the fires whom the bugles and the drum-beats fail to waken. Of the two only one can be aroused, and that one Comrade Cist from Georgia.

William Henry Shelton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A National Board of Health.

WE spoke in THE CENTURY for December last of the pressing duty that devolved upon the Congress which was beginning its final session at that time, to pass a law establishing a system of national quarantine. Congress spent much time in considering the subject, and finally passed a law which can be regarded only as a step toward such quarantine. The law does not establish full national quarantine in the sense in which its advocates understand it, but it does confer upon the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service powers which are sufficient to enable him, when sustained by the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, to formulate and enforce uniform quarantine regulations throughout the country, and to overrule and supplant with his own agents all local or State quarantine officials who fail to carry out those regulations. This is at best a division of national and State authority, with all the possibilities of conflict and delay which have been found invariably to attend such division.

What Congress ought to have done, and what the people of the country ought to demand without ceasing till the request be granted, is not merely a national quarantine system, but a National Board of Health. Under such a board, quarantine would be merely a branch of the service, rising into primary importance only in exceptional cases, like the outbreak of cholera in Europe. Dr. Prudden, the eminent bacteriologist of Columbia College, shows very impressively, in the article which we publish from him in this number of the magazine, how far we are behind civilization in not having established such a board long ago, and what constant perils menace the public health by our adherence to ignorant and even barbarous methods for excluding and restricting contagious diseases. What he says of the duties which a National Board of Health should have to perform, and of the far-reaching benefits to the health of the whole people which would follow, leaves no room for discussion. The case amounts to a demonstration. To refuse to do what he shows so clearly we ought as a nation to do without delay, is to throw doubt upon the national intelligence.

There has been at no time any difference of opinion among medical and sanitary experts as to the wisdom of a National Board of Health. Dr. W. H. Welch of Johns Hopkins University, a pupil of Professor Koch, and by universal consent the highest authority on bacteriology and infectious diseases in this country, said in September last: "I believe there should be a National Board of Health, something like that we had in 1878. There should be uniform quarantine laws for the whole country, and there should be uniform sanitary conditions. This is the system of England. While I am not ready absolutely to indorse the English system, I must say that the results have been excellent and satisfactory." Dr. E. O. Shakespeare of Philadelphia, a very high authority on quarantine matters, who has investigated European quarantines as official agent for our Government, said, about the same time, that he had always advocated national quarantine, believing that the "protection of the public health is a matter that interests not merely a narrow belt of sea-coast, but seriously concerns the whole of the vast territory between our shores." In December last, the Chamber of Commerce of New York, after receiving a special report which seven eminent physicians and specialists, including Dr. Prudden, Dr. Richard H. Derby, Dr. E. G. Janeway, and Dr. A. Jacobi, had made upon the conduct of the New York quarantine during the cholera cases of the preceding September, passed unanimously a series of resolutions in which it was declared that the "recent quarantine experience points with singular emphasis to the importance of national quarantine"; that since the Federal government is an indispensable factor in every quarantine crisis, it is only by giving

complete control to that Government that conflicts of authority can be avoided; and that the "Federal government in every crisis, through the various arms of the public service, is able to command an amount of expert coöperation entirely beyond the reach of a State department."

It would be easy to multiply evidence in this direction, but it is not necessary, since there is nothing to be cited in opposition save the worthless opinions of those persons whom Dr. Prudden calls the "flotsam and jetsam of the political ocean, from which too often strange, uncouth things are stranded in offices where misfeasance means death to some, disease to many." Concerning the construction of the National Board proposed there is a difference of opinion only as to details. All authorities agree that it should be composed of trained sanitarians who should be appointed by the President, should have a chief, and should include in their number the surgeon-generals of the marine hospital service, the army, and the navy.

One excellent suggestion, offered by an eminent and experienced sanitarian of New York city, is that the board be made up as follows: First, a chief appointed by the President, who should be paid a large salary and should reside in Washington; next, the three surgeon-generals of the army, navy, and marine hospital service; then, one sanitarian of established reputation from each of the following sections of the country: the yellow-fever district of Louisiana; the quarantine district of the East; the far West of California and the Pacific coast; the Northwest,—say Chicago,—because of its relationship to Canada; and the middle district of the country—say Kentucky or a neighboring State. Each of these also should receive a good salary. This would make a board of nine members, who would represent the interests of the whole country, and would give all sections the benefit of their combined sanitary knowledge and experience. This board should be given full legislative, judicial, and executive powers, such as are exercised by the Board of Health of New York city. It should devise measures, decide upon the method of their execution, and administer them without interference from any quarter. It might constitute as its executive committee the chief and the three surgeon-generals, who should be made the administrative force of the bureau. This would put the duty of executing the rules and regulations of the bureau into the hands of the only officials we have in this country who are especially fitted for the work; that is, officials who are permanent, who have no private interests, who are removed absolutely from all outside influence of any kind, political or other, who are trained in the work of discipline and organization, and who are accustomed to look to no other end than efficient service. The executive committee and the chief could really conduct the department, the other members of the board coming together on summons whenever their presence was necessary.

This plan seems to us well considered, though of course it is possible to improve upon it. The main thing is to get the National Board and to have it begin at the earliest possible moment the work which Dr. Prudden outlines as its sphere of usefulness. Of course the establishment of a National Board must be accompanied by the abolition of all State and local quarantines, but not of the State and local boards of health. No political influence should be permitted to delay one moment the work of such a reform. It goes without saying that the question of the health and well-being of the whole country is of too great importance to allow the selfish greed of politicians or of political organizations to stand in its way. That any set of politicians should oppose such a necessary measure is an illustration of the spoils system which ought to startle the community.

Has Gold Appreciated in Value?

WE are in receipt of a letter from a reader in Norfolk, Virginia, asking the following questions:

> By what authority, or for what reason, do you assume that gold remains stationary, or nearly so, in its intrinsic value, and in comparison therewith silver has fallen to an intrinsic value of 66 cents, as stated in your January number?
>
> May it not be possible that, in comparison with some unchangeable standard (if such a thing were possible), gold has in reality, because of its scarcity, because of its demand in the arts, because of its increasing use as money from the adoption of a gold standard by nations heretofore using both silver and gold, risen above such standard, and that silver has, because of its demonetization and because of its increased production and decrease of cost, fallen below such standard?

Our correspondent asks several other questions, but they are all based upon the supposition that gold has appreciated in value because of the alleged scarcity of that metal; and the answer which we shall make to the two quoted will cover all of them.

The only way in which we can reach a decision on the question of the stability in value of gold is to institute an examination of the prices of various commodities in relation to gold. Coincident with the first movement for the demonetization of silver there began, curiously enough, a remarkable decline in the prices of the great commodities which the world buys and sells at wholesale. This decline had begun to manifest itself in the years antecedent to 1873, and has continued down to the present time. The highest economical authorities are agreed that the prices of 1885 and 1886, as compared with those from 1866 to 1876, show a decline of about 31 per cent., and that the average decline since 1886 has been at least 5 per cent. additional. Cotton, wheat, corn, leather, and pig-iron have touched during the past year the lowest prices known in history. The contention of most economists who have studied this remarkable decline is that it has been due to great improvements in methods of production and distribution, which have brought about great reductions in cost.

Within the two decades between 1873 and 1893 have been made all the great improvements in railway locomotion and construction, and in steamship navigation, which have greatly extended and greatly cheapened transportation. One of the chief effects of this improved modern system of transportation has been to compel a world-wide uniformity of prices for all commodities that are essential to life, and to put an end to local or merely national markets; for now every country is able to draw on the supplies of the whole world, and to get them at the prices set in the markets of the world. Thus the price of a bushel of wheat is not regulated by the size of the crop in a single country, but by the size of the aggregated crops of all countries. A scarcity in one country is offset by an abundance in another, and cheapness and speed of

transportation bring the total supply within the reach of all buyers. The reduction in railway freights during the period referred to has been very great, falling from two cents and more a mile in 1869 and 1870 to little more than half a cent a mile in 1893.

If the appreciation of gold had been the cause of this decline in prices, it ought to have affected all prices. This has not been the case. There has been no common ratio of decline. Some prices have fallen, but others have risen. Among the latter are those of labor, which is bought and sold more than anything else on the face of the globe. The prices of labor, of all the large class of products or services which are exclusively or largely the result of handicrafts, have greatly advanced. A given amount of gold does not buy more but less of domestic service and of manual and professional labor generally now than it did formerly. It buys no more of horses and other domestic animals, of cigars, of hand-woven lace, of cut glass, of pictures, of diamonds, or of malt liquors; and it pays no more of house rents, which depend largely upon the price of land. Retail prices generally have not fallen in proportion to the decline of wholesale prices. If there had been an appreciation of gold, due to a scarcity, all these prices ought to have shown a decline in common with others. Then, too, the decline should have been common in all countries, which is not the case, careful comparisons of price movements in different countries showing that the average fall in France and Germany has been less than in Great Britain, and greater in the United States than in any other country. In summing up the evidence on this point, which he gives with great fullness, Mr. David A. Wells, in his "Recent Economic Changes," to which we refer our correspondent and all others in search of exact information on the subject, says (pp. 204, 205):

> It would seem, in the first place, that if the scarcity influence of gold on prices had originated and operated as the advocates of the theory claim, such influence would have been as all-pervasive, synchronous, irresistible, and constant as the influence of gravitation; and that something of correspondence, as respects time and degree, in the resulting price movement of commodities would have been recognized. But no such correspondence has been or can be established. On the contrary, the movement of prices since 1873, although generally downward, has been exceedingly irregular,—declining till 1878–79, then rising until 1882–83; then again declining to an almost unprecedented low average in 1886; and in the year 1887 exhibiting, in respect to some commodities, a slight upward tendency, which in 1888–89 was even more pronounced. It might also have been expected that the influence of the scarcity of gold would have especially manifested itself at or shortly subsequent to the time (1873–74) when Germany, having demonetized silver, was absorbing gold, and France and the Latin Union were suspending the coinage of silver. But the years from 1875 to 1879, inclusive, taking the English market as the criterion, were characterized generally by an excessive supply of money and currency of all kinds; and the same has been true of the period from 1880 to 1886–87, when, if the supply of money from gold was constantly diminishing, contrary results would seem to have been inevitable.

As to the supply of gold in the world, it is not to be denied that the annual product has diminished largely during recent years. But while the annual product has diminished, the supply of gold is greater to-day than ever before. Statistics show that the monetary stock of gold and gold reserve in the treasuries and banks of the civilized world has shown an increase for every decade since 1850, being at the end of 1885 nearly four times what it was in 1850, so that instead of there being a reduced supply as compared with former times, there is a greatly increased supply. It should be borne in mind always, in considering the supply and annual product of both gold and silver, that these metals are not like other commodities of which the greater part of the annual production is annually consumed. They are not consumed, but merely used, and the only consumption involved comes from loss and wear, which is comparatively trifling. They do their work over and over again, year after year, for decades and even centuries, and the supply is steadily growing with time. Then, too, the increased facilities for doing business, by which the trade of the world is carried on by credit and capital, have reduced greatly the amount of gold required in commercial transactions. "Never before in the history of the world," says Mr. Wells, "have there been so many and such successful devices for economizing the use of money." Says another authority, Nathaniel Cork: "A merchant may not hold ten sovereigns, but he may have capital and credit for ten millions." The "tendency of the age," says still another authority, Doctor Soetbeer, "is to use continually less and less coin in the transaction of business; and so far from there being any scarcity of gold, there never was a period in the world's commercial history when the existing quantity was so large as at present, in proportion to the necessity for its use or for the purposes it has to serve."

The Disappearance of the Apprentice System.

IN considering the question whether or not American boys shall be admitted to a share in American skilled labor,—outlined in the preceding number of THE CENTURY,—a statement at the outset of the present condition of the apprentice system is essential to a correct understanding of the case. That the system has ceased to exist in its original form, all authorities agree. Boys are no longer apprenticed as formerly to a master who takes them into his family and teaches them a trade in all its branches. In the old days the master was responsible, legally and morally, for his apprentice's advancement, worked beside him in the shop, and saw to it that he acquired full and accurate knowledge of his craft. The introduction of machinery and the subdivision of labor have been working together for years to make intimate supervision and instruction of this kind impossible. The master mechanic, instead of presiding over a small shop, and being a master of all branches of his trade, has become, in many instances, the master of merely a single branch of his trade. But whether master of whole or of part, he does not work with his men, and can give no personal attention to an apprentice. It has come about, therefore, that boys are hired to do the menial work of the shops, to sweep and clean, run upon errands; and, as part payment for this work, they are permitted to pick up only as much knowledge of the trade as the good nature of the foremen and journeymen will permit. Of system and thoroughness in the knowledge thus picked up there is none. From the menial nature of the employment, self-respecting boys regard it as degrading, and consequently refuse to enter upon it.

In addition to these obstacles, which are the natural

outgrowths of human progress, there is to be taken into account the antagonism of the trade-unions. These have been charged with far greater responsibility in the premises than belongs to them. They have helped to abolish the apprentice system, but it would have disappeared without their opposition, though not so soon. Their antagonism is based upon the belief that "if they did not limit the number of boys at trades, in a very short time they would be compelled to work for lower wages, if not forced into partial and possibly complete idleness." This statement of their belief is quoted from a very friendly authority, the former Labor Commissioner of the State of New York, Charles F. Peck, who, in his report for 1886, devotes much space to a discussion of the apprentice system, based upon a series of questions which he propounded to sixty-five selected labor-unions. These answers showed that the policy of the unions was practically one of exclusion, that their rules about apprentices were so drawn as to make it impossible for more than an insignificant number of boys to learn a trade each year, and that those who were permitted to learn received as little instruction as possible.

Mr. Peck's report on this subject is in fact one of the most valuable publications of the kind ever made, for he collected his information direct from the trade-unions, and collected it also as their friend. His comments are very valuable, therefore, because they give the trade-union side of the question, and cannot be charged with unfairness toward that side. He says, in summing up the answers that he received from the unions: "If the determination to close a trade against newcomers were exceptional, and limited to one or two trades, it would be unimportant, and would only be used as a case of unfraternal spirit or jealous self-interest. But the sentiment runs through all trades. In one trade, I believe,—steam-fitters,—each journeyman has a helper, because one man cannot do the heavy work, and the employer will not pay two men full wages. In other trades the returns show rules for one apprentice to three, four, five, sometimes as high as ten, men, with a narrower limitation for the whole shop. It is said that the employer in a few trades cannot put his own son or nephew to the bench or the vise except as a favor and concession."

What Mr. Peck has shown of New York is true of other States. Upon this point all authorities agree. President John D. Runkle of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has given a great deal of attention to the subject, says: "There is common testimony to the fact of the decay of apprenticeship." Edward Atkinson, an equally trustworthy authority, says: "We are training no American craftsmen, and unless we devise better methods than the old and now obsolete apprentice system, much of the perfection of our almost automatic mechanism will have been achieved at the cost not only of the manual, but also of the mental, development of our men." In all sections of the country, and in all trades, very few apprentices are allowed, and those that are allowed are taught as little as possible. The hostility of the unions to them is well nigh general. The legislatures of the various States are continually amending the apprentice laws, with the hope of making them more effective; but wherever these laws come in contact with the rules of the unions, they are of no practical effect. In fact, all our apprentice laws are little more than dead-letter statutes. Mr. Peck says of his investigations on this point that "it was discovered that the apprentice law was practically a dead letter," and that the unions "kept up a quasi form of apprenticeship in an irregular and illegal manner" only in order to "control their special trades." An extreme example of the way in which this is done was furnished by the agreements which the Journeymen Plasterers' Union of New York city induced the employers to sign in 1890 and 1892. By the first agreement, signed in 1890, it was stipulated that no one was to be taught the plastering trade in the city for two years. This agreement was kept, and at the end of two years another was signed by which it was stipulated that no one should be admitted to the plastering trade who had not served an apprenticeship of five years. When these agreements were signed, plastering, like most of the building trades, was largely in the hands of foreign-born workmen. The effect of the two agreements, which are still in force, has been to exclude native-born Americans from a good trade for seven years. At the same time, foreign workmen who may not have worked at the trade over six months before coming here are admitted as journeymen. The effect of these agreements is to keep the trade entirely in the hands of foreigners.

As we have said, this is an exceptional case, but it differs only in degree from many others. In all the trades Americans are discriminated against as much as possible, and similar results to those accomplished in the plastering trade are reached by more mildly worded but no less effective rules. Thus, when an employer is allowed two apprentices, and the apprentice is required to serve four years, the employer can graduate only one journeyman every other year. The number of employers in any one trade is not large, and such restrictions amount virtually to an exclusion of American young men from the trades. At the sixth annual convention of the Pennsylvania Association of Master House-Painters and Decorators, held at Scranton in January last, one of the delegates read a paper on the apprentice system as observed in his trade, in which he said that after a personal investigation among "at least six hundred master painters and decorators of Philadelphia and vicinity," he had discovered that not an average of one in fifteen had a single apprentice in his business, and that "the larger the workshop or establishment, the greater seemed the abhorrence with reference to the employment of boys to learn the trade, many of the masters going so far as to say, and with an evident spirit of pride, that in all their experience as masters, extending from fifteen to thirty-five years, and employing from fifteen to fifty, and as high as eighty, workmen, they had never bothered their brains teaching a boy the business."

Evidence on this branch of the subject could be multiplied indefinitely, did space permit. We have quoted sufficient to show that the old apprenticeship system has passed away, and that no system of trade instruction has been permitted to take its place inside the trades themselves. We have also shown that one of the reasons for this, though not the chief one, is the hostility of the foreign-born workmen, who control the trades, to workmen of American birth. The nature and extent of this hostility will form the subject of our next article in this series.

OPEN LETTERS.

Women's Work and Wages.

THE act of the school board of St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1892, declaring that henceforth the same wages should be paid to teachers of both sexes in the public schools of that city, attracted much attention. I believe that it is the first experiment of the kind made in this country. It is certainly the first case in which a city has taken this step, though it may be that in this country, as in England, the same equalizing of pay has been put in operation in private or endowed schools, and in other isolated cases.

The question of why women receive less wages than men in the same employments has been exciting a great deal of attention of late, and is evidently destined to excite even more as time goes on. An interesting contribution to the discussion was made in "The Forum" some months ago by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who cited many valuable statistics bearing upon it. He showed from the census returns for Massachusetts that there are now few lines of remunerative employment which are not open to women; that in domestic service she dominates the field; that in the trades she divides the field with the men in the proportion of nearly 1 to 2; and that in professional life "there is hardly a single field where we do not find her occupied, whether we turn to religion, medicine, literature, art, music, the drama, education, or science." As for wages, she is advancing in remuneration all along the line. Singers, artists, and other professional women are, in Mr. Wright's opinion, paid as well as men, or if not, "their compensation does not excite the sympathy or interest of the public."

In clerical work women are steadily occupying more of the field, and in some instances are receiving the same pay that men receive for like work. In the departments at Washington there is no distinction as to sex in the payment for clerkships. The women do not as a rule secure such high clerkships as the men, but for those which they obtain they receive equal pay with the men. In employments of lower grades, like typewriting, telegraphing, telephone-operating, bookkeeping, and the like, women are coming more and more to possess the field, and to regulate the price of their own labor by the law of supply and demand, while the men are leaving it for other and better-paying fields. In factory labor Mr. Wright showed by statistics that the wages of men and women are becoming equalized, and that, in the higher grades of work, requiring the most skill, the men and women are receiving about the same pay for the same work.

Mr. Wright gave several reasons why in most occupations women receive less wages than men, and why, in his opinion, they will continue to receive them in spite of social or economic or legislative considerations. In brief, these are, that woman is an entirely new economic factor in the industrial system; that she occupies a lower standard both in physical features and in mental demands; that she has an insufficient equipment for life-work, due largely to matrimonial hopes; that she lacks the influence which comes from combination and association; and finally, that the entrance of women to the industrial field has created a supply out of proportion to the demand.

This idea that women could raise their wages by the aid of trade-unions has been advocated with much force and plausibility in England by Mr. Sidney Webb, but it has failed to meet the approval of one of the most zealous friends of women's work and condition, and one of the clearest economic writers of the day, Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, who maintained, in an article in "The Economic Journal," that the cardinal fact regulating wages is the productiveness of the most productive kind of labor within the reach of each individual laborer. A man laborer of any grade has to be paid as much as he could earn in other employments that he would be able to take up. Because he has a wider training than a woman has, he has more of such employments to look to, and can, consequently, demand higher pay. "What women most want," said Mrs. Fawcett, "is more training, to enable them to pursue more skilled handicrafts, and a larger number of professional occupations."

On the question of equal compensation for school-teachers of both sexes, Mrs. Fawcett had some interesting facts to contribute. She said she had "always regarded it as an error, both in principle and in tactics, to advise women under all circumstances to demand the same wages for the same work as men," adding:

> The London School Board pays its women teachers less than its men teachers, but the number of women applying for the posts is considerably in excess of the number required; whereas it is, I am told, difficult to get men enough to fill the vacancies for male teachers. The cry, "The same wages for the same work," is very plausible, but it is proved to be impossible of achievement when the economic conditions of the two sexes are so widely different.

Mrs. Fawcett gave an instance of the way in which the equal-pay experiment worked in an English school, which I trust will not prove to be a precedent for the St. Paul experiment. The governors of an endowed school in Hertfordshire started with the good intention of giving the same wages for the same work to all their teachers, whether men or women.

> The result was that the women, attracted by the to them exceptionally favorable terms, were exceptionally well qualified for the work, while the men were mere average specimens of their profession. The equality was, therefore, only nominal; the same money bought a better article in the female labor market than it did in the male labor market.

This would have been a satisfactory outcome had it been true that women could in all cases do the work of men in the conduct of the school. The fact that women cannot in many cases do the work of men, even if mentally qualified for it, is too often overlooked in the consideration of the problem. So long as the supply of men for certain work is less than the supply

of women for the same work, the latter will have to be content with less wages than the former in all cases in which the work cannot be done entirely by women.

B.

Wanted — Specialists in Church Music.

I HAVE frequently been appealed to by churches for help in securing a competent and sympathetic manager for their music. What is wanted was thus expressed in one case:

> Our church is hardly satisfied with our present music, more particularly as to its results in developing music in the congregation and among our young people. Can you direct our attention to an organist who is an earnest Christian and a good leader, who would take an interest in training the young voices in our Sunday-school, and in keeping the church music thoroughly in sympathy with the remainder of the service, and helpful to the worship of the congregation? To the right man we can offer an opportunity to do some good work, and reasonably good pay for it. The times are ripe for the man.

Many such expressions have come to me in letters and conversations. They all look the same way: Wanted — a Christian musician, trained, tactful, enthusiastic, bent upon stimulating and guiding the musical life of a parish so that it will contribute directly and powerfully to the prime objects of church life. A leading Western pastor says, "The need is great, and I imagine the demand will before long be strenuous."

Something should be done in the matter. We have seminaries for training pastors, schools for training lay teachers and helpers of various kinds, and numerous temporary classes and assemblies for studying all sorts of Christian work. But what about this uniquely effective arm of parish organization — the music? The problem is beset by undeniable difficulties — difficulties in the attitude of churches to their music, in the attitude of musical students not only to church music, but to Christian work in general, and in some of the practical details involved in any proposed solution. The following suggestions are feasible:

There is a noble opening for a school exclusively devoted to training *church musicians*. The conditions of admission should be simply genuine Christian enthusiasm, a declared intention to serve the musical needs of the churches, and reasonable musical aptitude. Courses should be provided for both organists and singers, but all should have minute discipline as leaders and teachers. The subjects taught should be (1) church music — theory and history — as a branch of Christian work; (2) sight-reading, as a stimulus to true musical sensitiveness, as an introduction to singing, and as a subject for popular instruction; (3) voice-building, with reference to both speaking and singing; (4) choral singing, as the central department of all music, especially of sacred music, to be extended to oratorio work, if possible; (5) harmony, for the organist an indispensable tool, for the singer a constant guide, and for all the key to the inner mysteries of musical construction; (6) analysis and criticism, both as an artistic discipline and for popular exposition; (7) organ-playing and solo-singing as specialties in church work. To these might be added several courses for more extended technical information and equipment.

The entire management should be in Christian hands. The aim should be immediate practical utility rather than artistic achievement. Instruction for those who do not mean to be primarily church musicians should be left entirely to other schools. Courses should be so arranged as to permit students to accomplish much in a short time. Certificates should be granted for demonstrated attainments. To establish confidence and preclude misuse, the enterprise should be connected with some recognized institution, preferably a theological seminary, though sectarianism should be avoided.

That there is nothing like this now provided is, I think, a fact. Some of the teaching of what is called "church music" is only a menace to true devotional art. A different ideal, and a more radical specialization, are imperative for permanent success. Much might be added, if space permitted, to justify and fill out the outline of effort here suggested.

HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. *Waldo S. Pratt.*

The Australian Registry of Land Titles.

A REPLY TO MR. EDWARD ATKINSON'S ARTICLE IN THE CENTURY FOR FEBRUARY, 1892, BY THE DEAN OF THE LAW SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PROFESSOR OF THE LAW OF REAL ESTATE AND CONVEYANCING.

THE objections to the adoption in the United States of the Australian registry of land titles are two:

(1) The Constitution of the United States forbids the United States, or any State, to deprive any person of property without due process of law; that is, without a course of legal proceedings including the establishment of a competent tribunal, the service of process requiring the appearance of all parties whose rights may be affected by the judgment in the particular cause, and an opportunity to such parties of a hearing before judgment. No indefeasible title could result in the United States from a public registry upon the Australian plan, for the title of an adverse claimant could not be concluded until the statutory period of limitation had barred his claim.

(2) The operation of the system would require the appointment of a large number of government employees, and it would compel the Government, national, State, or municipal, as the case might be, to engage in a business — that of insuring titles — which can be better and less expensively done by non-official agencies.

Registry laws requiring the recording in public offices of conveyances of, and liens and encumbrances upon, land have been in force in this country from the earliest colonial days. Any one who is familiar with the expense, delay, and danger of English conveyancing, and with the comparative inexpensiveness, speed, and safety of American conveyancing, will see the advantages of the American system, which practically compels the recording of all dealings with land *inter vivos* by postponing the unrecorded deed or lien to that which has been recorded, and which yet protects an unrecorded title against all parties having actual notice.

But the system is not perfect, because it does not cover devises or descents of land, and because there are dangers of false personation in acknowledgments, and of forgery, and because land is not as readily transferable as a ship or a share of corporate stock. The recording system should be amended in the following respects:

(1) All conveyances of, and encumbrances upon, land within each county of a State should be registered in the same public office.

(2) At the death of the owner, all land should vest in a realty representative, whose recorded conveyance should alone vest title in the devisee or heir.

(3) The statutory period of limitation should be reduced to a short period,—say seven years,— and there should be no exceptions for coverture, lunacy, or infancy.

(4) Deeds should be acknowledged only before a limited class of public officers, and real, not nominal, proof of the identity of the grantors should be required.

(5) The original conveyance should be filed of record and remain in the public office. Upon filing a conveyance, or registering an encumbrance, the party filing the same should receive a certified duplicate of the paper filed (Hon. Thomas M. Cooley's paper on the "Recording Laws of the United States"; "Vol. IV., Reports of the American Bar Association," p. 199). But such certified copies should not be admissible in evidence in legal proceedings as primary proof, but only as secondary proof; *i. e.*, only upon proof of loss of the original paper.

(6) Short and compulsory statutory forms of conveyance and mortgage should be provided, naming the grantor and grantee, describing the land, and setting forth the estate or interest therein conveyed or encumbered, the consideration, the manner of its payment, and brief trusts and covenants, if necessary.

C. Stuart Patterson.

REJOINDER.

In rejoinder to Professor Patterson's exceptions to the adoption of the Australian System of Registering Land Titles in this country, I beg to submit the following extract from the message of Governor William E. Russell to the Massachusetts legislature (House Document, No. 94, A. D. 1891). The governor says:

> Under the Torrens System an official examination of title is substituted for an unofficial one, and the result when once sufficiently ascertained is given conclusive effect in favor of the owner, and his title is made perfect against all the world. In effect, under the Torrens System the State provides a proper court in which any one can have his rights in relation to a piece of land declared and established, not only as against particular persons who may have an adverse interest upon special notice to them, but also as against everybody. The principle of basing decrees upon general notice to all persons interested already prevails in our probate law. Laws providing for the removal of clouds upon title to land after general notice to all unknown defendants exist in many States of the Union, and the validity of decrees made under such laws has been established by decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I should not myself attempt to pass upon questions of law in this matter. I have dealt with the subject purely from the economic standpoint; but as the matter has been made the subject of very close investigation by the governor, himself an able member of the bar, and by the most acute and skilful conveyancers in Massachusetts, I assumed that any technical or constitutional objections might be met.

In respect to other objections taken by Professor Patterson, I beg to submit that they may resemble the hypothetical objections which may always be raised in respect to any very considerable change either in the methods of legislation or in methods of business which have run in a customary rut for a very long period. Suffice it that in this matter the long experience of the Australian colonies, coupled with the more recent experience of British Columbia, gives the conclusive answer. *The system works, and the hypothetical objections which have been raised to its adoption have not been sustained.*

The business of insuring the title by the State does not prove to be costly; in fact, the fund has seldom been drawn upon in any colony, and never in some of the colonies. Moreover, it is not such an integral part of the system that the system must stand or fall by it.

Edward Atkinson.

American Artists Series.

CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE. (SEE PAGE 275.)

In the list of American painters who have made their mark in the art world, who, in the French phrase, are *arrivés*, there are few more distinguished than Charles Sprague Pearce. Like Alexander Harrison, Ridgway Knight, and many others, he is ours only by the fact that he was born among us, a condition in which he and the others named have the advantage of the most brilliant of them all, Sargent, who is of foreign birth, though of American parentage.

Mr. Pearce was born in Boston in 1851, and Europe has been his home since he was fifteen years of age — naturally enough, if his bent was toward art; for what had his native country to give him? The National Academy of Design has done its work faithfully, according to its light; but even its most ardent friend would hardly say that it has kept abreast of the times. Opportunities for genuine art study in the United States were almost *nil* until the last fifteen years, and even now, when art schools are multiplied to an almost alarming extent, the status of the American artist is not settled. He seems to occupy a place "a little lower than the angels," the angels being the imported works — no matter if they are "pot-boilers" — of distinguished foreigners.

A fair illustration of this is the collection of the Metropolitan Museum, in which the works of native artists, unless they have the seal of French or German approval, are hardly to be found. As has lately been said: "Should a foreigner arrive here, and want to know what American artists have done, he would naturally go to the Metropolitan Museum. Judge his surprise when all he would find there would be the works of foreigners, and the works of Americans better known abroad than in their native land."

Mr. Pearce is without doubt the peer of the large concourse of modern artists, great as these are great, and only in this degree. He is fashionably correct. His composition and drawing are excellent, his color is up to the standard — the standard of a year or two ago. To appropriate French phraseology once more, his pictures are in a "*jolie note grise*"; that is, agreeably gray.

Mr. Pearce was a pupil of Léon Bonnat, and later spent much time in Algiers sketching and painting from nature. He received honorable mention in the Paris Salon when thirty years of age, and a medal of the third class two years later.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Blown About.

HE was an infidel, it 's true,
But now he 's veered about;
He was so skeptical he grew,
In time, to doubt his doubt!

Harry Romaine.

Polite to Strangers.

MRS. KIRBY was a woman not easily embarrassed or discomposed. She had lived for many years in a small Vermont town, where her opinion was greatly respected.

One fall, after the house-cleaning was finished, and the usual preparations for winter were completed, Mrs. Kirby decided to visit a sister in Philadelphia. It was the first journey of any length she had ever made, and her preparations occupied much time and thought.

"I had a real good time," she said to her daughter after her return. "Your aunt Ellen was tickled to death to see me, an' she 's well situated to have company. She has water right in her sink, an' a girl to do most of the heavy work, an' a boy to sort of chore round, so 't I did n't feel I was puttin' her to any extra work, or takin' up the time she needed fer house-work.

"We went consid'abul; rode on the street-cars whenever we felt like it; an' I begun to feel as if I had n't a thing to do except enjoy myself. I dunno as I ought to speak 'bout it, but there 's one thing that I think your aunt Ellen 's a little careless 'bout. I hate to say it, but it did seem to me she was gettin' in the habit of drinkin'.

"I did n't feel to say much 'bout it to her, because I see that most of her neighbors an' women who lived there was jest the same. 'Bout every time we went to the stores or anywhere, Ellen would say that she must stop somewhere an' have a glass of soda or vichy, or some of these fixed-up drinks.

"I used to watch her careful, but 't never seemed to have any effect on her. She 'd 'most always ask me to have some, but I did n't encourage her by drinkin' with her. She said they was healthy, an' maybe they be, but it 's a habit I don't approve of. We all know where it leads to.

"The people was all dreadful pleasant. I never see the beat of 'em fer politeness. The conductors on the horse-cars always called me 'lady.' 'Here 's your street, lady,' they 'd say. I felt some set up 'bout that fer a spell, till Ellen said they said it to everybody. An' the waiters in the restaurants, they was certainly the best-mannered men I ever saw — an' fine-lookin' men too.

"Your aunt an' I went in to what they call a lunch-room one day, an' the waiter would n't even let us pass our plates; he jest flew right round, lookin' as smilin' as though he was enjoyin' himself at a great rate.

"We got through, an' got up to go out, an' as we walked along he came right up front of me, an', bowin' as polite as you please, held out his hand.

"Now I don't ever want to hurt nobody's feelin's, an' when I see the man expected me to shake hands with him, I did n't draw back; I reached my hand right out, an' said, 'Good day,' jest as polite as I would hev to the minister.

"'Beg pardon, lady; you 've forgot the napkin,' says he. I did n't know then but what they give their customers a napkin the first meal, so 's to encourage 'em to come again; but says I, 'Oh, I don't want the napkin.' But he kept kind o' followin' along, an' your aunt Ellen, who stopped to pay fer our dinner, got along then, an' says she, 'Melissa, you 're takin' off the napkin,' an', sure 'nough, there I was a-paradin' out with that napkin tucked under my chin.

"I give it to the man, an' he seemed dreadful glad to get it. I s'pose he thought I was a shoplifter an' he 'd have to lose it.

"But he was very polite, bowed jest the same, an' that was the way with everybody; they seemed to know I was a stranger, an' wanted me to hev a pleasant visit an' go home pleased with the town.

"An' I did. I hed as good a time as anybody could hev away from home. I spent consid'abul, but I don't begrudge it. I always meant to travel an' see what there was to be seen; an' I hev now, an' I can be more contented to stay where I be."

Alice Turner.

The Delsarte Girl.

OH, the Delsarte girl,
Who goes with a whirl,
And objects to your way of walking;
Who knows how to sit,
And whose clothes don't fit,
And who owns a receipt for talking.

You must move in curves;
If your spine just swerves
One inch from the proper angle,
You ought to take a "course,"
Lest you go, perforce,
With your joints and chords in a tangle.

Your torso must be plumb,
You must n't use your thumb
To express one kind of dejection.
You must n't even wink
Before you stop to think,
Nor go up-stairs without due reflection.

Alice E. Ives.

Circumstance.

SOME believe in man's free will,
And some, original sin.
Jack was killed at Centreville,
And Ned was hanged at Lynn;
And I — but how is not quite clear —
Escape the snares of time,
Live on, and in my fortieth year
Record the thing in rhyme.

Matthew Blake.

A Portrait in Distemper.

As if the sun had kissed and fled,
So were her cheeks embrowned:
A little dot of dainty red
Inside a russet round,
Like rose-leaves that are all but dead,
With slender sereness bound.

A hat, thereto, of plaited hay,
Which shaded half her face,
Whence fell the curls of hair away
Down to her collar's lace—
They trembled if she talked, or lay
In loops of yellow grace.

A kerchief laid about her breast
Unto her breathing rose,
And midway was a little nest
For beauty to repose;
But laughter made more manifest
The sweets therein adoze.

Ah me, I 've tuned a tender flute
By all her garden ways:
Apollo, playing ripe the fruit,
I vow no sweeter plays;
And yet she 'll never hear my suit—
Young Midas better pays!

Blow, breeze, about her ringlet curls
And twist them in a knot,
And puff her skirts with blust'ry whirls,
And, sun, shine over-hot;
Hang in her eyes a pair of pearls,
Night, for she loves me not!

Harrison S. Morris.

A Prairie Heroine.

SHE were sech a white 'n' soft 'n' fluffy
Little thing, so kind of shy 'n' skeary,
Thet when she settled down into our stuffy
Old school-house to teach the kids last spring,
I could n' liken her to any other thing,
Only jest to one of them ther' leary
Little week-old chickens. Hed n' no sand.
Very fust day clim' on the dest 'n' hollered
Like a pup ki-ote, 'cause a jerby mouse
Come a-gallivantin' round about the house,
'N' fainted dead away when a flannel-collared
Blow-snake poked his head up through a crack
In the shaky floor, 'n' could n' wriggle back.
So when ther' rolled a flood of prairie fire
Thet teched high-water mark, 'n', swellin' higher,
Washed through the bloomin' plain a dreary, black
Death-'n' destruction-littered racin'-track,—
'Thout warnin' caught the school-house in its hand,
Tossed it about, 'n' swept it from the land,—
We knowed the little ma'am 'u'd lose her head,
'N' dase n't even hope the hull school was n't dead.

We can't be blamed fer feelin' purty gay
Thet evenin' when a worrit neighbor found her
Out on the plowin' more 'n a mile away—
A little sco'ched by teasin' flames in play,
But with our nestlin's huddled safe around her.

Doane Robinson.

Circumstances and Cases.

"THERE 's plenty of work for this morning," she cried:
"There 's baking and scrubbing, and sweeping beside."
But she went at the baking with laughter and song,
And said, as she finished, "*That* did n't take long."

And then to the scrubbing — and how she did scrub!
The boards were like snow when she gave the last rub,
Her hands were so deft, and her arms were so strong;
And she said, as she finished, "*That* did n't take long."

And then to the sweeping — she made the dust fly.
She looked at her work with a critical eye,
And yet all the time she kept humming a song,
And she tacked to the last verse, "*That* did n't take long."

The dinner was over, the work was all done;
"And now for that errand," she said, "I must run!
Six o'clock comes so soon when the days are so long."
And off she went, humming a verse of that song.

The road she 'd to travel was straight as a die,
She knew every step, and she meant just to fly;
But she met an acquaintance down there by the stile,
And somehow — that errand — it took a good while.

Margaret Vandegrift.

An Impossibility.

IF I had wings, and you were bound
Fast in some fragrant close,
Where sweetest blooms are always found
And springtide ever flows,
I 'd bumble, bumble merrily,
In sheen or tender gloom,
If I were but a happy bee
And you a clover bloom.
I 'd whirl about, and closer swing,
And bolder, bolder grow:
Your leaves should feel my winnowing,
Your face should shrink and glow.
And then, oh, then, the tender boom,
The nectar-sip — ah, me!
But you are not a clover bloom,
And I am not a bee!

Maurice Thompson.

In a London Ballroom.

THE ball was the brightest, the gayest, the smartest;
I marveled young Edmund looked gloomy and sad.
I asked, Was he well? Had he plenty of partners?
He vowed that he was, he protested he had.

'T was useless to probe him with tender conjecture,
No bit could discover the spot that was sore;
Yet each passing hour brought the fuller conviction —
That boy's wretched spirit was stung to the core.

At length, 'neath the glamour of regions seductive,
Where each little table invited to sup,
I learned the dread secret — ah, pity poor Edmund!
He 'd danced the first dance with his trousers turned up!

L. B. W.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY GAINSBOROUGH IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

SARAH SIDDONS.

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COLOR IN THE COURT OF HONOR AT THE FAIR.

AN international exhibition like that at Chicago is nothing if not an occasion for the increase of understanding between nations. Instruction is the primary object of the Fair, and it is tacitly demanded of every one who comes to it that he take his pleasure seriously. Certainly there is an abundance of data in Jackson Park from which to draw conclusions as to the development of this or that art or industry in this or that country. There is so much, in fact, that one is fairly stupefied by the mere magnitude of things before one has begun to search for sympathetic walks through the labyrinth. I suppose the surest clue to these walks is natural taste. It is curious, the way in which the specialist or even the man with a fad is guided to the object of his interest by a kind of instinct. But it is characteristic of crowds, which ought to progress as though from an impulse of irresistible logic, to drift with a delightful lack of purpose. This apparent aimlessness may be fatal to the statistician who is endeavoring to tabulate the relative powers of attraction of each industry represented within the limits of the Fair, but it is a source of satisfaction to any one in whom the taste for that which is picturesque predominates. To him the supreme charm of the Fair is that it is a pageant. It is a pageant in which the elements of beauty are not only infinite in number, but, as a rule, national in character.

I wonder to what humorist the introduction of the gondola to the waterways of the Fair is to be attributed? If there is one thing for which the Fates presiding over the evolution of the Fair are to be thanked, it is that a pseudo Venice was not devised by the architects to whom the designing of the buildings and grounds was intrusted. There are several bodies of water lying along the lake front, to be sure, and one of them is called the Lagoon, while others are described as canals; but these are generic terms, and they need imply nothing necessarily Venetian. As well call the Fair an American Venice because it has a few canals and gondolas, as call Holland the Northern Venice, a confusion of ideas which it is to be hoped does not succeed in imposing upon persons who have seen neither Venice nor Holland. I have observed with express interest the absence of any Venetian motives in the large architectural effect of the Fair, because those are exactly the motives which would produce a jarring note in the background prepared for the pageant which the life of the exhibition affords. There are few more interesting subjects for study in Jackson Park — few of an esthetic nature, I mean — than this background considered as such. I have thought it worth while for the present purpose to analyze the most important section of it — the Court of Honor — as an essential part of the pageant itself. In-

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consistently enough, I have been tempted to draw a parallel between the court and a beautiful Venetian background, that which the Piazza di San Marco furnishes for the evening promenade of the natives, the throng of tourists who sit at the little tables outside Florian's and the other cafés, eating ices and watching the scene, and the military band which stands on an elevated circular platform in the center. However, a temptation of this sort is specious, and easily resisted. There are resemblances of proportion between the Venetian piazza and the Court of Honor at the Fair, and there are points of contact to be noted in connection with the arcades running around both quadrangles; but to say nothing of the Gothic and

PORTICO OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

Byzantine influences which dominate the piazza, and virtually all Venice, there is the question of color to be disposed of, and this is the crucial point. There can be no comparison whatever between the color of an Italian and that of an American scene. It is not alone that the scale in the one case touches the highest possible notes, while the normal pitch in the other is raised to nothing like the same extent. The pervasive hue of the sky, which determines everything by day or night, is one thing in Venice and in Chicago quite another. The pictures of the island in the Lagoon, and a wing of the canal flowing across the head of the basin in the Court of Honor, show conclusively the specifically northern tone which prevails at the Fair.

A northern tone is bound to be temperate, and the peculiar merit of the coloration of the court is that it is not too warm. I have seen the buildings under conditions which seemed to require more brilliant passages of color here and there in the scheme — to make it more alive — than were anywhere visible. Under a cloudy winter sky, beautiful but excessively somber, the addition of a few vivid decorative effects would have modified acceptably the severity due to the classic style of architecture which has been chiefly used in the buildings. But the Fair is an institution of summer, and under sunshine the decorations of the buildings are warm enough. I speak, of course, of such decorations as serve to accent the delicate white which has been applied to most of the buildings. The choice of an "off-white" for the basis of the decorative plan of the Fair was in the last degree felicitous, — primarily because it offers the best field for the animating wizardry of the sun, and because it shows to the best advantage the beauties of architectural and sculptural ornament with which the buildings have been enriched, but also because it gives better relief than any other tone could give to the flaunting gonfalons on the cornices, to the turf, to the floral decorations everywhere, to the vegetation in the Lagoon, and, finally, to the stream of pedestrians which moves ceaselessly beneath the shadow of the mammoth buildings. Just because it does give such strong relief to any darker tints coming into contact with it, it is important for such of the latter as are comprehended in the painted decoration to be manipulated with taste. I think they have been, in the main, in the buildings on the Court of Honor. In that one of them, for example, which stands as the head and front of the exhibition, — the Administration Building, — the glimpses of color caught between the columns of the loggia in the second stage of the composition are of a character to heighten perceptibly the effect of the tonal scheme, and yet remain in the subordinate position which belongs to the recessed wall on which the decoration is laid. This wall is painted a dull red. Seen from the ground, the roof of the loggia throws a deep shadow behind the columns supporting it; but so large in scale is the building, that even at a distance the color actually counts, and is as distinct a factor in the beauty of the structure as are the white surfaces from the ground to the wall above the loggia, or the gilded splendor which thence up to the crown of the dome is the most dazzling mark on the horizon.

On the picturesque side of the Fair, Mr. Hunt's building grows in significance as it is studied. In the way in which its structural lines, its masses, and even its details are han-

PANELS OF SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN IN THE PORTICO OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING. PAINTED BY GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE REPUBLIC" (FOUNTAIN BY FREDERIC MACMONNIES).

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

dled, it is no less academic, I should say, than the Agricultural Building or the Fine Arts Building, both much more classic designs; but for all its formalism, it is brilliantly pictorial, and is really the central point in the panorama of the Fair. Circumstances combine to give it this preëminence. The design has a magnificence of its own, and the banners and gilded dome reinforce its sumptuous, festive effect; but in addition, the stately plaza before it is the busiest space in the grounds, and this, finally, is rendered more decorative by the fountain which riots at its edge. In the sketch of "The Triumph of the Republic," the barge is seen from the plaza, but it is not difficult to imagine the scene reversed, as in the drawing of the Administration Building, and the nervous composition by Mr. MacMonnies, yielding a still more picturesque effect through the noisy sparkling water, brings into the base of the structure behind it the flamboyant motive which the gilding brings into the dome. The Fair is truly a spectacle, and nowhere is it so theatrical as at the entrance.

There is some decorative painting on both the buildings which immediately flank Mr. Hunt's. There is some in the enormous niche through which entrance is gained to the court end of the Electricity Building — decoration which strikes notes of pale blue and yellow in the chord. And there is some that is very artistic in the loggia of the Machinery Hall, which also gains a great deal, by the way, from the fashion in which the inscriptions and some other details have been picked out in gold. But the finest decoration of all that enters into a bird's-eye view of the court in its color significance, is that on the Agricultural Building, painted by

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

Mr. George W. Maynard. Some conception of the charm of his figures, and of the conventional ornament inclosing them, may be gathered from the three panels reproduced in detail; but the value of his work is better understood from the little sketch of the porch of the Agricultural Building. This sketch indicates the chief virtue of his decoration— its architectural character. It would not tell as well as it does in a view of the Agricultural Building taken, say, from across the basin in the Court of Honor, if it were not resolutely deprived of strictly independent character, and treated mainly as an element in an architectural design. To have accomplished this may not seem to be a very serious thing, but the fact is that few decorative painters know how to do it. The key to good mural painting is a sense of relation, and what makes Mr. Maynard's decoration fine is that there is so sure a balance maintained in it between the requirements of the subjects he set out to illustrate and the spaces he was given to cover with his paintings. It is always easy to tell too much. He eliminates superfluous details, and though there is vitality in his allegorical figures, they belong more to the domain of convention than to that of positive realism. The simple treatment of the backgrounds as so much tone, relieved above each figure by a little ornament, helps to preserve this condition. There is nothing restless or forced in the decoration, and as one surveys the building from end to end across the moving people on the pathways, under the arcades, and in the porticos and pavilions, the panels do not detach themselves as pictorial entities, but fall into the scheme for which they were designed as unaggressively as do the lovely works of plastic

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY KENYON COX.

art modeled for the building by Mr. Martiny. In the portico, the panels of "Abundance" and "Fertility" are done in light tones, with yellows and whites playing leading parts, and on the side walls of the same member of the building there are two beautiful panels depicting, in golden chariots, Cybele and Triptolemus respectively, and combining dark draperies with salmon backgrounds. But in the corner pavilions, the large panels with their figures in various subdued shades, and in the arcades of the building, the panels left covered with body-color and nothing more, bring a rich tawny Venetian red to assist the shadows in vivifying the long white façades.

The principal painted decoration on the exterior of the Liberal Arts Building does not, like that on the Agricultural Building, join with the white walls, the sky, the natural growths about the grounds, and the kaleidoscopic mass of human beings to produce a spectacular effect; but in the search for all sources of color in the constructions of the court, the ceilings of the entrance-domes of the Liberal Arts Building are speedily encountered, and they do not soon release the attention. There is a great deal of color in them. Yet if they have one merit more than another, it is that none of them is overloaded, or has the "holes," as artists call them, which dark tones and brilliant chiaroscuro are apt to produce unless the man who handles them is a consummate master, and which the painters of these decorations have all eschewed. The color in the domes is generally light. I have not been able to trace a very coherent system of symbolism through the series as a whole, the subjects for the typifying figures in each dome having been chosen with no reference to any

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY C. S. REINHART.

other decoration about the building. On the other hand, the artists seem to have been unanimous enough in the method of distributing their figures, putting one in each pendentive, and leaving the centers of the domes bare of them, though not always of other ornamentation. The domes, as they stand, are extremely interesting as experiments in a field to which America has not thus far contributed many workers. In a way they are more interesting than the very successful work on the Agricultural Building,—not because they are better paintings, which is most decidedly not the case, but because they are attempts at solving more difficult problems. Mr. Maynard has had to deal with level surfaces involving no eccentricities of perspective. The decorators of the domes of the Liberal Arts Building have had to paint on curved surfaces to be seen from beneath, and they have been met by difficulties, such as those of complicated foreshortening, which, it may be presumed, few American artists have been accustomed to attack under similar circumstances. If a lesson may be learned in the course of an inspection of the decorative side of the court, it is that science is of immense importance in mural painting — science, that is to say, of the sort which makes Paul Baudry's ceiling in the *foyer* of the Paris Opéra as wonderful a performance for its time as the work of Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco is for the sixteenth century. It is possibly a shade too clearly in evidence in Baudry's work, and comes into the foreground sometimes when the beauty of his form and color should alone be apprehended. It might not unfairly be said that Tintoretto is every inch as puissant, and yet leaves the spectator unconcerned as to the

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY ROBERT REID.

means whereby his effects were gained. But the artist is never unconcerned in this way. On the contrary, he profits, obviously, by an understanding of the mechanism of a work of art, and it is probable that Baudry would do an American mural painter of to-day vastly more good than Tintoretto would, simply for the reason that there is more instruction, expressed in singularly modern terms, in the mechanism of his decoration — mechanism that is of extraordinary rightness. Among the painters of the domes, Mr. Cox has some of this science, and so has Mr. Blashfield. Mr. Cox has a share of that mastery of draftsmanship and the laws of perspective which puts something into a picture that goes through it like an electric shock. Immediately the figure painted by a man with this gift lifts up its head, as it were, and has a being on the surface which has received it. Mr. Cox's figures have vitality, and they owe it to the fact that technically they are sound. But what also proves him a mural painter from whom much is to be expected if he is given other opportunities in the future, is the thoroughness with which he has done all his work. In decoration of this sort a shabby architectural background or a slovenly scroll will go far to weaken the entire effect. The balustrades and the bands for the legends in Mr. Cox's dome are drawn with a delightful firmness. Mr. Blashfield's dome is not distinguished by remarkable draftsmanship, but in a purely decorative way he has accomplished much. There was wisdom in leaving the domes free of form in the center, or only conventionally decorated there, as in Mr. Simmons's dome. Mr. Reinhart's graceful figures lose nothing from rising into an unbroken tone, nor do the

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY EDWARD E. SIMMONS.

figures by Mr. Cox require more decoration above them than they have in the inscribed ribbons. But Mr. Blashfield has shown that with a discreet management of the space every foot of it can be made expressive. I have not seen more deft and artistic touches of design in the decoration of the Fair than those which are embodied in his dome. By spreading the wings against it, the thick wall of mosaic before which his figures are placed is prevented from giving heaviness to the work, and then the open space which the wall surrounds is given point and liveliness by the scattering of a few birds in the blue. This is a good specimen of what mural design ought to be. The ceiling retains its architectural character, the proprieties of construction are not violated, and at the same time the painting has flexibility in the composition, and a certain amount of the pictorial interest which is a characteristic of easel-painting that comes quite as much within the province of artists working on larger surfaces. Indeed, the larger the surface the wider the possibilities of thoughtful, even imaginative, composition. There are degrees of largeness, of course, which for all the purposes of *genre* might just as well be more restricted, actually, than they appear to be. Confined to comparatively small domes,— small as these things go,— the artists working on the Liberal Arts Building sought to do no more than depict a number of isolated figures with such accessories as might symbolize certain of the industrial and fine arts; and in this they were undoubtedly right.

Inside the Administration Building Mr. W. L. Dodge has been privileged to project a number of more than life-size figures upon the ceiling of the great dome. I say privileged,

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

for I fancy there can be nothing pleasanter for a painter with a feeling for mural decoration, nothing more eagerly desired by him or more highly prized when secured, than an opportunity to cover a space of fairly unstinted dimensions. Then there need be no limit to his vivacity in respect to composition. He has *carte blanche* both as a matter of fact and of art. Mr. Dodge has had such an opportunity, and has risen to it. The executive accomplishments which are Mr. Cox's are his also—draftsmanship and good construction; and there is a virility in his work which makes it stirring. The procession before the throne of Apollo which he calls a "Glorification of the Arts and Sciences" is striking in arrangement and color, in its details and its general effect, and is a very clever piece of mural painting; but it enters into the background of the Fair militant even less than the domes of the Liberal Arts Building. The lantern of the Administration Building's dome is nearly three hundred feet above the level of the pavement, so there is naturally very little coöperation between the color-values of Mr. Dodge's painting and those of the crowd which surges beneath it. One is struck first of all by the exquisite adaptation of a classic setting to a modern scene. The explanation, I take it, is to be discovered in the modernity of the Fair's architectural classicism; for the dress, nay, the carriage, the attitude, of the nineteenth century may never be expected to fall naturally into harmony with the accent of authentic antiquity. Nothing will ever reconcile the tall hat, the tailor-made gown, and the cab, those three products of latter-day civilization, to Bernini's colonnade before St. Peter's, for instance, or to the Loggia dei Lanzi. There they are discordant. The last word of modernity is to be

DOME OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. PAINTED BY J. ALDEN WEIR.

found at the Fair, if anywhere; but there is no quarrel between it and the antique temper of the buildings on the Court of Honor—a temper which seems to have been modified by every possible expedient without having lost any of its native character, its equability. The buildings are classic, but they are illuminated at numberless points by picturesqueness and animation, by color and lightness. Taken in one comprehensive view, they have also something peculiarly modern in a sky-line full of graceful modulations and abrupt, telling transitions: this in spite of the practical uniformity of the cornice height. The latter is not disturbed; it is made, if anything, more effective by the soaring dome of the Administration Building, the lower but equally graceful roofs of Machinery Hall, which are given further variety by little turrets on the pavilions at the corners of the building, and by the beautiful line which indicates the curve of the rotunda ceiling in the Agricultural Building. There is charm in the outline and in the mass, a mingling of dignity with piquancy in the Court of Honor as it is seen from the top of the Administration Building. The charm is there when the vision is directed over the Machinery and Agricultural buildings, the former alive with winged Victories on its roofs, the latter crowned with the Diana of Mr. St. Gaudens. It is there when the eye travels straight down the center of the court, and sees between the majestic façades Mr. French's noble statue of the Republic, and behind it the peristyle bearing above its massive columns the Columbus quadriga, a triumphal group looming superbly against the summer sky.

Royal Cortissoz.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

THE GHOST-FLOWER.

"SING again, George."

"George has sung."

"I say sing again."

"All good."

George sang again, if a nasal droning broken by barks and bird-trillings could be called singing. The singer had doubtless learned his music in the school of the Chippewas. Henry heard it in the cavern underneath, and knew what figures were sitting on the top of the rock among gnarled pines and tangled growths.

"That will do, George. That ought to wake the Englishman if he is ever going to wake. I am tired of sending you down to look at him."

"Pretty man in the cave," observed George.

"The English all look well enough, but they are a bad people. I do not like them."

"Not like George?" remonstrated her companion, with a whine. "George all English boy."

"You great baby, can you not be sure I like you when I am making you a pair of new moccasins? You belong to the island. But the English—they are quite another sort; though I am glad I learned their language in the convent, since you can never speak French."

The sweet contralto voice, using his mother-tongue with an accentuation which he had often called "frog-eater's brogue," and using it to denounce his nation, made Henry smile in the cave. He was in need of amusement. As he tried to move himself on the uneasy lumps of his rock mattress, a shudder ran through him. Daylight penetrated far enough into the cavern to show him that he was lying on human skulls. Bald, narrow frontal bones and eyeless sockets stared through the drift of old leaves. Henry crawled over these specter faces toward the entrance. There he found a roasted bird and some venison on a birch dish.

His movement was heard by the two overhead, and they scrambled off the rock. The girl's voice hissed a low warning. "Monsieur must not come out of this cave until he is permitted."

Henry stopped, and the boy, tearing through bushes, appeared in front of him as a guard. He rolled his head at Henry, and enforced the uttered mandate by adding, "All good."

The look of eternal infancy on his idiot face was most touching by daylight. Stunted to a grotesque broadness and knottiness of figure, he moved like a little bear on its hind feet, and his dress bore out the resemblance. It was all in one piece, a bifurcated apron made of a dark blanket, which fastened at the back, and was drawn by a cord around the neck. His eyebrows and hair were of a sandy tint, and his skin maintained a raw pinkness. His single eye had the penetrating stare, and probably the microscopic power, of a bird's.

Henry leaned forward, and looked around the edge of the cave for the white islander. She stood hidden among the trees, but promptly repeated:

"Monsieur must not come out."

"But, mademoiselle, there are skulls in this rock."

"They are nothing but the heads of good Indians. Does monsieur find them very bald?"

"Quite so, mademoiselle."

"Monsieur's skull will soon be as bald as they are if he ventures out before it is safe. The chief commanded that he should lie still."

"When did you see Wawatam?"

"About dawn he met us as he turned back to Michilimackinac."

"You came up from the beach behind us, then?"

"Yes, monsieur. Eat your supper and be quiet."

"My supper? Is it evening?"

"Nearly evening. The light yet slants through the woods."

"Thank you, mademoiselle, for your care of me."

"It is nothing."

"But I heard you say you were tired of waiting for me to wake."

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"THEY ARE MY OWN FLOWER."

"Because the chief said you must be told to stay in the cave. George and I have waited since noon to tell you."

"I will obey every word you say," promised Henry. "May I add to the trouble I am giving you, and ask for some water?"

"George has been three times for water, but we threw it out as it grew tepid. Go again, George, and fill the gourd, and bring it quickly."

"Thank you, George," said the trader.

"All good," responded George. He ambled away, in what direction Henry did not notice. Hungry as the Englishman was, he did not begin to eat, but looked at his hands and weather-stained clothes. The instincts of civilization were stronger in him because he thought the white islander yet stood at the cave corner. Her appendage, the boy, was long on his errand. Henry could hear the rustling noises of the woods. He spoke again, having waited in vain for her to speak.

"Have you lived on this island a great while, mademoiselle?"

She did not answer. Henry looked cautiously out, though he knew he could not see her. Having given her message, and sent George for the fresh supply of water, she had gone her own way. When George at length handed in the gourd, he looked uneasily around instead of at the man who took it. He struck off through the woods as true as a dog on the trail, and Henry ate and drank, hid the food which was left, and crept back among the bones. He thought of himself with contempt, skulking in a hole and giving a woman the care and labor of feeding him. To act and to dare were natural to him, rather than to burrow and to wait.

He lay a long time thinking what he could do for himself. His goods were confiscated. Supplies which were on the way from Detroit to him would probably be seized, also, and his various clerks robbed as they returned from trading in the interior. There was literally no help for him except in the friendship of Wawatam. His only relative in America, Sir William Johnson, was too far away to know of the fort's loss soon, except by guessing it from commotions among the Indians eastward; and his friend, Monsieur Cadotte, at Sault Ste. Marie, might be unable to keep the Lake Superior tribes from rising.

Henry regretted dropping Pani's blanket in the attic. When he dropped it he expected to leave his body also. There had been no urgent need of it until he tried to make a bed in the cave. He had slept well on bones before he knew they were there; but as darkness filled the woods, and pressed their company on him,

the pulses of his body made them creep and palpitate under him. Yet he forced himself to lie still in the unendurable place, until a human shape darkened the entrance, whispering to him.

"What is the matter?" inquired the startled Englishman.

"Come with us instantly, monsieur, and be as silent as you can."

Glad that it was necessary to change his place of concealment, he obeyed. His moving hand touched the remnants of his supper.

"Shall I bring the gourd and dish with me? They may be found here."

"Bring them? Yes. George will hide them."

Putting the things past herself, the French girl drew Henry by the arm. He stood up outside the cave, stretching the cramp from his joints. The bushes were shaking where George disappeared. It was not a dark night like the stormy one which followed the massacre, but a white one, lacing the ground with every little twig. The moon in her first quarter already rode high. This dense island forest was a world of magic. Henry felt its spell as he followed between walls of foliage. There must have been a path, but to him it was a submerged struggle through leaves. His guide parted the way easily, as a fish goes; a shorter and broader body had passed through before her. The trader did not know who might be following behind. He reveled in this swimming of the wilderness. He had capacities for woodcraft. It gave freedom to a repressed and manly part of him, and in the darkness of the buried path he breathed largely. Sweet pine, bruised by hurried treading, gave out a tea-like fragrance. The rank, loamy breath of moss, that night prayer of wooded lands, made itself stronger than any sensation of danger. Sometimes through a break in the foliage he could see spacious chambers of the woods hung with hemlock tapestry, to which the moon wedged an entrance. A man must cut his way to such a spot, and Henry thought one of them might be his destination. But the French girl led him out of the tangle, and he saw through a great arch of stone the clear surface of the lake. It startled his pulses to come out of the new world's heart facing this old ruin, the water-carven mimicry of a gigantic castle gate.

His leader took him again by the wrist, and drew him away from the stone arch and down into the growths on the cliff. A path descended toward the lake, so narrow that one person had barely foot-room, but partly hedged by trees and bushes along its outer edge. To miss footing here was to tumble into unmeasured depths. Henry followed, steadying himself by a hand on trees, or by clutching roots and the stone ribs of the island. This thread of a path went down to a slab of rock which glaciers had cut out and canopied for a seat. George was already resting in a corner of the niche in the bluff side, and the other two sat down beside him, and waited in silence for what was to happen. The girl leaned forward, watching the path.

The lake's irregular rush upon its beach could be heard below, and a thousand cries of little living things which make populous the wilderness sounded far and near. No crackle or stealthy swish of steps overhead could be detected.

Henry contrasted the figure at his left hand and the English boy at his right, the high intelligence and the gentle brute, dependent on each other for companionship. It was a satisfaction to sit beside the woman. She whom he was to let alone had unusual influence upon him. None of the rawness of girlhood appeared in her face. She was his mother for the time, taking care of him. The trader noticed her dress. It was not the plumage which he thought he had seen in the beach kitchen, but a garment of dark-brown wool, made of a blanket, like George's pinafore. A cap of birch bark, having a rosette of curly fibers, was tied over her hair.

The twig and leaf tracery in front of them was as black as ebony against the silver air above the lake. All the world glistened with dew, though their shelter was dry. There was a rift in the trees towering up from the beach, through which they could see the moon's track on the water, spread broadly with cloth of gold.

"Is that your brudder?" George inquired, leaning forward, and touching the French girl to make her look at him. He turned his thumb back at Henry.

"Yes," answered Henry; "I am her brother. I promised Wawatam to treat her as my sister."

"All good," said George.

"What is her name, George?"

"My name is Marie Paul," she herself answered, relaxing from her vigilance over the path. She looked at the Englishman. He was distinct enough in that filtered light, and she thought him the best-made man she had ever seen.

"George and I saw a strange canoe in the bay," she explained, guarding the pitch of her voice.

"Perhaps Wawatam has come back," said Henry.

"We know his canoe."

"Did you see who was in it?"

"There was one person paddling, but it was not Wawatam."

"I might have taken my chances with one Indian."

"Not while you slept. The Skull Rock may be known to all the Chippewas; but this place is known only to George and me. We made the path to it."

Henry's heart swelled because she had brought him to a place known only to George and her.

"Then even Wawatam knows nothing about this cave?"

"No," said Marie.

"Why did you go to the bay in the night?"

"To watch it."

"But you were up watching last night."

"One does n't mind that here on the island."

"Have you lived on the island long?"

"It is two years," answered Marie; "for I was past fifteen the first time I confessed to the priest at L'Arbre Croche."

"Was the priest at L'Arbre Croche willing for you to live here among Chippewas? Why does n't he send you back to your own people?"

"How can he, monsieur, when my family are all dead?"

"Then you have no relatives?"

"Nobody but the old Indian woman that I call grandmother."

The French predilection for Indians made Henry smile. "Would n't you rather live among whites?"

"Monsieur, I could not live away from this island. When you have been here awhile you will understand. It bewitches you. There can be no place like it. The chief took us one winter to St. Ignace, because there was once the missionary village, and we could be warmer. I watched the island by night and day across the ice. Its white breast was my mother's breast. In the spring I was thin, and my eyes were hollow with longing for it. You cannot live away from the island, monsieur, when it has once taken hold of you."

"You are happy?"

"Everything is happy. What is there to make one miserable? George and I have found the place for your lodge, monsieur."

"I can stay here," said Henry.

"No, monsieur; this will not do: you must have a lookout as well as a hiding-place. To-morrow, if that canoe is gone, the grandmother will give us mats, and you shall come and help us build it."

"I shall be glad to," said Henry. His large eyes were watching her with interest.

"You are not like the other English I have seen," observed Marie. "You have gentle manners. It is beautiful in a man to be gentle and obedient."

"The English do not generally obey the French," said Henry, smiling.

"No; they love to drive us, to seize what is ours. I have heard it said that is why the English have just been killed at Fort Michilimackinac."

"Who was there on the island to say that?"

"It was the Chippewa grandmother."

"I will not drive the French, nor seize what is theirs," promised Henry.

She laughed, showing white teeth. The trader wondered how a girl nurtured by the Chippewa grandmother could keep an exquisite person.

"You must stay here the rest of the night, and until we come for you."

"I will."

George was asleep in his corner, and as Marie passed in front to wake him, the trader turned himself to the same task.

"You must be very careful; he might make a noise."

In her anxiety she barred Henry back. The touch of her firm, healthy hand tingled through him.

"All good," said George, when stood upon his feet and warned to be quiet. He took hold of Marie's wool frock for the ascent.

Henry also stood, and drew aside some bushes which were in their way. His other hand went out solicitous to help her, but was withdrawn with a self-restraint which she keenly admired.

"I suppose you won't let me go up to the top of the cliff with you?"

"No; stay here. It is after midnight. Good morning, monsieur."

"Good morning, mademoiselle."

SUNRISE brought a perfect day. So transparent was the dazzling air that from the bay one could see distinctly strips of meadow and woods, and the white French houses on the mainland, and bars of sand edging the water there. A narrow pink cloud floating in that part of the sky made the lake blush in a long line under it. On the high ridge of the island were open, sun-flecked woods, inhabited by white birches with broad, gray girdles around their waists; and scattered around their feet lay the parchments they had dropped. Henry climbed these slopes as wilfully as a truant, Marie guarding his horizon, and George traveling sturdily at his heels. They had two loads of mats to carry to his lodge site, as well as his provisions. These goods waited under the bushes while they all loitered. The suspension of peril causes a greater rebound than its removal.

Great blossoms of pink and yellow fungus spotted the ground. Their fleshy beauty was dry to the hand, and, broken, they showed sound hearts. Daisies and blush-colored bell-shaped flowers were thick in grassy stretches; and the maples were uncrumpling their very last web

leaves of unripened red. The evergreens were full of small brown-crimson cones like luxuriant bloom, and perfect top tassels snapped thumb and finger at the sky. In the open woods ancient beds of leaves had been beaten down to mold, forming a neutral-tinted background on which delicate etchings of foliage were traced by the sun. Henry looked around this lucent green world, feeling that he could never forget it—its transparent shadows, the scattered light upon the ground. They followed a deer-path up the ridge, which Marie said was the usual trail to the lodges.

"Because the strange canoe is gone, we must not think there is no danger at all," she repeated.

Henry smiled at care for his life, or his goods, or his future. The present was to him the prime moment of existence. All his days had led up to this one, the beginning of some golden period unknown to men who lived in anxiety and toil.

"The island has bewitched me," he said.

"I knew it would," she answered, looking him through with clear gray eyes, glad that he was made to own its influence. She was always handling the material of life with joy and wonder.

A distant gleam in the woods, unseen by any one else, startled her from the path. She ran over the quaking and rustling forest pavement, and dropped upon her knees.

"Ghost-flower," observed George, halting, and he brought his face about for the concentration of his eye on the distant object. He followed her, tumbling at full length once, and striking the leaf-dust from himself when he arose.

Marie beckoned to the new inhabitant of the island. She was sure there could be no rapture like the first finding of Indian-pipes. Her breath paused on her lips as she pushed dead leaves aside and showed the bunch. Their glistening white stems, on which the lucent scales were as delicate as gauze, stood in a family perhaps fifty strong, closely and affectionately holding their waxen heads together. Through some of them flushed a faint pink, but the majority palpitated with a spirit of lustrous whiteness in every part, strangely purified from color.

"Look at them," said Marie, impressively. "They are my own flower."

Henry knelt down and looked at them. He looked also at her face in its birch cap, her wide brows, the rounded chin and beautiful throat, and the braids hanging down over the swell of her young breasts. She lifted her eyelids, and shared the great pleasure of the Indian-pipes with him.

"You may take these. But as soon as you touch them they will begin to change. Does n't it seem impossible they can turn black?"

"Do they turn black?"

"Quite black, if they are handled. But left in the woods, they go away like spirits."

Henry did not touch them. If he had not been there she would have sat a long time by the ghost-flowers, watching the glistening wonder of their open cups. She broke off a handful of them, and gave them to him as a queen confers an order. The trader said within himself that he did n't know what to do with the things, but he readily cumbered one hand with them. Marie then took some for herself, and looked George over to see if he were fit to hold any. The poor fellow began to settle in his clothes and to seek the pockets which a white boy has a right to find in his trousers, but which Marie would not sew into his since he tore them out with agates and quartz. She had herself tied his drawing-string, but her practised eye caught his neglected points, and she put the flowers behind her.

"George will have to go to the lake and wash before he can have some. We must all turn back before it grows any later. Monsieur's lodge is to build. Monsieur," inquired Marie, "what are you called?"

The trader answered that his name was Alexander Henry. She heard it without approval.

"That may do for Fort Michilimackinac and other parts of the world, but here you are Félix and Amédée. In the morning you will be Félix, and in the afternoon you will be Amédée."

The Englishman accepted this French christening with a flush of satisfaction. "Why not Amédée in the morning, and Félix in the afternoon?"

"I do not know, except that it is the other way."

They moved back through the light woods over delicate traceries of foliage shadow, and scrambled down a steep part of the ridge, holding by mossy hummocks to keep from falling, and came to the bushes where the mats were concealed. Henry and George took the loads, and Marie led on the path she wished them to follow. There was no marked footway, but a parting of the forest let them into a large open space from which could be seen the high plateau of the island. Morning lodge-smoke ascended in blue, expanding streamers from Wawatam's hidden camp. Marie knew the old grandmother was trotting about those upper woods, engaged in the slave work of an Indian woman.

Pale-green juniper spread its ropy branches on the ground in every direction, but she piloted her stumbling carriers through the thinner snares. Then they entered once more that world

of pines and cedars which guarded the coast, and were long making their way among boughs, though the ground here was as smooth and clean as hard clay to the foot. Everlasting twilight checked the little growths of the woods, and pine-needles made an aromatic soil of their own.

Henry's blond face was flushed with the tramp and portage when he pushed through a tangle of vines and young oaks to where Marie finally waited. George ambled close behind, enjoying the world and his usual occupation. It was nothing for George to tramp the length and breadth of the island, only to fish or find agates at certain points. His one eye saw the happy side of life. Had he watched the massacre at Michilimackinac it must have typified to him some bliss bestowed on the victims. He would have said, "All good."

"This is the place, is it not, George?" asked Marie.

They looked down into an amphitheater padded with moss and curtained from the lake by bushes. It was really one amphitheater over another, irregularly broken with cushioned ledges and hidden rocks. Little trees were massed together around it. A smell of loam as sweet as roses came up from the place. George focused his eye, and nodded.

"I was sure of it," said Marie, "though we never came through the woods before. Our canoe is hid on the beach down there. You cannot see this cove from the beach. It is surprising that we ever parted the bushes and found it. I see the rock for your table, and the tree for your tent-pole."

This world of velvet greenness was different from anything Henry had seen. It was a cascade of moss forever in the act of falling down a mountain-side. The distant horizon could be traced, bounding the lake. Far off the blue water shaded to grass-green stripes betwixt zones of purple. He had a speechless feeling that he was in the hand of some mighty spirit that changed Nature and him from moment to moment.

"Where are we?" he inquired.

"On the eastern side of the island, beyond that arch of stone that you saw in the night."

"Then we cannot see the mainland from here?"

"No; but you can watch the strait."

They let themselves from rock to rock into the lower amphitheater, and laid down their loads. George and Henry cut poles. They varied his dwelling little from the common Chippewa lodge of conical shape, with rain-proof mats bound about it for shingles. The forenoon was spent when it was done, and its door-flap curled back, showing the snug interior. Marie had it closed around the top because its occupant would dare build no fire within. He did not know how far she searched for arm-loads of sweet pine to make him a mattress. They all worked at overlapping and fastening the mats. The flat rock she called his table stood near his tent entrance. Marie lifted from the cove side a fleece of branched moss which nearly covered her, and spread it over his table. Dry, fragrant bits stuck to her wool gown. Her eyes were happy. She had never felt before in such harmony with all things. You could scarcely hear the water lap the beach. There was no intrusion of sound as it rippled.

But a pair of eyes which were not happy came stealthily to a rocky buttress, where they could watch as from an upper window the beautiful court below. Their dark and piteous brooding lasted out the afternoon.

Many of the Indian-pipes had come to camp headless, the slim decapitated necks reproaching their bearers. Marie brought wet sand from the lake, and made a mound for the surviving ones to stand in beside the head of Henry's green couch. She took George to the water's edge, and washed his reluctant face and hands. He whined; the fervor of her lodge-building had given him reason to hope she would forget his face and hands all day, and perhaps until the hour of driving him to that hated spot where she made him bathe.

"Now dry yourself in the sun," said Marie.

"Poor George!" complained the English boy. "Why brudder not wash too?"

"He is older than you," explained Marie. "He knows when to wash without being told."

"Poor George! Water so cold."

His closed eyelid had always a touching expression of trying to help his single eye plead with any persecutor, and Marie stroked him tenderly, picking bark and moss branches off his clothes.

"I will go with you to fill the gourd," she promised, and all his distressed creases instantly reversed themselves.

Henry came out with the gourd. The beach was made of round stones, which rolled under the foot, and turned walking into a toil, if not a danger. The high sun beat upon Marie's cap, and her hair clung to her moist forehead, but she drove the Englishman back.

"Monsieur Amédée, you must not come out here."

"There is n't a canoe on the lake anywhere. No one can see me."

"I won't permit you to come out, Monsieur Amédée."

"She queen," said George, turning his thumb back at Marie. "Brudder better mind her; George does. Chief does, too."

Henry laughed, not at the undisputed autocrat, but at his own squawhood. His pliancy to her wishes was what most pleased Marie in the task she had undertaken. The tall lean-

ing saplings laced themselves undisturbed betwixt him and the outer world. At first he sat down in the abundant moss, wishing for a good pipe of Indian tobacco; and then he thought of opening his provisions and spreading out the dinner. The earth was silent, for here he missed even the chirping of insects. It seemed so still one could hear a pine-needle fall; so still the soul's motion could be heard. The sweet, elastic air of the island filled him with vigor. He wondered that this waste of his vigor in a hidden depression of the cliff did not annoy him more.

Henry was on one knee arraying the vivid green tablecloth with his bark dishes, when a gathering rustle of the lake startled him. It was a hiss and a rush like the disturbance made by many canoes, though without the dip of paddles. He parted the bushes, and looked anxiously out. Often from Fort Michilimackinac he had seen white butterfly-wings of sails blowing across the water or making broken glimmers far off; but now not a thing could be discovered on the strait. The round island opposite, wooded to its edge except that spit of sand which stretched a grappling-hook westward, was by all tokens a deserted place. There was no perceptible change or increase of wind. Henry noticed, however, a roller forming in mid-channel, and sweeping as though tipped toward him. It broke hissing on the pebbles, and the little disturbance was over. Once more the lake was a sapphire pavement scarcely crinkled with iridescent spots. This commotion was merely its trick in the straits, beginning and ending without apparent cause.

When Henry had set the table, he climbed the broad track, carpeted with ferns, which led up the amphitheater. Half way up were three trees sheltering a natural chair of rock, amply carved, and high backed. He carried much dry, vivid-colored moss, and padded it, the drapery overflowing to a foot-rest below. Cups and little trees and branching tendrils of the moss were wonders of beauty. Henry enjoyed them as a barbaric embroidery which he could heap on Marie's chair. The rocky balcony was directly over him, and jealous eyes watched this preparation; watched his neglected golden beard and mustache and clustering hair, and the solicitude and sensitive motions of his fingers. Dirty buckskin would not have spoiled the Englishman's supple presence. His dress was substantial and rich, and, in spite of hard usage during his escape and hiding, it remained the dress of a gentleman.

Marie and George came to the broad, thin layer of waterfall which they sought; which ran first over a bed of moss, then threaded downward in inch-wide channels, dripped from rocky shelves upon a terrace, and found ways between rifted rocks to the lake. Dense woods stood above it. And here a sucking and gurgling of the water through pot-holes made Marie lift her hand and George wrinkle himself in apprehension. They both knew what this jerky and fantastic booming was; but she loved the superstition, and the boy frightened himself with it.

"Giant fairies!" whispered George.

"Yes; they 'll catch us," said Marie, and he bellowed as she seized him to run.

Tribute being thus paid to the giant fairies, George straightway forgot them, pulled off his moccasins, and rolled up his trousers, to wade up the steep to the clear tap which he knew Marie preferred.

She held the brimming gourd while he sought a flat stone for a seat. One moccasin was tied when her outcry of discovery brought him erect.

"O George, you are almost sitting on gull's eggs!"

Three pale-green eggs, spotted with brown, lay on the open beach. They both stooped down and handled the pretty things, holding them up to the sun.

"We will roast them," decided Marie, balancing the gourd. "Take this, George. It is I who will carry the eggs."

She packed them with leaves in the pouch hanging from her girdle, a brilliant piece of embroidery done in pink and yellow quills by the grandmother.

Henry heard the voices of his camp-makers approaching, and the crush of revolving pebbles, and the girl's scream. She was supporting herself on her hands when he ran to her, and George stood fixed, holding the gourd in a trustworthy grip. The boy was trying to see what distress on the lake made Marie weep, and drive to the canoe that very Englishman she had been so anxious to keep under cover. The Englishman found the boat, and flung it unhelped across the beach. A fish-hawk was dragging a robin through the water to drown it. Marie saw the hawk drop like a stone with its prey, and she stumbled as she ran for the canoe. The fish-hawk, beaten off by the paddle, left the red-breasted bird, and soared away, indignant at killing prey for big unfeathered creatures, yet satisfied that its work was well done. The robin was past fluttering when Henry lifted it out of the water. It was drowned, and its neck was broken. He laid it in the canoe, feeling that this was a tragedy which grosser sights had robbed him of the power to mourn as he should.

And it was a delight to be floating on liquid air. Sunshine lay on the bottom of the lake. Pebbles were glistening money. The shining bed rose deceitful to the very hand, until you

dipped a paddle to touch it, and found it was fathoms below. That pale blue medium clarified these depths which dazzles us in the sun-warmed air overhead. Such transparent sky-born water could be no kin to the frothy surge through which he had paddled for his life two nights before. When Henry drew the canoe on the beach he saw that Marie was painfully trying to stand. He hurried with the robin in his hand, and put one arm around her to support her.

"I can walk," she declared, her face strained by the effort. "Run in, Monsieur Amédée, and leave me alone."

"You are hurt. I wish I had let the robin go. The fish-hawk drowned it before I could reach it, anyhow."

"Let me have the poor thing. O little bird, how it pained me to see you dragged through the water!"

She stood on one foot, and held the robin against her shoulder, smoothing its wet feathers.

"You must let me help you," said Henry.

"I have only bruised my knee. A girl who lives with Chippewas does n't mind that. George has gone for leaves to put on it, and to-morrow it will be well."

Marie limped a step or two, and physical anguish whitened her lips. Without further parley Henry lifted her in his arms.

"O Monsieur Amédée, you will break the gull's eggs! We want to roast them for our dinner."

"Birds and eggs are nothing to me," said the Englishman.

He blamed the dead robin; but Marie held it and her pocket up, and guarded them from the boughs. He set her down in the lodge, and turned his back upon the little homestead, feeling disturbed as by a catastrophe in his family, until George ran whimpering in with some healing plant, and Marie finished her surgery. She looked out of the lodge when free to announce it, and called:

"The gull's eggs are safe."

"Now I breathe," mocked Henry. "I have kicked about a great deal of moss on account of the gull's eggs."

"Oh, but Monsieur Amédée," Marie laughed, "this is not a serious hurt, indeed. It will heal in a few days. You should have seen George's sprained foot. Father Jonois, the priest from L'Arbre Croche, had it in clay, and made him lie still for a week."

George stooped down and felt of both his feet. When he identified the one which had been sprained, he crumpled his face with an expression of great suffering, and offered it to Henry to look at.

"Give it rest, my son," said Henry, paternally, and the boy sat down in literal obedience, and took it upon his knee until something else attracted his light attention.

Marie crept out of the lodge. The jealous eyes in the balcony saw her lifted again, laughing and startled, but confident in the gentle strength of her bearer, and put in the mossy chair. Her spirit came and went in her face, eagerly remembering mother-fondlings and mother-care, and wistfully looking forward to some unrealized good. Her little ears, the shadings of her skin, and the soft rounding of her features, tempted as a child's cheek tempts. The island shyness was in her withdrawal from Henry when he would have placed her more to his satisfaction in her chair. But this day, to which two had come from partial isolation in the wilderness, was more effectual than months of ordinary meeting and parting.

"We must now build the oven, George," directed Marie. So George brought pebbles from the beach, and he and Henry scraped a hollow in the moss and lined it with them. The driest bits of wood from drift washed high, and bleached in the sun, were put into the hollow. George knew how to start a fire by the Indian method, but when the spark answered his efforts, and was sheltered with cedar boughs, both he and Henry were at much trouble to keep the fire clear so that little smoke would rise to betray the spot. Red coals were soon fading to ashes, and the eggs, wrapped in wet leaves, put under them. It was a long meal, as protracted as some culminating feast, and accompanied by guarded talk and laughter. Trivial things were no longer trivial; they had become intensified life. George, unconscious of his chaperonage, sat picking his egg-shell beside the table. But the Englishman sat near Marie's feet, and told her parts of his experience; concealing, as men do, some of it which direct-gazing eyes like hers might not look at. Yet he had the virginal innocence of young and beautiful manhood. This day hinted to him possible harmonies in the dumb instrument of life which he could not interpret. To make wealth had been his best understanding of living; to brave danger and exchange his youth for money. There might, however, be a perfection of existence for which there was no equivalent.

A young balsam-fir, small and tough, and as straight as a needle, grew near the table. Marie selected this for a staff, and Henry cut it down and peeled it, carefully removing the branches, which grew in circles around the stem.

"George and I will have to take the canoe," she said regretfully. "We brought it here for you; but the trail from the bay will be easier for me."

"Let me help you to the lodges," urged Henry.

"No; George will help me. The chief left word that you must not risk being seen about the lodges."

"When is Wawatam coming back?"

"I do not know. We will feed you with the best we have. George and I have a garden in the open land at the other side of the island. There may soon be vegetables for you. My salad was out of the ground last week, and I have a bed of little herbs."

Henry pictured the boy and girl working in their garden, and felt a homesick desire to follow them to the spot, and see again the plants which answer civilized culture.

"I wish I could dig."

"Perhaps you may if that strange canoe is really gone, and no other comes."

George gathered the fragments of blackened egg-shell and put them into the oven, and covered the pit of ashes with fir twigs. The day was nearly spent when he held the canoe to the beach and the other two came halting toward it, Marie looking abroad on the lakes and feeling the influence of late afternoon. Accustomed as she was to their changes and misty effects, they gave her beauty at this gazing which they had before withheld. She stood still between her staff and Henry, and loved them anew. The sun was already behind cliffs, but not swallowed by the water. His warning was bringing stray island birds home. The evening colors were not yet created; only a fore-glow hinted what they might be when sunset was complete.

The Englishman owned no hat to take off, but he raised his hand to uncover his head as the boat moved away. He and the French girl both smiled, and she admonished him afresh, so he went back through the curtain into the loneliness of his little world. The day spent in the Skull Rock seemed an experience at the beginning of life. He felt sure Wawatam could not send him to Detroit. Savage living meant irregular meals and wild diet, and animal wariness in going about; yet he wondered if he would be domesticated at the lodges when Wawatam came back, and if they should pass the winter on the island.

His camp was becoming a pit of gloom, and he thought of putting his provisions in the lodge where he could keep them from small night prowlers. He found rolled up in the pack a deerskin bag holding an entire set of dressing-tools which he had once given his brother Wawatam, who hung them up unused. The joy of a civilized man in brushes overbalanced all Henry's losses. He stood with the bag in his hand, blessing the fraternal impulse which had made him attempt to groom his brother, when the top of the green amphitheater populated itself to his dilating sight. Pani, the Indian girl who had concealed him in Langlade's attic, stood up from creeping on her hands and knees. She had appeared as silently in the time of Henry's peril at the fort, and he glanced sharply in every direction, his blood leaping at that peculiar swell and gush of the lake which he knew must be only a ripple.

Pani stepped as deftly as a cat down the irregular slope, keeping her eyes on the ground she trod. Nor did she look up when the Englishman met her, asking in haste:

"Are the Chippewas coming, Pani?"

The Indian girl shook her head. Her arms hung humbly by her sides.

"Do you bring news from Michilimackinac?"

She again shook her head.

"Did you come here by yourself?"

Pani nodded. The toe of her right moccasin worked back and forth in the moss.

"Then it was your canoe they saw in the bay; and you paddled over alone from the mainland? That 's not an easy task, and you took many risks. What made you do such a thing?"

She lifted her eyes, and gave him a look which confused his speech. He felt ashamed that his strongest conscious desire was to have this squaw, who saved his scalp, back in Fort Michilimackinac.

"I have wished for your blanket, Pani,—the one I dropped in the attic,—more than once since I came to the island."

"I brought it," spoke Pani in imperfect French.

"You are a good girl. But I don't need it now. Wawatam's family have built me a lodge, and made me very comfortable."

Henry noticed the bronze of her arms in their trinkets of whiter metal, and the coarse, strong threads of her hair. The language of her attitude embarrassed him. He swung the deerskin sack in an uncertain hand, and turned partly away from her, wondering what he should do. Pani spoke again, and the guttural fact which she uttered made him color.

"The ghost-flower girl, Wawatam's."

"I understand all that, Pani," said the Englishman. "Sit down, will you? You must be tired." No heart could feel more gratitude than his felt; but the droll dismay of a man who unexpectedly finds himself too attractive appeared in his face, and Marie saw it.

The wash of her returning canoe he had taken for the ripple. Henry understood why the white children came back in such haste and silence. Behind Marie's face was George's. Her lips were parted to give warning.

She was not conscious of spying on the other woman, but studied Pani's errand intently, leaning her head sidewise to get a better view betwixt the bushes. This barbaric figure, though coming from the settlement, bore the stamp of the wilderness; as Marie, though in-

habiting a wild island, had still the undescribed air of the women of France. The difference between them was more than a difference of race; it was a difference of spirit. But the white girl took no thought of herself in contrast with this newcomer. The cruel amusement of youth appeared in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. She resented vaguely as in her own person the drooping humility of the Indian girl.

Henry exclaimed with too much eagerness when he met her eye:

"Mademoiselle, Pani has come over from the fort. This is Pani, the only friend I had when the garrison was killed. She hid me in Langlade's attic."

"Does she bring word that any Chippewas are coming?" inquired Marie.

"No; she knows of none."

"Did the chief send her with any message?"

"Did he, Pani?" said the Englishman, passing the inquiry on. But the reticent envoy made no reply.

"I am afraid she has been about the island hungry since yesterday, for it must have been her canoe you saw."

"That is true, monsieur, for we have just found it again."

"Can't you take her to the lodges with you?" asked Henry, feeling his brain emit the proposition in a flash.

"Certainly," answered Marie with sincere readiness. "The grandmother will make her very welcome."

"Go, then, with mademoiselle, Pani. It was good of you to remember me, and come so far to see if I were safe."

"Let us go, Pani," said the French girl's persuasive contralto. "The sun is setting. It will soon be dark in the woods."

Pani gave her a slighting glance. The southern Indian's shape rose, the shoulders drawing backward and the aboriginal features rearing themselves; and turning her head toward Henry, she scorned his tame care with the bitterest look he ever encountered.

The three Europeans watched her supple back as she mounted the ascent of rocks and ferns. Even George dumbly felt her hurt, and would have restrained her. His one eye remained focused on the pines which closed after Pani until Marie pulled him to the canoe. Reluctantly handling his paddle, he sent the boat out on a pink sheen, reflecting sunset. Rose-colored air softened near cliffs and distant islands. Eastward there was no horizon line, but a concave hemisphere with little parallel lines of pink vapor drawn across it. A triangular ripple was broken in the motionless lake by the canoe. Already the arch of rock with its avalanche of waste below was a savage ruin, framing darkness.

Henry called once after the boat, but got no reply. He thought of the night woods and an Indian's skulking; and then he felt ashamed of himself for imagining that a gentle and merciful creature like Pani could do harm to any other woman.

He sat down in the lodge door, his aimless hand encountering the drowned robin, which Marie had left there. He took it up and stroked the wet feathers, for its little plumes still lay penciled close against its breast; and while he stroked it, his own breast rose and fell with the strong sigh of a man who suffers unconfessed pain.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

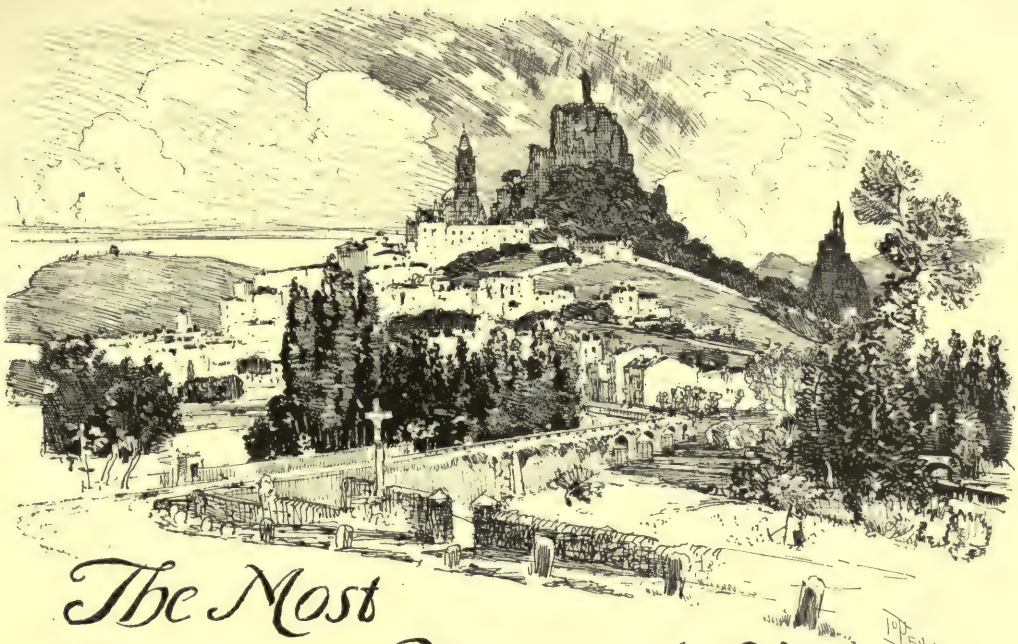
THE GALAXY.

(SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.)

LUMINOUS archipelago of heaven!
Islands of splendor sown in depths of night!
Most glorious brothers in the fold of light!
Say, are ye stars, and not the spotless seven
That hymn before Him in the halls of even —
Lamps of the Living Source, eternal, bright?
Glow — glow with radiance in your upward flight,
Chariot of God to awful zeniths driven!

Ah, throbbing ecstasy, my weak lids fail,
And my soul shudders as I earthward turn,
Lest I, perchance, have on his glory pored —
Unhallowed urged through space my daring sail,
And watched the censers in his presence burn
On heights by the archangels unexplored.

Charles J. O'Malley.



The Most Picturesque Place in the World.

WE had always been hunting for it. We had always felt sure that somewhere, some day, we should find the perfect place which was to combine the charm of the middle ages with the comfort of the nineteenth century — the Albert Dürer town which could be reached in a railway-train, with medieval streets through which the dinner-bell would make a pleasant sound, where there would be plenty of picturesque dirt in other people's houses, plenty of fresh water and clean rooms in our own hotel. Perhaps this is a *bourgeois* idea. But, then, that is our affair.

There were times when we thought we had found it, but again and again we were disappointed. Rocamadour, Assisi, Fritzlar came very near satisfying us. But then, in Rocamadour our landlady forced us to fast on Fridays, which was much too middle-aged a custom to please us; in Assisi the discomfort, in a large measure, followed us into the hotel; in Fritzlar dinner was served at noon, a practice which savored of barbarism. Then there was far Segesvar, the German fortress-town in the heart of the Carpathians; Elbogen, castle-crowned, among the Bohemian hills; Meissen, high above the Elbe where it flows through Saxony. But it was always the same: the medievalism might leave almost nothing to be desired; there was sure to be something wanting on the modern side.

Eight years of wandering had brought us no closer to our undiscovered country when, last summer, as we were traveling in the mountains of — but no! why should we tell the name? Why break the serenity of its hilly streets with the rush of personally conducted parties, or of easel-laden artists? Why turn it into another Barbizon or Laguerre's, another Chester or Nuremberg? Besides, we have exploited so many places in our day; we have, in our recklessness, presented the painter, the illustrator, the magazine-writer with more motives than they can exhaust in a generation; we have, by our enterprise, developed the cycling trade to an incalculable extent, and, by our praise, made the fortune of half the hotel-keepers of Provence. And the result for us? Not a cycle manufacturer would give us a machine if we asked for it, not a landlord would throw us a crust were we starving, not an art-student would find a spare moment to thank us. No; the name of the most picturesque place in the world we shall keep to ourselves. It is foolish deliberately to court the fate of Columbus or Stanley.

We were riding, then, among the hills of a land that shall be nameless, bound on a mission which, as yet, need be nobody's business but our own, when, one bright sunny afternoon, as we came over the top of the high pass, suddenly we looked down upon this landscape:

It might have been a picture by one of the Primitives—every feature in it sharply defined, the composition well-balanced and carefully composed, the whole effect artificial, theatrical, impossible. The engineer and the capitalist had been there before us, and a railroad makes its way through the hills. From the train, as it rushed out of a long tunnel, our eyes rested upon another oddly composed view, no less Düreresque and incredible.

It was still more delightful to find, in this town that a middle-aged painter might have created, a hotel as perfect as only a sanitary engineer and an experienced *chef* could make it; spotless, airy bedchambers, with dressing-room and bath of the most improved pattern attached, exquisite little breakfasts, and no less excellent dinners served in the evening, at the one reasonable hour for dining. We can rough it if necessary. Many a day have we eaten bread and cheese for our dinner, many a night slept in a peasants' inn and shared our room with other travelers, many a morning made our toilet at the pump or the nearest stream. But never by preference; we don't like it, and when it comes to settling down for work, why, then we insist upon being comfortable.

And we were comfortable, even luxuriously so, in the most picturesque place in the world. "A deal of high living" we enjoyed there. And the charm of contrast was added when, fresh from the morning plunge in the cool spring-water of our bath, we loitered upon picturesque bridges watching the washerwomen at work in the rocky bed of the thin stream, or rambled into the narrow, smelly streets, where pictorial old ladies, practising an almost forgotten handicraft, were sitting at the doors of Rembrandt-like cellars, with their feet in undrained gutters.

To flee civilization for longer than from breakfast to dinner would have exceeded the limit of our ambition. We liked to know that our daily post would never fail us; that we were not cut off from the outer world; that we could read the latest news, if we chose, over our morning coffee. But, on the other hand, our pleasure in these things was doubled because of the cer-

tainty that, whenever we wished, we could leave the prosaic cares and interests of the present, and lose ourselves in these absurdly fantastic reminders of the past.

We did not have to go into church or museum, in the usual fashion, to hunt for our medievalism. It was everywhere about us. The landscape was as rich in strong contrasts as our daily life. It was always primitive, always like a background borrowed from an old woodcut or altar-piece; but it had its degrees of strangeness and beauty. Its effects were ever varying. There were hours when it was more fantastic, more dramatic, than others. At sunset the hillside, with its climbing houses and campanili, fairly shone.

We used to feel that, thus transfigured into a golden city, it was so great a marvel that, by comparison, all the other impressions it might have in store for us would seem commonplace. And then, not so much later, when the short twilight had faded and night had come, we were quite as ready to believe that nothing, absolutely nothing, could exceed the wonder of this deep, dark mass, with

> The mysterious distances, the glooms
> Romantic, the august and solemn shapes.

Indeed, we never came so near being romantic in our lives. There was, of course, less mystery in the clear, pure light of early morning, less fantasy in the bright afternoon sunshine. But these new differences, these new changes, lent added zest to our enjoyment. And, after all, the most matter-of-fact effects could never be ordinary in so extraordinary a land.

But the country did not depend upon the mere contrasts between day and night, between dawn and sunset, for its variety. It had numberless resources of its own. We could not walk through the streets of the town, we could not venture beyond the houses, without its considerately arranging itself into a new and original composition for our benefit. At every turn peaks and plain, river and road, churches and houses, came together in a new way to make a new picture for us. And the best of it was that we never missed the harmonious proportions, the well-balanced arrangement, the conventional emphasizing of detail, which had so struck us in the first of the long series of designs our undiscovered country spread out before us. Now it was that we chanced upon so telling and impressive a subject as this of the rocky peak with flying buttresses of natural rock, and surmounted by the colossal statue of the Virgin and Child.

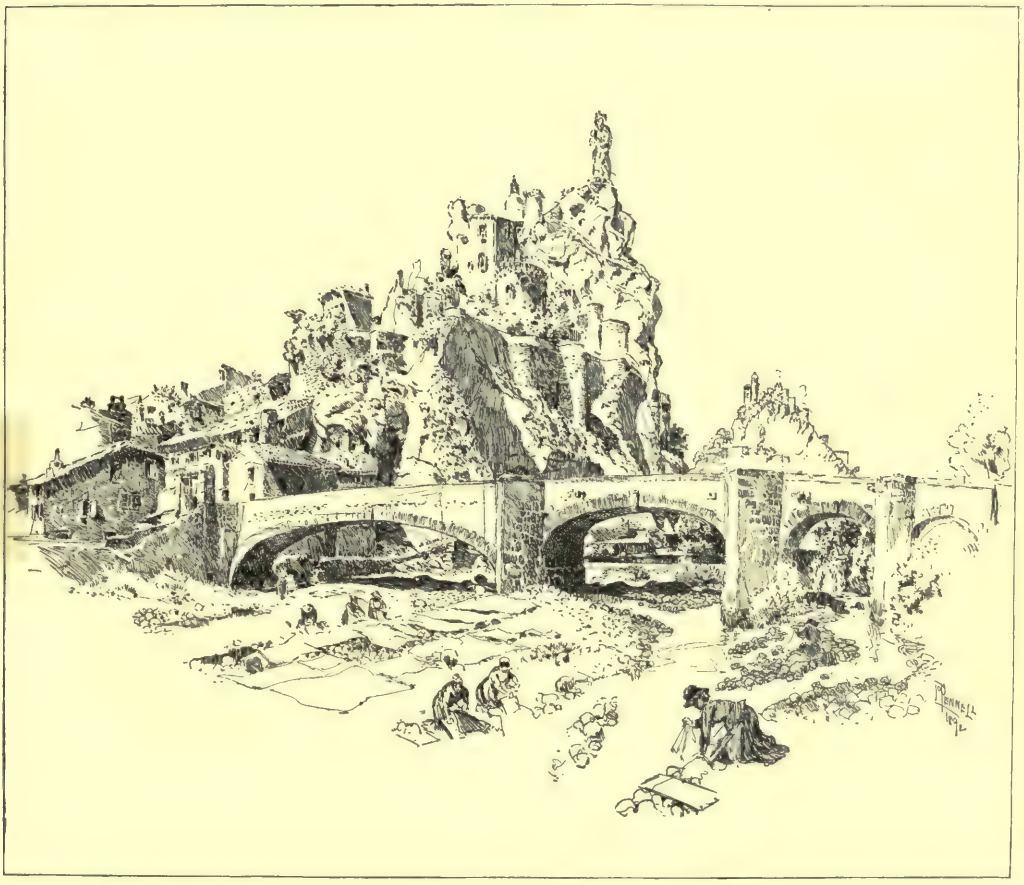
Again, when, in search of still another point of view, we went wandering into the hills, from the path winding upward we saw, like a map below, this wonderful grouping of natural and artificial elements:

T. R. PENNELL
1892

No matter whether we kept to the plain or to the mountains, no matter in which direction we followed, there was always new and irresistible material to be had. Nor did we begin to exhaust it, though we stayed in that enchanted world day after day, week after week, month after month. Mountains, plain, cliffs, towers, bridges, streams—the "motives" were without end.

town that seemed unknown to any one save the natives. Indeed, the chances are that we would run small risk of its discovery should the editor of THE CENTURY see fit, as we humbly suggest, to offer a prize—but not at our expense—to the first reader of the magazine who could name the locality.

The place does exist, though we ourselves certainly would never have believed in it with-



Town and country, then, were perfection, and the hotel was no less irreproachable. And yet all these advantages cost us no more than life in exploited Barbizon or artist-ridden Concarneau. Within easy reach were two large busy towns; the capital was not much further away, though to tell its name would be to put the envious on the trail. On each side of the hills two great railways connected important commercial centers. We were in the very heart of a prosperous country, but at the same time entirely out of the world, and in a

out seeing. We have not between us the imagination to invent a scene so unreal, so melodramatic, so nearly grotesque. The drawing is the purest realism. We will give no hints, geographical or geological, statistical or social, historical or humanitarian, mechanical or moral, political or intellectual, as to the site of the city forgotten by Cook, neglected by Murray. We will only ask triumphantly, tantalizingly, "Do you not wish you knew where to find the most picturesque place in the world?"

J. and E. R. Pennell.

DRAWN BY J. W. ALEXANDER IN 1886. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

THOMAS HARDY.

THOMAS HARDY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," and the rest of that remarkable company of novels,[1] had afforded, up to the time of the full publication of his latest book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," a striking example of the half-appreciated writer. He has had a well-established and tolerably wide reputation. He has even had a small following in England who contested on his behalf the modest pre-eminence among the living authors of English fiction which is claimed by a larger number for Mr. George Meredith. Yet his greatest qualities of all — the creative imagination, and the power of picturesque expression, by virtue of which he is really very great indeed, and worthy to rank with the few consummate masters of English prose romance, have obtained hitherto only scant and languid recognition.

As a mere story-teller he has his own peculiar vein, rather narrow, but under his ingenious management yielding richly, and one which has led him from year to year into ever deeper and stranger places among the hidden things of human nature. He finds humble folk, upon the whole, more remunerative, dramatically, than their so-called betters, and the whole series of his tales, from the almost forgotten "Desperate Remedies" to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" inclusive, constitute something like a complete epic of that remote rural county — a portion of the ancient Wessex — which on the maps of modern England is written Dorsetshire.

I have named "Far from the Madding Crowd" first among his books, not because it is the best, but because, for some reason or other, it seems always the best known. It was, in fact, the first which won anything like a wide popularity. "Desperate Remedies" proved a desperate venture, and as for that joyous idyl, "Under the Greenwood Tree," it was far too exclusively rustic to appeal to any but a highly sophisticated literary taste. It was as certain to be "caviare to the general," as that corresponding triumph of verdancy in the culinary art, a French *maigre* soup. Nevertheless, it was "Under the Greenwood Tree" that Mr. Hardy found his vein, for here was first produced that wonderful chorus of Shaksperian clowns destined to figure more or less in all the subsequent books, and to charm the *ennui* of the world by their archaic aspect and accent, their blundering wisdom and buoyant folly, their innocent mixture of piety and blasphemy, and their broad and beautiful misuse of our mother tongue. It was at first conjectured — and the Shaksperian title of "Under the Greenwood Tree" gave color to the notion — that the precious dialect of these West Country clowns was a purely imaginary reproduction of Elizabethan English, as it may have lived upon the lips of the clodhopper. Later it came to be understood that Mr. Hardy emphatically disclaimed the honors of such an invention; and that if any one wanted to see in the flesh the unmitigated English peasant of the sixteenth century, he had only to pay a visit to the heathery solitudes and seaward slopes of Dorset and East Devon. There remained, therefore, with the observant author, as with Shakspere himself in the case of Bottom, Dogberry, and the grave-diggers, only the responsibility for the reflex and seemingly involuntary wit of passages like the following:

"His sermon was well enough; — a very excellent sermon enough, only he could n't put it into words and speak it. That 's all was the matter wi' his sermon! He had n't been able to get it past his pen."

"Well, aye, the sermon might be good enough, for ye see the sermon of old Ecclesiastes himself lay in old Ecclesiastes' ink-bottle afore he got it out!"

"Well, now, that coarseness that 's so upsetting to Ann's feelings, is to my mind a recommendation, for it do always prove a story to be true. And for the same reason I like a story wi' a bad moral. My sonnies, all true stories have a coarseness or a bad moral, depend upon 't. If the story-tellers could ha' got decency and good morals from true stories, who 'd ha' troubled to invent parables?"

Note the last remark, for it contains the germ of one of two or three fixed ideas or theories which have remained with Mr. Hardy throughout a literary life of some five-and-twenty years, growing with his growth and

[1] "Desperate Remedies," 1867; "Under the Greenwood Tree," 1872; "A Pair of Blue Eyes," 1873; "Far from the Madding Crowd," 1874; "The Hand of Ethelberta," 1876; "The Return of the Native," 1878; "The Trumpet-Major," 1880; "A Laodicean," 1881; "Two on a Tower," 1882; "The Mayor of Casterbridge," 1886; "The Woodlanders," 1888; "A Group of Noble Dames," 1891; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," 1892.

strengthening with his strength as a writer. We shall find these self-same theories determining the main lines of every one of his rustic pieces, guiding their seemingly naïve and irregular action, and giving them a certain moral unity which corresponds with the unity of scene already noted.

In "A Pair of Blue Eyes," which followed the "Greenwood Tree," the scene is permitted to shift as far as Cornwall, and the actors are taken from a somewhat higher social rank than is common with Mr. Hardy. It reckons as one of his slighter efforts, thanks chiefly, I believe, to a suspicion of undue sentimentality in the title; but it has its importance in a review of the whole series, because it was here that Mr. Hardy first diffidently essayed a theme to which he was destined to give a tremendous development later on; namely, the capacity for headlong and devouring passion of an innocent but ardent woman, the capacity for sheer brutality of a baffled and angry man, and the helpless slavery to circumstance of them both. Here, too, we meet the first clear confession of our author's own broad and simple pantheism, his belief in something like an integral and sentient life pervading the whole mass of physical phenomena, his power at intervals almost of identification, at all times of free communication, with that life, and of partly translating into the petty speech of men the generalized expressions and vast symbolism of its extra-human language. Let the reader turn to the passage in "A Pair of Blue Eyes" which describes Knight's sensations when he had slipped half over the beetling cliff, and hung suspended by his arms, while Elfride arranged the ingenious device whereby she was to effect his rescue. The sensibilities of the man are naturally exalted to the utmost, and, his attention being arrested by a bit of a fossil sticking in the gravel underneath his eye, immediately there arise and sweep across his mind in vivid procession all the immense geological periods implied by the presence of the stony little corpse. And the author actually describes these in detail while his hero's fate hangs on a hair,—to the length, if I remember rightly, of several pages; and yet so concentrated is the expression, so complete the transfusion of the immanent life of nature into the imperiled life of the individual, that we are not impatient, or aware of any infraction of the rules of art. No time seems to be occupied by the passage of the cosmic vision.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" opens innocently on the same note as the "Greenwood Tree," but the tone deepens fast, and the covert satire of the title soon becomes apparent. The honest shepherd in the lambing-hut, one of the best of Mr. Hardy's homely heroes, regulates his humble midnight doings by the march of the great constellations. The heroine, who is introduced in the undignified act of studying her own charms in a small looking-glass while she progresses, on the top of a load of household furniture, from one domicile to another, becomes one whose character can be fairly summed up by her biographer in these epigrammatic words: "She was of the stuff of which great mothers are made; indispensable to high generation, feared at tea-parties, hated in shops, and beloved at crises." And yet how weak, how fickle, how all but wanton, had not that heroine displayed herself before the supreme moment in her history at which she behaved so as fully to deserve this singular eulogium!

The judgment which Mr. Hardy seems always threatening to denounce against universal womankind will be found in most cases to be scrupulously tempered by mercy,—one might almost say by remorse,—but his attitude toward the weaker sex is, upon the whole, more chivalrous than flattering.

In "Far from the Madding Crowd" he also began to show us the full measure of his remarkable power of devising new, strange, and intensely dramatic incident; untoward situations, almost oppressive in their significance; chance moments, half revealed in passing as very ganglionic centers of fate. Such are the wild throbbing of poor Fanny Robins's fevered pulses, detected in the darkness by the accidental contact of Gabriel's hand with hers; the lop of the leering gargoyle on the old church tower, which results in the prompt effacement of Troy's meretricious attempts at gardening around his victim's grave; the truly extraordinary scene where that same infamous Troy performs the sword-exercise round the slight, immovable figure of the enslaved Bathsheba in the ferny dell. Alone, almost, among modern writers outside of Russia, Hardy has an easy mastery of the true grotesque. Witness the quasi-comic incidents attending the passage of the pauper funeral in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and the irony of accident which determines the place of its midnight halt. We shall find the same quality taking on a positively uncanny development in "The Return of the Native," where Venn and Wildeeve gamble on the heath, at midnight, by the light of glow-worms; and the adders wink, out of the frying-pan of their torture, at the poor victim poisoned by their venom.

The catastrophe of "Far from the Madding Crowd" was, I remember, stigmatized at the time as "too sensational" by readers who rather piqued themselves on the possession of that acquired taste which alone could enable a man thoroughly to appreciate "Under the Greenwood Tree." But what, it may be asked by the

way, renders an event too sensational in fiction? Not its essential impossibility, for there is no such thing. No imagination, not even Thomas Hardy's, can contrive more horrible concatenations of circumstance, more blasting calamities, than actually occur — nay, even than some which have come within the personal knowledge of most of us. And yet the phrase has a meaning; the censure points to an undeniable artistic fault, an error of disproportion or incongruity, an incident too big for the canvas, too black for the general scheme of color. The painful infatuation of Boldwood, for example, his open assassination of Troy, and the fatal sanity of his subsequent self-surrender to justice, belong to the class of incidents usually described as high tragedy; and the too prompt critics of "Far from the Madding Crowd" made the mistake of supposing that Mr. Hardy's muse was bound to decline such themes, and that, as a belated pupil of Rousseau and St. Pierre, he had intended to portray the supposed regular association of virgin innocence of soul with agricultural simplicity of manners. What he really did intend, we now know very well, was to illustrate the solemn unity of human fate; the momentous fact that the organic instincts and primitive passions of men, and emphatically also of women, are the same in all ranks and on every stage, and that the prophetic "besom of destruction" is an instrument far too thoroughly wielded for any neglect of the world's out-of-the-way corners. "It was one of those sequestered spots," says Mr. Hardy, after accurately mapping out the scene of one of his later tales, "outside the gates of the world, where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more passivity than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premises, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, no less than in other places, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein."

Yet, as a man who feels that he has been charged with a tale almost too sad for the telling may dally with his grim message for a time, and digress to gossip, and even to chaff, quite as much for the sake of staying his own nerves as of sparing those of his audience, so before singing "The Return of the Native," Mr. Hardy undertook to divert our minds by the amusing but tolerably preposterous history of the fortunes of Ethelberta. "If you like social satire and an artificial environment," he appeared to say, "I can give you these too"; and some of the satire in "Ethelberta" is in its way extremely good, although it is impossible to care very deeply for Mr. Hardy's ladies and gentlemen as such. Moreover, we felt all the while that our *raconteur* was trifling. The Ancient Mariner trod hard upon the heels of the Wedding Guest; and no sooner was the hand of the adventurous butler's daughter finally and most unromantically bestowed, than we were gravely summoned back to another order of spectacle.

By this time we were tolerably well acquainted with the main divisions and chief settlements, as well as with the more prominent natural features, of the remote and primitive county where the action of Mr. Hardy's tales almost invariably centers. Weatherbury we knew by name, and Budmouth, and Overcombe, and Melchester, and Casterbridge, and the general trend and chief divagations of the highways and byways connecting them. But now we were informed that in the heart of this comparative solitude there was a deeper solitude still — so very sparsely populated, indeed, by odd refugees and remnants of humanity, that large spaces of it had been unfurrowed and almost untrodden since the days of the aboriginal tribes. In all recent literature, whether of prose or verse, I know of no passage more profoundly poetic, fuller of unearthly and ineffable suggestion, — in Goethe's word, more *dæmonic*, — than the picture, with which the "Native" opens, of Egdon Heath at twilight, under a sallow November sky, rapidly and greedily absorbing the blackness of the approaching night.

It was the good fortune of the present writer, on a certain warm September afternoon in the year 1886, to explore, under Mr. Hardy's own guidance, a portion of that extensive tract of common land which figures as Egdon Heath in the Dorsetshire "cycle." It is no longer, as it was twenty years ago, continuous common for a stretch of many miles. Various bits, here and there, have been reclaimed, inclosed, and planted, so that the general aspect of the region, as our party entered it first from the direction of the mossy hamlet which Mr. Hardy calls Weatherbury, was less eery and solitary than one had expected. But, as the evening shadows lengthened, the spell of the place began to work. The seer, in his character of cicerone, imparted to the aliens from over seas more and more of his own power of inner vision, until at last, when after a short, sharp climb we caught from the top of Eustacia's barrow the first flash of the evening star, I can testify to having seen with my own eyes the curious natural phenomenon so effectively described in the weird overture to the "Native": not the *fall* of night from the twilight skies, "as a feather is wafted downward," but the *rising* of night out of the ground, like an ebon exhalation coming at a given moment, suddenly suffusing and hiding, as beneath a

level velvet pall, the trifling inequalities of the wide plain below, while the air around and the sky above were still bright. "I suppose," said Mr. Hardy, characteristically, as we followed his voice down the steep slope of the barrow (for there was absolutely no seeing where to set one's steps), "that yours are the very first feet from the New World which ever passed over this grave of our common ancestor."

It was easy now to picture the actors in the saddest of all our friend's dramas except the last, creeping silently forth from the furzy thickets, and over the immemorial burial-mounds, and casting long shadows in the appropriate light of Guy Fawkes's annual fires. Here came Eustacia Vye with her gloriously beautiful person, and her perfectly elementary soul, "the raw material of divinity"; and Wildeeve, that favorite weak villain of our author, who is yet not quite all a villain; and gentle Thomasin, and magnanimous Venn, and that ill-starred exile from a more civilized world,—the most distressingly *real* of all his women,—loving, exacting Mrs. Yeobright; and, last of all, the visionary Clym, overtopping the rest alike in character and aspiration, and a sure mark for the lightning, by the same token. The familiar chorus of clowns appeared to flounder and gibber about the footsteps of the homespun company as they walked unsuspecting into the toils of doom. The loud-voiced insects of the early autumn night might have been singing in one multitudinous chorus that strangely mocking stanza which figures as motto to "The Return of the Native":

> To Lady Sorrow
> I bade good-morrow,
> And thought to leave her far-away behind;
> But cheerly, cheerly,
> She loves me dearly,
> She is so constant to me, and so kind!
> I would deceive her,
> And so leave her,
> But, ah! she is so constant and so kind!

For plain and unadulterated tragedy, complete but symmetrical, and in no wise overdone, throwing deep contempt upon man's free agency, and suggesting the ascendancy over all things in heaven and earth of some absolutely unintelligible power, there has been, I think, with the one exception of the tale of "The Master of Ravenswood," nothing in English literature since "Lear" to compare with "The Return of the Native." It requires some nerve even to re-read the book, in cold blood, from the beginning; but it should be done by any one who would fairly measure Mr. Hardy's caliber. In this tale, and in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and in "Tess," he is positively epic. Without evident intention on his part, or any consciousness on their own, his homely creatures take their natural rank with the sons of the house of Atreus and the house of Volsung. They become spokesmen with the Eternal, and scapegoats for the entire race. Their author himself seems to stand off from them at the end, regarding, with consternation and awe, the ruthless grinding of the supernatural machinery his own hand has set in motion.

> He did sometimes think [is Mr. Hardy's last word concerning the Native] that he had been ill used by fortune so far as to say that to be born is a palpable dilemma, and that instead of men aiming to advance in life with glory, they should calculate how to retreat out of it without shame. But that he and his had been sarcastically and pitilessly handled in having such irons thrust into their souls, he did not maintain long. It is usually so, except with the sternest of men. Human beings, in their generous endeavor to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a First Cause, have always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than their own, and even while they sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, invent excuses for the oppression which prompts their tears.

Fortunately for the novel-reader's peace of mind and tolerable content with the universe, Mr. Hardy is not always at this level. It was indeed a considerable drop to that of the "Laodicean," which is merely a pleasant story rather cleverly told. "The Trumpet-Major" is far more, being in fact the most tenderly conceived and, in its limited way, perhaps the most exquisitely proportioned of all the author's romances. The reproduction of the speech, fashions, and general atmosphere of an interesting time only a little while gone by is effortless and complete; the slight heroine is, for once, a perfectly maidenly and candid creature, and though in the strife of magnanimity between the two generous brothers who loved her it is naturally the more entirely noble who is worsted, yet John Loveday goes to a soldier's death with so chivalrous a smile upon his lips, and so fine an air of unbroken manliness, that the heart-break does not seem a cruel one.

This temperate, wholesome, and beautiful tale was followed by one conceived in a spirit so startlingly the reverse that Mr. Hardy's truest admirers must wish most heartily that he had left it untold. "True stories," he had made his sententious clodhopper say in "Under the Greenwood Tree," "have a coarseness or a bad moral." In "Two on a Tower" our author may be said faithfully to have tried the effect of combining the two. The wit of the text, though rather *risqué* at times, is exceptionally keen; but the intrigue, disagreeably implied in the very title, is—let us take courage to say

it—insufferably low. The character of Lady Constantine is, properly speaking, a pathological study, fit only for a professional book, and Felice Charmond, in "The Woodlanders," to which we shall presently recur, is another case for the same ward.

But again, in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," the successor of "Two on a Tower," Mr. Hardy was found fully to have recovered his graver and greater manner. This moving monograph, accurately, if somewhat cynically, described in its subtitle as the "Life and Death of a Man of Character," is one which fairly defies abridgment. The Mayor, like the Native, should be sought out and accompanied, step by step, in his dim pilgrimage, upon his own rough and weary ground. These two are denizens of the same haunted country; and when, after the swift vicissitudes of his rise and fall, the self-exiled Henchard sets his foot upon the same venerable roadway along which the self-accusing Boldwood once marched to judgment, and especially when he crosses the ominous boundary of Egdon Heath, whose "imperturbable countenance, having defied the cataclysmal onset of centuries, reduced to insignificance, by its seamed and antique features, the wildest turmoil of a single man," we know instantly what we have to expect, and that the time for authentic tragedy is once more fully come. The figure of the forsaken Mayor now takes on colossal proportions; and if the strangely equal conflict between the principles of good and evil within the man had been analyzed with a scientific exactitude which is all of to-day, his final defeat through the mustering of sinister outside forces, which no man can calculate or measure, is related in such a manner as to give the victim rank in the reader's imagination with Œdipus and Siegfried. The essential heathenism of Mr. Hardy's own creed strikes the reader less as a matter of reasoned acceptance than of historic, or rather mythologic, instinct, an intimate perception of that everlasting paganism of the *rerum natura*, which darkly underlies and threatens to outlast all its ephemeral religions. There are reminiscences in these essentially modern pages, not of Lucretius and Heraclitus merely, but of the sanguinary pieties of those Druid priests who ministered for no man knows how long amid the scenery of these ingenious fables.

Yet Christianity too has passed this way, and one of the least of those whom Henchard had carelessly benefited in his prosperous hour dogs his "wambling" footsteps when he goes out to die, and ministers to him in his agony. And let us not fail to notice the more than honorable *amende* which Mr. Hardy makes to womanhood in the beautiful character of Elizabeth. She, who "had early learned the lesson of resignation, and was as familiar with the wreck of each day's wishes as with the diurnal setting of the sun," is the first to offer company and consolation to the man whom all the world abandons; and there is something soothing, upon the whole, in the parting glimpse given us of this noble woman during the quiet afternoon of her days, when her strange experience is summed up for us by her biographer in the bitter-sweet words which follow:

> Her position was, indeed, one that, in the common phrase, afforded much to be thankful for. That she was not demonstratively thankful was no fault of hers. . . . But her strong sense that neither she nor any other human being deserved less than was given, did not blind her to the fact that there were others receiving less who deserved much more. And in being forced to class herself among the fortunate, she did not cease to wonder at the persistence of the unforeseen, when the one to whom such unbroken tranquillity had been accorded in the adult stage was she whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain.

In "The Woodlanders" likewise the unabashed and irresponsible animalism of Mrs. Charmond is offset by the girlish, if somewhat mawkish, innocence of Grace, and the rare union of crystalline fineness and flawless purity in the character of Marty South. Honest Marty, with her daily business of self-extinction, and her fine peasant pride, and faithful, tender, manly Giles Winterbourne are so evidently the counterparts of each other, that they could not, of course, in Mr. Hardy's system of things, be permitted to come together. But they are both intensely and most pathetically human, and who but Mr. Hardy could ever have given us that final glimpse of Marty beside the grave of the man whom she had humbly and hopelessly loved?

> As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight, slim figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attitude of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism. She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week, and put her fresh ones in their place.
>
> "Now, my own, own love," she whispered, "you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I —whenever I get up I 'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I 'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I 'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider-wring, I 'll say none

could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven. But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!"

And then what scene-painting we have in "The Woodlanders"! What a sylvan atmosphere, and universal suffusion with the dim, green light that comes sifted through a canopy of luxuriant leafage! What shrewd guesses at forest secrets, and endlessly patient rendering of forest sights and scents and sounds! What vegetative people, and what human trees! It recalls the Forest of Arden,—that ideal Arden of one's own youthful imagination, which is neither the Bois de la Cambra nor the crude, conventional Arden of the actual stage. And what is yet more curious, here, as indeed everywhere in his latter-day bucolics, Mr. Hardy shows himself exactly as familiar with agricultural industries and processes and implements of all kinds as with the general aspect of the sylvan scene. In this respect he is more, or at all events earlier, than Shaksperian; he is Vergilian, and those exquisite vignettes, in the Georgics, of the thrifty peasant who used to sit by the fireside of a winter evening, sharpening his torches, while his wife skimmed with dry vine-leaves her throbbing kettle of must, and of the sweet old man among his bees and flower-beds under the walls of Tarentum, are the only pictures I know fit to set beside this of Giles Winterbourne with his traveling cider-press:

> He looked and smelled like autumn's very brother, his face being sun-burned to wheat-color, his eyes blue as corn-flowers, his boots and leggins dyed with fruit-stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among orchards.

After the publication of "The Woodlanders," which, in spite of the rich poetry of passages like the one just quoted, was never, and for good reason, a very popular novel, Mr. Hardy's Vergilian muse took a long rest. We suspect now, since the appearance of his latest and in some respects his profoundest work, that during these five years of seeming inactivity he was constantly brooding over a single theme. The outline sketches which he made from time to time, and certain of which he afterward collected and published as "A Group of Noble Dames," were many of them strikingly powerful, but all hard and bald, and some positively repulsive. He had, however, an ulterior design in view, and these preliminary studies and broad bits of charcoal practice were subservient to its execution. Hitherto Mr. Hardy had appeared to the world as an artist merely. If he glanced now and then at moral and social problems, he begged us to observe that it was in the interests of art he did so, that he disclaimed the didactic and emphatically waived discussion. But now, after these many years of labor as the most curious and conscientious of dilettanti, his attitude is abruptly changed. He comes down into the arena, proclaims a purpose, and adopts a cause. If in the few words we shall have space to say concerning "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" we consider it in the light of a tract rather than of a tale, it is because we are openly invited to do so by the novelist himself. In the subtitle, "A Pure Woman Faithfully Portrayed," he distinctly announces a Tendenz-Roman, and asks our assent or our objection to the pitying yet despairing theory of woman's place in the universe so passionately portrayed therein. His manner, which, as we have already seen, always rises with the seriousness of his subject, was never greater than here. The tale of Tess is told with a simple distinction of style not to be matched by any living writer of English, and hardly even in France, where the men who write well in these days are apt to be distressingly preoccupied with their own manner. The singular but perfectly plausible *donnée* of the story is clearly unfolded in the opening paragraph, and a visionary glimpse is afforded even there of the peculiarly tragic possibilities which it involves. The catastrophe of Tess's early fall is described with the utmost delicacy, leaving the reader as fully persuaded of her essential innocence as her biographer can ever have desired. From this point onward, through the nobly accepted humiliation of her first, almost superfluous, penance, through the insidious temptations of that idyllic life upon the dairy farm, through the cruel shock of her husband's contemptuous rejection, and the long drudgeries and manifold dangers encountered by the deserted wife, he bears her safely, reverently, all but triumphantly. The goal is close at hand where, in Mr. Hardy's own striking words concerning the Native, the fairest child of his fancy may grasp the supreme boon of *retreating from life without shame*. We are actually beginning to thank him for an enlarged perception of the moral possibilities of primitive womanhood. The interest of the narrative has been breathless all along; now, at its final crisis, our pulses begin to throb as though we were on the eve of some stupendous revelation. Has our pantheist and pessimist of other days, we ask, been transformed into the most powerful and penetrating of all the preachers of Neo-Christianity? Are we about to be told, at last, what the words were which Jesus "stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not"—the mystic import of

the divine sentence, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more"?

Alas! nothing of the sort. Mr. Hardy's conversion is no more authentic than Alec D'Urberville's own. Just when his noble work lacks naught but the finishing touch, he is seized by what looks like a paroxysm of blind rage against his own creation, and with one violent blow he destroys irreparably both its symmetry and its significance. There was no need to condemn the finest of his creations to an after-life of bourgeois security and prosperity as the wife of Angel Clare. That would have been at once too bad for her and too good for him. But surely a kindly, compassionate, natural death might have rescued Tess from her sharp dilemma at any one of the later turnings of her hunted way! Or, if not, she had still the last remedy in her own hand, and the daughter of the D'Urbervilles would never have lacked the courage to apply it. But from the moment when, despite the dreadful illumination of her experience, and the painfully acquired habit of heroic resistance, Tess yields a second time to the importunities of her first and now doubly repulsive seducer, the claim put forth for her by her historian upon his title-page is stultified; and artistically, no less than morally, his work lies in ruin. To call Tess "pure," after this, is a ferocious sarcasm. The first stain had been effaced by a purgatory of suffering; the second is indelible. The ghastly incidents crowded into the last pages of the book avail nothing. The murder and the scaffold are mere vulgar horrors, gratuitously insulting to the already outraged feelings of the deeply disappointed reader. They exceed the proper limit of tragedy, exciting neither "pity" nor "terror," but simply repugnance. No writer of our own gloomy time — I say it regretfully, and even resentfully — has grasped for one moment, only to wantonly fling away, a more sublime opportunity than Mr. Hardy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE OFFICIAL DEFENSE OF RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

A REPLY TO "A VOICE FOR RUSSIA."

HITHERTO, except for some unauthorized exploits in Parthian archery by the notorious "O. K.," official Russia has received in dogged silence the remonstrant appeals that have been made by the whole civilized world against Russia's treatment of her Jewish subjects. Since she first entered on the retrograde movement, some twelve years ago,— and vast have been the strides toward Torquemada in the interim,— Russia has pursued her path of more than medieval intolerance, unmoved either by the plaintive cries of her Jewish victims, or by the indignant protests of her Christian neighbors. But at last she has spoken. M. Pierre Botkine, signing as "Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington," has given, in his article "A Voice for Russia," in THE CENTURY for February, 1893, the official explanation why Russia has recently treated her Jews with barbarous cruelty, depriving them of all means of livelihood, hunting them like wild beasts from localities where they had previously an express or implicit right to dwell, closing all means of a liberal education or a professional career to them, and in general treating them as social pariahs without the common rights of humanity. M. Botkine's article explains at least one thing — the wisdom of the Russian officials in hitherto refraining from defending the indefensible. Even his skill in presenting his views cannot disguise the inherent weakness, or rather the utter vacuity, of his case. If official Russia has no better defense for her treatment of her Jews than M. Botkine's, we that defend the cause of justice and the Jews cannot wish anything better than that his wish may be fulfilled and "the other side be heard." Its presentation is its own condemnation, and it will need but few words of mine to deal adequately, if summarily, with each of M. Botkine's points, to which I entirely confine myself on the present occasion.

M. Botkine prefaces his defense with a general reference to the friendly relations between Russia and the United States. The international amenities of two states separated by some thousands of miles from each other are not likely to be disturbed, and are at best Platonic, while it is difficult to see how they bear on the question whether Russia has been harsh and unjust to her subjects. But M. Botkine can scarcely be said to flatter his American readers if he thinks to influence them by the quite unfounded assertion that Russia was "the first state to extend to the United States a brotherly hand." A secretary of legation should surely know that Catherine II. refused to recognize

the independence of the United States until almost all the states of Europe had done so. It does all the more credit to the inhabitants of the States that they have forgiven and forgotten their early rebuff, or did not let it affect their philanthropic readiness last year to assist the famine-stricken inhabitants of Russia with food. They would doubtless be gratified to be assured by M. Botkine that the portion of their gift that was allowed to reach its objects by the officials was not then used as a means of religious persecution by being denied to starving Catholics, Protestants, Stundists, and Jews until orthodox cravings had been stayed. But let this pass, together with the statements that the Russian peasantry are prospering under autocratic rule, and that there are fewer anarchists in Russia than anywhere else!

M. Botkine strikes the key-note of the official defense of Russian persecution with the statement that "the Hebrew question in Russia is neither religious nor political; it is purely an economical and administrative question." Political it certainly is not, though the fact that the Jews in Russia came to it as a "heritage from Poland" has not been without effect on their disabilities. But how can M. Botkine deny that these disabilities are religious ones, when by the mere process of conversion to the Orthodox Church they are each and every one of them removed? Is the law that allows a Jewish convert to desert his Jewish wife and marry again[1] economic or administrative? Are the special taxes on religious ceremonials merely economic? The Moscow Synagogue, one of the handsomest buildings in the city, has been closed by order of the governor, and its gates sealed and barred. Can it be contended by M. Botkine that this intolerant act has any esoteric economic motive? If the restrictive enactments against the Jews were against their economic pursuits, why are they not directly applied to all who pursue them in an undesirable manner? Even if the restrictions were for purely "economical and administrative" purposes, the mere fact that they are directed against Jews alone would constitute a gross violation of religious toleration.

At the end of his article M. Botkine repeats the astounding assertion that Russia offers complete religious toleration to all creeds except dissenters from the Orthodox Church; it would have been too barefaced to deny the persecution of the Stundists, which has thrilled Europe with horror. He points as proof to various synagogues and churches allowed to exist in St. Petersburg. He has, however, nothing to say of the way in which the Koran has been mutilated by the censors, and the protests of the Mohammedans against the indignity. He discreetly omits reference to the man-hunts of the Buddhists in Siberia, who are literally hounded into becoming Orthodox Christians. Why have Lutheran families been expelled from Kiev by hundreds on refusing to join the state religion, and German Protestants expelled in a similar manner from the Baltic provinces? Why have Roman Catholic convents been arbitrarily closed, and Roman Catholic priests prevented from preaching, if not for the purposes of a religious propagandism in favor of the Orthodox Church? The persecution of the Jews in Russia is only part of a general attack on all religions outside the state one, and is only more severe because the Jews are the most unprotected by public opinion or external allies. It is a matter of historical fact that the treatment of the Jews in the Czar's dominions varies directly with the degree of religious fanaticism prevalent among the ruling classes.

The persecution of the Jews by Russia—he grants the persecution—is not a religious one, says M. Botkine; it is directed against "Hebrew tendencies." The Jew, according to him, is "without a faculty for adapting himself to sympathy with people of the other race which surrounds him." "Que MM. les assassins commencent," as the wit replied to the plea for the abolition of capital punishment. Let Russia show some sympathy with her Jews, and she can count upon their loyalty and devotion as much as England and the United States can count upon the loyalty of English and American Jews. Russia cannot expect complete assimilation from men whom she treats with exceptional rigor, to whom she has devoted a whole code of restrictive laws, which fills a volume of 291 pages. Where the Jews are treated on equal terms, they soon show themselves ready to become in everything similar to the races that surround them, except only in the way in which they worship their Maker. Only two generations have elapsed since the rest of Europe removed from Jews similar restrictions, and there are nowadays thousands and thousands of Jews who are indistinguishable from the rest of their fellow-citizens in culture, in ideals, in devotion to the national welfare—in all except the fact that they attend synagogues on Saturdays instead of churches or chapels on Sundays.

Experience has thus shown the falsity of M. Botkine's contention of the want of assimilation in the Jewish character. Curiously enough, he himself affords us a further example of the same. In defending his country from the charge of cruelty in connection with the Siberian prisons, he uses the quaint argument that an English traveler found there, along with the

[1] Code of Civil Laws of the Russian Empire (ed. 1887), Part I, § 81.

political prisoners of both sexes, ruffians who would not have been suffered to exist in any other country of the world. I am not concerned with the argument, but with the English traveler, Mr. Julius M. Price, whose testimony M. Botkine quotes, obviously without being aware that Mr. Price is an English Jew of much distinction as a journalist and traveler. It is clear that Mr. Price has very successfully assimilated the English character, a possibility which M. Botkine denies while he quotes an English Jew as a typical Englishman. And so it is with thousands of other English and American Jews, descendants very often of Jews from Russia who found it impossible to endure the combined tyranny and intolerance of the Russian régime. If the Czar and his advisers followed the example of the rest of Europe, the next generation would see hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews as fully in sympathy with Russian ideals as Mr. Price is with English ones. I have shown elsewhere ("Studies in Jewish Statistics," 1890) that if Russia had been as tolerant to her Jewish subjects as the rest of Europe, she might have had some two hundred Jewish celebrities during the past century, including three or four of the caliber of Heinrich Heine or Lord Beaconsfield.

But what are the Hebrew qualities which the Russians find so unalterable and so objectionable that they have to take measures to prevent their becoming prominent in the empire? The only qualities he refers to are those of being "better educated and more thrifty" than the peasantry, and he can scarcely complain of these. He vaguely refers to "the Jewish influence becoming everywhere oppressive" to the peasantry, and he implies that the restrictive measures have been taken to prevent this state of things. Now, as a matter of fact, the vast majority of Russian Jews are hard-working artisans who do not come into contact with the peasantry at all. The oppression of the peasantry comes from the excessive taxation of the Government rather than from the village usurers, whether Jewish or Christian; and the Russian peasant, who is not so simple as he seems, prefers the Jew to the Christian money-lender. And statistics have amply proved that there is less drunkenness, crime, and misery generally in the provinces of Russia where Jews are forced to reside than in those where they are not allowed to contaminate the peasant by their presence. The recent famine, for example, was in districts far remote from the pale of Jewish settlement.[1]

[1] Jews are allowed to reside in only about one tenth of Russia — the fifteen governments that have been taken from Poland and Turkey. This is called the "pale of Jewish settlement."

[2] See W. N. Nikitin's "Jews as Agriculturists" (in Russian). St. Petersburg, 1887.

It is indeed only an attempt to throw dust into the eyes of the American public to suggest that the recent expulsions were due to the benevolent desire of the Russian government to protect the peasantry from the oppression of the Jews. That could not have been the reason why they were heartlessly driven forth from Moscow in the bitter cold of the winter of 1891–92, when even soldiers were not allowed to drill in the open air. Nor could that have been the reason why the permission granted them by ex-Ministers Markoff and Tolstoy was withdrawn, and they were driven from the towns outside the pale of Jewish settlement to towns within it: peasants do not dwell in towns. Nor could the protection of the peasant be the reason why Jews are not allowed to become shareholders in commercial companies. The recent restrictions on Jewish education cannot be of much avail to protect the peasantry.

If it had been the purpose of the Czar and his advisers to assimilate the Jew and the peasant, they would not recently have put obstacles in the way of the Jews becoming agriculturists in separate colonies, where they could not interfere with the peasantry. Many thousands of these Jewish agriculturists exist in southern Russia, and have prospered and shown aptitude for agricultural pursuits for three generations.[2] It might have been thought that their rulers, who complain of their sole addiction to commercial pursuits, would have encouraged and promoted these colonies. Instead of any such encouragement, the following enactments show that the Russian government is determined to prevent the Jews from following any other pursuit than commerce:

All laws which encourage Jews to follow agriculture are abolished, and special facilities have been given them for leaving the agricultural classes and entering others. The deduction of money from the Meat Tax for the emigration of agricultural Jews is stopped. The Jewish Agricultural Fund, which was deposited at the Chief Treasury by the Minister of Imperial Domains, and in the Odessa Treasury by the Kherson and Bessarabian Office of Imperial Domains, has been transferred to the Imperial Treasury. Settlement in Siberia for agriculture is prohibited to Jews.[3]

It is further suggested by the secretary of the Russian legation that the recent restrictive measures were taken as much in the interests of the Jews themselves as of the peasantry. The peasantry hunger for the blood of their oppressors, and the benevolent Government

[3] Article 833, Part 2, Vol. 2, "Laws relating to Foreigners," published in 1886; Note 2 to Article 1, Appendix to Article 281, "Laws relating to Taxes"; Article 553, No. 62, "Law Code," published in 1887; and Article 978, Vol. 9, "Laws relating to Property."

has therefore thought it right, in the interests of both parties, to separate them by driving young Jewish maidens and little children through the snow and away from the towns where they had dwelt all their lives. So at least seems to run M. Botkine's argument. Now it is a fact that the peasants live on very good terms with the Jews, and do not need to be prevented from flying at their throats. There have recently been very few riots against the Jews, and when they occurred at Balta, Saratoff, and Starodub last year the authorities, far from repressing them, encouraged the rioters, if they did not actually initiate the riots. Thus at Balta the police urged on the people by telling them the Government had handed over the Jews' property to them, while the soldiery shared in the plunder. If the protection of the Jews were the object of the recent expulsions, why were they not resorted to twelve years ago, in 1881, when, owing to the culpable laxity of the Russian authorities, no fewer than 167 towns and villages of southern Russia were the scenes of violent attacks on Jewish life and property, and worse still, on the honor of Jewish women. The Government did nothing then to stop these outrages, till a meeting at the Mansion House in London drew the attention of all Europe to the criminal apathy of the Russian government.

M. Botkine quotes a recent law (December 9, 1891) by which a violent assault on a Jew is punished by exile to Siberia. It may be presumed that a violent attack on any one else is punished with equal severity, so that all the law proves is that previous to eighteen months ago such an attack on a Jew was not punished by Siberia. This accounts for the impunity with which the rioters of 1881 went about their work. It also confirms the apathy of the Russian officials, who let ten years pass before remedying the law. Thus the very example M. Botkine adduces to prove the paternal interest of the Russian government in its Jewish subjects proves quite the contrary. The whole attitude of his Government toward the Jews is enough to arouse ill-will against them. By making them out a separate class, the way is prepared for popular contempt and hatred — passions that are responsible for all the attacks made upon the unfortunate Israelites.

The official defender finally throws up the defense by declaring in so many words, "If we choose to treat our Jews so, it is no business of yours." It is "an interference with the internal affairs of another country." It is surely no breach of the comity of nations to point out cases of injustice which come under the notice of the other country, as they do by thousands in the United States. When one country treats some portion of its subjects so vilely that they are obliged to flee for refuge to another country, the latter has surely the right of inquiry, if not of protest. That the United States claims and exercises this right is proved by the harrowing report issued by the United States Commissioners on the causes which incite immigration to the United States, the chief cause being the intolerance of the Russian government.[1]

M. Botkine must indeed have little respect for the intelligence or knowledge of the American people if he thinks by arguments such as these to induce them to believe that the Russian persecution of the Jews is anything different from the stereotyped form of medieval religious intolerance. It is the brutal logic of such intolerance to degrade men by isolating them, by shutting to them the *carrière ouverte*, by marking them out for all men's scorn, and then to complain of the degradation they have themselves produced. It is the aim of such intolerance to produce a monotonous uniformity of belief and practice instead of the free development of individuality. All such attempts to cramp the human soul are foredoomed to failure. Unless the whole of the civilized world is at fault, unless all the lessons history has given of religious persecution and religious wars are at fault, Russia will never succeed in making her Jews Orthodox Christians, and can only inflict countless misery for no purpose, and with a prescience of its inutility.

In her attempts to crush the independence of the Hebrew, in her attempts to prevent the Russian Jew from worshiping his God after the dictates of his reason, Russia can find no sympathy in the United States. The germ of that mighty realm which now spreads peace and plenty from the Atlantic to the Pacific was formed by men who left their native country in order to preserve their liberty of conscience. Their sons have always preserved the right of religious freedom for those settled in the midst of them. They can have no sympathy for a government which places all manner of restrictions on the life of a Jew while he worships God as his forefathers have done for three thousand years, and removes them if he will but consent to join the Orthodox Church.

Joseph Jacobs,
Secretary of the Russo-Jewish Committee, London.

[1] "Report of the Commissioners of Immigration upon the Causes which incite Immigration to the United States." Washington, 1892, Government Printing Office.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

DEATH OF MODENA.

IN 1861 I visited Turin as first actor and manager of a company bearing my name. Hardly had I arrived in the city when the sad news came to me that Modena, my master, my second father, had ceased to live. I hurried to his house to render the last tribute of my affection. I had the honorable though mournful office of bearing on my shoulder, with three other faithful friends, the body of this distinguished man. That evening, as a slight tribute of grief, I had the theater closed, and I headed a subscription to a fund for the erection of a monument on the grave of the great patriot and artist, and all the members of my company contributed, of their own motion, a day's salary; in addition I gave a performance the proceeds of which were applied to the fund. It all footed up to a handsome sum, which was placed in the hands of a committee formed of the political friends of the dead man; and in addition to my collections this committee received many other liberal subscriptions from all the provinces of Italy.

Four years passed, and having occasion to write to Modena's widow to secure a manuscript of "Mahomet II." which belonged to my master, I asked her for news of the fund. Her answer ended as follows: "Never ask me again what has become of the money for the monument of my Gustavo; it is a sad and disgraceful story." And it is a disgrace to Italy that not yet has just honor been paid to the memory of that inimitable artist and distinguished patriot.

To return to the chronicle of my artistic career, in 1861 and 1862 my company was formed of chosen artists, such as Clementina Cazzola, Isolina Piamonti, my brother Alessandro Salvini, Guglielmo Privato, Gaetano Voller, Gaetano Coltellini, and Luigi Biagi. All my thought and activity were devoted to the direction of my artists, to train them to work together, to inspire them, so to speak, in such manner that our productions should be distinguished for the homogeneity, the precision, and the harmony of the rendering. I gave all my energy to the object of surpassing the various companies of highest rank which had deservedly acquired a stable renown; and without fear of contradiction I can say that in this I had satisfactory success, as was made plain by the size and contentment of our audiences.

FRIENDLY RIVALRIES IN NAPLES.

IN 1863 I filled a few short engagements with a company under the management of Antonio Stacchini, an excellent *genre* artist, and in the intervals of idleness I went for the first time to London to look over the ground, which seemed to me capable of giving a good harvest. I visited several theaters; but the only one which seemed to me at that time promising for an experiment with Italian drama was the St. James. But the demands of the agent of that house alarmed me. After having hunted through every corner of that vast city, I returned to Italy, disappointed as to my plans, but not discouraged. I happened to be at Leghorn for the sea-bathing when the leading actor Adamo Alberti, then manager of the Florentine Company in Naples, came there with the purpose of engaging me with Clementina Cazzola for his theater for three years.

Achille Majeroni, with Fanny Sadowsky and Luigi Taddei, left the Teatro dei Fiorentini to join the Teatro del Fondo, taking with them many of the patrician families who had been subscribers at the Fiorentini. The subscription-list at the Fondo reached the total of 130,000 lire, while ours was only 80,000. We had, however, great advantages over them in the novelty of our chief actress, Clementina Cazzola, and in our repertory of forty plays, which had never been given in Naples, and in which that admirable actress and I supported each other. Majeroni, taking advantage of the abolition of the censorship, began to offer to the public all the plays which had been placed on the index by the Bourbon government; these were not liked by the aristocratic society people, and they declared that they did not want any more of them. At the Fiorentini, on the contrary, all the new pieces were greeted with sympathy; and although our subscribers were few, the paying public crowded our house more every night. Our plays were free from all licentiousness and demagogism; they were chosen for their sentiment and literary worth, and the most fastidious audience could sit through them and experience nothing but

interest and pleasure. In Lent of 1865 the tables had been turned. The Fondo theater had 60,000 lire of subscriptions on its books, and we had 140,000. Not that the artists of their company were not excellent. Achille Majeroni was an actor of splendid physical and vocal gifts, and many of his rôles were played with rare ability; but he had the fault of being slightly monotonous in his cadences, and had a systematic evenness of intonation at the close of his periods which was unpleasant to the ear. Fanny Sadowsky maintained her high promise, and with her beauty and intelligence raised for herself a firm pedestal, upon which she stood like a statue of Canova, adorned with grace and feeling; but even she was affected by the same shortcomings as her colleague Majeroni. Luigi Taddei, a very celebrated comedian, in many ways recalled the talent of the great Luigi Vestri; but unfortunately he was compelled by a stroke of paralysis to leave the stage. To alleviate somewhat his unhappy financial condition, the artists of the Fondo and the Fiorentini joined forces, and gave a benefit to the excellent and unfortunate artist. The play was "Oreste," and it was given at the Teatro San Carlo, with a result at once honorable and lucrative. Our two rival companies kept up a constant exchange of courtesies; there was between us an emulation in civility and friendliness, and if there was rivalry, it was a rivalry without bitterness, or rancor, or self-assertion. Finally the Fondo company had to abandon the contest, and at the opening of the third year it left Naples for upper Italy. We were left undisputed masters of the field, and the Teatro dei Fiorentini was no longer able to hold the people who wanted to get in. At this time I gave Giacometti's "Morte Civile," and a little note sent to me by the celebrated author shall narrate for me what was my success. Here it is:

GAZZUOLO, December 3, 1864.

MY DEAR TOMMASO: Permit me affectionately to press your hand to thank you for the rehabilitation given to my "Morte Civile" by the power of your talent, at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, in face of the unfortunate outcome of the attempt a few evenings before at the Teatro del Fondo. If this may perhaps be counted as one among so many noble satisfactions which Art has honored herself by according to you, it is not less one for me also, with this difference, that I remain in it a debtor to your genius!

PAOLO GIACOMETTI.

We must make allowance for the joy of an author who has been applauded; it is nevertheless true that the "Morte Civile" was during the three years of my stay in Naples a necessary and safe complement to the repertory for every week.

HIS "OTHELLO" AT ITS BEST.

BEFORE giving "Othello" it was my wish to familiarize the Neapolitan public with a class of works foreign to that which had previously been seen on the boards of that theater. I had already played Voltaire's "Zaïre" several times, and other plays characterized by vehemence of passion, and it seemed to me that the time had come to try the effect of the implacable *Moor of Venice* upon my audience. It is very seldom that I have attained satisfaction with myself in that rôle; I may say that in the thousands of times that I have played it I can count on the fingers of one hand those when I have said to myself, "I can do no better," and one of those times was when I gave it at the Teatro dei Fiorentini. It seemed that evening as if an electric current connected the artist with the public. Every sensation of mine was transfused into the audience; it responded instantaneously to my sentiment, and manifested its perception of my meanings by a low murmuring, by a sustained tremor. There was no occasion for reflection, nor did the people seek to discuss me; all were at once in unison and concord. Actor, *Moor*, and audience felt the same impulse, were moved as one soul. I cannot describe the cries of enthusiasm which issued from the throats of those thousands of persons in exaltation, or the delirious demonstrations which accompanied those scenes of love, jealousy, and fury; and when the shocking catastrophe came, when the *Moor*, recognizing that he has been deceived, cuts short his days, so as not to survive the anguish of having slain the guiltless *Desdemona*, a chill ran through every vein, and, as if the audience had been stricken dumb, ten seconds went by in absolute silence. Then came a tempest of cries and plaudits, and countless summonses before the curtain. When the demonstration was ended, the audience passed out amid an indistinct murmur of voices, and collected in groups of five, eight, or twelve everywhere in the neighborhood of the theater; then, reunited as if by magnetic force, they came back into the theater, demanded the relighting of the footlights, and insisted that I should come on the stage again, though I was half undressed, to receive a new ovation. This unparalleled and spontaneous demonstration is among the most cherished memories of my career, for it ranks among such as an artist rarely obtains.

A SCENE AT THE DANTE CENTENARY.

IN 1865 a celebration of the sixth centenary of the divine poet was organized in Florence, and the municipality invited me, with Adelaide Ristori, Ernesto Rossi, and Gaetano Gat-

tinelli, to illustrate some tableaux-vivants by reciting the original lines of Dante. The choice was left to me, and I selected the first and the thirty-third canto of the "Inferno"; I was asked besides to recite a part of the ninth canto of the "Purgatorio," the description of the Gate of Paradise. At that time I was president of a society of mutual succor for Italian dramatic artists, which I had myself founded in Naples, and which was in a very prosperous state. I took with me to Florence the banner of my society, that it might figure among those of other associations of Italy. In the procession there were united with me as representatives of the dramatic art, besides the artists I have named, more than a hundred others, among them many comedians. Our beautiful banner, designed by the celebrated painter Morelli, as well as the reunion of so many representatives of our art, made a pleasing impression on the public, which had assembled from all Italy, and our passage in the procession was especially distinguished by loud applause. On the evening of the tableaux Ristori, Rossi, and Gattinelli were admirable. The Teatro Pagliano presented a truly imposing spectacle. King Victor Emmanuel, the senate, the ambassadors, the ministers, the army, the courts, the arts, industry, commerce, in a word, every caste of society was represented, and that great house was too small to hold the immense crowd which packed itself uselessly about the doors of the theater in the vain hope of enjoying the spectacle. As the reciter of the first canto, I was naturally the first to present myself on the stage. My entrance was greeted with sympathetic applause. When I reached the point where the divine poet symbolizes in the wolf the Roman Curia, and says:

> Molti son gli animali a cui s'ammoglia
> E più saranno ancora, finchè l'Veltro
> Verrà, che la farà morir di doglia![1]

I looked fixedly at the king, and stood for several seconds without speaking. The audience caught the allusion on the instant, and a storm of applause burst out as if it would never stop. I believe that Victor Emmanuel at that moment would have preferred to be at the hunt rather than in the theater. The people persisted in their applause and in crying: "Viva il Re! Viva l'Italia!" His Majesty did not understand, or did not wish to understand, the allusion which had aroused this enthusiasm, and hesitated for a time, but at last he was compelled to rise, and with appearance of great excitement thanked the people several times. The applause was so tremendous that I thought the theater would fall about my ears.

[1] Many are the animals with which she wives, and there shall be more yet, till the Hound shall come that will make her die of grief.—C. E. NORTON.

A MEMORABLE PERFORMANCE WITH RISTORI.

To my pleasure in having given occasion to that political demonstration was added another on the two nights of that same occasion when the tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini" was given at the Teatro Niccolini before houses of equal quality to that of the Dante recitations at the Pagliano. Adelaide Ristori was *Francesca*, Ernesto Rossi was *Paolo*, Lorenzo Piccinini was *Guido da Polenta*, Antonio Bozzo was the *Page*, and I filled the part of *Lanciotto*. Adelaide Ristori did not fall behind her world-wide fame; Ernesto Rossi surpassed himself, and that is not saying little; Lorenzo Piccinini was acclaimed; and they say that my success was a revelation. The betrayed husband of *Francesca* had had until then interpreters who had not brought out the loftiness of that generous, loyal, and loving nature; he had generally been conceived as a stern, tyrannical, and vindictive husband, and the character had been played by artists accustomed to depict the most revolting characters. I made him an affectionate husband, worthy of pity in his misfortune, and torn by anguish in the just recriminations which he hurls at the guilty pair, and the public felt sympathy with the afflicted husband and betrayed prince, and disapproval, blame, and condemnation for his betrayers. It seemed to me that I had penetrated to the moral of the tragedy. It was not for nothing that Dante placed adulterers in the circle of the tormented. The new interpretation of this part spread very quickly among cultivators of the Italian stage, and I received warm felicitations even from persons who were not known to me. At the end of the third act Adelaide Ristori gave me a kiss of admiration. At the end of the fourth the public, which by etiquette had been constrained to silence, called my companions and me many times before the curtain, and when the tragedy was completed it seemed as though the ovation would never stop, and we were obliged to repeat the play on the following night to content those who had not been able to obtain tickets for the first night. A marble slab in the vestibule of the pit commemorates in letters of gold this eventful performance.

After a few days I returned to Naples, and when I appeared again on the stage my return was applauded as a son is greeted when he comes back to his family—a most unusual thing in the theaters of Naples. The government had named me by decree a Knight of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and the artists of the Fiorentini company united in a subscrip-

tion to present me with the cross, bearing the following inscription on the back:

TO TOMMASO SALVINI,
PRINCE OF THE STAGE,
HIS COMPANIONS IN ART.

You can imagine how pleased I was with this amiable proof of esteem and affection offered to me by my brothers in art.

AN AMENDE FROM PRINCE HUMBERT.

IN 1863, while I was with the manager Antonio Stacchino, we had occasion to play a few times at the Teatro Carcano in Milan. One evening Humbert of Savoy, the son of Victor Emmanuel, who was sojourning at Monza, came and stayed through the whole play. As I was on the point of going on the stage for the fourth act, an aide-de-camp of the prince, who is now a general, handed me a package, and said, "In the name of His Royal Highness." I thanked him hastily, put the package in my pocket, and went on to proceed with the act. When I came off I hurried to my dressing-room and undid the packet, expecting to find some souvenir; but it was money—ten napoleons in gold. I confess that at sight of it my pride was wounded. What was I to do? I did not care to refuse the gift, as I had done some time before with the Prince of Carignan, for fear of offending the son of our great king; therefore I decided to keep the money, hoping that the future would give me an opportunity to clear myself of the suspicion of being a venal artist. In 1865 and 1866 I had the pleasure of enjoying the acquaintance of the estimable wife of Senator Vigliani, who was then prefect at Naples, an Englishwoman, highly educated, and an impassioned admirer of Shakspere. In the course of my visits I took occasion to refer to what had happened at Milan, and to express my sense of injury. The high-spirited lady was surprised, and seemed even to show real regret, and I could not doubt that she would speak of it to some frequenter of the prince's court. One day when I was on the terrace of the prefecture with many gentlemen and ladies who had been invited to watch the passages of the masks, for it was carnival time, the same officer who had placed the packet in my hands in Milan, and with whom I was on the footing of acquaintanceship, came to my side and said, "Salvini, when do you take your benefit?" "Some night before long," I answered. "Let me know when the time comes," said he; "for His Royal Highness desires to be present." I announced "Francesca da Rimini" for my benefit, and the Prince, punctually, as is the habit in the House of Savoy, came to the theater. On the morrow I received the following letter:

MOST ESTEEMED SIR: His Royal Highness was greatly interested by the performance which took place yesterday evening, 16th instant, at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, and in which you gave new evidence of your powerful dramatic genius. The august Prince is full of admiration for an artist who has had the ability to raise himself to your well-merited fame, and, desiring to give you a sincere attestation of his particular esteem, he has taken satisfaction in intrusting to me the pleasant charge of presenting to you in his august name the pin in brilliants which I transmit to you with this note. It is a pleasure to me to be the interpreter of the kind feelings of His Royal Highness toward you; and I take advantage of the opportunity to assure you of my own very high consideration. The Major-General, 1st aide-de-camp. REVEL.

I opened the inclosure, and discovered on the pin beneath the royal crown the letters "U. S.," for Umberto Savoja. The Prince had had the delicacy to compensate me with usury for a mistake, very probably not his own; and I could do no less than exclaim in my heart: "Viva Umberto! Viva l'Arte!"

At this time it was my misfortune to see my illustrious and beloved colleague Clementina Cazzola waste away from day to day in the clutches of an incurable disease. The doctors pronounced that if the good creature persisted in the exercise of her art she would shorten her life, and she was constrained to retire from the stage in the hope that rest and quiet would conjure away the menace to her health. In her absence the whole weight of artistic responsibility at the Teatro dei Fiorentini fell upon me, and I put forth every effort of which I was capable to make the loss to the management as light as possible. I was obliged to feign satisfaction while my heart was full of pain, and this throughout two years. I sought to quench my trials in my art, and while I was struggling between laughter and tears, art found profit in the combination of emotions due to my afflicted state. In that year, 1866, Paolo Giacometti delivered to me the tragedy of "Sofocle," which I had suggested to him, and in studying that sublime character I perceived that with the death of the protagonist I could identify my own afflicting position. *Sofocle* dies at the moment when the crown of olive decreed by the Greek senate is brought to him, and when his sons return from the field to announce to him that the haughty *Alcibiade*, out of respect for the grand tragic poet, renounces his intended destruction of the necropolis where repose his ancestors; thus *Sofocle* is happy with the assurance of resting with his own. He dies surrounded by his family, honored and acclaimed by his fellow-citizens, while his nephew

with his lyre chants in his stead the pæan, the sacred hymn to the fatherland. He dies following the strains of that melody, unconsciously moving his fingers, and fancying that it is he who is singing the hymn of Athens to his lyre; he dies with a smile on his lips, with joy in his heart — but he dies! I too smiled, but in place of joy I had death in my heart. I too sang the hosanna, but the "De Profundis" held my soul. I too was filled with joy from the love and acclaim of my countrymen; and the relative positions of the Hellenic poet and the Italian tragedian were so closely parallel that my rendering of his emotions could not but be true. A letter from the author, which I have preserved, will tell more eloquently than I could the effect produced by the play and its interpretation:

MY DEAR TOMMASO: Thank you, my friend, for the fine account which you have kindly given me of the outcome of my "Sofocle"; thank you for the papers you have sent me, from which I should have formed an idea, if your letter had not been enough, of the reception given to my piece as well as of your sublimity in acting it. I have not seen you, and who can tell when I shall see you, in the guise of the Homer of tragedy, and I am extremely sorry for it; for if I had been present at the play I should have enjoyed one of those moments which are perhaps the only happy ones in an author's life, and I should have imprinted a fraternal kiss upon your forehead, which is glorified by the flame of genius. When an author offers his creation to an artist, and this artist who is to bring it before the world of letters receives it with a religious respect, meditates it, and magnifies it, he acquires a sacred claim to the esteem and affection of the poet. To your worthy colleagues who, so far as I have seen by the accounts, have seconded you admirably well, I beg that you will give assurance of my gratitude. You did well to suppress a few verses which might have proved a clog upon the action or an obstacle to your conception; and as to your idea of having a string of the lyre snap as *Sofocle* dies, there could be nothing either more opportune or more poetic: I compliment you upon it. I send you a kiss; and receive from my wife, with her most distinguished service, her grateful appreciation of the success of "Sofocle." Yours always,

PAOLO GIACOMETTI.

GAZZUOLO, April 10, 1866.

Nothing worthy of telling happened to me in 1867. At the head of a company of artists of medium ability I traveled through the Italian cities, finding everywhere the sympathy of the public; this was satisfying to my pride, but the alarming condition of my excellent colleague overwhelmed the triumphs of the artist. In 1868 I continued in the management of my company with Virginia Marini as first actress, who in 1864, 1865, and 1866 had been with us at Naples, under my direction and the counsels of Clementina Cazzola. She had an iron will, unwearying application to study, surprising native talent, with a sympathetic and harmonious voice, which caused to be overlooked her defect of unconscious imitation.

SALVINI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

IN the summer of 1868 I was at the Politeama Theater in Florence with Virginia Marini. Florence was then the provisional capital of the kingdom, and from King Victor Emmanuel down all the notabilities of Italy had a standing appointment to meet in the evening at the Politeama. The king seemed to take much interest in my playing, for he did not stay away a single night. I have been asked which rôles seemed to appeal most to him; they were *Ingomar* in the "Figlio delle Selve," *Sansone* in the tragedy of the same name, and *Van Bruch* in "Giosuè il Guardacoste,"— three strong, ardent, robust, loyal characters. It seemed as if he mirrored himself in them; and when I passed near the royal box after having saluted the public I would hear the voice of a stentor shout, "Bravo! Bravo!" It was the king.

One evening, perhaps more pleased than usual, he took from his finger a diamond ring, and commissioned the Marchese di Brem to bring it to me on the stage. The marquis said to me: "His Majesty begs you to accept this reminder of his royal admiration. You must prize it, for he has worn it for five years." A few days after this, at nine o'clock one morning, my servant came to my bedroom and told me that there was a gentleman in the drawing-room who desired to speak to me at once. I was a little vexed, and I said: "How? At this time of the morning? But I am still in bed." Then I heard a voice calling from the next room: "Excuse me, Salvini; I am the Marchese di Brem, and I come from the king to say to you that his Majesty wishes to see you at once at the Pitti. Dress yourself as fast as you can, and I will wait at your door with the carriage." So I put on my dress-coat, and went to the palace. The marquis accompanied me to the royal antechamber, where I found many people awaiting audience, and, informing me that the officer on duty would call my name, he left me with the words, "I warn you that His Majesty takes you for a republican."

Among those who were waiting there were many diplomatists, officers of rank, the Genoese sculptor Varni, whom I knew, and a pretty young girl who did not mingle with the others, and whom I expected would be summoned first before the king. Soon two generals whose names I forget came out of the royal apartments, and I heard my name spoken by the officer at the door. I advanced to the

door of the first room, after which there were five others to traverse before reaching His Majesty; and I saw at the end of the vista, as in a picture framed by the five doors, the form of Victor Emmanuel, who awaited my approach with legs and feet joined, and his hands in the pockets of his wide trousers. When I reached the threshold of the last door, I halted, and in the position and with the military salute of a veteran, I said, "Your Majesty!" The king advanced toward me, and, extending his hand cordially, said:

"My dear Salvini, I am very glad to see you and to know you personally."

"Your Majesty," said I, "I am greatly flattered by the honor which Your Majesty does me."

"My dear Salvini," said His Majesty, "a man of *your* merit flatters other people by his acquaintance." He took two cigars and offered one to me. "Do you smoke?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. But I am an old corporal, and smoke only Tuscan cigars."

"Light this one and tell me what you think of it." He lighted a match and handed it to me to light a great Havana cigar; then he lighted his own and approached a window looking out on the Boboli Gardens. "I wanted to tell you how much I admire you as an artist. You are a republican, are you not?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. But when there are kings who are loyal, warlike, and honorable, like you, it is possible to be a constitutionalist."

"Thanks; thanks. It is very true that I live only for my nation. The battle-field is the post of my predilection. Politics cut the grass under my feet; and sometimes, just as you say in the 'Figlio delle Selve,' 'I could rend the world,' I could rend the walls of my room. And I do not think that you have been a flatterer in calling me 'Re Galantuomo.' It seems to me that I am in truth that; but I could equally be a loyal president of your republic if I were not under the obligation of preserving a crown which has been transmitted to me, and which dates from centuries."

"Your Majesty, no one contests that obligation; but even if it were a burden for you, with your loyalty you would sustain it easily."

"Thanks; thanks. For that matter, loyalty is traditional in the House of Savoy; it is in the blood, and I have no merit in observing it and in causing it to be maintained."

Up to this point all the words of the dialogue, spoken as we were both leaning on the front of the window, remain as if inscribed in my memory, and I can be sure of their exactitude. I made several attempts to draw the conversation upon the needs of art, the necessity of providing for its restoration; but when I sought to express my views, the king answered that the theater could not deteriorate since it had representatives like me, that my name was an honor to the country, that artists must spring up from my example; in fine, with these praises he closed my mouth, and went back to politics. Among very many expressions which have escaped my mind one has remained with me, and its intimation has come true: that he would be content to die on the day when he had been able to set his foot in Rome. Can you, dear reader, tell me the motive of this frankness, of these royal confidences, to me, a dramatic artist? I have not yet succeeded in explaining it. Perhaps, under the impression of the strong and generous characters that I had been playing, he fancied that he was opening his mind to *Sansone*, to *Ingomar*, or to *Van Bruch;* and when, in my hints about the needs of art, he was brought back to the prosaic Salvini, he changed the subject to get back to the atmosphere which gave him pleasure. A good hour had passed, and my cigar was nearly finished, when I permitted myself to deplore the fate of the persons who on my account were waiting in the antechamber. Victor Emmanuel answered me: "Let them wait. You are certainly more occupied than they, and I do not believe that for that you wish to go away so soon." "I will go away," I answered, "when Your Majesty gives me the command." Upon this he approached the writing-table, and taking up a packet, gave it to me, with the words: "Take this. I want you to have a souvenir of our acquaintance, and I hope that this will not be the last time that I shall have the pleasure of talking with you. I salute you." He again held out his hand to me, and I went away, saying: "I am at the orders of Your Majesty." When I had reached the second room, I heard a loud ringing, and while the officer on service was advancing to the king, Victor Emmanuel called out behind me: "I shall see you this evening," informing me thus that he would come to the Politeama. I went back to my house charmed with the affable, frank, and familiar manner of the "Re Galantuomo." I opened the parcel which he had given me, and in it was a box with the royal cipher containing the cross of Officer of the Crown of Italy. A few days afterward a very different cross was fixed in my heart, a cross of strife and of mourning — Clementina Cazzola was dead!

Tommaso Salvini.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

TOMMASO SALVINI AS MARCO CRALIEVICH.

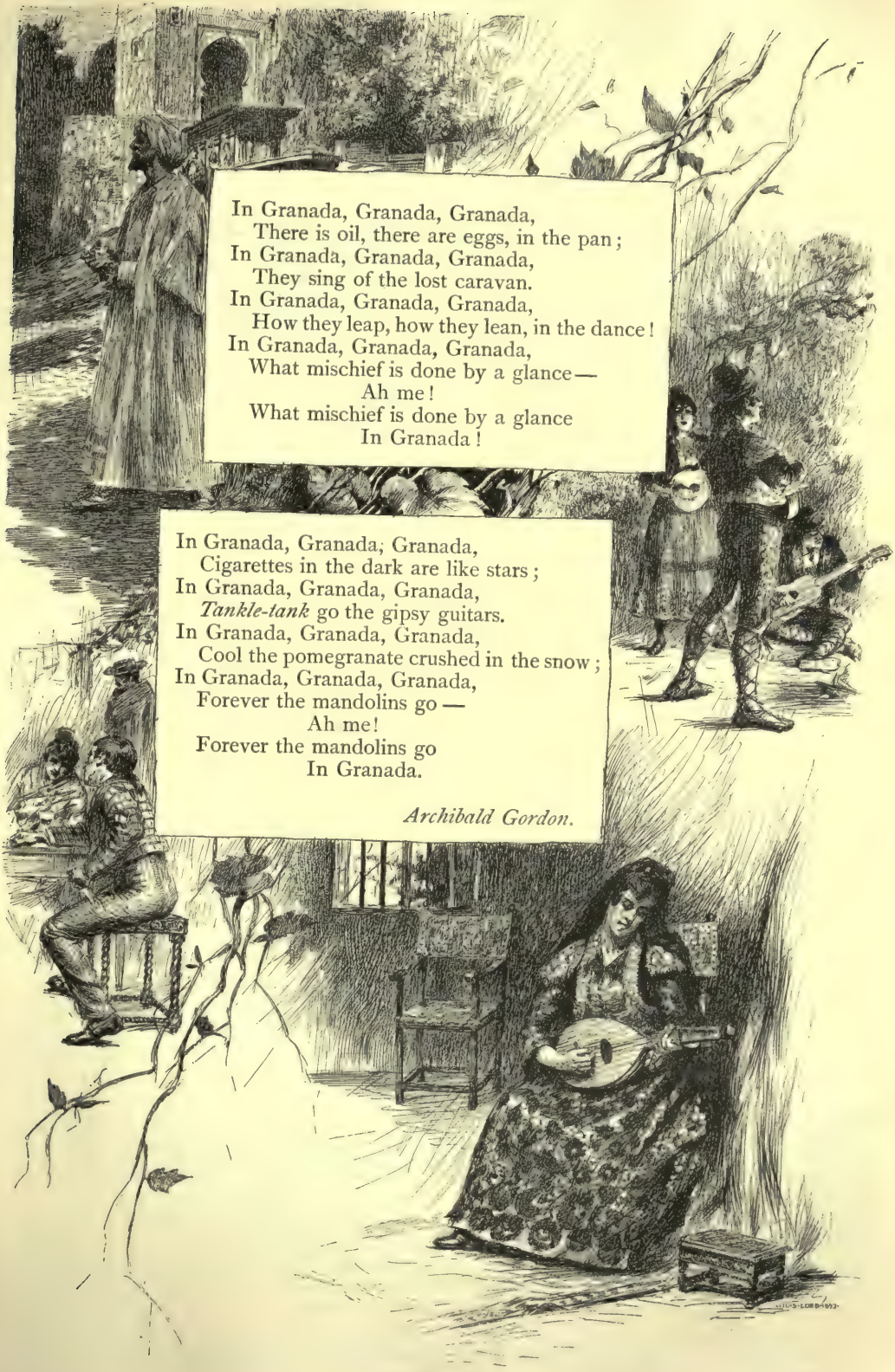
·IN·GRANADA·

·A·SONG·OF·EXILE·

IN Granada, Granada, Granada,
The contrabandista finds cheer;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
There 's a smile for the tall muleteer.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Sweet the jessamine under the stars;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Fair the face is that looks through the bars—
Ah me!
Fair the face is that looks through the bars
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Red the grape is that grows on the vine;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
How the pigskins are bursting with wine!
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Clap-a-clap goes the black castanet;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
They 're twanging the mandolins yet—
Ah me!
They 're twanging the mandolins yet
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Every moonlight a Moor in the shade,
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Laments for a Christian maid.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Love and hate have the making of life;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Love laughs with a grip on the knife—
Ah me!
Love laughs with a grip on the knife
In Granada!



In Granada, Granada, Granada,
There is oil, there are eggs, in the pan;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
They sing of the lost caravan.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
How they leap, how they lean, in the dance!
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
What mischief is done by a glance—
Ah me!
What mischief is done by a glance
In Granada!

In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Cigarettes in the dark are like stars;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Tankle-tank go the gipsy guitars.
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Cool the pomegranate crushed in the snow;
In Granada, Granada, Granada,
Forever the mandolins go—
Ah me!
Forever the mandolins go
In Granada.

Archibald Gordon.

BALCONY STORIES.

ANNE MARIE AND JEANNE MARIE.

OLD Jeanne Marie leaned her hand against the house, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. She had not wept since she buried her last child. With her it was one trouble, one weeping, no more; and her wrinkled, hard, polished skin so far had known only the tears that come after death. The trouble in her heart now was almost exactly like the trouble caused by death; although she knew it was not so bad as death, yet, when she thought of this to console herself, the tears rolled all the faster. She took the end of the red cotton kerchief tied over her head, and wiped them away; for the furrows in her face did not merely run up and down — they ran in all directions, and carried her tears all over her face at once. She could understand death, but she could not understand this.

It came about in this way: Anne Marie and she lived in the little red-washed cabin against which she leaned; had lived there alone with each other for fifty years, ever since Jeanne Marie's husband had died, and the three children after him, in the fever epidemic.

The little two-roomed cabin, the stable where there used to be a cow, the patch of ground planted with onions, had all been bought and paid for by the husband; for he was a thrifty, hard-working Gascon, and had he lived there would not have been one better off, or with a larger family, either in that quarter or in any of the red-washed suburbs with which Gascony has surrounded New Orleans. His women, however,— the wife and sister-in-law,— had done their share in the work: a man's share apiece, for with the Gascon women there is no discrimination of sex when it comes to work.

And they worked on just the same after he died, tending the cow, digging, hoeing, planting, watering. The day following the funeral, by daylight Jeanne Marie was shouldering around the yoke of milk-cans to his patrons, while Anne Marie carried the vegetables to market; and so on for fifty years.

They were old women now,— seventy-five years old,— and, as they expressed it, they had always been twins. In twins there is always one lucky and one unlucky one: Jeanne Marie was the lucky one, Anne Marie the unlucky one. So much so, that it was even she who had to catch the rheumatism, and to lie now bedridden, months at a time, while Jeanne Marie was as active in her sabots as she had ever been.

In spite of the age of both, and the infirmity of one, every Saturday night there was some little thing to put under the brick in the hearth, for taxes, and license, and the never-to-be-forgotten funeral provision. In the husband's time gold pieces used to go in, but they had all gone to pay for the four funerals and the quadrupled doctor's bill. The women laid in silver pieces; the coins, however, grew smaller and smaller, and represented more and more not so much gained from onions as so much saved from food.

It had been explained to them how they might, all at once, make a year's gain in the lottery; and it had become their custom always, at the end of every month, to put aside one silver coin apiece, to buy a lottery ticket with — one ticket each, not for the great, but for the twenty-five-cent, prizes. Anne Marie would buy hers round about the market; Jeanne Marie would stop anywhere along her milk course and buy hers, and they would go together in the afternoon to stand with the little crowd watching the placard upon which the winning numbers were to be written. And when they were written, it was curious, Jeanne Marie's numbers would come out twice as often as Anne Marie's. Not that she ever won anything, for she was not lucky enough to have them come out in the order to win; they only came out here and there, singly: but it was sufficient to make old Anne Marie cross and ugly for a day or two, and injure the sale of the onion-basket. When she became bedridden, Jeanne Marie bought the ticket for both, on the numbers, however, that Anne Marie gave her; and Anne Marie had to lie in bed and wait, while Jeanne Marie went out to watch the placard.

One evening, watching it, Jeanne Marie saw the ticket-agent write out the numbers as they came on her ticket, in such a way that they drew a prize — forty dollars.

When the old woman saw it she felt such a happiness, just as she used to feel in the old times right after the birth of a baby. She thought of that instantly. Without saying a word to any one, she clattered over the *banquette* as fast as she could in her sabots, to tell the good news to Anne Marie. But she did not go so fast as not to have time to dispose of her

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

"THIS TIME WE HAVE CAUGHT IT!"

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

forty dollars over and over again. Forty dollars! That was a great deal of money. She had often in her mind, when she was expecting a prize, spent twenty dollars; for she had never thought it could be more than that. But forty dollars! A new gown apiece, and black silk kerchiefs to tie over their heads instead of red cotton, and the little cabin new red-washed, and soup in the pot, and a garlic sausage, and a bottle of good, costly liniment for Anne Marie's legs; and still a pile of gold to go under the hearth-brick — a pile of gold that would have made the eyes of the defunct husband glisten.

She pushed open the picket-gate, and came into the room where her sister lay in bed.

"Eh, Anne Marie, my girl," she called in her thick, pebbly voice, apparently made purposely to suit her rough Gascon accent; "this time we have caught it!"

"Whose ticket?" asked Anne Marie, instantly.

In a flash all Anne Marie's ill luck ran through Jeanne Marie's mind: how her promised husband had proved unfaithful, and Jeanne Marie's faithful; and how, ever since, even to the coming out of her lottery numbers, even to the selling of vegetables, even to the catching of the rheumatism, she had been the loser. But above all, as she looked at Anne Marie in the bed, all the misery came over Jeanne Marie of her sister's not being able, in all her poor old seventy-five years of life, to remember the pressure of the arms of a husband about her waist, nor the mouth of a child on her breast.

As soon as Anne Marie had asked her question, Jeanne Marie answered it.

"But your ticket, *Coton-Maï!*"[1]

"Where? Give it here! Give it here!" The old woman, who had not been able to move her back for weeks, sat bolt upright in bed, and stretched out her great bony fingers, with the long nails as hard and black as rake-prongs from groveling in the earth.

Jeanne Marie poured the money out of her cotton handkerchief into them.

Anne Marie counted it, looked at it; looked at it, counted it; and if she had not been so old, so infirm, so toothless, the smile that passed over her face would have made it beautiful.

Jeanne Marie had to leave her to draw water from the well to water the plants, and to get her vegetables ready for next morning. She felt even happier now than if she had just had a child, happier even than if her husband had just returned to her.

"Ill luck! *Coton-Maï!* Ill luck! There 's a way to turn ill luck!" And her smile also should have beautified her face, wrinkled and ugly though it was.

She did not think any more of the spending of the money, only of the pleasure Anne Marie would take in spending it.

The water was low in the well, and there had been a long drought. There are not many old women of seventy-five who could have watered so much ground as abundantly as she did; but whenever she thought of the forty dollars and Anne Marie's smile, she would give the thirsting plant an extra bucketful.

The twilight was gaining. She paused. "*Coton-Maï!*" she exclaimed aloud. "But I must see the old woman smile again over her good luck."

Although it was "my girl" face to face, it was always "the old woman" behind each other's back.

There was a knot-hole in the plank walls of the house. In spite of Anne Marie's rheumatism they would never stop it up, needing it, they said, for light and air. Jeanne Marie slipped her feet out of her sabots and crept easily toward it, smiling, and saying "*Coton-Maï!*" to herself all the way. She put her eye to the hole. Anne Marie was not in the bed, she who had not left her bed for two months! Jeanne Marie looked through the dim light of the room until she found her.

Anne Marie, in her short petticoat and night-sack, with bare legs and feet, was on her knees in the corner, pulling up a plank, hiding — peasants know hiding when they see it — hiding her money away — away — away from whom? — muttering to herself and shaking her old gray-haired head. Hiding her money away from Jeanne Marie!

And this was why Jeanne Marie leaned her head against the side of the house and wept. It seemed to her that she had never known her twin sister at all.

A CRIPPLED HOPE.

You must picture to yourself the quiet, dim-lighted room of a convalescent; outside, the dreary, bleak days of winter in a sparsely settled, distant country parish; inside, a slow, smoldering log fire, a curtained bed, the infant sleeping well enough, the mother wakeful, restless, thought-driven, as a mother must be, unfortunately, nowadays, particularly in that parish, where cotton worms and overflows have acquired such a monopoly of one's future.

God is always pretty near a sick woman's couch; but nearer even than God seems the sick-nurse — at least in that part of the country, under those circumstances. It is so good to look

[1] *Coton-Maï* is an innocent oath invented by the good, pious priest as a substitute for one more harmful.

through the dimness and uncertainty, moral and physical, and to meet those little black, steadfast, all-seeing eyes; to feel those smooth, soft, all-soothing hands; to hear, across one's sleep, that three-footed step — the flat-soled left foot, the tiptoe right, and the padded end of the broomstick; and when one is so wakeful and restless and thought-driven, to have anpunishment, until the dislocation became irremediable. All the animosity of which little Mammy was capable centered upon this unknown but never-to-be-forgotten mother of hers; out of this hatred had grown her love — that is, her destiny, a woman's love being her destiny. Little Mammy's love was for children.

The birth and infancy (the one as accidental

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THE QUIET, DIM-LIGHTED ROOM OF A CONVALESCENT."

other's story given one. God, depend upon it, grows stories and lives as he does herbs, each with a mission of balm to some woe.

She said she had, and in truth she had, no other name than "little Mammy"; and that was the name of her nature. Pure African, but bronze rather than pure black, and full-sized only in width, her growth having been hampered as to height by an injury to her hip, which had lamed her, pulling her figure awry, and burdening her with a protuberance of the joint. Her mother caused it by dropping her when a baby, and concealing it, for fear of

as the other, one would infer) took place in — it sounds like the "Arabian Nights" now! — took place in the great room, caravansary, stable, behind a negro-trader's auction-mart, where human beings underwent literally the daily buying and selling of which the world now complains in a figure of speech — a great, square, dusty chamber where, sitting cross-legged, leaning against the wall, or lying on foul blanket pallets on the floor, the bargains of to-day made their brief sojourn, awaiting transformation into the profits of the morrow.

The place can be pointed out now, is often

pointed out; but no emotion arises at sight of it. It is so plain, so matter-of-fact an edifice that emotion only comes afterward in thinking about it, and then in the reflection that such an edifice could be, then as now, plain and matter-of-fact.

For the slave-trader there was no capital so valuable as the physical soundness of his stock; the moral was easily enough forged or counterfeited. Little Mammy's good-for-nothing mother was sold as readily as a vote, in the parlance of to-day; but no one would pay for a crippled baby. The mother herself would not have taken her as a gift, had it been in the nature of a negro-trader to give away anything. Some doctoring was done,—so little Mammy heard traditionally,—some effort made to get her marketable. There were attempts to pair her off as a twin sister of various correspondencies in age, size, and color, and to palm her off, as a substitute, at migratory, bereaved, overfull breasts. Nothing equaled a negro-trader's will and power for fraud, except the hereditary distrust and watchfulness which it bred and maintained. And so, in the even balance between the two categories, the little cripple remained a fixture in the stream of life that passed through that back room, in the fluxes and refluxes of buying and selling; not valueless, however — rely upon a negro-trader for discovering values as substitutes, as panaceas. She earned her nourishment, and Providence did not let it kill the little animal before the emancipation of weaning arrived.

How much circumstances evoked, how much instinct responded, belongs to the secrets which nature seems to intend keeping. As a baby she had eyes, attention, solely for other babies. One cannot say while she was still crawling, for she could only crawl years after she should have been walking, but, before even precocious walking-time, tradition or the old gray-haired negro janitor relates, she would creep from baby to baby to play with it, put it to sleep, pat it, rub its stomach (a negro baby, you know, is all stomach, and generally aching stomach at that). And before she had a lap, she managed to force one for some ailing nursling. It was then that they began to call her "little Mammy." In the transitory population of the "pen" no one stayed long enough to give her another name; and no one

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

"LITTLE MAMMY."

ever stayed short enough to give her another one.

Her first recollection of herself was that she could not walk — she was past crawling; she cradled herself along, as she called sitting down flat, and working herself about with her hands and her one strong leg. Babbling babies walked all around her,— many walking before they babbled,— and still she did not walk, imitate them as she might and did. She would sit and "study" about it, make another trial, fall; sit and study some more, make another trial, fall again. Negroes, who believe that they must give a reason for everything even if they have to invent one, were convinced that it was all this studying upon her lameness that gave her such a large head.

And now she began secretly turning up the clothes of every negro child that came into that pen, and examining its legs, and still more secretly examining her own, stretched out before her on the ground. How long it took she does not remember; in fact, she could not have known, for she had no way of measuring time except by her thoughts and feelings. But in her own way and time the due process of deliberation was fulfilled, and the quotient made clear that, bowed or not, all children's legs were of equal length except her own, and all were alike, not one full, strong, hard, the other soft, flabby, wrinkled, growing out of a knot at the hip. A whole psychological period apparently lay between that conclusion and — a broom-handle walking-stick; but the broomstick came, as it was bound to come — thank heaven! — from that premise, and what with stretching one limb to make it longer, and doubling up the other to make it shorter, she invented that form of locomotion which is still carrying her through life, and with no more exaggerated leg-crookedness than many careless negroes born with straight limbs display. This must have been when she was about eight or nine. Hobbling on a broomstick, with, no doubt, the same weird, wizened face as now, an innate sense of the fitness of things must have suggested the kerchief tied around her big head, and the burlaps rag of an apron in front of her linsey-woolsey rag of a gown, and the bit of broken pipe-stem in the corner of her mouth, where the pipe should have been, and where it was in after years. That is the way she recollected herself, and that is the way one recalls her now, with a few modifications.

The others came and went, but she was always there. It was n't long before she became "little Mammy" to the grown folks too; and the newest inmates soon learned to cry: "Where 's little Mammy?" "Oh, little Mammy! little Mammy! Such a misery in my head [or my back, or my stomach]! Can't you help me, little Mammy?" It was curious what a quick eye she had for symptoms and ailments, and what a quick ear for suffering, and how apt she was at picking up, remembering, and inventing remedies. It never occurred to her not to crouch at the head or the foot of a sick pallet, day and night through. As for the nights, she said she dared not close her eyes of nights. The room they were in was so vast, and sometimes the negroes lay so thick on the floor, rolled in their blankets (you know, even in the summer they sleep under blankets), all snoring so loudly, she would never have heard a groan or a whimper any more than they did, if she had slept, too. And negro mothers are so careless and such heavy sleepers. All night she would creep at regular intervals to the different pallets, and draw the little babies from under, or away from, the heavy, inert, impending mother forms. There is no telling how many she thus saved from being overlaid and smothered, or, what was worse, maimed and crippled.

Whenever a physician came in, as he was sometimes called, to look at a valuable investment or to furbish up some piece of damaged goods, she always managed to get near to hear the directions; and she generally was the one to apply them also, for negroes always would steal medicines most scurvily one from the other. And when death, at times, would slip into the pen, despite the trader's utmost alertness and precautions,— as death often "had to do," little Mammy said,— when the time of some of them came to die, and when the rest of the negroes, with African greed of eye for the horrible, would press around the lowly couch where the agonizing form of a slave lay writhing out of life, she would always to the last give medicines, and wipe the cold forehead, and soothe the clutching, fearsome hands, hoping to the end, and trying to inspire the hope, that his or her "time" had not come yet; for, as she said, "Our time does n't come just as often as it does come."

And in those sad last offices, which somehow have always been under reproach as a kind of shame, no matter how young she was, she was always too old to have the childish avoidance of them. On the contrary, to her a corpse was only a kind of baby, and she always strove, she said, to make one, like the other, easy and comfortable.

And in other emergencies she divined the mysteries of the flesh, as other precocities divine the mysteries of painting and music, and so become child wonders.

Others came and went. She alone remained there. Babies of her babyhood — the toddlers she, a toddler, had nursed — were having babies themselves now; the middle-aged had had

time to grow old and die. Every week new families were coming into the great back chamber; every week they passed out: babies, boys, girls, buxom wenches, stalwart youths, and the middle-aged — the grave, serious ones whom misfortune had driven from their old masters, and the ill-reputed ones, the trickish, thievish, lazy, whom the cunning of the negro-trader alone could keep in circulation. All were marketable, all were bought and sold, all passed in one door and out the other — all except her, little Mammy. As with her lameness, it took time for her to recognize, to understand, the fact. She could study over her lameness, she could in the dull course of time think out the broom-stick way of palliation. It would have been almost better, under the circumstances, for God to have kept the truth from her; only — God keeps so little of the truth from us women. It is his system.

Poor little thing! It was not now that her master *could* not sell her, but he *would* not! Out of her own intelligence she had forged her chains; the lameness was a hobble merely in comparison. She had become too valuable to the negro-trader by her services among his crew, and offers only solidified his determination not to sell her. Visiting physicians, after short acquaintance with her capacities, would offer what were called fancy prices for her. Planters who heard of her through their purchases would come to the city purposely to secure, at any cost, so inestimable an adjunct to their plantations. Even ladies — refined, delicate ladies — sometimes came to the pen personally to back money with influence. In vain. Little Mammy was worth more to the negro-trader, simply as a kind of insurance against accidents, than any sum, however glittering the figure, and he was no ignorant expert in human wares. She can tell it; no one else can for her. Remember that at times she had seen the streets outside. Remember that she could hear of the outside world daily from the passing chattels — of the plantations, farms, families; the green fields, Sunday woods, running streams; the camp-meetings, corn-shuckings, cotton-pickings, sugar-grindings; the baptisms, marriages, funerals, prayer-meetings; the holidays and holy days. Remember that, whether for liberty or whether for love, passion effloresces in the human being — no matter when, where, or how — with every spring's return. Remember that she was, even in middle age, young and vigorous. But no; do not remember anything. There is no need to heighten the coloring.

It would be tedious to relate, although it was not tedious to hear her relate it, the desperations and hopes of her life then. Hardly a day passed that she did not see, looking for purchases (rummaging among goods on a counter for bargains), some master whom she could have loved, some mistress whom she could have adored. Always her favorite mistresses were there — tall, delicate matrons, who came themselves, with great fatigue, to select kindly-faced women for nurses; languid-looking ladies with smooth hair standing out in wide *bandeaux* from their heads, and lace shawls dropping from their sloping shoulders, silk dresses carelessly held up in thumb and finger from embroidered petticoats that were spread out like tents over huge hoops which covered whole groups of swarming piccaninnies on the dirty floor; ladies, pale from illnesses that she might have nursed, and overburdened with children whom she might have reared! And not a lady of that kind saw her face but wanted her, yearned for her, pleaded for her, coming back secretly to slip silver, and sometimes gold, pieces into her hand, patting her turbaned head, calling her "little Mammy" too, instantly, by inspiration, and making the negro-trader give them, with all sorts of assurances, the refusal of her. She had no need for the whispered "Buy me, master!" "Buy me, mistress!" "You 'll see how I can work, master!" "You 'll never be sorry, mistress!" of the others. The negro-trader — like hangmen, negro-traders are fitted by nature for their profession — it came into his head — he had no heart, not even a negro-trader's heart — that it would be more judicious to seclude her during these shopping-visits, so to speak. She could not have had any hopes then at all; it must have been all desperations.

That auction-block, that executioner's block, about which so much has been written — Jacob's ladder, in his dream, was nothing to what that block appeared nightly in her dreams to her; and the climbers up and down — well, perhaps Jacob's angels were his hopes, too.

At times she determined to depreciate her usefulness, mar her value, by renouncing her heart, denying her purpose. For days she would tie her kerchief over her ears and eyes, and crouch in a corner, strangling her impulses. She even malingered, refused food, became dumb. And she might have succeeded in making herself salable through incipient lunacy, if through no other way, had she been able to maintain her rôle long enough. But some woman or baby always was falling into some emergency of pain and illness.

How it might have ended one does not like to think. Fortunately, one does not need to think.

There came a night. She sat alone in the vast, dark caravansary — alone for the first time in her life. Empty rags and blankets lay strewn over the floor, no snoring, no tossing in them more. A sacrificial sale that day had cleared

the counters. Alarm-bells rang in the streets, but she did not know them for alarm-bells; alarm brooded in the dim space around her, but she did not even recognize that. Her protracted tension of heart had made her fear-blind to all but one peradventure.

Once or twice she forgot herself, and limped over to some heap to relieve an imaginary struggling babe or moaning sleeper. Morning came. She had dozed. She looked to see the rag-heaps stir; they lay as still as corpses. The alarm-bells had ceased. She looked to see a new gang enter the far door. She listened for the gathering buzzing of voices in the next room, around the auction-block. She waited for the trader. She waited for the janitor. At nightfall a file of soldiers entered. They drove her forth, ordering her in the voice, in the tone, of the negro-trader. That was the only familiar thing in the chaos of incomprehensibility about her. She hobbled through the auction-room. Posters, advertisements, papers, lay on the floor, and in the torch-light glared from the wall. Her Jacob's ladder, her stepping-stone to her hopes, lay overturned in a corner.

You divine it. The negro-trader's trade was abolished, and he had vanished in the din and smoke of a war which he had not been entirely guiltless of producing, leaving little Mammy locked up behind him. Had he forgotten her? One cannot even hope so. She hobbled out into the street, leaning on her nine-year-old broomstick (she had grown only slightly beyond it; could still use it by bending over it), her head tied in a rag kerchief, a rag for a gown, a rag for an apron.

Free, she was free! But she had not hoped for freedom. The plantation, the household, the delicate ladies, the teeming children,—broomsticks they were in comparison,—that was what she had asked, what she had prayed for. God, she said, had let her drop, just as her mother had done. More than ever she grieved, as she crept down the street, that she had never mounted the auctioneer's block. An ownerless free negro! She knew no one whose duty it was to help her; no one knew her to help her. In the whole world (it was all she had asked) there was no white child to call her mammy, no white lady or gentleman (it was the extent of her dreams) beholden to her as to a nurse. And all her innumerable black beneficiaries! Even the janitor, whom she had tended as the others, had deserted her like his white prototype.

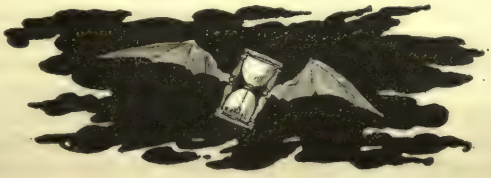
She tried to find a place for herself, but she had no indorsers, no recommenders. She dared not mention the name of the negro-trader; it banished her not only from the households of the whites, but from those of the genteel of her own color. And everywhere soldiers sentineled the streets — soldiers whose tone and accent reminded her of the negro-trader.

Her sufferings, whether imaginary or real, were sufficiently acute to drive her into the only form of escape which once had been possible to friendless negroes. She became a runaway. With a bundle tied to the end of a stick over her shoulder, just as the old prints represent it, she fled from her homelessness and loneliness, from her ignoble past, and the heart-disappointing termination of it. Following a railroad track, journeying afoot, sleeping by the roadside, she lived on until she came to the one familiar landmark in life to her — a sick woman, but a white one. And so, progressing from patient to patient (it was a time when sick white women studded the country like mile-posts), she arrived at a little town, a kind of a refuge for soldiers' wives and widows. She never traveled further. She could not. Always, as in the "pen," some emergency of pain and illness held her.

That is all. She is still there. The poor, poor women of that stricken region say that little Mammy was the only alleviation God left them after Sheridan passed through; and the richer ones say very much the same thing. But one should hear her tell it herself, as has been said, on a cold, gloomy winter day in the country, the fire glimmering on the hearth; the overworked husband in the fields; the baby quiet at last; the mother uneasy, restless, thought-driven; the soft black hand rubbing backward and forward, rubbing out aches and frets and nervousness.

The eyelids droop; the firelight plays fantasies on the bed-curtains; the ear drops words, sentences; one gets confused — one sleeps — one dreams.

Grace King.



SARAH SIDDONS.

THERE lies before me a scrap of yellowish paper, now for the first time brought to light from the family archives, in which the Queen of Tragedy has expressed her thanks for a gift of game. It was written when she was playing *Volumnia* at Covent Garden, in the last months of her married life. She was fifty-two years of age at the time, still beautiful, still the unquestioned mistress of the stage, still untroubled by "the younger generation knocking at the door," but grown too stiff and massive for any but matronly parts. Let us see how she said "Thank you" for a basket of pheasants.

Nov. 28th, 1807. WESTBOURNE FARM.

MY LORD: As even kindness itself would be irksome were one forbidden to acknowledge it, you must not blame *me*, if I am troublesome in offering you many many thanks for another Basket of Game, which (as you taught me to expect) does indeed excel the former; I really never tasted any so fine.

I have the honor to be
My Lord
Your Lordships most obligd Sevt.
S. SIDDONS.

This note is not less characteristic, in its way, than the experience of Tom Moore, who, edging near her at one of Lady Mount-Edgcumbe's suppers, in the hope of catching some poetical sentiment from those noble lips, heard her solemn, flute-like voice declare, "I do love ale dearly." It is by little signs of this trivial class that we learn to appreciate the woman as she was. They are merely the significant reverse side of that dignity of bearing which was her prime characteristic. When she was a country girl, and served Lady Mary Bertie as lady's maid, her mistress suffered from an almost irresistible tendency to rise from her chair when Sarah came to wait upon her. When she was over seventy, she froze the blood of her grandchildren by her majestic declamation of *Othello* during a storm of thunder and lightning. From the cradle to the grave hers was a serious, harmonious, imperially impressive personality.

It is thus that she appeals to our imagination. If we think of Mrs. Siddons, it is as a magnificent young empress, pale and erect on a barbaric throne, her arm slightly raised in a gesture of command, the light concentrated on her uplifted features, while the passions and the elements make obscure war in the darkness behind her chair. Every very prominent figure in intellectual history takes some conventional form in our minds, and this, we may safely say, is the type of the Siddons. Like most such types, it is probably very true and yet very imperfect. That it is superficially true, not merely of her appearance on the stage, but of her behavior off it, is proved by universal tradition. Claire Clairon, the illustrious French actress, whom she probably emulated and certainly surpassed, had started the idea that a great tragic artist should preserve in private life something of the dignity of her public parts. Such a theory could but commend itself to a Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons certainly lived up to this ideal far better than poor Clairon had done.

But it is irresistible that we should ask ourselves what lay behind this lovely marble mask, what humanity breathed within this dignified processional statue. Nothing is more difficult than to realize for ourselves the essential character of classic histrionics. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the composer, can appeal against the prejudice or the conviction of his own age to our more emancipated conception of art. We have, after a hundred years, as complete an opportunity of ascertaining what his production amounted to as his own immediate associates had. But with the actor it is not so. We are absolutely unable to see him except through eyes whose mode of vision has become obsolete. It is pathetically evasive to turn the pages of that study in which Boaden most conscientiously, most lovingly, put down day by day his impressions of Mrs. Siddons. He analyzes all her gestures, he chronicles the very directions taken by her eyes, her arms, her lips; but when we have read it all, how little remains for the imagination to build upon! We come back to our vague conception of a youthful and serious sovereign on her throne, remote, impassive, superhumanly dignified.

The biographers of Sarah Siddons have not done much to help us. Her inner life is still unwritten, and the materials for it no longer exist. It is difficult to tolerate the poet Campbell, to whom masses of her intimate correspondence were intrusted, and who, deciding that they contained little of public interest, positively lost, and too presumably destroyed, the whole of them. It is probable that he was right in finding the bulk of her buckram correspondence a formidable trial to the patience;

it must be confessed she was not a graceful letter-writer. But there can be no question that the manuscripts which Campbell disdained would have rendered it much easier for us to realize Sarah Siddons as a living woman than can ever now be done.

Even in her own day people found it difficult to distinguish what lay underneath the cold pride of her dignity. It was an accusation brought against her that she lacked "sensibility." To those who carefully study all the scattered memorials of her life which we possess, the fact that her individuality was a vivid and emphatic one will be patent. But there is no question that to those who met her occasionally she was often disappointing. The versatile Mrs. Thrale exclaimed, "Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshiping!" herself meanwhile "skipping about like a young kid, all vivacity and sprightliness." There was very little of the young kid in Mrs. Siddons. She was distinctly lacking in the lively elegancies; they were not her forte. One of the saddest remarks recorded of her is her saying that as she became more famous all her sisters loved her less, although she was forever contriving their welfare. No doubt the sensitive, proud Kemble nature pushed itself obstinately between them. It is hard to appreciate a love which is always riding the high horse, and benefits are apt to be irksome if they are invariably proffered in blank verse.

Her very eulogists seem to have conspired to misunderstand Mrs. Siddons. It has been commonly taken as an instance of her tendency to pathos, that when she stood with Miss Wilkinson gazing over a sublime landscape in North Wales, she replied to that young lady's remark, "This awful scenery makes me feel as if I were only a worm," by the response, "*I* feel very differently." It was surely impossible for Sarah Siddons, in any landscape, in any company, to feel herself a worm, and the protest seems an example, not of her dullness, but of her sincerity. At heart a very straightforward, ingenuous, simple creature, her letters and utterances give us the impression of a certain painful consciousness of disproportion between the broad folio of her own character and the complicated duodecimos which wrangled and chattered around her. Everywhere but on the stage she was bewildered by the shifting, trivial face of things. She was like a great ship of the line riding in the midst of a flotilla of yachts.

One thing about Mrs. Siddons we can pretty fairly realize — the astonishing effect which she produced upon her own contemporaries. One of the most valuable documents in our theatrical history is that copy of feverish notes scribbled down on the night of the 10th of October, 1782, by one who saw her in the part of *Isabella* on the occasion of her first performance after her return to Drury Lane. "Her lamentation has a dignity that belongs, I think, to no other woman; . . . her eye is brilliant and varying like the diamond, . . . and has every aid from brows flexible beyond all female parallel, contracting to disdain, or dilating with the emotions of sympathy, or pity, or anguish; . . . so natural are her gradations and transitions, so classical and correct her speech and deportment, and so intensely interesting her voice, form, and features, that there is no conveying an idea of the pleasure she communicates by words. She must be seen to be known." Alas! that is what no man living has done. But of the exquisite pleasure which for twenty years she succeeded in giving, there can be no question, and such pleasure no other woman has given upon the English stage.

It is idle to repeat the comparisons which her own age made between her acting and that of such predecessors as Mrs. Yates, or Mrs. Pritchard, or Mrs. Abington. All these comparisons have become merely pedantic now. What do we know about Mrs. Pritchard or Mrs. Yates? All we see with the ordinary eye is a succession of great epoch-making artists, each dominant through a generation, all of them men, with this one exception. Before Mrs. Siddons reigned David Garrick, and after her reigned Edmund Kean. With these, and with these alone, can she be measured. Any other parallel to her extraordinary genius must be sought outside the confines of her own art. She was, in a certain sense, the combination of a passing temper in the English race. As the eighteenth century approached its close, it developed a taste for a solemn magnificence. Versatility, the mere pleasure of twiddling the intellectual kaleidoscope, ceased to be the quality most fascinating to the public. The great change to romanticism was at hand. Here, there, and everywhere there were signs of a turning of the tide, little romantic ripples hissing up against the stream of conventionality. There was a sudden appetite for the gorgeous, the solemn, the mysterious.

To satisfy this new instinct, Reynolds brought his heroic painting, Burke the splendid texture of his eloquence, Johnson his sonorous periods and magnificent Roman diction. It is with these men — her seniors indeed, but her friends and colleagues — that we ought to identify Sarah Siddons. She was of their mighty line; with them, "trailing clouds of glory," did she come into our tradition. With them she represents to us whatever in English art is most studied, without formality; most imperial and laborious, without bombast or inflation. It is the avoidance of the bad qualities that impinge upon his order of talent which marks the person of

genius, and it was the thrill of passion, the gush of life, that lifted Mrs. Siddons out of the stiff Kemble pomposity. The Kemble manner was the basis of all she did, just as the amplitude of oratory which was in fashion under George III. was the groundwork of Burke's style. But what distinguished each of these great individuals was the superb evidences of personal force which their passion wrung from them; and these were all the more volcanically effective from the dignified weightiness of their typical manner. This seems, indeed, to have been the secret of the unparalleled impressiveness of Mrs. Siddons's great tragic impersonations. By means of her beauty, her intimidating dignity, and her apparently superhuman personal distinction, she reduced the audience to an awe-struck reverence, and then, by a series of exquisite intuitive actions, revealed the human weakness beneath the godlike external splendor.

Every one knows the stories of the effect she produced. Her audiences lost all command over themselves, and sobbed, moaned, and even howled with emotion. She could sometimes scarcely be heard, so loud were the lamentations of the pit. A Scotch poet described the effect at the Royalty Theater, Edinburgh, in 1784:

> From all sides of the house, hark! the cry how it swells,
> While the boxes are torn with most heart-piercing yells.

Young ladies used suddenly to shriek, going off as though they had been stuffed with detonating powder; men were carried out, gibbering, in hysterics. Fashionable doctors attended in the theater with the expectation of being amply occupied throughout the close of the performance. Mme. de Staël has given a celebrated description of Mrs. Siddons's frenzied laugh in the last act of "The Fatal Marriage," a sound which was always the signal for general swooning and moaning.

All this appears very odd to us, and may in part, no doubt, be attributed to an emotional habit of the times; but at least it was the expression of a highly intoxicating popularity, and less than justice has surely been done to the manner in which the great actress received her plaudits. Her development, it must be remembered, had been slow. When first she appeared in London, although she was by no means very young, and in spite of the help that Garrick certainly gave her, her failure was absolute. She is probably unique among great actresses —who have commonly been precocious—in the extreme lateness of her artistic maturity. It was therefore to a nature hungry with disappointment that this profuse banquet of praise was abruptly offered in 1782. The temptation to be gorged by it, to overdo the parts which so promptly excited her impressionable audiences, was therefore a peculiarly strong one. But here her inherent dignity preserved her. In the very heyday of her triumphs she issued that curious manifesto in which she claimed to know "the danger arising from extraordinary and unmerited favors," pledging herself "carefully to guard against any approach of pride, too often their attendant"; and she kept her promise. But no public favorite can escape from the Nemesis of overpopularity; and though Mrs. Siddons carried her queenship with unruffled propriety of demeanor, she too suffered in her own way. She was the victim of emotional isolation. Longing for love, for the simple conversation of her friends, for all the little ordinary comforts of an unambitious life, she found herself unfitted to enjoy them, and debarred by her greatness from sharing them. She grew more and more lonely, her language and her habits grew more and more stiffly exalted, while her thoughts and feelings remained on a much lower level. At last age and custom drove her from the only spot where she was really at home, and the Queen of Tragedy became simply a reputable middle-aged matron. Then, with all her courage, with all her sweetness, life seems to have become rather a tiresome matter. After the fiery joys of the stage, after excitements such as no other living woman had experienced, private life on a small competence was incalculably tedious. Nor had she the intellectual resources which have rather too readily been attributed to her. Divine actress as she was, Mrs. Siddons was not in any other way a woman of any remarkable power. Her verses and her sculpture are deplorable; her criticisms of the Shakspere parts in which she triumphed are so poor and unilluminated that it is a positive pity that they have been published; her descriptions of scenes and events read like deliberate burlesque. When Ireland produced his ridiculous forgery of "Vortigern," in April, 1796, nothing but illness prevented Mrs. Siddons from appearing in the part of *Edmunda*, which she relinquished with regret, and, as a letter now in the British Museum shows, with an assurance that "had she fortunately been well enough, she would have done all in her power to justify Mr. Ireland's polite sentiments on the subject." With her ears full of the great familiar music of "Macbeth" and of "Coriolanus," the balderdash of "Vortigern" seemed good enough Shakspere to her critical faculty. She was an actress, and no more. "This and nothing else I have to give you" might have been her motto as she faced the public from the footlights.

The result of all these conditions upon her mind in advancing age was a species of resentment against the very art which had exalted her so high, and had left her stranded in such a melancholy isolation. She who had enjoyed a success unparalleled in the chronicles of histrionics, she whose career had been so splendid, so prolonged, and so unblemished, she who in her retirement was still looked upon by all classes as one of the unquestioned glories of the nation, had no language strong enough with which to warn probationers away from the theater. This was her reply to a young lady who applied to her for advice on the subject:

Mrs Siddons presents her compliments to Miss A. Goldsmith, and takes the liberty to inform her that, altho she herself has enjoyd all the advantages arising from holding the first situation in the Drama, yet that those advantages have been so counterballanced [*sic*] by anxiety and mortification that she has long ago resolved never to be accessory to bringing anyone into so precarious and so arduous a profession. 13th June 1815.

If we could be transported to the pit of Drury Lane Theater as it was a hundred years ago, and could suddenly see Mrs. Siddons in all her majesty, it does not follow that we should be instantly enchanted. Quin said that she came to London to found a new religion, and that form of faith is now once more out of fashion. In other words, her acting was the sublime of a style which would probably astonish rather than at once delight us. The slow delivery, the extremely marked transitions from one mood to another, the rhythmical gradations of gesture, the oddities of pronunciation, would at first, it seems likely, puzzle a modern eye and ear. But the unrivaled beauty would be there, the sovereign grace and distinction; and in the first moment that she melted into mortal agony, our sense of the unfamiliar would vanish, and we should be utterly captivated. Those emotions which, as an eye-witness put it, she "wrote across her countenance in characters of fire," the tender wildness of her despair, the anguish with which she listened, the "insupportable pathos" of her entreaty — these are to be imagined only, for they have never since been paralleled. To Mrs. Siddons more than to any other woman in the history of tragedy it was given, in the old phrase, to purify the soul by terror and by pity.

Edmund Gosse.

SEXTAINS.

I. A CERTAIN OPTIMIST.

HE sees one half of life, and loves it so:
Yet I would rather bear my bitter pain
And win my peace with straining heart and hand;

For joy is deepest when it springs from woe,
And tears are to the soul as gentle rain
To the deep thirsting of a desert land.

II. BEAUTY.

In flowing field, or in the raucous street,
Round haunts of squalor, in some wanton spot
Where evil like a thwarting fungus grows,

I find this light which makes all darkness sweet,
This deathless dower of every human lot,
Burning like blossoms through the spectral snows.

George Edgar Montgomery.

OLD PORTSMOUTH PROFILES.

I DOUBT if any New England town ever turned out so many eccentric characters as Portsmouth. From 1640 down to about 1848 there must have been something in the air of the place that generated eccentricity. At the close of the first half of the present century the introduction of the railway between Boston and Portsmouth brought about conditions not favorable to the development of individual singularity in the hitherto sequestered little town. The spell of its seclusion was broken.

In recently turning over the pages of Mr. Brewster's entertaining collection of Portsmouth sketches,[1] I have been struck by the number and variety of the odd men and women who appear incidentally on the scene. They are, in the author's intention, secondary figures in the background of his landscape; but they stand very much in the foreground of one's memory after the book is laid aside. One finds one's self thinking quite as often of that squalid old hut-dweller up by Sagamore Creek as of General Washington, who visited the town in 1789. Conservatism and respectability have their values, certainly; but has not the unconventional its values also? If we render unto that old hut-dweller the things which are that old hut-dweller's, we must concede him his picturesqueness. He was dirty, and he was not respectable; but he is picturesque — now that he is dead.

If the reader has five or ten minutes to waste, I invite him to glance at a few old profiles of persons who, however substantial they once were, are now leading a life of mere outlines. I would like to give them a less faded expression, but the past is very chary of yielding up anything more than its shadows.

The first who presents himself is the ruminative hermit already mentioned — a species of uninspired Thoreau. His name was Benjamin Lear. So far as his craziness went, he might have been a lineal descendant of that ancient king of Britain who figures on Shakspere's page. Family dissensions made a recluse of King Lear; but in the case of Benjamin there were no mitigating circumstances. He had no family to trouble him, and his realm remained undivided. He owned an excellent farm on the south side of Sagamore Creek, a little to the west of the bridge, and might have lived at ease, if personal comfort had not been distasteful to him. Personal comfort entered into no plan of Lear's. To be alone filled the little pint-measure of his desire. He ensconced himself in a wretched shanty, and barred the door, figuratively, against all the world. Wealth — what would have been wealth to him — lay within his reach, but he thrust it aside; he disdained luxury as he disdained idleness, and made no compromise with convention. When a man cuts himself absolutely adrift from custom, what an astonishingly light spar floats him! How few his wants are, after all! Lear was of a cheerful disposition, and seems to have been wholly inoffensive — at a distance. He fabricated his own clothes, and subsisted chiefly on milk and potatoes, the product of his realm. He needed nothing but an island to be a Robinson Crusoe. At rare intervals he flitted like a frost-bitten apparition through the main street of Portsmouth, which he always designated as "the Bank," a name that had become obsolete fifty or a hundred years before. Thus, for nearly a quarter of a century, Benjamin Lear stood aloof from human intercourse. In his old age some of the neighbors offered him shelter during the tempestuous winter months; but he would have none of it — he defied wind and weather. There he lay in his dilapidated hovel in his last illness, refusing to allow any one to remain with him overnight, and the mercury four degrees below zero. Lear was born in 1720, and vegetated eighty-two years.

I take it that Timothy Winn, of whom we have only a glimpse, and would like to have more, was a person better worth knowing. His name reads like the title of some old-fashioned novel — "Timothy Winn, or the Memoirs of a Bashful Gentleman." He came to Portsmouth from Woburn at the close of the last century, and set up in the old museum-building on Mulberry street what was called "a piece goods store." He was the third Timothy in his monotonous family, and in order to differentiate himself he inscribed on the sign over his shop-door, "Timothy Winn, 3d," and was ever after called "Three-Penny Winn." That he enjoyed the pleasantry, and clung to his sign, goes to show that he was a person who would ripen on further acquaintance, were further acquaintance now practicable. His next-door neighbor, Mr. Leonard Serat, who kept a modest tailoring establishment, also tantalizes us a little with a dim intimation of originality. He plainly was without literary prejudices, for on one face of

[1] "Rambles About Portsmouth." By Charles W. Brewster, 1st and 2d Series, 1859–69.

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE HERMIT.

his swinging sign was painted the word Taylor, and on the other Tailor. This may have been a delicate concession to that part of the community — the greater part probably — which would have spelled it with a *y*.

The building in which Messrs. Winn and Serat had their shops was the property of Nicholas Rousselet, a French gentleman of Demerara, the story of whose unconventional courtship of Miss Catherine Moffatt is pretty enough to bear re-telling, and entitles him to a place in our limited collection of etchings. M. Rousselet had doubtless already made excursions into the *pays de tendre*, and given Miss Catherine previous notice of the state of his heart, but it was not until one day during the hour of service at the Episcopal church that he brought matters to a crisis by handing to Miss Moffatt a small Bible, on the fly-leaf of which he had penciled the fifth verse of the Second Epistle of John:

> And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.

This was not to be resisted, at least not by Miss Catherine, who demurely handed the volume back to him with a page turned down at the sixteenth verse in the first chapter of Ruth:

> Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

Aside from this quaint touch of romance, what attaches me to the happy pair — for the marriage was a fortunate one — is the fact that the Rousselets made their home in the old Atkinson mansion, which stood directly opposite my grandfather's house on Court street, and was torn down in my childhood, to my great consternation. The building had been unoccupied for a quarter of a century, and was fast falling into decay, with all its rich wood-carvings at cornice and lintel; but was it not full of ghosts, and if the old barracks were demolished, would not these ghosts, or some of them at least, take refuge in my grandfather's house just across the way? Where else could they bestow themselves so conveniently? While the ancient mansion was in process of destruction, I used to peep round the corner of our barn at the workmen, and watch the indignant phantoms go soaring upward in clouds of colonial dust.

A lady differing in many ways from Catherine Moffatt was the Mary Atkinson (once an inmate of this same manor-house) who fell to the lot of the Rev. William Shurtleff, pastor of the South Church between 1733 and 1747; from the worldly standpoint, a fine match for the Newcastle clergyman — beauty, of the eagle-beaked kind; wealth, her share of the family plate; high birth, a sister to the Hon.

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

M. ROUSSELET'S PROPOSAL.

Theodore Atkinson. But if the exemplary man had cast his eyes lower, peradventure he had found more happiness, though ill-bred persons without family plate are not necessarily amiable. Like Socrates, this long-suffering divine had always with him an object on which to cultivate heavenly patience, and patience, says the Eastern proverb, is the key of content. The spirit of Xantippe seems to have taken possession of Mrs. Shurtleff immediately after her marriage. The freakish disrespect with which she used her meek consort was a heavy cross to bear at a period in New England when clerical dignity was at its highest sensitive point. Her devices for torturing the poor gentleman were inexhaustible. Now she lets his Sabbath ruffs go unstarched; now she scandalizes him by some unseemly and frivolous color in her attire; now she leaves him to cook his own dinner at the kitchen coals; and now she locks him in his study, whither he has retired for a moment or two of prayer, previous to setting forth to perform the morning service. The congregation has assembled; the sexton has tolled the bell twice as long as is the custom, and is beginning a third carillon, full of wonder that his Reverence does not appear; and there sits Mistress Shurtleff in the family pew with a face as complacent as that of the cat that has eaten the canary. Presently the deacons appeal to her for information touching the good doctor. Mistress Shurtleff sweetly tells them that the good doctor was in his study when she left home. There he is found, indeed, and released from durance, begging the deacons to keep his mortification secret, to "give it an understanding, but no tongue." Such was the discipline undergone by the worthy Dr. Shurtleff on his earthly pilgrimage. A portrait of this patient man — now a saint somewhere — hangs in the rooms of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society in Boston. There he can be seen in surplice and bands, with his lamb-like, apostolic face looking down upon the heavy antiquarian labors of his busy descendants.

Whether or not a man is to be classed as eccentric who vanishes without rhyme or reason on his wedding-night is a query left to the reader's decision. We seem to have struck a matrimonial vein, and must work it out. In 1768 Mr. James McDonough was one of the wealthiest men in Portsmouth, and the fortunate suitor for the hand of a daughter of Jacob Sheafe, a town magnate. The home of the bride was decked and lighted for the nuptials, the banquet-table was spread, and the guests were gathered. The minister in his robe stood by the carven mantelpiece, book in hand, and waited. Then followed an awkward interval; there was a hitch somewhere. A strange silence fell upon the laughing groups; the air grew tense with expectation; in the pantry, Amos Boggs, the butler, in his agitation spilt a bottle of port over his new cinnamon-colored small-clothes. Then a whisper — a whisper suppressed these twenty minutes — ran through the apartments, "The bridegroom has not come!" He never came. The mystery of that night remains a mystery after the lapse of a century and a quarter.

What had become of James McDonough? The assassination of so notable a person in a community where every strange face was challenged, where every man's antecedents were known, could not have been accomplished without leaving some slight traces. Not a shadow of foul play was discovered. That McDonough had been murdered or had committed suicide were theories accepted at first by a few, and then by no one. On the other hand,—he was in love with his *fiancée*, he had wealth, power, position,— why had he fled? he was seen a moment on the public street, and then never seen again. It was as if he had turned into air. Meanwhile the bewilderment of the bride was dramatically painful. If McDonough had been waylaid and killed, she could mourn for him. If he had deserted her, she could wrap herself in her pride. But neither course lay open to her, then or afterward. In one of the "Twice-Told Tales" Hawthorne deals with a man named Wakefield who disappears with like suddenness, and lives unrecognized for twenty years in a street not far from his abandoned hearthside. Such obliteration of one's self was not possible in Portsmouth; but I never think of McDonough without recalling Wakefield.

Some time in the year 1758 there dawned upon Portsmouth a personage bearing the ponderous title of King's Attorney, and carrying much gold lace about him. This gilded gentleman was Mr. Wyseman Clagett of Bristol, England, where his father dwelt on the manor of Broad Oaks, in a mansion with twelve chimneys, and kept eight or ten servants and a coach. Up to the moment of his advent in the colonies Mr. Wyseman Clagett had evidently not been able to keep anything but himself. His wealth consisted of his personal decorations, the golden frogs on his lapels, and the tinsel at his throat; other charms he had none. Yet with these he contrived to dazzle the eyes of Lettice Mitchel, one of the young beauties of the province, and to cause her to forget that she had plighted troth with a Mr. Warner, then in Europe, and destined to return home with a disturbed heart. Mr. Clagett was a man of violent temper and ingenious vindictiveness, and proved more than a sufficient punishment for Lettice's infidelity. The trifling fact that Warner was dead — he died shortly

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

THE REV. WILLIAM SHURTLEFF AND HIS WIFE.

after his return — did not interfere with the course of Mr. Clagett's jealousy; he was haunted by the suspicion that Lettice regretted her first love, having left nothing undone to make her do so. "This is to pay Warner's debts," remarked Mr. Clagett, as he twitched off the table-cloth and wrecked the tea-things.

In his official capacity he was a relentless prosecutor. The noun Clagett speedily turned itself into a verb; "to Clagett" meant "to prosecute"; they were convertible terms. In spite of his industrious severity, and his royal emoluments, if such existed, the exchequer of the King's Attorney showed a perpetual deficit. The stratagems to which he resorted from time to time in order to raise unimportant sums remind one of certain scenes in Molière's comedies. Mr. Clagett had for his *âme damnée* a constable of the town. They were made for each other; they were two flowers with but a single stem, and this was their method of procedure: Mr. Clagett despatched one of his servants to pick a quarrel with some countryman on the street, or some sailor drinking at an inn; the constable arrested the sailor or the countryman, as the case might be, and hauled the culprit before Mr. Clagett; Mr. Clagett read the culprit a moral lesson, and fined him five dollars and costs. The plunder was then divided between the conspirators,— two hearts that beat as one,— Clagett of course getting the lion's share. Justice was never administered in a simpler manner in any country. This eminent legal light was extinguished in 1784, and the wick laid away in the little churchyard at Litchfield, New Hampshire. It is a satisfaction, even after such a lapse of time, to know that Lettice survived the King's Attorney sufficiently long to be very happy with somebody else. Lettice Mitchel was scarcely eighteen when she married Clagett.

About eighty years ago a witless fellow named Tilton seems to have been a familiar figure on the streets of the old town. Mr. Brewster speaks of him as "the well-known idiot Johnny Tilton," as if one should say, "the well-known statesman Daniel Webster." It is curious to observe how any sort of individuality gets magnified in this parochial atmosphere, where everything lacks perspective, and nothing is trivial. Johnny Tilton does not appear to have had much individuality to start with; it was only after his head was cracked that he showed any shrewdness whatever. That happened early in his unobtrusive boyhood. He had frequently watched the hens flying out of the loft window in his father's stable, which stood in the rear of the Old Bell Tavern. It occurred to Johnny, one day, that though he might not be as bright as other lads, he certainly was in no respect inferior to a hen. So he placed himself on the sill of the window in the loft, flapped his arms, and took flight. The New England Icarus alighted head downward, lay insensible for a while, and was henceforth looked upon as a mortal who had lost his wits. Yet at odd moments his cloudiness was illumed by a gleam of intelligence such as had not been detected in him previous to his mischance. As *Polonius* said of *Hamlet*,— another unstrung mortal,— Tilton's replies had "a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of." One morning he appeared at the flour-mill with a sack of corn to be ground for the almshouse, and was asked what he knew. "Some things I know," replied poor Tilton, "and some things I don't know. I know the miller's hogs grow fat, but I don't know whose corn they fat on." To borrow another word from *Polonius*, though this be madness, yet there was method in it. Tilton finally brought up in the almshouse, where he was allowed the liberty of roaming at will through the town. He loved the waterside, as if he had had all his senses. Often he was seen to stand for hours, with a sunny, torpid smile on his lips, gazing out upon the river where its azure ruffles itself into silver against the islands. He always wore stuck in his hat a few hen's feathers, perhaps with some vague idea of still associating himself with the birds of the air, if hens can come under that category.

George Jaffrey, third of the name, was a character of another complexion, a gentleman born, a graduate of Harvard in 1730, and one of his majesty's council in 1766 — a man with the blood of the lion and the unicorn in every vein. He remained to the bitter end, and beyond, a devout royalist, prizing his shoe-buckles not because they were of chased silver, but because they bore the tower mark and crown stamp. He stoutly objected to oral prayer, on the ground that it gave rogues and hypocrites an opportunity to impose on honest folk. He was punctilious in his attendance at church, and unfailing in his responses, though not of a particularly devotional temperament. On one occasion at least his sincerity is not to be questioned. He had been deeply irritated by some encroachments on the boundaries of certain estates, and had gone to church that forenoon with his mind full of the matter. When the minister in the course of reading the service came to the apostrophe, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark," Mr. Jaffrey's feelings were too many for him, and he cried out, "Amen!" in a tone of voice that brought smiles to the adjoining pews.

Mr. Jaffrey's last will and testament, in spite of the Honorable Jeremiah Mason, who drew up the paper, was a whimsical document. It had been Mr. Jaffrey's plan originally to leave his

DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

"HE LOVED THE WATERSIDE."

possessions to his beloved friend, Colonel Joshua Wentworth; but the colonel by some maladroitness managed to turn the current of Pactolus in another direction. The vast property was bequeathed to George Jaffrey Jeffries, the testator's grandnephew, on condition that the heir, then a lad of thirteen, should eliminate the name of Jeffries, reside permanently in Portsmouth, and adopt no profession excepting that of gentleman. There is an immense amount of Portsmouth, as well as of George Jaffrey, in that final clause. George the fourth handsomely complied with the requirements, and, dying at the age of sixty-six, without issue or assets, was the last of that particular line of Georges.

This modest exhibition of profiles, in which I have attempted to preserve no chronological sequence, ends with the silhouette of Dr. Joseph Moses.

If Boston in the colonial days had her Mather Byles, Portsmouth had her Dr. Joseph Moses. In their quality as humorists the outlines of both these gentlemen have become rather broken and indistinct. "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear that hears it." Decanted wit inevitably loses its bouquet. A clever repartee belongs to the precious moment in which it is broached, and is of a vintage that does not usually bear transportation. Dr. Moses,— he received his diploma not from the college of physicians, but from the circumstance of his having once drugged his private demijohn of rum, and so nailed an inquisitive negro named Sambo,— Dr. Moses, he was always called, has been handed

DRAWN BY CHARLES H. WOODBURY.

THE OLD WARNER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH.

down to us by tradition as a fellow of infinite jest and of most excellent fancy; but I must confess that I find his high spirits very much evaporated. His humor expended itself, for the greater part, in practical pleasantries,—like that practised on the minion Sambo,—but these diversions, however facetious to the parties concerned, lack magnetism for outsiders. I discover nothing about him so amusing as the fact that he lived in a tan-colored little tenement which was neither clapboarded nor shingled, and finally got an epidermis from the discarded shingles of the old South Church when the roof of that edifice was repaired. Dr. Moses, like many persons of his time and class, was a man of protean employment—joiner, barber, and what not. No doubt he had much pithy and fluent conversation, all of which escapes us. He certainly impressed the Hon. Theodore Atkinson as a person of uncommon parts, for the Hon. Secretary of the Province, like a second Harоun Al Raschid, often summoned the barber to entertain him with his company. One evening —and this is the only reproducible instance of the doctor's readiness — Mr. Atkinson regaled his guest with a diminutive glass of choice Madeira. The doctor regarded it against the light with the half-closed eye of the connoisseur, and, after sipping the molten topaz with satisfaction, inquired how old it was. "Of the vintage of about sixty years ago," was the answer. "Well," said the doctor, reflectively, "I never in my life saw so small a thing of such an age." There are other *mots* of his on record, but their faces are suspiciously familiar. In fact, all the witty things were said eons ago. If one nowadays perpetrates an original joke, one immediately afterward finds it in the Sanskrit. I am afraid that Dr. Joseph Moses has no very solid claims on us. I have given him place here because he has long had the reputation of a wit, which is almost as good as to be one.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

LIST to that bird! His song—what poet pens it?
Brigand of birds, he 's stolen every note!
Prince though of thieves—hark! how the rascal spends it!
Pours the whole forest from one tiny throat!

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

BIRD SONGS: BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. NO. III.

"SEA-BIRD AND LAND-BIRD."

(FROM A POEM BY EDITH THOMAS.)

"HEAR me, thou sea-bird, matchless in flight,
Shaping thy course o'er the surges white!
In the making of things
Strength fell to thy wings,
So that thou shouldst not falter nor tire
When beating abroad;
The breath of a god
Was breathed through thy form — an enduring fire:
To me, out of heaven,
No fire was given,
Nor strength, but only the rover's desire!"

THE INTOXICATED GHOST.

I.

IT was not her beauty which made Irene Gaspic unusual, although she was bewitchingly pretty; nor yet her wit, her cleverness, or her wealth, albeit she was well endowed with all these good gifts: other girls were pretty, and wise, and witty, and rich. It was something far more piquant and rare which marked Irene as different from her mates, the fact being that from her greataunt on the mother's side, an old lady who for nearly ninety years displayed to her fellow-mortals one of the most singular characters possible, Irene had inherited the power of seeing ghosts.

It is so generally regarded as a weakness even to believe in disembodied spirits that in justice to Irene it is only fair to remark that she believed in them only because she could not help seeing them, and that the power with which she was endowed had come to her by inheritance quite without any wish on her part. Any fair-minded person must perceive the difference between seeing ghosts because one is so foolish as to believe in them, and believing in their existence because one cannot help seeing them. It might be added, moreover, that the firmness which Miss Gaspic had displayed when visited by some of the most unpleasant wraiths in the whole category should be allowed to tell in her favor. When she was approached during a visit to Castle Doddyfoethghw—where, as every traveler in Wales is aware, is to be found the most ghostly phantom in the three kingdoms—by a gory figure literally streaming with blood, and carrying its mangled head in its hands, she merely remarked coldly: "Go away at once, please. You do not alarm me in the least; but to come into the presence of a lady in such a state of unpleasant dismemberment is in shockingly bad taste." Whereat the poor wraith fell all along the ground in astonishment and alarm, leaving a stain of blood upon the stone floor, which may be seen to this day by any one who doubts the tale enough to go to Castle Doddyfoethghw to see.

Although Irene seldom referred to her inheritance, and professed, when she did speak of it, to feel a lively indignation that her aunt Eunice Mariamne should have thrust upon her such a bequest, she was too thoroughly human and feminine wholly to lack a secret pride that she should be distinguished by a gift so unusual. She had too good taste openly to talk of it, yet she had not the firmness wholly to conceal it; and her friends were pretty generally aware of the legacy and of many circumstances resulting from its possession. Some few of her intimates, indeed, had ventured to employ her good offices in communicating with family wraiths; and although Irene was averse to anything which savored so strongly of mediumship and other vulgar trades, she could not but be pleased at the excellent results which had followed her mediations in several instances.

When, therefore, she one day received a note from her old school friend Fanny McHugh, inviting her to come down to visit her at Oldtower, with the mysterious remark, "I not only long to see you, dear, but there is something most important that you can do for me, and nobody but you," Irene at once remembered that the McHughs had a family ghost, and was convinced that she was invited, so to say, in her professional capacity.

She was, however, by no means averse to going, and that for several reasons. The McHugh estate was a beautiful old place in one of the loveliest of New England villages, where the family had been in the ascendancy since prerevolutionary days; Irene was sufficiently fond of Fanny; and she was well aware, in virtue of that intuition which enables women to know so many things, that her friend's brother, Arthur McHugh, would be at home at the time named for the visit. Irene and Lieutenant Arthur McHugh had been so much to each other at one time that they had been to the very verge of a formal engagement, when at the last moment he drew back. There was no doubt of his affection, but he was restrained from asking Irene to share his fortunes by the unpleasant though timely remembrance that he had none. The family wealth, once princely for the country and time, had dwindled until little remained save the ancestral mansion and the beautiful but unremunerative lawns surrounding it.

Of course this conduct upon the part of Lieutenant McHugh was precisely that which most surely fixed him in the heart of Irene. The lover who continues to love, but unselfishly renounces, is hardly likely to be forgotten; and it is to be presumed that it was with

more thought of the young and handsome lieutenant in flesh and blood than of the Continental major in ghostly attenuation who lurked in the haunted chamber that Miss Gaspic accepted the invitation to Oldtower.

II.

Oldtower stands in a wild and beautiful village, left on one side by modern travel, which has turned away from the turnpike of the fathers to follow the more direct route of the rail. The estate extends for some distance along the bank of the river, which so twists in its windings as almost to make the village an island, and on a knoll overlooking the stream molders the crumbling pile of stone which once was a watch-tower, and from which the place takes its name.

The house is one of the finest of old colonial mansions, and is beautifully placed upon a terrace half a dozen feet above the level of the ample lawn which surrounds it. Back of the house a trim garden with box hedges as high as the gardener's knee extends down to the river, while in front a lofty hedge shuts off the grounds from the village street. Miss Fanny, upon whom had largely devolved the care of the estate since the death of her widowed mother, had had the good sense to confine her efforts to keeping things in good order in the simplest possible way; and the result was that such defects of management as were rendered inevitable by the smallness in income presented themselves to the eye rather as evidences of mellowness than of decay, and the general effect remained most charming.

Irene had always been fond of the McHugh place, and everything was in the perfection of its June fairness when she arrived. Her meeting with Fanny was properly effusive, while Arthur gratified her feminine sense by greeting her with outward calmness while he allowed his old passion to appear in his eyes. There were, of course, innumerable questions to be asked, as is usual upon such occasions, and some of them were even of sufficient importance to require answers; so that the afternoon passed rapidly away, and Irene had no opportunity to refer to the favor to which her friend's letter had made allusion. Her suspicion that she had been summoned in her capacity of ghost-seer was confirmed by the fact that she had been put in the haunted room, a fine square chamber in the southeast wing, wainscoted to the ceiling, and one of the handsomest apartments in the house. This room had been especially decorated and fitted up for one Major Arthur McHugh, a great-greatuncle of the present McHughs, who had served with honor under Lafayette in the Revolution. The major had left behind him the reputation of great personal bravery, a portrait which showed him as extremely handsome, and the fame of having been a great lady-killer, and something of a rake withal; while he had taken out of the world with him, or at least had not left behind, the secret of what he had done with the famous McHugh diamonds. Major McHugh was his father's eldest son, and in the family the law of primogeniture was in his day pretty strictly observed, so that to him descended the estate. A disappointment in love resulted in his refusing to marry, although urged thereto by his family and much reasoned with by disinterested mothers with marriageable daughters. He bequeathed the estate to the eldest son of his younger brother, who had been named for him, and this Arthur McHugh was the grandfather of the present lieutenant.

With the estate went the famous McHugh diamonds, at that time the finest in America. The "McHugh star," a huge stone of rose cut, had once been the eye of an idol in the temple of Majarah, whence it had been stolen by the sacrilegious Rajah of Zinyt, from whose possession it passed into the hands of a Colonel McHugh at the siege of Zinyt in 1707. There was an effort made, about the middle of the eighteenth century, to add this beautiful gem to the crown jewels of France, but the McHugh then at the head of the family, the father of Major McHugh, declared that he would sooner part with wife and children than with the "McHugh star," an unchristian sentiment which speaks better for his appreciation of jewels than for his family affection.

When Major McHugh departed from this life, in 1787, the McHugh diamonds were naturally sought for by his heir, but were nowhere to be found. None of the family knew where they were usually kept—a circumstance which was really less singular than it might at first appear, since the major was never communicative, and in those days concealment was more relied upon for the safety of small valuables than the strength which the modern safe, with its misleading name, is supposed to supply. The last that was known of the gems was their being worn at a ball in 1785 by the sister-in-law of the owner, to whom they had been loaned for the occasion. Here they had attracted the greatest attention and admiration, but on their return to Major McHugh they seemed to vanish forever. Search had of course been made, and one generation after another, hearing the traditions, and believing in its own cleverness, had renewed the endeavor, but thus far the mystery had remained unsolved.

III.

It was when the girls were brushing out their hair together in that hour before retiring which is traditionally sacred to feminine confidences, that Irene asked rather abruptly:

"Well, Fanny, what is it that you want of me?"

"Want?" replied her friend, who could not possibly help being femininely evasive. "I want to see you, of course."

"Yes," the guest returned, smiling; "and that is the reason you gave me this room, which I never had before."

The hostess blushed. "It is the handsomest room in the house," she said defensively.

"And one shares it," Irene added, "with the ghost of the gallant major."

"But you know," protested Fanny, "that you do not mind ghosts in the least."

"Not so very much now that I am used to them. They are poor creatures; and it seems to me that they get feebler the more people refuse to believe in them."

"Oh, you don't suppose," cried Fanny, in the greatest anxiety, "that the major's ghost has faded away, do you? Nobody has slept here for years, so that nobody has seen it for ever so long."

"And you want me to assure it that you think it eminently respectable to have a wraith in the family, so you hope it will persevere in haunting Oldtower?"

"Oh, it is n't that at all," Fanny said, lowering her voice. "I suppose Arthur would be furious if he knew it, or that I even mentioned it, but I am sure it is more for his sake than for my own. Don't you think that it is?"

"You are simply too provoking for anything," Irene responded. "I am sure I never saw a ghost that talked so unintelligibly as you do. What in the world do you mean?"

"Why, only the other day Arthur said in joke that if somebody could only make the major's—" she looked around to indicate the word which she evidently did not care to pronounce in that chamber, and Irene nodded to signify that she understood— "if only somebody could make it tell where the McHugh diamonds are—"

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" interrupted Irene. "Well, my dear, I am willing to speak to the major, if he will give me an opportunity; but it is not likely that I can do much. He will not care for what I say."

"But appeal to his family pride," Fanny said with an earnestness that betrayed the importance of this matter to her. "Tell him how we are going to ruin for want of just the help those diamonds would give us. He ought to have some family pride left."

Miss Gaspic naturally did not wish to draw her friend into a conversation upon the financial straits of the family, and she therefore managed to turn the conversation, only repeating her promise that if the wraith of the major put in an appearance, she would do whatever lay in her power to get from him the secret which he had kept for a century. It was not long before Fanny withdrew, and, taking a book, Irene sat down to read, and await her visitor.

It was just at midnight that the major's spirit made its appearance. It was a ghost of a conventional period, and it carefully observed all the old-time conditions. Irene, who had been waiting for it, raised her eyes from the book which she had been reading, and examined it carefully. The ghost had the likeness of a handsome man of rather more than middle age and of majestic presence. The figure was dressed in Continental uniform, and in its hand carried a glass apparently full of red wine. As Irene raised her eyes, the ghost bowed gravely and courteously, and then drained the cup to its depth.

"Good evening," Miss Gaspic said politely. "Will you be seated?"

The apparition was evidently startled by this cool address, and, instead of replying, again bowed and again drained its glass, which had in some mysterious manner become refilled.

"Thank you," Irene said, in answer to his repeated salute; "please sit down. I was expecting you, and I have something to say."

The ghost of the dead-and-gone major stared more than before.

"I beg your pardon?" he responded in a thinly interrogative tone.

"Pray be seated," Irene invited him for the third time.

The ghost wavered into an old-fashioned high-backed chair, which remained distinctly visible through his form, and for a moment or two the pair eyed each other in silence. The situation seemed somehow to be a strained one even to the ghost.

"It seems to me," Irene said, breaking the silence, "that it would be hard for you to refuse the request of a lady."

"Oh, impossible," the ghost quavered, with old-time gallantry; "especially of a lovely creature like some we could mention. Anything," he added in a slightly altered tone, as if his experiences in ghostland had taught him the need of caution—"anything in reason, of course."

Irene smiled her most persuasive smile. "Do I look like one who would ask unreasonable things?" she asked.

"I am sure that nothing which you should ask could be unreasonable," the ghost replied, with so much gallantry that Irene had for a mo-

ment a confused sense of having lost her identity, because to have a ghost complimenting her gave her much the feeling of being a ghost herself.

"And certainly the McHugh diamonds can do you no good now," Miss Gaspic continued, introducing her subject with truly feminine indirectness.

"The McHugh diamonds?" echoed the ghost, stammeringly, as if the shock of the surprise, under which he grew perceptibly thinner, was almost more than his incorporeal frame could endure.

"Yes," responded Irene. "Of course I have no claim on them, but the family is in severe need, and —"

"They wish to sell my diamonds!" exclaimed the wraith, starting up in wrath. "The degenerate, unworthy —"

Words seemed to fail him, and in an agitated manner he swallowed two or three glasses of wine in quick succession.

"Why, sir," Irene asked irrelevantly, "do you seem to be always drinking wine?"

"Because," he answered sadly, "I dropped dead while I was drinking the health of Lady Betty Rafferty, and since then I have to do it whenever I am in the presence of mortals."

"But can you not stop?"

"Only when your ladyship is pleased to command me," he replied, with all his old-fashioned elaborateness of courtesy.

"And as to the diamonds," Irene said, coming back to that subject with an abruptness which seemed to be most annoying to the ghost, "of what possible use can they be to you in your present condition?"

"What use?" echoed the wraith of the major, with much fierceness. "They are my occupation. I am their guardian spirit."

"But," she urged, bringing to bear those powers of logic upon which she always had prided herself, "you drink the ghost of wine, don't you?"

"Certainly, madam," the spirit answered, evidently confused.

"Then why can you not be content with guarding the ghost of the McHugh diamonds, while you let the real, live Arthur McHugh have the real stones?"

"Why, that," the apparition returned, with true masculine perversity, "is different — quite different."

"How is it different?"

"Now I am the guardian of a genuine treasure. I am the most considerable personage in our whole circle."

"Your circle?" interrupted Irene.

"You would not understand," the shape said, "so I will, with your permission, omit the explanation. If I gave up the diamonds, I should be only a common, drinking ghost — a thing to be gossiped about and smiled at."

"You would be held in reverence as the posthumous benefactor of your family," she urged.

"I am better pleased with things as they are. I have no great faith in the rewards of the benefactors; and the people benefited would not belong to our circle, either."

"You are both selfish and cynical," Irene declared. She fell to meditating what she had better say to him, and meanwhile she noted with satisfaction that the candle was burning blue, a fact which, to her accustomed eye, indicated that the ghost was a spirit of most excellent standing in ghostly ranks.

"To suffer the disapproval of one so lovely," the remnant of the old-time gentleman rejoined, "is a misfortune so severe that I cannot forbear reminding you that you are not fully familiar with the conditions under which I exist."

In this unsatisfactory strain the conversation continued for some time longer; and when at length the ghost took its departure, and Irene retired to rest, she could not flatter herself that she had made any especial progress toward inducing the spirit to yield the secret which it had so long and so carefully guarded. The major's affections seemed to be set with deathless constancy upon the gems, and that most powerful of masculine passions, vanity, to be enlisted in their defense.

"I am afraid that it is of no use," Irene sighed to herself; "and yet, after all, he was only a man when he was alive, and he cannot be much more than that now when he is a ghost."

And greatly comforted by the reflection that whatever is masculine is to be overcome by feminine guile, she fell asleep.

IV.

On the following afternoon Irene found herself rowing on the river with the lieutenant. She had declined his invitation to come, and had immediately felt so exultant in the strength of mind which had enabled her to withstand temptation that she had followed the refusal with an acceptance.

The day was deliciously soft and balmy. A thin haze shut off the heat of the sun, while a southerly breeze found somewhere a spicy and refreshing odor, which it diffused over the water. The river moved tranquilly, and any one capable of being sentimental might well find it hard to resist the influences of the afternoon.

The lieutenant was as ardently in love as it is possible for a man to be who is at once a soldier and handsome, and indeed more than would have been expected from a man who combined these two things. The fact that Irene had a great deal of money, while he had none,

gave to his passion a hopelessness from his point of view which much increased its fervor. He gazed at his companion with his great dark eyes as she sat in the stern, his heavy eyebrows and well-developed mustache preventing him from looking as silly as might otherwise have been the case. Miss Gaspic was by no means insensible to the spell of the time and of the companionship in which she found herself, but she was determined above all things to be discreet.

"Arthur," she said, by way of keeping the talk in safe channels and also of finding out what she wanted to know, "was search ever made for the McHugh diamonds?"

"Search!" he repeated. "Everything short of pulling the house down has been tried. Everybody in the family from the time they were lost has had a hand at it."

"I do not see —" began Irene, when he interrupted brusquely.

"No," he said; "nobody sees. The solution of the riddle is probably so simple that nobody will think of it. It will be hit upon by accident some day. But, for the sake of goodness, let us talk of something else. I always lose my temper when the McHugh diamonds are mentioned."

He relieved his impatience by a fierce spurt at the oars, which sent the boat spinning through the water; then he shook himself as if to shake off unpleasant thoughts, and once more allowed the current to take them along. Irene looked at him with wistful eyes. She would have been so glad to give him all her money if he would have it.

"You told me," she said at length, with a faint air of self-consciousness, "that you wanted to say something to me."

The young lieutenant flushed, and looked between the trunks of the old trees on the river-bank into the far distance. "I have," he responded. "It is a piece of impertinence, because I have no right to say it to you."

"You may say anything you wish to say," Irene answered, while a vague apprehension took possession of her mind at something in his tone. "Surely we have known each other long enough for that."

"Well," the other blurted out with an abruptness that showed the effort that it cost him, "you should be married, Irene."

Irene felt like bursting into tears, but with truly feminine fortitude she managed to smile instead.

"Am I getting so woefully old and faded, then, Arthur?" she asked.

His look of reproachful denial was sufficiently eloquent to need no added word. "Of course not," he said; "but you should not be going on toward the time when —"

"When I shall be," she concluded his sentence as he hesitated. "Then, Arthur, why don't you ask me to marry you?"

The blood rushed into his face and ebbed away, leaving him as pale as so sun-browned a fellow could well be. He set his teeth together over a word which was strangled in its utterance, and Irene saw with secret admiration the mighty grasp of his hands upon the oars. She could be proud of his self-control so long as she was satisfied of the intensity of his feelings, and she was almost as keenly thrilled by the adoring, appealing look in his brown eyes as she would have been by a caress.

"Because," he said, "the McHughs have never yet been set down as fortune-hunters, and I do not care to be the one to bring that reproach upon the family."

"What a vilely selfish way of looking at it!" she cried.

"Very likely it seems so to a woman."

Irene flushed in her turn, and for fully two minutes there was no sound save that of the water lapping softly against the boat. Then Miss Gaspic spoke again.

"It is possible," she said in a tone so cold that the poor lieutenant dared not answer her, "that the fact that you are a man prevents you from understanding how a woman feels who has thrown herself at a man's head, as I have done, and been rejected. Take me back to the shore."

And he had not a word to answer.

V.

To have proposed to a man, and been refused, is not a soothing experience for any woman; and although the ground upon which Arthur had based his rejection was one which Irene had before known to be the obstacle between them, the refusal remained a stubborn fact to rankle in her mind. All the evening she nursed her wounded feelings, and by the time midnight brought her once more face to face with the ghost of the major, her temper was in a state which nothing save the desire to shield a lady could induce one to call by even so mild a word as uncertain.

The spirit appeared as usual, saluting, and tossing off bumpers from its shadowy wine-glass, and it had swallowed at least a dozen cups before Miss Gaspic condescended to indicate that she was aware of its presence.

"Why do you stand there drinking in that idiotic fashion?" she demanded with more asperity than politeness. "Once is quite enough for that sort of thing."

"But I cannot speak until I have been spoken to," the ghost responded apologetically, "and I have to continue drinking until I have been requested to do something else."

"Drink, then, by all means," Irene replied

coldly, turning to pick up a book. "I only hope that so much wine will not go to your head."

"But it is sure to," the ghost said in piteous tones; "and in all my existence, even when I was only a man, I have never been overcome with wine in the presence of a lady."

He continued to swallow the wraith of red wine while he spoke, and Irene regarded him curiously.

"An inebriated ghost," she observed dispassionately, "is something which it is so seldom given to mortal to see that it would be the greatest of folly to neglect this opportunity of getting sight of that phenomenon."

"Please tell me to go away, or to sit down, or to do something," the quondam major pleaded.

"Then tell me where the McHugh diamonds are," she said.

A look of desperate obstinacy came into the ghost's face, through which could unpleasantly be seen the brass knobs of a tall secretary on the opposite side of the room. For some moments the pair confronted each other in silence, although the apparition continued its drinking. Irene watched the figure with unrelenting countenance, and at length made the curious discovery that it was standing upon tiptoe. In a moment more she saw that it was really rising, and that its feet from time to time left the carpet entirely. Her first thought was a fear that it was about to float away and escape, but upon looking closer she came to the conclusion that it was endeavoring to resist the tendency to rise into the air. Watching more sharply, she perceived that while with its right hand it raised its inexhaustible wine-cup, with its left it clung to the back of a chair in an evident endeavor to keep itself down.

"You seem to be standing on tiptoe," she observed. "Were you looking for anything?"

"No," the wraith responded in evident confusion; "that is merely the levitation consequent upon this constant imbibing."

Irene laughed contemptuously. "Do you mean," she demanded unfeelingly, "that the sign of intoxication in a ghost is a tendency to rise into the air?"

"It is considered more polite in our circle to use the term employed by the occultists," the apparition answered somewhat sulkily. "We speak of it as 'levitation.'"

"But I do not belong to your circle," Irene returned cheerfully, "and I am not in sympathy with the occultists. Does it not occur to you," she went on, "that it is worth while to take into consideration the fact that in these progressive times you do not occupy the same place in popular or even scientific estimation which was yours formerly? You are now merely a hallucination, you know, and there is no reason that I should regard you with anything but contempt, as a mere symptom of indigestion or of mental fatigue."

"But you can see that I am not a hallucination, can you not?" quavered the poor ghost of the major, evidently becoming dreadfully discouraged.

"Oh, that is simply a delusion of the senses," Irene made answer in a matter-of-fact way, which, even while she spoke, she felt to be basely cruel. "Any physician would tell me so, and would write out a prescription for me to prevent my seeing you again."

"But he could n't," the ghost said with pathetic feebleness.

"You do not know the physicians of to-day," she replied, with a smile. "But to drop that, what I wished to say was this: does it not seem to you that this is a good opportunity to prove your reality by showing me the hiding-place of the diamonds? I give you my word that I will report the case to the Psychical Society, and you will then go on record and have a permanent reputation, which the incredulity of the age cannot destroy."

The ghost was by this time in a state of intoxication which evidently made it a thing of the utmost difficulty to keep from sailing to the ceiling. He clung to the back of a chair with a desperate clutch, while his feet paddled hopelessly and helplessly in the air, in vain attempts once more to get into touch with the floor.

"But the Psychical Society is not recognized in my circle," he still objected.

"Very well," Irene exclaimed in exasperation; "do as you like! But what will be the effect upon your reputation if you go floating helplessly back to your circle in your present condition? Is levitation in the presence of ladies considered respectable in this society of whose opinion you think so much?"

"Oh, to think of it!" the spirit of the bygone major wailed with a sudden shrillness of woe which made even Miss Gaspic's blood run cold. "Oh, the disgrace of it! I will do anything you ask."

Irene sprang to her feet in sudden excitement.

"Will you show me—" she began; but the wavering voice of the ghost interrupted her.

"You must lead me," it said. "Give me your hand. I shall float up to the ceiling if I let go my hold upon this chair."

"Your hand — that is, I — I don't like the feeling of ghosts," Irene replied. "Here, take hold of this."

She picked up a pearl paper-knife and extended it toward the spirit. The ghost grasped it, and in this manner was led down the chamber, floating and struggling upward like a bird.

Irene was surprised at the amount of force with which it pulled at the paper-knife, but she reflected that it had really swallowed an enormous quantity of its ghostly stimulant. She followed the directions of the waving hand that held the wine-glass, and in this way they came to a corner of the room where the spirit made signs that it wished to get nearer the floor. Irene pulled the figure downward, until it crouched in the corner. It laid one transparent hand upon a certain panel in the wainscoting.

"Search here," it said.

In the excitement of the moment Irene relaxed her hold upon the paper-knife. Instantly the ghost floated upward like a balloon released from its moorings, while the paper-knife dropped through its incorporeal form to the floor.

"Good-by," Irene cried after it. "Thank you so much!"

And like a blurred and dissolving cloud above her head the intoxicated ghost faded into nothingness.

VI.

It was hardly to be expected that Irene, flushed with the proud delight of having triumphed over the obstinate ghost of the major, could keep her discovery to herself for so long a time as until daylight. It was already near one in the morning, but on going to her window, and looking across to the wing of the house where the lieutenant's rooms were, she saw that his light was still burning. With a secret feeling that he was probably reflecting upon the events of the afternoon, Irene sped along the passage to the door of Fanny's chamber, whom she awakened, and despatched to bring Arthur.

Fanny's characteristically feminine manner of calling her brother was to dash into his room, crying:

"O Arthur, Irene has found the McHugh diamonds!"

She was too incoherent to reply to his questions, so that there was manifestly nothing for him to do but to follow to the place where Irene was awaiting them. There the young couple were deserted by Fanny, who impulsively ran on before to the haunted chamber, leaving them to follow. As they walked along the corridor, the lieutenant, who perhaps felt that it was well not to provoke a discussion which might call up too vividly in Irene's mind the humiliation of the afternoon, clasped her quite without warning, and drew her to his side.

"Now I can ask you to marry me," he said; "and I love you, Irene, with my whole heart."

Her first movement was an instinctive struggle to free herself; but the persuasion of his embrace was too sweet to be resisted, and she only protested by saying, "Your love seems to depend very much upon those detestable old diamonds."

"Of course," he answered. "Without them I am too poor to have any right to think of you."

"Oh," she cried out in sudden terror, "suppose that they are not there!"

The young man loosened his embrace in astonishment.

"Not there!" he repeated. "Fanny said that you had found them."

"Not yet; only the ghost —"

"The ghost!" he echoed, in tones of mingled disappointment and chagrin. "Is that all there is to it?"

Irene felt that her golden love-dream was rudely shattered. She was aware that the lieutenant did not even believe in the existence of the wraith of the major, and although she had been conversing with the spirit for so long a time that very night, so great was the influence of her lover over her mind that she began at this moment to doubt the reality of the apparition herself.

With pale face and sinking heart she led the way into her chamber, and to the corner where the paper-knife yet lay upon the floor in testimony of the actuality of her interview with the ghost. Under her directions the panel was removed from the wainscot, a labor which was not effected without a good deal of difficulty. Arthur sneered at the whole thing, but he yet was good-natured enough to do what the girls asked of him.

Only the dust of centuries rewarded their search. When it was fully established that there were no jewel-cases there, poor Irene broke down entirely, and burst into convulsive weeping.

"There, there," Arthur said soothingly. "Don't feel like that. We've got on without the diamonds thus far, and we can still."

"It is n't the diamonds that I 'm crying for," sobbed Irene, with all the naïveté of a child that has lost its pet toy. "It 's you!"

There was no withstanding this appeal. Arthur took her into his arms and comforted her, while Fanny discreetly looked the other way; and so the engagement was allowed to stand, although the McHugh diamonds had not been found.

VII.

But the next night Irene faced the ghost with an expression of contempt that might have withered the spirit of Hamlet's sire.

"So you think it proper to deceive a lady?" she inquired scornfully. "Is that the way in

which the gentlemen of the old school, of which we hear so much, behaved?"

"Why, you should reflect," the wraith responded waveringly, "that you had made me intoxicated." And, indeed, the poor spirit still showed the effects of its debauch.

"You cannot have been very thoroughly intoxicated," Irene returned, "or you would not have been able to deceive me."

"But you see," it answered, "that I drank only the ghost of wine, so that I really had only the ghost of inebriation."

"But being a ghost yourself," was her reply, "that should have been enough to intoxicate you completely."

"I never argue with a lady," said the ghost, loftily, the subject evidently being too complicated for him to follow further. "At least I managed to put you as far as possible on the wrong scent."

As he spoke he gave the least possible turn of his eye toward the corner of the room diagonally opposite to that where he had disappeared on the previous night.

"Ah!" cried Irene, with sudden illumination.

She sprang up, and began to move from its place in the corner an old secretary which stood there. The thing was very heavy, but she did not call for help. She strained and tugged, the ghost showing evident signs of perturbation, until she had thrust the secretary aside, and then with her lamp beside her she sat down upon the floor and began to examine the wainscoting.

"Come away, please," the ghost said piteously. "I hate to see you there on the floor. Come and sit by the fire."

"Thank you," she returned. "I am very comfortable where I am."

She felt of the panels, she poked and pried, and for more than an hour she worked, while the ghost stood over her, begging that she go away. It was just as she was on the point of giving up that her fingers, rubbing up and down, started a morsel of dust from a tiny hole in the edge of a panel. She seized a hairpin from amid her locks, and thrust the point into the little opening. The panel started, moved slowly on a concealed hinge, and opened enough for her to insert her fingers and to push it back. A sort of closet lay revealed, and in it was a pile of cases, dusty, moth-eaten, and time-stained. She seized the first that came to hand, and opened it. There upon its bed of faded velvet blazed the "McHugh star," superb in its beauty and a fortune in itself.

"Oh, my diamonds!" shrilled the ghost of Major McHugh. "Oh, what will our circle say!"

"They will have the right to say that you were rude to a lady," Irene answered with gratuitous severity. "You have wasted your opportunity of being put on record."

"Now I am only a drinking ghost!" the wraith wailed, and faded away upon the air.

Thus it came about that on her wedding-day Irene wore the "McHugh star"; and yet such is human perversity, that she has not only been convinced by her husband that ghosts do not exist, but she has lost completely the power of seeing them, although that singular and valuable gift had come to her, as has been said, by inheritance from a greataunt on her mother's side of the family.

Arlo Bates.

MOONRISE FROM THE CLIFF.

RARE nights have been, but never night like this!
Never so softly breathed the ebbing gale
Where, in locked slumber, rolls the intervale
Under the brown edge of the precipice!
Oh, softly, from the purple hushed abyss
With all its heavenly legions streaming pale,
The moon, bright-orbed behind her crystal veil,
Melts to this rude world in a stainless kiss!
Such is the hour when skyey forces hover;
The prisoned spirit leaps to burst its bars,
Earth's dullest mortal thrilling like a lover—
Poor shepherd dazed beneath that gulf of stars!—
Till time and sense and rock and sand and sea
Fade in the white glare of immensity.

Dora Read Goodale.

THE AUTHOR OF "GULLIVER."

FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF ORIGINAL MARBLE BUST OF SWIFT BY ROUBILLIAC (1695-1762), NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

THERE are few figures in history, and still fewer in literature, which have occupied so great a place in the world's attention, or which retain so strong a hold upon its interest, as that of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. It is considerably more than a century since he died, old and mad and miserable, a man who had never been satisfied with life, or felt his fate equal to his deserts, who disowned and hated, even when he served, the country of his birth, and with fierce and bitter passion denounced human nature itself, and left a sting in almost every individual whom he loved.

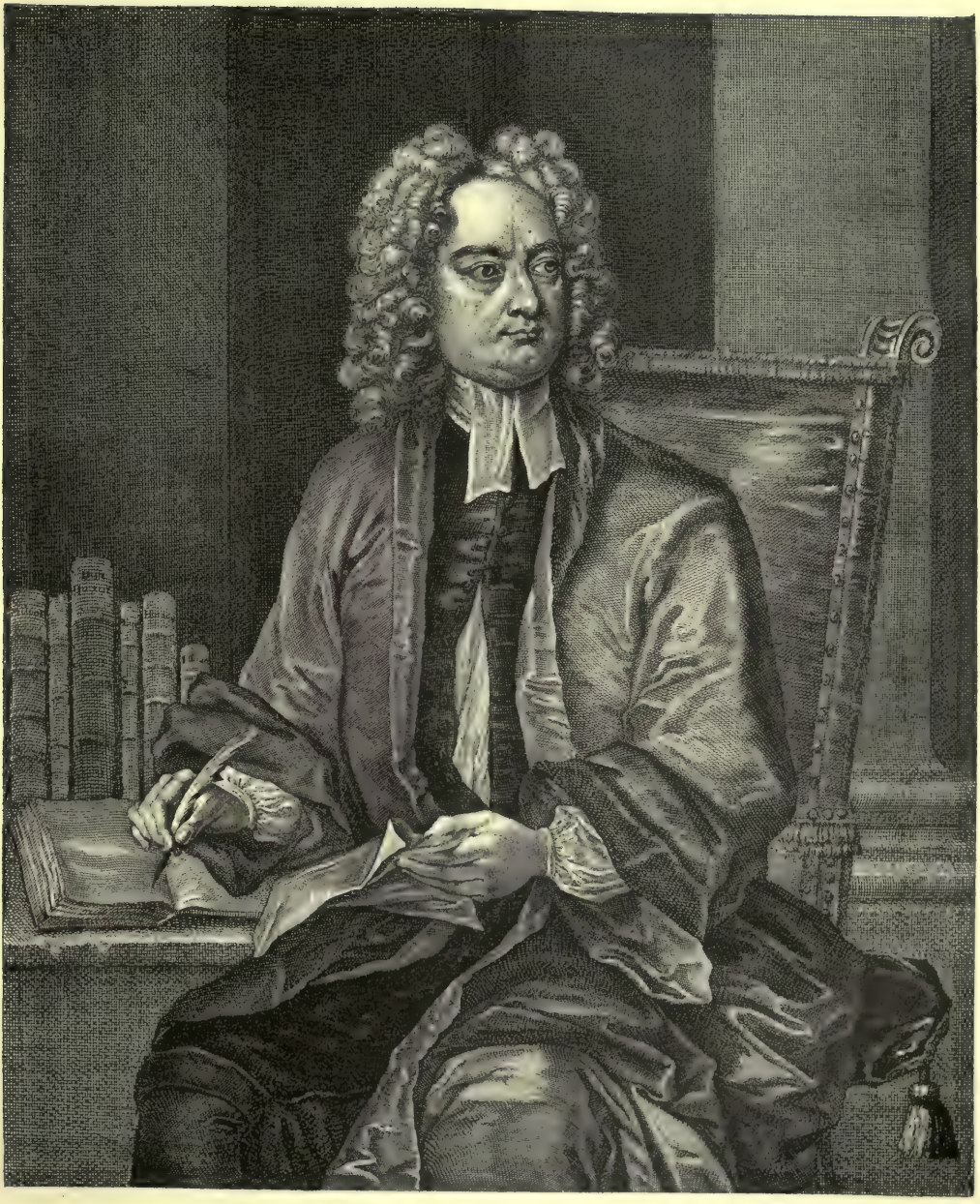
Yet among the many strange examples of that far more than republican power (not always most evident in republics) by which a man of native force and genius, however humble, finds his way to the head of affairs, and impresses his individuality upon his age, when thousands born to better fortunes are swept away as nobodies, Swift is one of the most remarkable. His origin, though noted by himself, not without a certain pride, as from a family of gentry not unknown in their district, was in his own person almost as lowly and poor as it was possible to be. The posthumous son of a poor official in the Dublin law-courts, owing his education to the kindness, or perhaps less the kindness than the family pride, of an uncle, Swift entered the world as a hanger-on, waiting what fortune and a patron might do for him, a position scarcely comprehensible to young Englishmen nowadays, though then the natural method of advancement. Such a young man in the present day would betake himself to his books, with the practical aim of an examination before him, and the hope of immediate admission through that gate to the public service and all its chances; but Swift's age had not learned the habit of utilizing education, and he

was one of the idle youths of fame. "He was stopped of his degree," he himself writes in his autobiographical notes, "for dullness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*." Recent biographers have striven to prove that this really meant nothing to Swift's discredit, but it is to be supposed that in such a matter he is himself the best authority.

The life of the household of dependents at Moor Park, where young Swift attended Sir William Temple's pleasure in the library, while the Johnsons and Dingleys, the waiting gentlewomen of a system which now lingers only in courts, hung about my lady, is to us extremely difficult to realize, and still more to understand. This little cluster of secondary personages, scarcely at all elevated above the servants, with whom they sometimes sat at table, and whose offices they were always liable to be called on to perform, yet who were all conscious of gentle blood in their veins, and a relationship more or less distinct with the heads of the house, is indeed one of the most curious lingerings of the past in the eighteenth century. When we read in one of Macaulay's brilliant sketches, or in Swift's own words, or in the indications given by both history and fiction, that the parson,—chaplain perhaps at the great house,—the humble priest of the parish, found his natural mate in the waiting-maid, it is generally forgotten that the waiting-maid was then in most cases quite as good as the parson, a gently bred and well-descended woman, like her whom an unkind but not ignoble fate made into the "Stella" we all know, the mild and modest star of Swift's existence. That a poor widow with her child, like Stella's mother, should find refuge in the house of her wealthy kinswoman at no heavier cost than that of attending to Lady Temple's linen and laces, and should secure thus such a training for her little girl as might indeed have ended in the rude household of a Parson Trulliber, but at the same time might fit her to take her place in a witty and brilliant society, and to enter into all the thoughts of the most brilliant genius of his time, was no ill fate; nor is there anything that is less than noble and befitting (in theory) in the association of that young man of genius, whatsoever exercises of patience he might be put to, with the highly cultured man of the world, the councilor of kings and an ex-ambassador, under whose auspices he could learn to understand both books and men, and see the best company of his time, and acquire at second hand all the fruits of a ripe experience. So that, perhaps, there is something to be said after all for the curious little community at Moor Park, where the young Irish secretary, looking but uneasily upon a world in which his future fate was so unassured, had yet the wonderful chance once, if no more, of explaining English institutions to King William, and in his leisure the amusement of teaching little Hester how to write, and learning from her baby prattle — which must have been the delight of the house, kept up and encouraged by her elders — that "little language" which had become a sort of synonym for the most intimate and endearing utterances of tenderness.

Jonathan Swift left Ireland, along with many more, in the commotion that succeeded the Revolution of 1688, a very poor and homely lad, with nothing but the learning, such as it was, picked up in a somewhat disorderly university career. Through his mother, then living at Leicester, and on the score of humble relationship between her and Lady Temple, he was introduced to Sir William Temple's household, but scarcely, it would appear at first, to any permanent position there. He was engaged, an unfriendly writer says, "at the rate of £20 a year" as amanuensis and reader, but "Sir William never favoured him with his conversation nor allowed him to sit at table with him." Temple's own account of the position, however, contains nothing at all derogatory to the young man, for whom, about a year after, he endeavored, no doubt in accordance with Swift's own wishes, to find a situation with Sir Robert Southwell, then going to Ireland as Secretary of State. Sir William describes Swift as "of good family in Herefordshire." "He has lived in my house, read to me, writ for me, and kept all my accounts as far as my small occasions required. He has Latin and Greek, some French, writes a very good current hand, is very honest and diligent, and has good friends, though they have for the present lost their fortunes," the great man says; and he recommends the youth "either as a gentleman to wait on you, or a clerk to write under you, or upon any establishment of the college to recommend him to a fellowship there, which he has a just pretence to."

His absence from the Temple household, however, was of very short duration, Sir Robert Southwell apparently having had no use for his services, or no means of preferring him to a fellowship, and he returned to Moor Park in 1690, where he remained for four years. It is quite clear, whatever his vicissitudes of feeling might have been, that he identified himself entirely with his patron's opinions and even with his prejudices, and was a loyal and devoted retainer both then and afterward. When Sir William became involved in a literary quarrel with the great scholar Bentley, young Swift rushed into the field with a *jeu d'esprit* which has out-



FROM COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY PIERRE FOURDRINIER AFTER A PAINTING BY CHARLES JERVAS.

DEAN SWIFT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HERBERT WOODBURY. ENGRAVED BY R. VARLEY.

MOOR PARK, RESIDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE AND OF SWIFT.

lived all other records of the controversy. The "Battle of the Books" could hardly have been written in aid of a hard or contemptuous master. Years after, when he had a house of his own and had entered upon his independent career, he turned his little rectory garden into a humble imitation of the Dutch paradise which Temple had made to bloom in the wilds of Surrey, with a canal and a willow walk like those which were so dear to King William and his courtiers. And when Temple died, it was to Swift, and not to any of his nephews, that Sir William committed the charge of his papers and literary remains. He was sent to King William, when Temple was unable to wait upon his Majesty, to explain to him the expediency of certain parliamentary measures, and this was no doubt intended by his patron as a means of bringing him under the king's notice. William would seem to have taken a kind of vague interest in the secretary, which he expressed in an odd way by offering him a captain's commission in a cavalry regiment,—a proposal which did not tempt Swift,—and by teaching him how to cut asparagus "in the Dutch way," and to eat up all the stalks, as the Dean afterward, in humorous revenge, made an unlucky visitor of his own do. But William, notwithstanding these whimsical evidences of favor, neither listened to the young secretary's argument nor gave him a prebend, as had been hoped.

Four years, however, is a long time for an ambitious young man to spend in dependence, watching one hope die out after another, and Swift's impatience began to be irrestrainable, and to trouble the peace of his patron's learned leisure. Although destined from the first to the church, and for some time waiting in tremulous expectation of ecclesiastical preferment, Swift had not yet taken orders. The explanation he gives of how and why he finally determined on doing so is characteristic. His dissatisfaction and restlessness, probably his complaints, moved Sir William — though evidently deeply offended that his secretary should wish to leave him — to offer to him an employ of about £120 a year in the Rolls Office in Ireland, of which Temple held the sinecure office of master. "Whereupon [says Swift's own narrative] Mr. Swift told him that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland and take Holy Orders." This arbitrary decision to balk his patron's tardy bounty, and to take his own way in spite of him, was probably as much owing to a characteristic blaze of temper as

SERVARE MODUM FINEMQUE TUERI NATURAMQUE SEQUI
Dominus Gulielmus Temple
Eques Baronettus Ser.mi et Pot. Magnæ Britanniæ Regis ad Ord.s Fœd.
Belgii Legatus Extr.s et apud Tractatus pacis tam Aquisgrani quam
Neomagi Legatus Mediat.s Eiusdem Ser.mi Regis a Secretioribus Consilus
P. Lely Pinx.
R. A. Muller Scalp.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AFTER A PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER. FROM COPY OF THE ORIGINAL BY HENRY MACMANUS, R. H. A., NOW IN POSSESSION OF PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

HESTER JOHNSON, SWIFT'S "STELLA," PAINTED FROM LIFE BY MRS. DELANY, ON THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE AT DELVILLE, AND ACCIDENTALLY DESTROYED.

to the somewhat fantastic disinterestedness here put forward, though Swift was never a man greedy of money or disposed to sacrifice his pride to the acquisition of gain, notwithstanding certain habits of miserliness afterward developed in his character. Sir William was "extremely angry"—hurt, no doubt, as many a patron has been, by the ingratitude of the dependent who would not trust everything to him, but claimed some free will in the disposition of his own life. Had they been uncle and nephew, or even father and son, the same thing might easily have happened. Swift set out for Dublin full of indignation and excitement, "everybody judging I did best to leave him"; but, alas! in this, as in so many cases, pride was doomed to a speedy downfall.

On reaching Dublin, and taking the necessary steps for his ordination, Swift found that it was needful for him to have a recommendation and certificate from the patron in whose house so many years of his life had been spent. No doubt it must have been a somewhat bitter necessity to bow his head before the protector whom he had left in anger and to ask for this. Sir William, however, it would seem, behaved as a philosopher and a gentleman should, and gave the required recommendation with magnanimity and kindness. Thus the young man had his way.

Swift got a small benefice in the north of Ireland, the little country parish of Kilroot, in which doubtless he expected that the sense of independence would make up to him for other deprivations. It was near Belfast, among those hard-headed Scotch colonists whom he could never endure; and probably this had something to do with the speedy revulsion of his mind. He remained there only a year; and it is perhaps the best proof we could have of his sense of isolation and banishment that this was the only time in his life in which he thought of marriage. There is in existence a fervent and impassioned letter addressed to the object of his affections, a Miss Waring, whom, after the fashion of the time, he called "Varina." He does not seem in this case to have had the usual good fortune that attended his relationships with women. Miss Waring did not respond with the same warmth; indeed, was discouraging and coldly prudent. He was still pleading for a favorable answer when there arrived a letter from Moor Park inviting his return, Sir William's pride, too, having apparently broken down under the blank made by Swift's departure.

Hester Johnson was a child of seven when young Swift, "the humble student," went first to Moor Park. She was only fifteen when he returned, no longer as a sort of educated man of all work, but on the entreaty of the patron who had felt the want of his company so much as to forget all grievances. He was not now a humble student, Temple's satellite and servant, but his friend and coadjutor, fully versed in all his secrets, and most likely already chosen as the guardian of his fame, and the executor of his purposes and wishes; therefore it is not possible that Macaulay's reckless picturesque description could apply to either time. Such an easy picture, however, has more effect upon the general imagination than the outcries of all the biographers, and the many researches made to show that Swift was not a sort of literary lackey, nor Stella an Abigail, but that he had learned to prize the advantages of his home there during his absence from it, and that, during the latter part of his life at Moor Park at least, his position was as good as that of a dependent can ever be.

Sir William Temple died, as Swift records affectionately, on the morning of January 27, 1699, "and with him all that was good and amiable among men." He died, however, leaving the young man who had spent so many years of his life under his wing scarcely better for that long subjection. Swift had a legacy of £100 for his trouble in editing his patron's memoirs, and he got the profits of those memoirs, amounting, Mr. Forster calculates, to no less than £600, no inconsiderable present; but no one of the many appointments which

were then open to the retainers of the great, and especially to a young man of letters, had come in Swift's way.

The great household, with its easy and uneasy jumble of patrons and dependents, fell asunder and ceased to be. The younger members of the family were jealous of the last bequest, which put the fame of their distinguished relative into the hands of a stranger, and did their best to set Swift down in his proper place, and to proclaim how much he was the creature of their uncle's bounty. In the breaking up which followed there were many curious partings and conjunctions. Why Hester Johnson, to whom Sir William had bequeathed a little

DRAWN BY CHARLES HERBERT WOODBURY. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

STELLA'S COTTAGE, ON THE BOUNDARY OF THE MOOR PARK ESTATE.

independence, should have left her mother's care and joined her fortunes to those of Mrs. Dingley instead, remains unexplained, unless, indeed, it was Mrs. Johnson's second marriage which was the cause, or perhaps some vexation on the part of Lady Giffard — with whom the girl's mother remained, notwithstanding her marriage — at the liberality of her brother to the child brought up in his house.

Swift was thirty-one, too old to be beginning his career, yet young enough to turn with eager zest to the unknown, when this catastrophe occurred. Sir William Temple's secretary and literary executor must have known, one would suppose, many people who could have helped him to promotion, but it would seem as if a kind of irresistible fate impelled him back to his native country, though he did not love it, and forced him to be an Irishman in spite of himself. The only post that came in his way was a chaplaincy, conjoined with a secretaryship, in the suite of the Earl of Berkeley, newly appointed one of the Lords Justices in Ireland, and just then entering upon his duties. Swift accepted the position in hopes that he would be continued as Lord Berkeley's secretary, and possibly go with him afterward to more stirring scenes and a larger life, but this expectation was not carried out. Neither was his application for the Deanery of Derry, which seems at the moment a somewhat bold one, successful, and all the preferment he succeeded in getting was another Irish living, with a better stipend and in a more favorable position than Kilroot — the parish of Laracor, within twenty miles of Dublin, which, conjoined with a prebend in St. Patrick's, and other small additions, brought him in £200 a year — a small promotion, indeed, yet not a bad income for the place and time. He was naturally, as Lord Berkeley's chaplain, in the midst of the finest company that Ireland could boast, one of a court more extended than Sir William Temple's, yet of a similar description, and affording greater scope for his hitherto undeveloped social qualities.

His stay in Ireland at this period lasted about two years, during which he paid repeated visits to his living at Laracor, and also made trial of existence there. The parsonage was in a ruinous condition, the church a miserable barn, the congregation numbered about twenty persons. Many are the tales of the new parson's arrival there, like a thunder-storm, frighten-

FROM AN UNFINISHED ENGRAVING, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ATTRIBUTED TO DAVID LOGGAN.

GEORGE, EARL OF BERKELEY.

ing the humble curate and his wife with the arrogant roughness of manner which they, like many others, found afterward covered a great deal of genuine practical kindness. One well-known anecdote, which describes him as finding his congregation to consist only of his clerk and beginning the service gravely with "Dearly beloved Roger," has found a permanent place among ecclesiastical pleasantries. In all probability it is true; but if not so, it is at least so *ben trovato* as to be as good as true. There were few claims upon the energies of such a man in such a sphere, and when Lord Berkeley was recalled to England his chaplain went with him. But neither did he find any promotion in London. Up to this time his only literary work had been that wonderful "Battle of the Books," which had burst like a bombshell into the midst of the squabble of the *literati*, but which had only as yet been handed about in manuscript, and was therefore known to few. No doubt it was known to various wits and scholars that Sir William Temple's late secretary and literary executor was a young man of uncommon promise, but statesmen in general, and the king in particular, sick and worn out with many preoccupations, had no leisure for the claims of the Irish parson.

The interest of this visit to England was, however, as great, and told for as much in his life, as if it had brought him a bishopric. It determined that long connection and close intercourse in which Swift's inner history is involved. After he had paid in vain his court to the king, and made various ineffectual attempts to recommend himself in high quarters, he went on a visit to Farnham, where Hester Johnson and Mrs. Dingley had settled after Sir William's

death. Swift found the two women quite undetermined what to do, in an uncomfortable lodging, harassed for money, and without any object in their lives. They had lived together for years, and knew everything about each other; Hester had grown up from childhood under Swift's eye, his pupil, his favorite, his playfellow. She had now, it is true, arrived at an age when other sentiments are supposed to come in. She must have been about twenty, while he was thirty-four. There was no reason in the world why they should not have married then and there, had they so wished. But there seems no appearance or thought of any such desire, and the question was what the ladies should do for the arrangement of their affairs and pleasant occupation of their lives. Farnham being untenable, where should they go? Why not to Ireland, where Hester's property was, where they would be near to their friend, who could help them into society, and give them his own companionship as often as he happened to be there?

This was, then, the time which decided what is called the "sad and mysterious history" of Swift and Stella, a story so strangely told, so obstinately insisted upon as miserable, unnatural, and tragical, that the reader or writer of to-day has scarcely the power of forming an impartial judgment upon it. We have not a word from the woman's side of the question, though she is supposed to have passed a melancholy existence of unsatisfied longings and disappointed love by Swift's side, the victim of his capricious affections, neglect, cruelty, and fondness. That she should have wished to marry him, that the love was impassioned on her side, and that her whole life was blighted and overcast by his fantastic repugnance to the common ties of humanity, are taken for granted by every historian. Appearances of blighted life or unhappiness there are none in anything we know of her. As the ladies appear reflected in that "Journal to Stella,"—which is the dean's only claim upon our affections, but a strong one,—they seem to have lived a most cheerful, lively life. They had a number of friends, they had their little tea-parties, their circle of witty society, to which the letters of the absent were a continual amusement and delight. And it is the man, not the woman, who complains of not receiving letters: it is he, not she, who exhausts every playful wile, every tender art, to keep himself in vivid recollection. Is it perhaps a certain mixture of masculine vanity, and compassion for the gentle feminine creature who never succeeded in getting the man she loved to marry her,—and thus failed to attain the highest end of woman,—which has moved every biographer of Swift, each man more compassionate than his predecessor, thus to exhaust himself in pity for Stella? Johnson, Scott, Macaulay, Thackeray, not to mention many lesser names, have all taken her injured innocence to heart. And nobody notes the curious fact that Stella herself never utters any complaint, nor indeed seems to feel the necessity of being unhappy at all, but takes her dean most cheerfully, laughing, scolding, giving her opinion with all the delightful freedom of a relationship which was at once nature and choice, the familiar trust and tenderness of old use and wont with the charm of voluntary association. We see her only as reflected in his letters, in the references he makes to hers, and in all his tender sportive references to her habits and ways of thinking. This reflection is not in rigid lines of black and white, but an airy and radiant vision, the representation of anything in the world rather than a downcast and disappointed woman. It is not that either of a wife or a lover: it is more like the wilful, delightful image of a favorite child, a creature confident that everything she says or does will be received with admiration from the mere fact that it is she who says or does it, and who tyrannizes, scoffs, and proffers a thousand comments and criticisms with all the elastic brightness of unforced and unimpassioned affection.

One can well imagine, however, when the two ladies arrived in Dublin, where their friend had no doubt represented to them his power to gain them access into the best society, and found that he did not come, and that they were stranded in a strange place, knowing nobody, how some annoyance and disappointment, and perhaps anger, must have been in their thoughts. Insensibly, however, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley found a place and position for themselves. Swift was often away in the following years, spending about half his time in London, and when he was absent they took possession of his newly repaired and renovated house, or occupied his lodging in Dublin, and gathered friends about them, and went out to their card-parties, and played a little, and talked, and lived a pleasant life. When he returned they removed to their own rooms.

As Swift's relations with Stella are the great interest of his life, the subject which occupies every new writer who so much as touches upon him, it is needless to make any excuse for entering into the question with an amount of detail which our limited space would otherwise scarcely justify. The mystery about it lends it an endless attraction, and as, whatever it was, it is the one great love of his life, and represents all the private satisfaction and comfort he got by means of his affections, it has a permanent interest which most readers will not find in the "Tale of a Tub," or any other of the produc-

tions which made this period of his life remarkable. Swift was continually going and coming to London through these years. Though he had begun at once to make Laracor a sort of earthly paradise with a Dutch flavor, such as he had learned from his early master, and though it was "very much for his own satisfaction" that he had invited Stella to come to Ireland, yet neither of these reasons was enough to keep him in the rural quiet among his beloved willows. He hankered after society, fame, and power. He liked to meet great men, to hear the news, to ride over weaker reasoners in society, to put forth his own vigorous views, and to whip, with sharp satire, the men who displeased him. Tradition and habit had made him a Whig, but political names were of easy interchange in those days, and Swift's objects were much more definite than his politics. From the moment of Queen Anne's ascension, when she gratified the Church of England by the remission of certain dues hitherto paid to the crown, Swift's energies were directed to obtaining a similar remission for the Irish Church, and this was the ostensible object of his repeated journeys to London. He had also a purpose still nearer to his heart, which was the advancement of Jonathan Swift to a post more fitted to his genius. For these great objects he haunted the anterooms of Halifax, and Somers, and Godolphin, and did what he could to show them what they were not wise enough to perceive, that he was himself an auxiliary well worth securing. Nine years had passed in these vain negotiations. It was in 1701 that he paid that visit to Farnham which decided Stella's fate, but his own was still hanging in the balance when, after almost yearly expeditions in the interval, he set out for London in the autumn of the year 1710 with a threat upon his lips. "I will apply to Mr. Harley, who formerly made some advances toward me, and, unless he be altered, will, I believe, think himself in the right to use me well." The change was sudden, but it had little in it that could be called political apostasy.

The man who felt himself of sufficient importance to make this threat seems to have possessed already, notwithstanding the neglect of the Whig lords, the rank of his intellect rather than of his external position, and this not entirely because of the anonymous productions which were more or less known to be his.

It is characteristic, however, of the man that he should have tossed into the world without a name a book which made a greater impression than any contemporary publication, enjoying no doubt the wonders and queries, yet scorning to make himself dependent upon so small a thing as a book for his reputation and influence. He was no more disposed than the most sensitive of authors to let another man claim the credit of it, yet proud enough in native arrogance to hold himself independent of such aids to advancement, and thus to prove his scorn of the world's opinion, even when he sought its applauses most. Whether this work had anything to do with his introduction to the society of the coffee-houses, and the wits of London, we are not told.

On a first accost, it would not seem that Swift's manners were ingratiating. The following story, which is told by all his biographers, of his first appearance at the St. James Coffee-house is amusing, and may be true:

> They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the house who seemed entirely unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom was to lay down his hat on a table and walk backward and forward at a good pace, for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. On one particular evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance, as if intending to address him. Eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, they all quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the peculiarity of his manner, answered, "Yes, sir, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," rejoined Swift, "than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry; but however God Almighty contrives, at the end of the year it is all very well." With which remark he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house.

His whimsical humor, and love of making the spectators stare, remained a characteristic of Swift all his life.

These beginnings of social life were, however, past, and no one was better known or more warmly welcomed, when he appeared with his wig new curled, and his azure eyes aglow, than the Irish parson, waiting upon Providence and the Whigs, whose political pamphlets, and papers in the "Tatler," and malicious practical joking with poor Partridge the astrologer, made him at each appearance a more notable figure to all the lookers-on. His eyes must have been on fire under those expressive brows when he came to London in 1710, resolved this time to be put off by Whig blan-

dishments no longer, but to try what the other side would do. The other side received him with open arms, and the most instant appreciation of what he was worth to them and what he could do.

Swift seems, at all events, to have had a real affection for the shifty minister who received him in so different a fashion from that of his former masters. He flung himself into all the backstairs intrigues, and collogued with Abigail Masham, and took his share in every plot. When Harley was stabbed, Swift felt for him all the anxiety of a brother. He threw himself into the "Examiner," the new Tory organ, with fervor and enthusiasm, and expounded the principles of his party, and set their plans before the public, with a force and clearness which nobody but he, his patrons declared, possessed. The two statesmen, Harley and Bolingbroke, who were so little like each other, so ill calculated to draw together, were alike in this, that neither could be flattering enough or kind enough to the great vassal whom they had secured. He seems to have thought of himself that he was a sort of third consul, an unofficial sharer of their power.

This extraordinary episode in the life of a man of Swift's profession, and so little likely to come to such promotion, lasted three years, and the history of it is not less remarkable than the fact. It was a period of the greatest intellectual activity and brilliancy in Swift's career, and besides his hard political work in the "Examiner" and elsewhere, he flung from him, amid the exhilarating appreciation of the great world and his patrons, a number of the best of his lighter productions. But nothing that he ever wrote can be compared to the letters in which the story of this period is told. If it is the true man whom we see in these unpremeditated and careless pages, written before he got up of a morning, or in the evening when he came home from his entertainments, with the chairmen still wrangling over their sixpences outside, how different is that man from the other who storms, and laughs, and mocks humanity, and sees through all its miserable pretenses without a thought of pardon or excuse! The journal letters addressed to the ladies in Dublin, Madam P. P. T. and Madam Elderby, the two women who shared his every thought, now so well known as the "Journal to Stella," are of all Swift's works the only productions that touch the heart. They are not to be numbered among his "works" at all; publication of any kind never seems to have occurred to him, while writing; they are as frank as Pepys, and far more simple and true. They are English history, and London life, and the eighteenth century, with its mannerisms and quaintness, all in one; and beyond and above every circumstance, they are Swift as he was in his deepest soul,—not as he appeared to men,—a human being full of tenderness, full of fun and innocent humor, full of genius and individual nature, but, above all, of true affection, of the warmest domestic love. The "Tale of a Tub," the "Battle of the Books," retain a sort of galvanic existence, but are for the greater part insupportable to the honest readers who have no tradition of superior acumen and perception to maintain. But when we turn to the "Journal," the clean and wholesome pages smile with a cordial life and reality. If there is here and there a phrase too broad for modern ears, it is nothing more than the language of the time, and has not a ghost of evil meaning in it. The big, arrogant wit—not unused to bluster and brag, to act like a tyrant and to speak like a bully—meets us there defenseless, with the tenderest light upon his face, in his nightcap and without his wig, smiling over little M. D.'s letter in the wintry mornings, snatching a moment at bedtime when he is already "seepy," and can do nothing but bid "nite deelest dea M. D. nite deelest loques," making his mouth, he says, as if he were saying the broken childish words, retiring into the sanctuary of the little language with a sense of consolation and repose.

Stella grew old, but never outgrew the little language, and every young woman has something in her of the sprightly creature that loved to do his bidding, the P. P. T. who held her own, and put him upon his best behavior often, yet never was other than the "deelest little loque," whom he bantered and laughed at with soft tears of tenderness in his eyes. "Better, thank God and M. D.'s prayers," he says among the private scribbles of his daily diary, which neither she nor any one was ever meant to see. Nevertheless, even while he was writing this journal, which is the record of a tender intimacy so remarkable, Swift was meddling with the education of another girl incautiously, foolishly, who was not of the uninflammable nature of Stella, but a hot-headed, passionate creature who did not at all imagine that the mere

> delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book

was all Dr. Swift meant by his talk and attention. Swift says nothing of this pupil in the journal. He mentions his dinners at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and her handsome daughter, but he does not tell Madam P. P. T. that he had given one of his usual caressing names to this girl, whose early beauty and frank devotion had pleased him. There is indeed no shadow of "Vanessa" anywhere visible, though the brief mention of her name shows that the

second story, which was to be so fatally and painfully mingled with the first, had already begun.

The three years of Swift's stay in England were the climax of his life. They raised him higher than ever a simple parson had been raised before, and made of him (or so at least he believed) a power in the state. It has been doubted whether he was really so highly trusted, so much built upon, as he thought. The great lords, who delighted in Swift's talk and called him Jonathan, did not perhaps follow his advice and accept his guidance as he supposed. He seems to have constituted himself the patron of everybody he knew, really providing for a considerable number, and largely undertaking for others, though it was long before he got anything for himself. The following anecdote gives an unpleasant view from outside of his demeanor and habits. It is from Bishop Kennet's diary during the year 1713, the last of Swift's importance.

Swift came into the coffee-room, and had a bow from everybody save me. When I came to the ante-chamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as minister of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighborhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord Treasurer that according to his position he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as minister of the English Church in Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket book, and wrote down several things as *memoranda* to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and, telling them the time of day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said, "It goes too fast," "How can I help it," says the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which, he said, he must have them all subscribe. "For," says he, "the author shall not begin to print it till I have a thousand guineas for him." Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him; both went off just before prayers.

Amid the many disappointments of his life he had these three years of triumph, which are much for a man to have. If there was a certain vulgarity in his enjoyment of them, there was at the same time a great deal of active kindness, and though he might brag of the services he did, he yet did service, and remembered his friends, and helped as he could those hangers-on and waiters upon Providence who, in those days, were always about a minister's antechamber. One thing is evident, that while he served others he got nothing for himself; the bishopric so long wished for did not come, nor even a fat English deanery, which would have been worth the having, and would have kept him near the center of affairs.

At last, just before the fall of Harley, preferment was found for the champion who had served him so well. It was the last that Swift would have chosen for himself, a kind of dignified banishment and exile from all he loved best.

When the issue of the conflict between Harley and Bolingbroke became too evident to be doubted, Swift showed the softer side of his character in a very unexpected way. He ran away from the catastrophe like a nervous woman, hiding himself in a country parsonage till the blow should be struck and the calamity be overpast: a very curious piece of moral timidity or nervous over-sensitiveness, for which we are entirely unprepared. It was less extraordinary that he should write to offer himself to Harley as a companion in his solitude when the minister was fairly ousted, although even then Bolingbroke was bidding eagerly for his services. But whether Swift would have accepted these offers, or would have carried his evidently genuine attachment to Harley so far as permanently to withdraw with him from public life, was never known. For the victory of Bolingbroke was short indeed. "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday, the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does Fortune banter us," writes Bolingbroke. It was such a stroke of the irony of fate as Swift himself might have invented, and Bolingbroke applauded with the laughter of the philosopher. There was an end to political power for both, and the triumph and greatness of Swift's reflected glory was over without hope of renewal.

He had now nothing to do but to return to Ireland, so long neglected, the country of his disappointments, which did not love him and which he did not love, where his big genius (he thought) had not room enough to breathe, where society was small and provincial, and life flat and bare, and only a few familiar friends appreciated him or knew what he was. How he was to make himself the idol of that country, a kind of king in it, and to gain power of a different kind from any he had yet wielded, was as yet a secret hidden in the mists of the future to Swift and everybody around. His account of himself when he got home to his dull deanery, "a vast, unfurnished house," with a few servants in it, "all on board wages," is

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

DELANY'S HOUSE AT DELVILLE, WHERE SWIFT STAYED.

melancholy enough. "I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers, and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require"; but, he consoles himself, "after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are *under subjection: and I let none but such come near me*," a curious statement in which the great satirist, as often before, gives a stroke of his idle sword at himself.

But Swift was not long left in this stagnation. Extreme quiet is in many cases only a cover for brewing mischief, and the dean had not long returned to Ireland when that handsome daughter of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, of whom he had said so little in his letters, found herself, on her mother's death, drawn to Ireland and the neighborhood of her tutor and correspondent. That Swift had a heart large enough to admit on his own terms many women is very evident, and that he had a fondness for Vanessa among the rest; but how far he was to blame for her fatal passion it is scarcely possible to decide. The story of their connection, as told from his side of the question in the poem of "Cadenas and Vanessa," shows an unconsciousness and innocence of purpose which takes all the responsibility of her infatuation from the dean, and shows him in a light all too artless.

> The innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book,
> Was but the master's secret joy
> In school to hear the finest boy.

But this was not the light in which the headstrong young woman, who made no secret of her love, and filled him with "shame, disappointment, guilt, remorse" by the revelation, regarded his attentions. Their correspondence went on for nearly ten years. It is a painful correspondence, as the outpouring of a woman's passion for a man who does not respond to it must always be, but Swift never seems to have fostered that passion, nor to have done anything but discourage and subdue a love so embarrassing and troublesome.

And now comes in the mystery which everybody has discussed, but which none have brought to any certain conclusion. In 1716, two years after Swift's return to Ireland, it is said that he married Stella, thus satisfying Stella, as the notion goes, and putting himself at once out of all possibility of marrying Miss Vanhomrigh, which might have been a motive. Scott receives the statement as proved; so does

Mr. Craik, Swift's last, and a most conscientious and careful, biographer. The evidence for it is that Lord Orrery and Dr. Delany, the earliest writers on the subject, both assert it ("if my informations are right," as the former says) as a supposition universally believed in society; and that the fact was told by the Bishop of Clogher, who performed the ceremony, to Bishop Berkeley, who told it to his wife, who told it after her husband's death, and long after the event, to George Monck Berkeley, who tells the story. But Bishop Berkeley was in Italy at the time, and could not have been told, though he might have heard it at second hand from his pupil, the Bishop of Clogher's son. We wonder if an inheritance or the legitimacy of a child would be considered proved by such evidence, or whether the prevailing sense of society that such a thing ought to have taken place has not a large share in the common belief. At all times, as at the present moment, wherever a close friendship between man and woman exists (and the very fact of such rumors makes it extremely rare), suggestions of the same description float in the air. Nobody supposes, if the marriage took place at all, that it was anything more than a mere form. It was performed, if performed at all, in the garden without any formal or legal preliminaries. Supposing such a fictitious rite to have any justification in Irish law, we wonder what the authorities of the church would have had to say to two high dignitaries who united to perform an act so disorderly, and so contrary to ecclesiastical decorum if to nothing else. It is totally unlike Swift, whose feeling for the church was strong, to have used her ordinances so disrespectfully, and most unlike all we know of Stella that she should have consented to so utterly false a relationship. However, the question is one which the reader will decide according to his own judgment, and upon which no one can speak with authority. Mr. Forster, of all Swift's biographers the most elaborate and anxious, did not get so far in his work as to examine the evidence, yet intimates his disbelief of the story. We do not need, however, to have recourse to the expedient of a marriage, to explain how the story of Vanessa might have been a pain and offense to Stella. Swift had not in this particular been frank with his friends, and the discovery so near them, of a woman making so passionate a claim upon his affections, must have conveyed the shock at once of a deception and an unpardonable intrusion to one who was proudly conscious of being his most trusted confidant and closest companion. Whatever were the rights of the case, however, nobody can now know. Whether Vanessa had heard the rumor of the private marriage, whether she conceived that a desperate appeal to his dearest friend might help her own claim, or whether mere suspicion and misery, boiling over, found expression in the hasty letter which she wrote to Stella at the crisis of her career, is equally unessential. She did write, and Stella, surprised and offended, showed the letter to Swift. Nothing can be more tragic than the events that follow. Swift, in one of those wild bursts of passion which were beyond the control of reason, rode out at once to the unfortunate young woman's house. He burst in without a word, threw her own letter on the table before her, and rode off again like a whirlwind. Vanessa came of a short-lived race, and was then, at thirty-four, the last of her family. She never recovered the blow, but, dying soon after, directed her letters and the poem which contained the story of her love and his coldness to be published. It was nearly a century before this was done, and now more than a half of another has gone; but the story is as full of passion and misery, as unexplained, as ever. This was one of the occupations of Swift's stagnant time. He fled, as he had done at the moment of Harley's fall, that at least he might not see what was going to happen.

Five years after the tragical end of Vanessa, Stella too died, after long suffering. There is a second story of equally doubtful authenticity, and confused and extraordinary details about a proposed tardy acknowledgment of the apocryphal marriage; but whether it was he or she who suggested this, whether it was he or she who found it "too late," whether there was any reality in it at all, no one has ever determined. Stella's illness grew serious while Swift was absent, and his anguish at the news was curiously mixed with an overwhelming dread lest she should die at the deanery, and thus compromise her reputation and his own; perhaps, too, lest the house to which he must return should be made intolerable to him by the shadow of such an event. That he should have kept away, with his usual terror of everything painful, was entirely in keeping with his character. But the first alarm passed away, and Swift was in the deanery when this great sorrow overtook him. He who had kept a letter for an hour without daring to open it, in which he trembled to find the news of her death, now shut himself up, heartbroken in his solitary house, and, somewhat calmed by the irrevocable, proceeded to give himself what consolation was possible by writing a "Character," as was the fashion of the time, of "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." The calm after the storm, but a calm of sober despair and dead, unreal composure, is in this strange document. He

wrote, he says, till "my head aches, and I can write no more," and on the third day resumed and completed the strange and melancholy narration:

This is the night of her funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

MARLEY ABBEY, THE RESIDENCE OF VANESSA, NOW CALLED SELBRIDGE ABBEY.

at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.

She was buried in his own cathedral by torchlight, as the custom was; but he would no more bear the glimpses of that awful light through the window than he could witness the putting away of all that remained of Stella in the double gloom of the vault and the night. In that other apartment he concluded his sad panegyric, the story of all she was and did, showing with intense but subdued eloquence that there was no fault in her. "There is none like her, none"—this is the burden of the old man's self-restrained anguish, the tragedy of his age, as it is the young lover's pæan of triumph. The truest, most valuable friend that ever man had—and now her beautiful life was ended, to be his consolation no more. He had a lock of her hair in his possession somewhere, either given him then or at some brighter moment, which was found after his death, as all the world knows, with these words written upon the paper that contained it, "Only a woman's hair." Only all the softness, the brightness, the love and blessing of a life; only all that the heart had to rest upon of human solace; only that—no more. He who had thanked God and M. D.'s prayers for his better health had now no one to pray for him or to receive his confidences. It was over, all that best of life, as if it had never been.

It is easy to expand such a text, and many

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

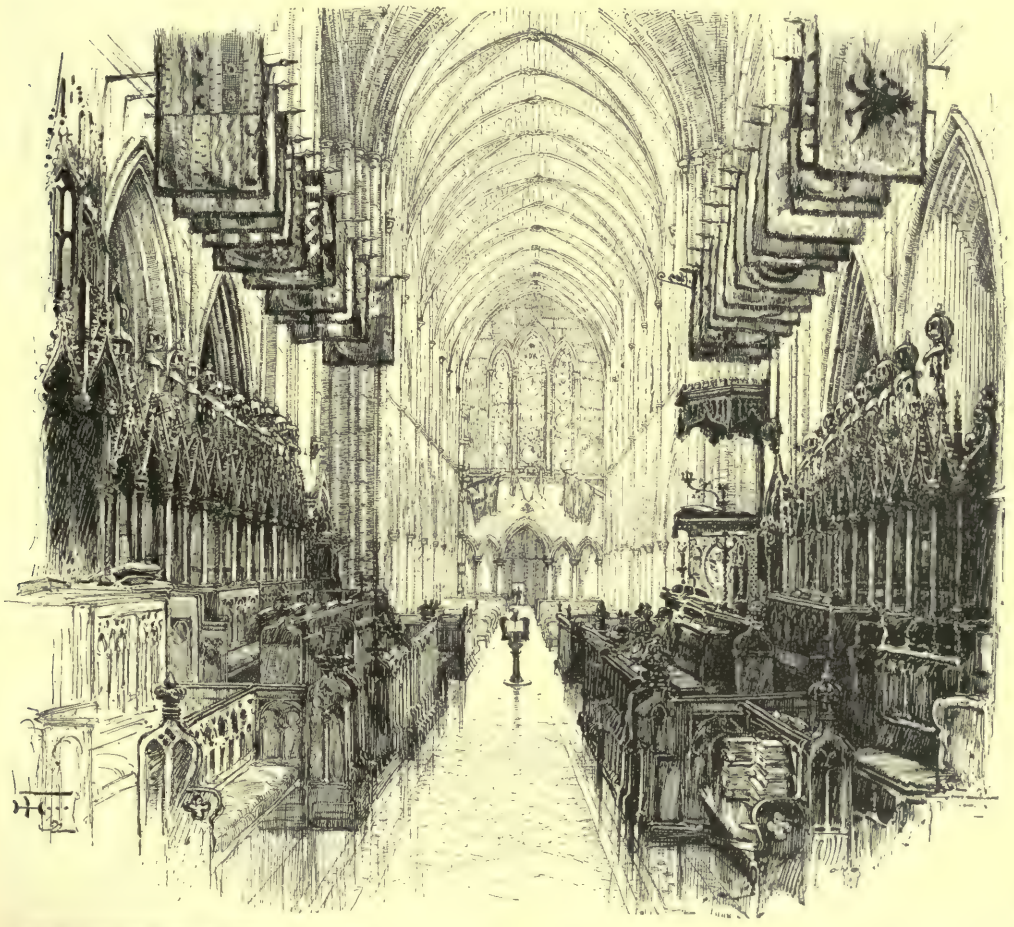
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

have done it. In the mean time, before these terrible events had occurred, while Vanessa's letters were still disturbing his peace, and death had as yet touched none of his surroundings, he had accomplished the greatest literary work of his life, that by which every child knows Swift's name—the travels of the famous Gulliver. The children have made their selection with an unerring judgment which is above criticism, and have taken Lilliput and Brobdingnag into their hearts, rejecting all the rest. That Swift had a meaning, bitter and sharp even in the most innocent part of that immortal fable, and meant to strike a blow at politicians and generals, and the human race with its puny wars, and glories, and endless vanities and foolishness, is evident enough; and it was for this that the people of his time seized upon the book with breathless interest, and Duchess Sarah in her old age chuckled, and forgave the dean. But the vast majority of his readers have not so much as known that he meant anything except the most amusing and witty fancy, the keenest comic delineation of impossible circumstances. That delightful Irish bishop, if ever he was, who declared that "the book was full of improbable lies, and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it," is the only critic we want. "'Gulliver's Travels' is almost the most delightful children's book ever written," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, no small authority. It had, no doubt, been talked over and read to the ladies, who, it would incidentally appear, had not liked the "Tale of a Tub."

Between 1714 and 1726, for a dozen years, Swift remained in Ireland, without intermission, altogether apart from public life. At the latter date he went to London, probably needing a change of scene after the shock of Miss Vanhomrigh's death, and the grievous sense he must have had that it was he who had killed her; and it was then that Gulliver was published. The latter portions of it, which the children have rejected, we are glad to have no space to dwell upon. The bitterness, passion, and misery of them are beyond parallel. One would like to have any ground for believing that the Houyhnhms and the rest came into being after Stella's death; but this was not the case. She was only a woman, and was not, after all, of such vital importance in the man's existence. Withdrawal from the life he loved, confinement in a narrow sphere, the disappointment of a soul which felt itself born for greatness, and had tasted the high excitements of power, but now had nothing to do but fight over the choir with his archbishop, and give occasion for a hundred anecdotes in the Dublin coteries, had matured the angry passion in him, and soured the sweetness of nature. Few people now, when they take up their Gulliver, go beyond Brobdingnag. The rest is like a succession of bad dreams, the confused miseries of a fever. To think that in a deanery, that calm

seat of ecclesiastical luxury, within sound of the cathedral bells and the choristers' chants, a brain so dark and distracted, and dreams so terrible, should have found shelter! They are all the more bitter and appalling from their contrast with the surroundings among which they had their disastrous birth.

The later part of Swift's life, however, had occupation of a very different and nobler kind. The Ireland he knew was so different from the Ireland with which we are acquainted, that to contemplate the two is apt to give a sort of moment bore their misery with a patience inconceivable, said of them that they were no more considerable than the women and children, a race so utterly trodden down and subdued that there was no need for the politician to take them into account. The position of the predominant class was almost like that of white men among the natives of a savage country, or at least like that of the English in India, the confident and assured rulers of a subject race. Nevertheless these men were full of a sort of national feeling, and ready to rise up in hot



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.

INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

moral vertigo, a giddiness of the intellect, to the observer. Swift's Ireland was the country of the English-Irish, ultra protestant, like the real Ireland only in the keenness of its politics, and the sharpness of its opposition to imperial measures. It was Ireland with a parliament of her own, and many of the privileges which are now her highest aspirations; yet she was not content. Swift, in speaking of the people, the true Irish, the Catholic masses, who at that and not ineffectual opposition when need was, and reckoned themselves Irish, whereas no sahib has ever reckoned himself Indian. The real people of Ireland were held under the severest yoke, but those gentleman who represented the nation can scarcely be said to have been oppressed. Their complaints were, that Englishmen were put into vacant posts, that their wishes were disregarded and their affairs neglected — complaints which even prosperous

Scotland has been known to make. They were affected, however, as well as the race which they kept under their feet, by the intolerable law which suppressed woolen manufactures in Ireland, and it was on this subject that Swift first broke silence and appeared as the national champion, recommending to his countrymen such reprisals as the small can employ against the great, in the form of a proposal that Irishmen should use Irish manufactures only.

The commotion produced by this real and terrible oppression was nothing however to that called forth by an innocent attempt to give to Ireland a copper coinage, the most convenient of circulating mediums. Nothing could have been more harmless, more useful and necessary in reality, and there is no reason to suppose that dishonesty of any kind was involved. But the public mind was embittered by the fact that the patent had been granted to one of King George's German favorites, and by her sold to Wood, an Englishman, who was supposed to be about to make an enormous profit out of the country by half-pence not worth their nominal value. Such an idea stirred the prejudices and fears of the very lowest, and would even now rouse the ignorant into rage and panic. Whether Swift shared that natural and national, if unreasonable, outburst of indignation and alarm to the full extent, or whether he threw himself into it with the instinct of an agitator foreseeing the capabilities of the subject, it is difficult to tell. But his "Drapier's Letters" gave to the public outcry so powerful a force of resistance, and excited the entire country into such unanimity of opposition, that the English government was forced to withdraw from this attempt, and the position of the Irish nation as an oppressed yet not unpowerful entity, still able to face its tyrants and protest against their careless sway, became distinctly apparent. It is strange that a man who hated Ireland, and considered himself an exile in her, should have been the one to claim for her an independence, a freedom, she had never yet possessed, and should have been able to inspire at once the subject and the ruling race with the sense that they had found a champion capable of all things, and through whom for the first time their voice might be heard in the world. To Swift the immediate result was a popularity beyond bounds. The people he despised were seized with an adoration for him, which was shared by the class to which he himself belonged — perhaps the first subject on which they had agreed. "When he returned from England in 1726 bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and a guard of honour escorted him to the deanery. Towns voted him their freedom and received him as a prince. When Walpole spoke of arresting him a prudent friend told the minister that the messenger would require a guard of ten thousand soldiers." When the crowd which had gathered to see an eclipse disturbed him by the hum they made, Swift sent out to tell them that the event was put off by order of the dean, and the simple minded people dispersed obediently! Had he been so minded, and had he fully understood and loved the race over which his great and troubled spirit had gained such power, much might perhaps have been ameliorated in that unfortunate country, as cursed in her friends as in her foes, and much in the soul consuming itself in angry inactivity with no fit work in hand. But it would have taken a miracle indeed to have turned this Englishman born in Ireland, this political churchman and hater of papists and dissenters, into the savior of the subject race.

But Swift, unfortunately for himself and her, loved Ireland as little when he thus made himself her champion as he had done throughout his life. At all times his longing eyes were turned toward the country in which were life, and power and friends and fame. Though he was aware that he was growing old, and ought to be "done with this world," he yet cries aloud his desire "to get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole," a terrific image, and one of those phrases that burn and glow with a pale light of despair. But he never got into that better world he longed for. The slow years crept over him, and he lived on, making existence tolerable by such expedients as he could, a wonderful proof how the body will resist all the frettings of the soul, yet growing more angry, more desperate, more subject to the bitter passions which had broken forth even in his best days, as he grew older and had fewer reasons for restraining himself. At last the great dean, the greatest genius of his age, the man of war and battle, of quip and jest, he who had thirsted to be doing through all his life, fell into imbecility and stupor, with occasional wild awakenings into consciousness which were still more terrible. He died, denuded of all things in 1745, having lived till seventy-eight in spite of himself.

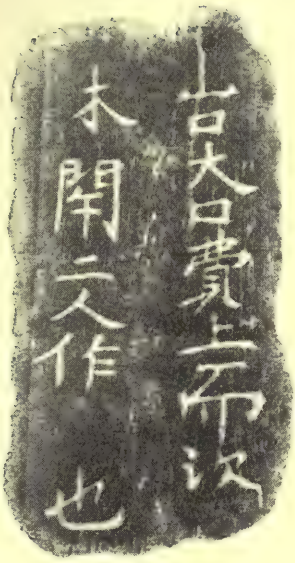
Ubi saeva indignatio
Cor ulterius lacerare nequit

is written on his tomb. No more can fiery wrath and indignation reach him where he lies by Stella's side in the aisle over against his chamber window. The touch of her quiet dust must have soothed, one would think, the last fever that lingered in him even after death had done its worst.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.



INSCRIPTION FROM HO-RIU-JI.

NIKKO, August 12.—I need not tell you that the pervading manner of spending time and money is always within our reach. We do not go after the owner and seller of bric-à-brac; he comes to us.

Coming from afar,—from Tokio, a hundred miles away, and from Ozaka, four times that distance,—bales of merchandise are unloaded at our door, or at our friends' for us. Patient pack-horses stand in the inclosure of the yards; big parcels, and piles of boxes and bundles, encumber the verandas. Weary hours, beginning with excitement and ending with gentle disappointment, are spent in indecision of judgment and uncertainty of purchase. But there remains always at the bottom of the boxes a delusive hope, and some treasure may perhaps reward our patience.

And then, besides occasional beauties in color or design, there is something in looking over all these debris of civilization in their own home; and odds and ends, having not much more excuse for themselves than that they remain, help to explain either the art or the habits of the country, or its history, or the nature we see about us. We have found almost nothing among the things brought us which can rank as work of high art, and I am afraid that we must be looked down upon by our friends for purchases which have no excuse in any lofty esthetic code. But they have the charm of being there, and of explaining, and in another way of teaching, even when they are bad, and often because they are bad. Because their very poverty helps to a classification and to an analysis of the means through which the artist worked, and to a knowledge of the prevalent subjects and arrangements which he found ready to his hand, bequeathed to him by an earlier and nobler choice.

From all this poor stuff exhales the faded scent of a greater art and refinement, which is now invisible, or destroyed, or subsisting only in fragments, difficult of access, or which are far away. And there is a peculiar unity in the arts of the extreme East. We must remember that this very sensitive Japanese race has developed in its art, as in everything, without being subjected to the many direct and contradictory influences which have made our Western art and civilization. There have been here, within historic times, no vast invasions of alien races, bringing other ways for everything in thought and in life, and obliging an already complex civilization to be begun over and over again on readjusted bases; no higher living and advanced thought obliged to yield for times and half times, until the grosser flames of energy could be purified; no dethronement, within society tried by every other calamity, of the old primeval faith. Instead of a tempest of tastes and manners of feeling blowing from

INSCRIPTION ON OLD LACQUER.

every quarter, and in which the cruder dislikes have held for centuries the balance against cultured likings and devotion, Japan has been carried on in one current, in which have mingled, so as to blend, the steady influences of the two most conservative civilizations of India and of China.

All here to-day, and for far back, is interwoven with Chinese thought, breaks through it, returns to it, runs alongside of it. And through Buddhism, its fervor, its capacity for taking up in its course boulders of other creeds or habits, a something different, higher in aspiration and in form, has lived with everything else and affected all.

This impressionable race found, contrasting with and supporting its nature, secure, steady, undeviating guides, so that these foreign ideals have persisted here with a transplanted life. In fact, it is possible to look to Japan to find something of what ancient China was. So much of what has here been done, as their language does to-day, saves for us a hint or a reflection of the great Chinese ages, when China had not yet been conquered by the foreigner, and when energies apparently unknown to the China of to-day flourished with the strength of youth. The art and literature of Japan, therefore, represent in great part the Chinese prototype—an original which for us has practically disappeared. We cannot easily know what arrangements and compositions, what free interpretations of the world, or severe imitations of nature, the old Chinese adopted, but they are reflected or continued in the styles and subjects and treatments of what we call Japanese. The limits and definitions of each may be clear to the Japanese critic, but to our casual Western eye they merge or derive one from the other, like some little-known streams which make one river.

Almost all the arrangements that we know so well on Japanese drawings, screens, bronzes, lacquers, ivories, etc., have Chinese prototypes. And all this is over and above the constant use of Chinese legend, and story, and philosophy, which are to Japan what Greece and Rome used to be to us—a storehouse of associated meanings and examples.

Would it amuse you if I made out some of the types that you see?

Here are the pine-tree and the stork, emblems of long life; or the bamboo and the sparrow, which typify the mildness and gentleness of nature.

The willow waves in the wind to and fro, and the swallows swing forth and back again.

The names of Color and of Love are joined by a similarity of sound, and probably by a mystic association: and so you will see upon

PAINTING BY CHIN-NAN-PIN.

the screens that the leaves of the maple turn red in autumn, when the stag calls the doe. The cherry-blossom's splendor is for show, like the pheasant's plumage.

Long centuries ago the plum became the poet's tree, because of an early poet's verses; and the nightingale, also a singer and a poet, is associated with the tree.

The tiger hiding in the jungle has a background of bamboo, as the oxen have the

peach-tree, from an old Chinese sentence: "Turn the horse loose on the flower-covered mountain, and the ox into the orchard of peaches."

The cock stands on the unused war-drum, which is a Chinese symbol of good government, the aim of which is peace.

Or, again, legends and stories are referred to. The cuckoo flies across the crescent of the moon, and the story of Yorimasa is called up, who slew with bow and arrow the mysterious monster that had tormented the life of the Mikado Narihito. I despair of telling the story without great waste of words, and I half regret having chosen the example; but perhaps it is all the more Japanese for its complication.

You must know that the Mikado — this was about the year 1153 — had been ill night after night with terrible nightmares, to the confusion of his numerous doctors; and that his many feminine attendants had done all they could to soothe him, to no avail. Every night, at the hour of the Bull (two A. M., an hour when evil power is great), the dovecote was fluttered by this fearful visitation. But, at length, either these gentle dames or other watchers noticed that before each access a cloud had drifted over the palace, and that, resting just above the sleeping-apartments, two lights shone out from the dark mass. Then the bells of the city temples sounded the hour of the Bull. The gentlemen of the palace and the imperial guards were set on watch, the priests prayed to ward off the evil influence; but uselessly. Then Yorimasa — a brave warrior, a famous archer, one of the guards — was allowed or ordered to try to destroy the evil thing, whatever it might be. He, with a follower, watched nightly until the dark cloud and the shining orbs were near, when the great bow of Yorimasa was discharged, and a strange and wonderful beast fell blinded to the ground.

The sword of Yorimasa despatched it in nine separate blows, and the thing, said to have had something of the monkey, the tiger, and the serpent, was burned to ashes. For this Yorimasa was given the girl he loved, the Lady Iris-flower (who therefore had not watched in vain), and with her the celebrated sword called Shishi-no-o (King of Wild Boars). Now the imperial deputy, as he presented this sword to Yorimasa, tried him with a punning verse, while a cuckoo sang. This is what the verse said:

"The cuckoo above the clouds, how does it mount?" But it meant, "Like the cuckoo to soar so high, how is it so?" To which Yorimasa answered, filling in the necessary couplet, "The waning moon sets not at will," which might also mean, in modest disclaimer of ambitious effort, "Only my bow I bent; that alone sent the shaft." And so this moon stands in the picture, as in the verses, for the bent bow of Yorimasa.

It is a shorter story, that which makes the allusion in the type of the chrysanthemum and the fox. It is a variation of the perpetual story. The prince royal of India had a lovely mistress, who had bewitched him, and who fell asleep one day in a bed of chrysanthemums, where her lover shot at and wounded a fox in the forehead. The bleeding temple of the girl discovered the evil animal she really was. For the fox, as in China, is in Japan a wicked animal, capable of everything in the way of transformation and suggestion.

There are endless stories about him, and the belief or superstition is still very strong. C—— was talking to us lately about the sorcerers and spiritual mediums and fortune-tellers, and, as an explanation of the power of some medium, told us that he claimed to have in his service tame foxes. Only, when I asked where they might be lodged in the little city house, he explained that they were not living in the body, and therefore cumbersome, but were the spirits of foxes, thus subservient, and able to penetrate everywhere and report.

The badger also is a misleading creature, and the cat is considered uncertain.

Or take the way in which Hokusai refers to ancient story when, at the end of one of his books, he makes a picture of the devoted knight Kojima Takanori clad in armor, covered with the peasant's rain-cloak; and he is writing on the trunk of the cherry-tree the message of warning for his master, the Emperor Go-Daigo Tenno. But instead of the old verse, Hokusai has put: "In the sixth year of the era Tempo, in the month of April, my seventy-sixth year, this is written by me, formerly by name Hokusai, but now more correctly known as 'The Old Man gone Mad for Painting.'"

Here I have been wandering into Japan, while my theme was rather the persistence of Chinese subjects, or of subjects connected with China, the list of which would be endless, from Shoki, the devil-killer, hunting his prey of imps over sword-guards and round the corners of boxes, to pictures of aphorisms, such as this saying of Confucius, of which I found a drawing yesterday: "Avoid even the appearance of evil; do not stop to tie your shoes in the melon-patch of an enemy." And so these innumerable subjects are common property, and serve as a field for the artist to try to be himself, to bring out the story or part of it, or his way of looking at it, or its decorative capacity, or any way of anchoring the Japanese imagination. I cannot say that for many of the ordinary arrangements, the most simple and conven-

tional, one does not often suffer the boredom of repetition, as we do at home, with the eagle and the stars, and armorial bearings, and the stereotyped symbolism of churches. But it suffices to see the thing well done again, to start once more into some new enjoyment of the choice of subject.

So there can exist with regard to these subjects, apparently mere motives of form, and partly because they are conventional, a deeper convention or meaning, more or less visible to the artist when at work, according to his temperament or his school, as in our poetry, where an idea may or may not be overlaid with realistic or esthetic decoration.

I reach out for the first design that my hand can find, which turns out to be a drawing by Chin-nan-pin. I have chosen at haphazard, but the choice is perhaps all the better. We shall have no example of a great man to deal with, but merely the work of a remarkable Chinaman who, somewhere in the early eighteenth century, happened to come to Japan, or to be born there, so as to fit into a certain Chinomania then prevalent. The photograph that I send you is a poor one. You can merely discern the pattern, or what might be called the masses, of the design. A horse is tied to a tree,— a horse of Japan,— and a monkey slides down the trunk and clutches at the halter that prevents escape. I need not ask you to admire the stealthy and yet confident step of the ape, and the motions and repugnance and fright of the horse. I don't think that they could be better given. Withal, there is a gravity of general outline and appearances, and a pleasantly managed balance of the full and empty spaces. But these decorative points are not those I wish to refer to just now. What I wish to indicate now is that this subject, which might have suited a Dutchman for realism and for its choice of the accidental, will mean, if you wish to see it, the natural resistance and struggle of the inferior nature against a superior mastery which it does not understand, and which at first appears capricious and unreasonable. Without being quite certain of the accuracy of my definition, I know that the design is based upon a like convention.

This may not be spirituality, but how far it is from what we call realism, and how wise the acceptance by the artist of a convention which allows him to give all his energies to a new interpretation, through his own study of nature! As with those who have chosen distinctly religious subjects, and whose vitality and personality can triumph and coexist with the absence of novelty in the theme, so the artist in more ordinary subjects may be wise in keeping to themes which are known to those whom he addresses, and in which they can fully grasp and enjoy his success. These general themes allow a stricter individuality in the artist who uses them, when he is capable, and make his want of individuality tolerable, and even laudable and pleasant, when, like most of us, he has little of his own. Then he can never be so offensive if we do not like him. Those that we do not like are often offensive because their personal vanity appears upon a solid ground of their own stupidity. Perhaps this is why the Japanese *objet d'art* never offends, at least in the older work done under the general influences that have obtained with the race.

Hence, also, their astonishing variety. A thousand times, many thousand times, you will have seen the same subject, but never the same rendering, never the same *object*, twice repeated. That is to say, that whenever it is worth while we can get at the most valuable and costly part of the work of art, the humanity that made it, the love of something that went with the work. It is this that makes the mystery of the charm of innumerable little pieces of older work, like the metal-work that belongs to the old swords, any one of which is superior to anything that we do, unless in the rare cases when we bring in the expensive life of a great master to rival it — some part of the work left by a Barye, a Cellini, a Pisano.

All that our great men have done is exactly opposite to the tendency of our modern work, and is based on the same ground that the Japanese has lived and worked on — *i. e.*, the reality and not the appearance, the execution and not the proposition of a theme. The whole principle is involved in the analysis of, say, a successful study from nature — a beautiful painting, for instance, of a beautiful sky. In such a case the subject is all provided; the importance of the result depends upon the artist's sensitiveness to the facts supplied to him, upon his use of his hereditary and acquired methods of recording them, and upon his personal variation of those methods. No one dreams of praising the art of the sky itself, that is to say, the fact that the facts existed; to praise the artist for the thing having occurred from which he worked. It is this apparent want of comprehension of the first principles of the plastic arts in our poor work, and in a vast proportion of our best, that makes any reasonable man a pessimist as to our near future. Every poor element of our civilization is against it, and our influences are now deteriorating the art of Japan. We value material or the body instead of workmanship or the right use of the body; and instead of style and design, the intellect and the heart. To us a gold object seems spiritually precious, and we hesitate at working in other than costly materials. To the Japanese workman wood

and gold have been nothing but the means to an end. We had rather not do anything than do anything not enduring, so that when our materials are difficult, the life has flown that was to animate them; the Japanese is willing to build a temporary architecture, and make a temporary lacquer, which holds more beauty and art than we to-day manage to get in granite or in metal.

And when the Oriental workman takes the hardest surfaces of steel or of jade, he has had the preparations for using it with mastery; it is again plastic and yielding for him, as the less abiding materials have been before. Nor would the Japanese artist understand the point of view of many of our men, who do their best to put an end to all art, so lost are they in our vanity of "advertisement." The Japanese would never have invented the idea of doing poorly the work one is forced to do to live, so as to reserve vast energy for more important or influential work that might draw attention to him. The greater part of our "decoration" is carried out just the contrary way to his. Our artists accept as a momentary curse the fact that to live they may have to draw patterns, or work in glass, or paint or model subsidiary ornamentation. They look forward to the glorious time when they may wreak their lofty souls in the dignity of paint mixed with the sacred linseed oil, or in the statue done in bronze or carved in marble by other hands than theirs. And yet if their nature be not too far removed from ours, the habit of doing less than their best, the habit of doing poorly, the scorn of anything but the fine clothes of a fine material, will never be gotten over, and throughout this little cheapness of soul, this essential snobbishness, will be felt to puzzle and disconcert those who wish to admire.

That is to say that they too often do not look to the end, but to the means, while to the artist the means are a mere path — as with the Greeks, their work will live, even if its very physical existence is obliterated, because it is built in the mind, in the eternity of thought. So Greek art existed, and has lived, and lives, the most flourishing and richest that we know of — with less to represent it than we turn out daily. So it lived, when it had no longer anything of its own body to represent it, in everything that was done in every country which kept its lessons; and lives still, without examples to refer to, even into the very painting of to-day. It is the principle of the proper place of means that makes the little piece of Japanese metal-work — for instance, the sword-guard or the knife-handle — an epitome of art, certainly a greater work of art than any modern cathedral. And as certainly we shall never even produce good ordinary ornamental work until we feel the truth that I have lamely indicated.

"I might perhaps do as well as this," said an intelligent architect, as we looked at some excellent but not noblest details of French Renaissance, "but how could I spend the time on it? And not only that, but how could I have spent the time previous to this, in doing other similar work to train me? I can only make a project, have it carried out by the best commercial firm, not anxious to change the course of trade, and shut my eyes to the result. I should never be criticized, because I did not give more than my bargain." And yet to give more than your bargain is merely to give art.

Look at this little *netsuke*[1] or *inro*[2] or sword-guard, and follow the workman as you admire each detail of the execution. He has chosen some subject or some design which may have an associated meaning, or may be of good omen, and bear good wishes, or he may have chosen out of the entire world of observation, of fancy, or of tradition; and may have chosen just as much because it fits well the space which he has to cover.

He will take as well a design that has been used a hundred times as a newer one. For he has to *reinvent* it in execution, even as the Greek sculptor who recut again the "egg and dart," or the orator who is to expound and carry out to success some argument all ready in his mind — as the old architect who rebuilt a glorious Greek temple upon the rules and canons of proportion that others had used before him. But he has to see that this design in his mind — or nearer yet, perhaps, on paper — shall fit the spaces of the material and of the object which he is to make, so that it shall be made, as it were, for that place only. He will then go again to nature, — perhaps working directly from it, perhaps only to his memory of sight, — for remember, that in what we call working from nature — we painters. We merely use a shorter strain of memory than when we carry back to our studios the vision that we wish to note. And more than that, the very way in which we draw our lines, and mix our pigments, in the hurry of instant record, in the certainty of successful handling, implies that our mind is filled with innumerable memories of continuous trials.

The workman goes to nature, and finds in it the reality and the details of his design, even, let us say, to the very markings of a tree trunk that he has chosen: they are all there, since they exist in the design, and the design is good. But they exist only in so far as they exist also in the ivory that he cuts — in the veining of the tortoise-shell or malachite that is to render

1 Carved button used for suspending the tobacco-pouch to the belt.

2 A nest of small boxes carried suspended from the belt.

it. Now with patient pleasure he can hunt out these associations; he can use gold, or silver, or vulgar lead, or lacquer, or the cutting and filing of steel, or the iridescence of mother-of-pearl for his leaves, or his stems, or the water, or the birds,—for the clouds or the moonlight,—for the sunshine and the shadow,—for the light and dark,—for the "male and female" of his little manufactured world.

These he will model, chisel, sink, or emboss as the story needs, and do it coarsely, or loosely, or minutely, or delicately, as the unity of his little world requires. And he will work in a hurry, or work slowly, he will varnish it and rub it down, and polish it again, and bake it many times, and let it weather out of doors, or shut it up carefully from the smallest track of dust, or bathe it in acids or salts, and all this for days and months in the year. And when he has finished,—because to do more or less would not be to finish it,—he has given me, besides the excellency of what we call workmanship, which he must give me because that is the bargain between us—he has given me his desires, his memories, his pleasures, his dreams, all the little occurrences of so much life. As you see, he is following the law of *Tao*, so that however humble his little world, it has a life of its own which cannot be separated from its materials; no picture of it, no reproduction, will give its full charm, any more than a photograph gives that of a human being. Take out the word Japanese wherever I have put it, take out the actual materials that I have mentioned, and the description and the reasoning will apply. That is all there is to any work of art. It does not exist in a fine abstract of intention—nor again in the application of some method of toil—to define "technic," as so many young idiots most excusably try to persuade themselves. It exists in an individual result with origins so powerful and deep that they are lost in shade.

To go on, I wish to put it that the same reasons will cause the artist, then, to elaborate profusely, to work in long patience, to use precious materials, to work slightly or carelessly, to finish his work with minute details, or to sketch rapidly with the end of a brush filled with the single color of India ink.

There is no difference in reality; there is only the question of the kind of interest he wishes to evoke, the sort of relation he wishes to establish between himself and his work, and incidentally to me, the looker-on.

I am afraid that this hazy weather is affecting the sequence of my dreaming, or what I am pleased to call my thought, so that you may not clearly understand me.

Again I wish you to remark that in all fullness of work other things are suggested than those directly represented, upon the same principle, for the same reasons, that the successful sketch, as I said before, is richer than it looks. Hence the suggestion of color when there is really but black and white; hence the suggestion of modeled light and shadow when there is really but flat color and outlines. Hence the success of all great periods in what we call decorative work, because there was no separation; there was merely art to be used to fill certain spaces, and to recall the fact that it was so used.

Many years ago I used to read Mr. Ruskin, when "my sight was bad, and I lived within the points of the compass," and also the works of other men, who laid down the exact geography and the due distances, north and south, of a certain department or land of art which they called "Decoration." Some of them are not yet dead. The light of *Tao* fell upon the subject from the words of a child who had been listening to a talk in which I and others wiser than myself were trying to follow out these boundaries that outlined "true" methods of decorative art, and kept to the received instructions of abstention from this and that, of refraining from such and such a reality, of stiffening the flow of outline, of flattening the fullness of modeling, of turning our backs on light and shade, of almost hating the surface of nature; and we wondered that when our European exemplars of to-day had fulfilled every condition of conventionality, had carefully avoided the use of the full methods of art, in the great specialities of painting and sculpture, their glorious work had less stuff to it than a Gothic floral ornament or a Japanese painted fan. "Father," said the child, "are you not all making believe? Is the Japanese richness in their very flat work so different from what you can see in this sketch by my little brother? See how his tree looks as if it had light and shadow, and yet he has used no modeling. He has used only the markings of the tree and their variation of color to do for both. He has left out nothing, and yet it is flat painting."

Nor have the Japanese *left out* things. They have not been forced to overstudy any part, so as to lose the look of free choice, to make the work assume the appearance of task-work—the work of a workman bored, nobly bored perhaps, but still bored, a feeling that is reflected in the mind of the beholder. The Japanese artist makes his little world,—often nothing but an India-ink world,—but its occupants live within it. They are always obedient to all the laws of nature that they know of.

However piercing the observation of actual fact, its record is always a synthesis. I remember many years ago looking over some Japanese drawings of hawking with two other youngsters, one of them now a celebrated artist, the other

a well-known teacher of science. What struck us then was the freedom of record, the acute vision of facts, the motions and actions of the birds, their flight, their attention, and their resting, the alertness and anxiety of their hunters, and the suggestions of the entire landscapes (made with a few brush-marks). One saw the heat, and the damp, and the dark meandering of water in the swamps; marked the dry paths which led over sounding wooden bridges, and the tangle of weeds and brush, and the stiff swaying of high trees. All was to us realism, but affected by an unknown charm.

Now this is what the artist who did this realism has said, as well as I can make it out: "The ancient mode must be maintained. Though a picture must be made like the natural growth of all things, yet it lacks taste and feeling if it simulates the real things."

Evidently the painter had not learned our modern distinctions of the realist and the idealist.

If you wished to know what I admire most in these forms of art, I might say to you, keeping, I hope, within the drift of what I have been writing, that it is their obedience to early rules which were once based on the first primeval needs of the artist. And if you pushed me further, and wished to make me confess what I thought that these necessities might be, and to make me give you a definition of them, and thereby force me into a definition of art itself, I should hesitatingly state that I do not like to define in matters so far down as causes. But if you would not tell, or take advantage of my having been drawn into such a position of doctrine, I might acknowledge that I have far within me a belief that art is the love of certain balanced proportions and relations which the mind likes to discover and to bring out in what it deals with, be it thought, or the actions of men, or the influences of nature, or the material things in which necessity makes it to work. I should then expand this idea until it stretched from the patterns of earliest pottery to the harmony of the lines of Homer. Then I should say that in our plastic arts the relations of lines and spaces are, in my belief, the first and earliest desires. And again I should have to say that, in my unexpressed faith, these needs are as needs of the soul, and echoes of the laws of the universe, seen and unseen, reflections of the universal mathematics, cadences of the ancient music of the spheres.

For I am forced to believe that there are laws for our eyes as well as for our ears, and that when, if ever, these shall have been deciphered, as has been the good fortune with music, then shall we find that all best artists have carefully preserved their instinctive obedience to these, and have all cared together for this before all.

For the arrangements of line and balances of spaces which meet these underlying needs are indeed the points through which we recognize the answer to our natural love and sensitiveness for order, and through this answer we feel, clearly or obscurely, the difference between what we call great men and what we call the average, whatever the personal charm may be.

This is why we remember so easily the arrangement and composition of such a one whom we call a master — that is why the "silhouette" of a Millet against the sky, why his placing of outlines within the rectangle of his picture, makes a different, a final and decisive result, impressed strongly upon the memory which classifies it, when you compare it with the record of the same story, say by Jules Breton. It is not the difference of the fact in nature, it is not that the latter artist is not in love with his subject, that he has not a poetic nature, that he is not simple, that he has not dignity, that he is not exquisite; it is that he has not found in nature of his own instinct the eternal mathematics which accompany facts of sight. For indeed, to use other words, in what does one differ from the other? The arrangement of the idea or subject may be the same, the costume, the landscape, the time of day, nay, the very person represented. But the Millet, if we take this instance, is framed within a larger line, its spaces are of greater or more subtle ponderation, its building together more architectural. That is to say, all its spaces are more surely related to *one another*, and not only to the *story told*, nor only to the *accidental occurrence* of the same. The eternal has been brought in to sustain the transient.

For fashions change as to feelings and sentiments and ways of looking at the world. The tasks of the days of Angelico, or of Rubens, or of Millet, are not the same; religions live and disappear; nations come and go in and out of the pages of history: but I can see nothing from the earliest art that does not mean living in a like desire for law and order in expression. It is therefore because we consciously or unconsciously recognize this love of the unwritten harmonies of our arts, the power of recalling them to us, in some painter or in some architect, that we say that such a man is great. He is great because he is the same as man has been, and will be; and we recognize, without knowing them by name, our ancestral primordial predilections.

Yes, the mere direction or distance of a line by the variation of some fraction of an inch establishes this enormous superiority — a little more curve or less, a mere black or white or

colored space of a certain proportion, a few darks or reds or blues. And now you will ask, Do you intend to state that decoration— To which I should say, I do not mean to leave my main path of principles to-day, and that when I return we shall have time to discuss objections. Besides, "I am not arguing; I am telling you."

THIS is the unity, this is the reality, which disengages itself from the art of Japan, even as we know it in common, through what we usually call "bric-à-brac." Our introduction to it is rather curious when one comes to think of it. Suddenly, owing to enormous social changes in Japan, involving vast fluctuations in fortunes, most of all that was portable was for sale, and flooded our markets. Ignorant dealers held in masses small treasures of temples, adornments of the wealthy, all the odds and ends of real art, along with the usual furniture, along with all the poor stuff that would naturally be made for us barbarians, and had been made for us for centuries through the trade of Holland. It was as if Paris or London had suddenly been unloaded of everything portable, from works of art to household furniture. Naturally the mainspring of it all,—the works of great draftsmen, for instance,—being more debatable, more inexplicable, more useless, in a word, or detained by stronger bands, just as it would be with us, have somewhat escaped the drain. Our perceptions have been confused in all this mixture by repetitions, imitations, which in every form of art, as we know so well in literature, degrade the perception and enjoyment of what is good. I can only wonder that the world has not been tired out and disgusted with Japanese bric-à-brac. And had we not been in such bad straits of taste ourselves, such would have been the case. I have always considered that the artist needed to be forgiven for his turn toward bric-à-brac; not for his liking to have odds and ends for help and refreshment, but for having too many; because his life is to make, not to collect. To others, that can be forgiven easily; for the pieces of the past are a consolation of the present, and one would like to feel that a man's likings are his important self, and are betrayed by his choices. "Dis-moi ce que tu aimes—je te dirai ce que tu es."

If one had time and did not do, what pleasure it might be to describe forever the innumerable objects and things that might be found here, even though words are a poor rendering of sight. And what pleasure it might be to try to describe the greatest of all bric-à-brac, the greatest remains of the higher arts—sculpture and painting.

I have begun some such letter for you, but I fear that it may never be finished. Nor do I see any way of giving an account of the history of painting in Japan, which would have to stand for a still further explanation. Should I study it further, can I do more than to increase my own knowledge,—and all knowledge is a burden,—and to give you cursory proof, by names and a few examples, that the art of painting and the art of sculpture are very old here? I should have to begin to ask myself for you if the earliest remains do not already prove still earlier schools and accepted or debated tradition, and I should then have still one thousand years of design to account for.

I shall probably leave my letter to you unfinished. It has already become unwieldy, and I could give you only my own impressions. And then in the history of art everything is needed.

It would not be merely reproduction in words, however beautiful, of the surfaces of works that have survived time, nor of the men who made them, of their characters, the accidents of their lives, and their technical beliefs. It would be simply a history of humanity at a given place. It could not be solved by a mere account of the place and the race, according to some of our later scientific fads. I was writing to you but yesterday, and trying to make out that the work of art is often a contradiction of the period, or a step in advance; that the moods of feeling of the future are as often reflected by art as the habits of the present. But whatever personal sense of solitariness or of antagonism has inspired or oppressed the artist, he must have had partners since he has had admirers, even when he antagonizes his time. However transient certain of his forms, however much to us who come afterward they indicate the *period*, he has expressed not his time, but the needs of others who have been looking in the same ways, and yet have had no voice. And even if they have not quite sympathized, the accumulations of like tendencies has become stronger and clearer in their descendants. To reflect fully, then, in words, the face of the work of art, one would have to melt into it in some way the gaze of those who have looked at it; to keep upon it still the gentle looks of the pitiful and

SIGNATURE OF HOKUSAI.

the loving, the rapt contemplation of the saints, the tender or mocking smile of women, the hard or contemptuous appreciation of rulers, the toleration of the wise, all of which have been in reality a part of the very work. Their negations or sympathies have fallen on the work, and these ineffable delicacies of impression are transmitted in it to successive generations, even as the shadowing of innumerable years of incense-burning has browned the gold and blackened the azure, as concealment in the shade has sometimes paled, sometimes preserved, the edges of the outlines and the modeling of the colors, or exposure and heat and damp have cracked and channeled and dusted all surfaces. You see what I should consider a true carrying out of such a task, and how unsatisfied I should be with anything that I could accomplish, unless it were to stand to you as something fragmentary and evanescent. One thing I should like to do,—should I remain long enough, and be able to get it from the few acquaintances who may know,—and that is to save some part of the artists themselves out of that obscurity by which the lives of great workers are almost always clouded.

To me Rembrandt, and Balzac, and Delacroix, each contradictory to his surroundings, have become more intelligible through the record of their every-day struggle, the exactness of measurement which one can place upon the personal circumstances in which they carried out their work, the limitations of its exact meaning and importance in their own eyes, as we follow them in the daylight of favor, or in the gloomy endings that so often close the lives of great artists.

I hear occasionally of the wanderings of Kano Motonobu, the founder of the great school and family of artists who have lasted through four centuries to the present day, and have filled Japan, or the temples here, with works better or poorer, until the family name becomes a burden. I hear about Okio, the charmer, the painter of everything and of animals, who began as a little child by sketching on the earth with bamboo sticks when he followed his parents into the fields to work. One might perhaps learn about Hokusai, who is tabooed here, and about whom I dare not inquire, but whose charming last letter, as given by Mr. Morse, comes back to my memory, it is so gay and so sad, so triumphant over circumstances, so expressive of the view of the world which explains his woodcuts. I quote from memory: "King Ema" (he writes to a friend)—"King Ema" (the ruler of the under world) "has become very old, and is thinking of retiring from business; so that he has ordered a little country house to be built, and he asks of me to come to him that I may paint him a 'kakemono'; so that in a few days I must be ready to travel and to take my sketches with me. I shall take up my residence at the corner of the Street of the Under World, where it will give me much pleasure to receive thee, when thou hast the opportunity to come over there."

Or this mocking challenge to old age, at the end of one of the volumes of his pictures of Fuji.

"Since my sixth year I have felt the impulse to represent the form of things; by the age of fifty I had published numberless drawings; but I am displeased with all I have produced before the age of seventy. It is at seventy-three that I have begun to understand the form and the true nature of birds, of fishes, of plants, and so forth. Consequently, by the time I get to eighty, I shall have made much progress; at ninety, I shall get to the essence of things; at a hundred, I shall have most certainly come to a superior, undefinable position; and at the age of a hundred and ten, every point, every line, shall be alive. And I leave it to those who shall live as long as I have myself, to see if I have not kept my word. Written, at the age of seventy-five, by me, formerly known as Hokusai, but now known as Gakyo Rojin (The Old Man gone Mad for Painting)."

. . . I had been intending to add, when I interrupted myself some way back, that I enjoyed in this art of Japan—at least in this drawing which they call painting—the strange nearness I seem to be in to the feelings of the men who did the work. There is between us only a thin veil of consummate skill. The habit and the methods resulting from it, of an old obedience to an unwritten law common to all art, have asked for the directest ways of marking an intention or an observation.

This reference to a previous tradition of meaning, of ideal arrangement by rule, this wish for synopsis, this feeling for manners of expressing one's self in the thing seen, will naturally make art out of anything. And it is not wonderful that what we call handwriting may then give full play to art, in a written language of which ideography is the key. Given the Chinese characters, their original intentions, the associations, historical and literary, connected with them, is it anything strange in reality, however strange to our habits, to find writing a form of art in Japan? It may have all I have just referred to, and be full of the meaning of ideas, and be literature, and then it can be made conformable to the laws of beauty of form and spacing; and above all, to give character of style, and character of personality, to look more or less grave, or elegant, or weighty, according to circumstances, be elegiac, or lyric, or epic, and reflect on its face

the intentions of the text. And again it will be the mark or *sign* of the person; so that my Japanese friends can object to Hokusai's bad writing, as betraying something not refined, for a weighty argument against his other works done with a similar implement, the brush, which is the pen of the far East.

It will then be in what we call drawing—which is an abstraction, the synopsis of the outlines of things meeting together, of their relative intensities, of their own colors, of their relations to the place they are in, that is to say, the picture—that this art of Japan, the daughter of the art of China, will attain its highest form; so that in reality those of us who think of it as appearing at its best only in color, in external charm, have not understood it. An etching of Rembrandt could fairly be said to represent, not so much in itself, but in its essence, what a great Chinaman would have liked to do in India ink—the material of all others which, even to us, is his especially. The line, the abstract line of Rembrandt, its elegance, its beautiful patterning of the surface, is concealed to us by the extraordinary richness of some of his modeling and the extreme gradations of what we call light and shade. But it is there all the same, as a geologic foundation, in the same way that inside of the Titian's splendor of surface there is a decorative substructure as well balanced and fixed as a Venetian brocade—just as the works of other great colorists, as we call them (to designate more complex men), imply, in their constitution and the mechanism of their technic, powers of design and drawing sufficient to furnish out armies of such draftsmen as flourish, for instance, in the Paris of to-day. It is this surplus of richness that conceals the identity. Our arts have undertaken an enormous accession of truths and ambitions upon which the arts of the extreme East have never ventured. They have attained their end, the end of all art, at an earlier mental period. They are younger, perhaps even more like children, and their work cannot involve the greater complications of greater age; but it has also all that grasp of the future that belongs to youth, and that has to be accompanied by deficiencies of knowledge; that is to say, of later acquirement and the practice of good and evil. And it is impossible to look at the expression of nature, or of any intention made by the child in full sincerity, without realizing that the aim of the artist, be he even Michael Angelo, is to return to a similar directness and unity of rendering. Not that the Eastern artist, any more than the child, could be conscious of deficiencies of which he had not thought. He has been satisfied, as we have been satisfied, but for a longer time and under a greater prestige. As the fruit painted by the Greek deceived the birds, and the curtain painted by the Greek painter deceived his fellow-artist, so the horses of Kanaoka have escaped from their kakemonos, and the tigers sculptured in the lattices of temples have been known to descend at night and rend one another in the courtyards. O—— tells me the Chinese story of the painter forced to let go his painting of the moon for a nominal sum to repay an oppressive money-lender, and how, when the banker happened to unroll it, the whole room was illumined, and he grew into a habit of spending evenings in the mild effulgence of the painted rays. But when, after an absence, he looked at it again, the moon was gone,—where old moons go,—and he was enraged at the painter, though he might well have noticed that for many days the moon had not been so bright, and indeed had seemed to be ill drawn. O—— tells me that the artist got it back for little, and waited the necessary number of days to have its crescent reappear again; and A—— says that, though the picture is lost to-day, he hopes to find it again in China in following years.

These stories serve as a way of stating to you that as long as new wants were not felt, newer accuracies did not begin to exist, and these limitations are naturally seen to be more easily put up with in a civilization of uninterrupted tradition. To acquire something when one's hands are full, something has to be dropped. In the stations of our own progress in art, the advance has at every stage involved some deficiency, or failure, or weakening on another side. This is the only explanation I can make for painting in the extreme East not having taken up portraiture—that is to say, not having triumphed in it, while sculpture has reached out toward it in a splendid way. We have seen the same thing in the transition from the middle ages, when sculpture outreaches painting in the direction of reality. But then sculpture is to a certain extent easier and in a certain way inferior, because it gives a sort of duplicate of the object, not a relation of it to other things; so that the Japanese have not come to the work from the "model" which has at so many periods and so long been ours. Theirs are types of types; they are not, as with us, persons, and the pursuit of beauty in the individual has not been followed apparently by the art of the far East. The personal love and preference of the artist embodied in another person their art does not show; nor have their artists given a nameless immortality to certain human beings, so that for ages their types, their images, their moods, their characters, their most transitory variations of beauty, have been proposed to us as an example. Have you ever reflected how the name-

less model reigns in the memory of man with a personal fame more intimate than that of Cheops, or Helen, or Cæsar, because the artist has been obliged to build upon this person his own dream of the world — as with the Roman girl who is the Madonna of San Sisto?

. . . So, again, the Eastern artists have suggested, and implied, and used light and shade, and perspective, and anatomy, and the relations of light to color, and of color to light, only so much as they could take into their previous scheme.

In many cases their success is still an astonishment to us. Certainly their records of motion, their construction of plants and flowers and birds, we have all appreciated; and their scientific, easy noting of colored light in landscape made even Rousseau dream of absorbing its teaching into his pictures, which certainly represent the full Western contradictory idea, in the most complicated acceptance of every difficulty.

The artist here, then, has not made separate analytical studies of all the points that trouble us, that have cost at times some acquirement of the past, in the anxiety for working out a new direction; as to-day, for instance, in learned France, where the very art of painting, as a mirror of the full-colored appearance of things, has for a quarter of a century been in peril, under the influence of the academy drawing-school, the model in studio light, and the vain attempt to rival the photograph. And perhaps it is needless to repeat again how we have lost the sense of natural decoration and expression of meaning by general arrangement of lines and spaces, so that again in France we are astonished at M. Puvis de Chavannes, who uses powers that have once been common to almost all our race.

Here the artist does not walk attired in all the heavy armor which we have gradually accumulated upon us. His learning in side issues is not unnecessarily obtruded upon me, so as to conceal the sensitiveness of his impressions or the refinement of his mind. As for us, we have marched on in a track parallel to science, striving now for centuries to subdue the material world — to get it into the microcosm of our paintings. Each successive great generation has taken up the task, heavier and heavier as time goes on, halting and resting when some new "find" has been made, working out a new discovery often with the risk of the loss of a greater one.

But how often the processes have covered up what is most important,— to me at least,— the value of the individual, his aspirations, and indeed the notions or beliefs that are common between us.

Sometimes this covering has been sordid and mean, pedantic or unesthetic, sometimes most splendid. But how difficult it has been always for the many to read, for instance, in our great Rubens, the evidences of a lofty nature, the devout intentions of a healthy mind!

Not that we can turn back to-day and desert. From the time when the Greek first asserted in art the value of personal manhood, to the date of the "impressionist" of to-day, the career has been one. And certainly in the art of painting a vaster future lies before us, whenever we are ready to carry the past. But remember that whatever has been really great once will always remain great.

Even if I were competent to make more than approaches to reflections, this place of dreams is not well chosen for effort. I feel rather as if, tired, I wished to take off my modern armor, and lie at rest, and look at these pictures of the simplicity of attitude in which we were once children. For indeed the meaning of our struggle is to regain that time, through toil and the fullness of learning, and to live again in the oneness of mind and feeling which is to open to us the doors of the kingdom.

John La Farge.

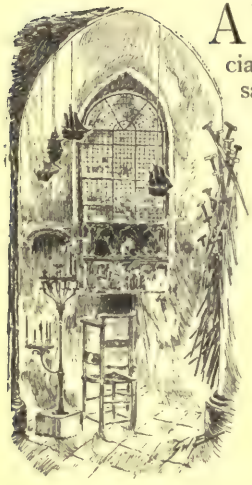
DAWN.

OUT of the scabbard of the night,
By God's hand drawn,
Flashes his shining sword of light,
And lo,— the dawn!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

MENTAL MEDICINE.

THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE BY SUGGESTION.



A VERY practical and distinguished physician of old New York said to his class, twenty-five years ago, that he needed but five remedies to cope with any ordinary form of disease. As a great element of his brilliant success in his profession was his individuality and power over men, it is probable that this limited armamentarium was supplemented by one of the best possible attributes that a doctor can possess — the ability to give confidence and to stimulate faith.

With the increase of our knowledge of medicine there is a growing skepticism upon the part of well-informed medical men in regard to the infallibility of much-vaunted drugs, and the advances of the past few years, which have been attended by so many important discoveries, show that a majority of diseases are due either to degeneration or to microbic infection, and in this respect preventive measures are perhaps, after all, the most important. The influence of mind upon body is also nowadays being weighed more critically, and the liberalism of the age permits us to analyze and accept many phenomena which in the past were so wonderful and so far beyond explanation as to be relegated to the domain of quackery and charlatanism. To-day the curious and intensely interesting conditions following expectant attention, or the exercise of mental inhibition, are induced by a large number of physicians, who accomplish astonishing results, and a limited number even believe in the removal of organic disease by applicable mental therapeutic measures. The history of the widely varying examples, more or less accurately reported, of mental concentration with impaired consciousness and pliable will-power, subject to the suggestions and commands of an active agent, are too numerous and familiar to need special mention.

The antiquity of mental therapeutics need not be discussed here; sufficient is it to say that the history of all peoples teems with illustrative cases of miraculous cures. Those persons who have visited any of the small chapels scattered along the French sea-coast are familiar with the votive offerings — most of which attest a faith-cure — and the pathetic decorations consisting of crutches and sticks that are hung upon the walls, proving the miraculous recovery of grateful invalids who have gone their way rejoicing. The traditions of the Roman Catholic Church furnish many well-authenticated instances of the astonishing effect of the exercise of the mind on the body. The influence of faith as a curative factor, however, need not always be of a strictly religious nature. After all, the fundamental condition of expectant attention, and the natural awe of that which is mysterious or beyond the ken of the subject, is the groundwork of all cures, enabling the skilful physician to impress his patient by appeals to the imagination, and the money-making humbug to make diagnoses upon locks of hair furnished him by his credulous dupes or by dramatic operations. In another direction we find the so-called mind- and faith-cures, which have become so popular of late, and which are patronized by persons whose religious faith permits them to adopt so eminently proper a method, and one so in accord with a very deep part of human nature. That there can be any occult transference between two people who sit back to back is a manifest absurdity, but in all these proceedings the passive agent is in a receptive condition, and under the circumstances is undoubtedly affected by the expectation of some hoped-for thing that is to happen.

The emotional excitement so often connected with intense religious feeling is an element of the greatest importance in relation to suggestion, and many of the cures that are ascribed to prayer are, after all, only examples of what may be done by mental therapeutics. A familiar case is related by Bernheim,— that of the Princess Schwarzenberg, who had remained paralyzed for eight years despite the best medical skill. She was immediately cured, however, by a young peasant who made so strong an impression and inspired such hope that she discarded the apparatus that had been used to overcome the deformity of the limbs, and when suddenly appealed to, and told to rise and walk,

she did, and was afterward entirely cured. It was probable in this case, as in others, that what is known as an "ideal paralysis" existed, which was cured by the sudden emotion attendant upon the development of her enthusiastic religious faith, and by the sudden suspension of inhibition.

Many persons in this country are familiar with the faith-cure of Newton, who went about the country giving exhibitions forty or fifty years ago, and a large number of ideational invalids who passed in review before him were immediately restored to health by his exhortations and suggestions. Those with hysterical blindness recovered at once their vision, paralytics discarded their crutches, and a large proportion of patients whose sufferings were chiefly subjective were promptly relieved. In these cases, of course, suggestion was used. As a rule, with the spread of the news of such performances a delusional epidemic was established, and his labors became easier in consequence.

By suggestion we are enabled to explain many so-called miracles, none of which are more wonderful than those which occur at Lourdes, where even now extensive pilgrimages are made. French literature is full of instances of really astonishing cures made at this famous place, and M. Henri Lasserre has collected a large number of such cases, some of which are simply marvelous. Long-standing paralyses and contractures, and disturbances of vision innumerable, were promptly relieved by the use of water from the famous springs. Lasserre speaks of the case of Mlle. Marie Moreau, a young girl of sixteen, who suffered from that form of blindness called amaurosis, the sight of one eye being wholly gone. After nine days of prayer, a bandage dipped in the water of Lourdes was applied to her eyes, and in the morning she arose completely cured. So wide-spread is the belief in the wonderful powers of this water, that it is no uncommon thing to find devout Catholics sending for it even from America. One invalid who came under my notice, and who suffered from an incurable nervous disease for many years, would never take an ordinary dose of medicine without diluting it with water from this source, for which she regularly sent.

From time immemorial there have been instances of suggestion attending the use of amulets, the bones of saints, and fetishes of various kinds, which have worked miracles or effected marvelous cures, and every once in a while some popular craze marks the appearance of an epidemic of imaginary cures. Whole communities share in common the belief in the power of a madstone, which is treasured by its fortunate possessor, and sought after by persons hundreds of miles distant who are unlucky enough to have been bitten by a more or less rabid dog. Sometimes these are simply broken aërolites, porous stones, or trilobites. But if such credulity exists, especially in the wild parts of the Western and Southern States, what can be said of the universal belief in common rings made of iron or antimony, which are worn by educated and oftentimes scientific people as a sovereign cure for rheumatism? Some years ago I was invited to pass judgment upon a very popular article of so-called electric clothing. The most careful tests with the galvanometer, however, failed to reveal the existence of the slightest current, and it is to be assumed that the virtues of this particular belt were no greater than those of some less pretentious natural object.

In the early part of the century a Frenchman, the Abbé Lenoble, invented a magnet by which disease was to be cured; and about twenty years ago his theories and those of Burcq were revived by Charcot and Bourneville, as well as by many of their advanced countrymen, who performed a series of experiments at La Salpêtrière and other places with astonishing results. That the application of magnets to the surface of the body under ordinary circumstances could produce no effect whatever, is patent to the common mind. An enterprising and venturesome young medical man of New York even went so far lately as to place his head between the armatures of one of the powerful magnets at the Edison shops without suffering the slightest embarrassment or manifesting any alteration in pulse. But, strange to say, when the magnets are applied to certain hysterical subjects, various alterations in sensibility occur, which are undoubtedly due to some influence of imagination. Exactly how this occurs it is impossible to say in the present stage of experimentation. That it is not magnetism which acts is made clear by the fact that if a gold or silver coin be laid upon the anesthetic skin of a hysterical woman, the sensation will be altered at the place of contact, or transferred.

After Lenoble's time, a money-making quack introduced to the world what were known as "Perkins's tractors." These consisted of two small rods of wood or metal, which were applied to the painful or diseased part of the body, and were supposed to remove the *materies morbi* and the symptoms. The tractor craze became universal, and for a time suggestion almost superseded all other forms of medical practice. One of Gillray's most clever caricatures represents a gouty English squire being subjected to the treatment; the "tractor" is held to the nose by a peruked and pompous individual for the purpose of removing the vivid evidence of disease,

while the neglected grog stands upon the table as a silent reminder of the cause of the sufferings of the victim.

How far it is permissible to appeal to the imagination of nervous people is an open question. The instances in medical literature where subterfuge and more or less justifiable deception were adopted are numerous indeed, and the phenomenal success of some of the greatest quacks who ever lived is undoubtedly to be ascribed to ingenious humbugging. Strange to say, where in desperate cases fictitious operations have been resorted to, the results have not always been happy; for, after the first apparent conviction, there has been a reaction, which rather implies that the morbid concentration of the patient is far more deep-seated, and is of the nature of a disease in itself. Unquestionably, the use of deception for the purpose of combating various mental states is at times justifiable, and is especially familiar to persons who see much of the insane.

I can recall a rather amusing experiment which attended the introduction of the phonograph, by which I was able, after many unsuccessful efforts, to correct the delusions of a religious lunatic and to make him eat. This man was an Irishman of a low order of intelligence, who had persistently refused food for several days, and who could not be persuaded to eat or drink until he was brought into a room where a phonograph was concealed. A carefully worded command suited to the case, which had been recorded upon the wax cylinder of the phonograph before his visit, was rolled forth in loud and oracular tones, he being unaware of its source. The effect was immediate, and for a time encouraging.

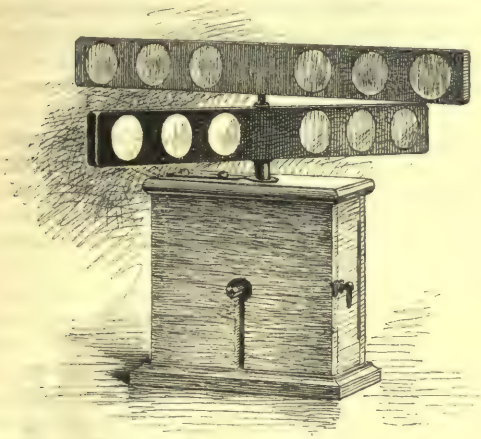
No matter how apparently mysterious and inexplicable a cure may be, or how illogical the *modus operandi*, it will be found that after all there is some appeal to the patient's imagination in the direction of hypnotic suggestion. What are the possibilities of this method of treatment it is difficult to state. That it ever cures organic disease I do not believe. But there are a variety of maladies, chiefly of a functional nature, but nevertheless exceedingly serious in their obstinacy, which may be removed by it when other remedies fail. Physicians generally are familiar not only with the loss of vision which has been referred to, but with a loss of voice as well, which are simply hysterical conditions that may persist for years. It is also a well-known fact that there are motor disturbances, and what are known to all surgeons as neuromimeses, the most common forms of which counterfeit affections of the joints, and sometimes baffle the most thorough expert examination. These are the cases that have been cured by suggestion by quacks and others, who have, after all, really used a legitimate mode of treatment in a disreputable way. Though through ignorance they usually fail to apply proper remedies to grave organic conditions, they sometimes strike the mark in some one of these imitative diseases that have been mistakenly regarded as organic, making a coup which gains for them a magnitude of reputation, dwarfing their incompetence, and obscuring their failures in other directions.

It is only within the past few years that scientific men have really adopted suggestion in a rational way, and the advances in psychology and psychopathology have paved the way for the use of a most potent agent. Our knowledge of disorders of motility and the disturbance of the governing coördinating faculties permits us to determine the pathology of certain convulsive and spasmodic conditions which until recently were simply looked upon as vague symptomatic states. Writers' cramp, which is a diseased automatism, has been repeatedly cured by suggestion made during the hypnotic state, some of which remained to control or antagonize the conditions in the intervals between the séances. I have seen forms of persistent tremor, chorea, speech defects, and other motor disturbances very much ameliorated, if not always cured, by the methods of Luys and Bernheim.

In England and elsewhere suggestion has been used for the correction of certain mental states manifested in moral perversion, among which dipsomania and certain varieties of infantile viciousness figure; and my own experience has convinced me that in some insanities it is certainly a most valuable means for combating the development of delusions, and in restoring the equilibrium of an unbalanced nervous system. A form of mental disorder which has been described by the French as *folie du doute*, and by the writer as introspective insanity, in which the person, whose intellectual health in most respects is unaffected, though he is tortured by doubts of the most aggravating and morbid kind, is decidedly relieved by the production of the hypnotic state, and the suggestion of certainty and assurance. Its efficacy in the cure of insomnia is undoubted, especially where the wakefulness is the result of more or less excitement.

The use of suggestion implies the production of the hypnotic condition of varying depth, and where this is induced the individual is rendered passively receptive to mental impressions that may be made by the operator. This state, which is brought about in several ways, is characterized by an abstraction which varies decidedly in different persons, and is more easily induced by successive séances. Not only does the individual act upon suggestions made to

him at the time, but it is sometimes possible to determine the nature of his actions in the waking stage by suggestions of which he is ignorant; and as a result of this it has been found possible to bring him more or less permanently



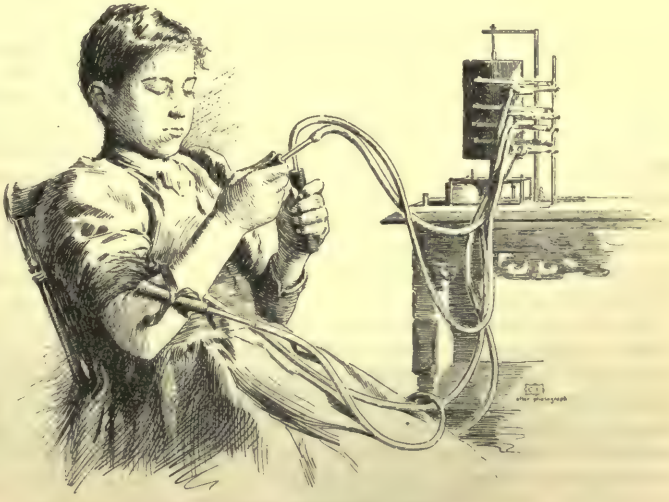
THE FASCINATEUR.

under the dominance of a psychical influence. Therefore, if the desired result is a moral one, there is an agency at work which has been found practically to combat morbid impulses, and to antagonize neurotic cravings.

Practically, there are two methods of inducing the hypnotic state, one of which primarily influences the organs of special sense, and the second the psychical or mental, although the production of the hypnotic condition is a strictly compound one, and the mental phenomena are those most dominant. Any agency that tends to the absorption and preoccupation of the individual favors the mental isolation which for the time being makes the subject oblivious of his environment, and renders him the servant of another's will. Mechanical and other agencies which induce rhythmical exercise of special function are serviceable aids in putting the subject in a receptive condition. Luys has invented for this purpose an apparatus which he calls the *fascinateur*. It consists of two bars of ebonite containing six mirrors on each side, and these bars or arms are revolved in opposite directions by means of clockwork. When placed in a dark room and illuminated by a bright light, the effect upon the person looking at them is exceedingly curious, and the rhythmical retinal impression is very apt in a few minutes to cause a condition of sleep which in many cases is followed by the trance state. He has used and advocated this appliance in cases of chorea and shaking palsy with most encouraging results.

A number of tests have been suggested for the determination of the muscular condition in true hypnosis as distinguished from hysteria, and it will be found that in the former there is great steadiness, while in feigned conditions, in which consciousness remains, a tremor will very soon occur. I have been in the habit of making the subject grasp an india-rubber bulb filled with a colored fluid. Into this dips a long glass tube of small caliber. The movements of the column of fluid which result from the slightest pressure are so delicate that the variations of muscular tension are readily perceived. A combination of Marey's tambours may be used for recording a permanent tracing, and an arrangement of this kind is figured in the illustration.

The original mode of Braid, and that often resorted to to-day, is to make the subject look at a bright ball or other object held slightly in front and above the eyes in such a way as to cause a straining of vision. A year or more ago, believing that the same effect could be obtained by other means, I devised a pair of spectacles containing prisms with an extreme angle through which the subject looked at a bright light. In this way certain muscles of the eyeballs were brought into violent effort; and when expectant attention was stimulated by verbal suggestion, the patient very often became unconscious. So far as I know, no systematic attempts have been made until recently to appeal



THE MYOGRAPHIC TEST.

to the other senses; but bearing in mind the soothing effect of monotonous sounds, and of the steady dripping of water, which not only induces sleep in some wakeful people, but is often resorted to for a curious purpose by physicians and others, I devised an apparatus by which not only rhythmical impressions could be made upon the finger-tips, but repeated musical sounds were indefinitely evoked from a finely strung catgut by a revolving wheel. I found that it was much easier to produce the hypnotic sleep when the several senses were acted upon at once than when one alone was appealed to.

The popular method of passes or contact, which play so large a part in the operations of traveling quacks, and are familiar to most people, may be said to belong to the first order of procedure. The other method — that of Bernheim — implies the purely psychic mode of operation. This, under ordinary circumstances, is often exceedingly difficult, and unless the operator has the fullest confidence in himself, and is not too sensitive to the ridicule that may follow a failure, is more efficacious than the mechanical system.

The mode of Bernheim and others is to place the subject in a chair, and by conversation to suggest the sleep that is to come. The person, whose embarrassment and fear are dispelled, is told, after his mental equilibrium is restored, to look at the operator and to think of nothing but sleep. He is told that his eyelids begin to feel heavy, that he cannot keep his eyes open, and next that they are closed. Sometimes it is very curious how quickly the person accepts the suggestion, and how readily sleep actually occurs. It is a matter of only a few minutes with a willing subject, and children particularly very often pass almost immediately into a hypnotic state, becoming slightly paler, and breathing regularly and deeply. When the hypnosis is profound, it is commonly associated with a certain muscular rigidity, and at times with a peculiar condition which in some respects resembles catalepsy. When pressure is made upon certain motor-nerve points, — of the forearm, for instance, — the hand will assume a new position as the result of muscular contraction, which often lasts for some time. While in this state suggestions of many kinds may be made, and the person's conduct is influenced thereby.

I am not inclined to accept the extreme views enunciated by those of my profession who have looked with alarm upon the irresponsibility which attends hypnotic suggestion, nor do I believe that a person whose normal condition is one of moral integrity can be made knowingly to commit crimes, except as the result of an abstract suggestion in which he is ignorant of the nature of the consequences of what he is about to do.

While the indiscriminate production of the hypnotic state is to be deprecated, I cannot picture the horrors that have been incorporated in a bill introduced by a certain Senator from the Pacific coast; and I, moreover, do not believe that any really bad results can follow the proper use of this means of treatment by well-educated and intelligent medical men.

It will be remembered that during the Eyraud murder trial in Paris considerable stress was laid upon the hypnotism of Gabrielle Bompard, and a lively controversy was started. About this time one of the most intelligent students of suggestion detailed an interesting series

CATALEPTIC RIGIDITY.

of experiments which went to prove that it was extremely difficult to produce absolute moral obliquity. Several women were selected for experiment, some of whom were respectable, and others whose life had destroyed every vestige of modesty. Although both classes of patients were apparently in the hypnotized state, it was found impossible to make the decent women disrobe when they were told to do so, while the others showed no reluctance in obeying the commands of the operator.

So far as the proportion of people susceptible to hypnotism is concerned, it is generally agreed that it is very great. Hulst, an American physician, shares the views of James and others in regard to the large number of people susceptible to hypnotic influence; and Fetterstrand, in over three thousand cases, failed in only ninety-seven, while Fovel enunciates the doctrine that every sound individual is hypnotizable. My own experience, however, is less encouraging.

There seems to be a great difference of opinion in regard to the susceptibility of insane and hysterical patients, and a number of practical observers believe that it is with the greatest difficulty that patients who are insane can be influenced at all. It is quite certain that established insanity renders its victims unfit for psychopathic treatment, but this is by no means true with light mental disturbances. Cases reported by Booth, four in number, which comprised varying forms of nervous disease,— in which, however, hysteria figured mainly,— were cured in from seven to fifteen séances.

The varying susceptibility of the subject to the influence of suggestion makes the adoption of hypnotism as a surgical application an exceedingly doubtful measure, despite the stories that have been reported of operations that have been performed in France. With some persons who are trained and easily made unconscious, it is possible to burn the skin or introduce sharp instruments without evoking complaint. At La Charité, and elsewhere, teeth have been extracted without any suffering whatever.

There are some individuals who are able to bring about an autohypnosis by an effort of will, and every surgeon is familiar with this phenomenon, which is occasionally induced by those who refuse to take anesthetics, or are possessed of strong will-power. I can well remember the case of a stolid Irishman who underwent a protracted operation upon the face, involving the extraction of a tumor, and who quietly submitted to all manner of cutting and tearing without a single word of protest, apparently not suffering in the least. The method adopted by those who exercise a sudden expenditure of muscular force in grasping the dentist's chair suggests the production of autohypnosis in a minor degree.

There seems to be a good deal of skepticism in regard to the value of suggestion-cures in Europe, and Dr. Ernest Hart is disposed to ridicule and pooh-pooh the claims of the Nancy school, quoting Babinski, who analyzed and disproved the cures that had been so universally reported. Of course the phenomena of hypnotism are expressed under so many conditions that the element of fraud must occasionally enter, but it is unfair to condemn all the students of this subject because certain of its exponents have been imposed upon. Dr. Hart's attack upon Dr. Luys, who had been deceived by his subjects, does not by any means disprove the large number of authenticated experiments, and the good work notably of Richet, Bernheim, Janet, Myers, and James.

There is undoubtedly a degree of enthusiasm, particularly in France, which brings with it a certain amount of credulity, and the experiments especially in regard to sensory transference can be viewed only with a great deal of suspicion. I have been informed by a well-educated and thoroughly responsible French physician of the details of an experiment which it certainly would take a stretch of the imagination to appreciate, and which is an instance of what I mean. Two subjects, A and B, were taken into separate rooms and thrown into the hypnotic state. B would volunteer the statement that his ear had been pinched, his face slapped, or that pins had been run into him. It subsequently transpired that these very things had been done to A at the same time that they were felt by B. It is quite probable in this instance that the subjects were of the class known to traveling mesmerizers as "horses," who are utterly dishonest and who very often act in collusion. Mr. Labouchère's recent exposé was evidently of a person of this order, who had trained himself to perform many of the tricks which are produced for the delight of the gullible.

To establish clearly the importance of adopting psychopathy as a means for the relief of disease, we must draw the line very sharply, and exclude the vast amount of dramatic nonsense which has found its way into the newspapers. The time has certainly come when this subject should be studied in a dignified and scientific manner, and honest physicians should separate it from every vestige of the claptrap and stage effect with which it has been invested for so many years.

The therapeutic use of suggestion is in its infancy, but there can be no doubt that ultimately its importance will be recognized by every thinking person, and it will be adopted as an important and legitimate aid.

Allan McLane Hamilton.

FAMOUS INDIANS.

PORTRAITS OF SOME INDIAN CHIEFS.

A FEW years ago the buffalo stopped the way of the Union Pacific trains, but to-day it is to be found only as a rarity in parks and menageries. The typical North American Indian is nearly as extinct. Judging from my own observation among them, the generation which is now passing away will be the last which will truly exhibit the finer qualities of the natural savage.

It would be foreign to the present subject to discuss the reasons for the decay of the Indian; it is enough to accept the fact that he receives from civilization little or nothing which benefits him. Morals are largely mere customs or habits of thought; the essential morality of life, which, broadly speaking, is truth and honesty, is known and valued among every people. The Indian always esteemed bravery, virtue, and truth, so I believe he has gained little or nothing from the white civilization, and has lost everything. He has lost the fine flavor of the wilderness, much of the simplicity and integrity of natural life, or "savagery," and has readily absorbed the pleasant vices of civilization. With drunkenness, disease, dependence upon a paternal government which is not paternal, and the annihilation of his environment, it has become as impossible for the Indian to exist as for the buffalo. Therefore, it is thought that the medallions here presented of some of the greatest Indian chiefs, men who are typical of all that was best in the original life of this people, will have great ethnological, as well as artistic, interest, and that the careful modeling of their faces by Mr. Olin L. Warner, an artist conscientiously realistic in his portraiture, yet subtly imaginative in his delineation of character, will prove a work of national importance.

The entire expedition, which, as a private enterprise, has preserved these valuable memoranda for the future generations of America, is perhaps worthy of extended comment; but only this will now be said—that the reader may appreciate the rare opportunity which placed such valuable material at his disposal. It was undertaken by Mr. Warner from a love of the subject, and was accomplished without aid from any one, except that he was fortunate in the sympathy of Mr. Edward McNeill, General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railway, who lent valuable assistance. Indeed, one of the medallions—that of Seltice—was modeled in the car placed at Mr. Warner's disposal, and could not have been obtained in any other way, as Seltice's engagement to be at the camp of some of his people was of far more importance in his eyes than mere dabblings in mud; but he had no objection to the sculptor making what use he pleased of his features during the time he himself was being forwarded on his way. As I am not competent to speak for them, the reproductions of the medallions must speak for themselves; but no reproduction can do justice to the sculpturesque and poetic qualities of the original. Joseph was modeled life-size, the others about one half or two thirds life-size. One of the most noticeable traits of Mr. Warner's subjects was their personal indifference to his work. They obliged him by posing as an act of courtesy or hospitality, but it was evidently a great bore, and when they were notified that the work was done, they quietly walked away without even looking at it. Whether they really saw everything out of the corners of their eyes, as an Indian has a habit of doing, and whether this lack of interest in themselves was affected or not, I cannot say; but I am inclined to think it was genuine, for when they were asked to inspect the medallions and to give an opinion, they did so pleasantly and simply.

JOSEPH.

EASILY first among all the chiefs with whom I have a personal acquaintance, and, I believe, among the first of any whom our history records, is Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht, or, as he is generally known, Joseph. His remarkable retreat in 1877 from Camas Prairie, Idaho, to the Bear Paw Mountains, Montana, through the Yellowstone National Park, twice crossing the Rocky Mountains, and bringing with him for nearly two thousand miles the wounded, the aged, the infirm, and the children of his whole tribe, and within forty miles of his goal, from the middle of June to the beginning of October, fighting pitched battles with fresh troops at frequent intervals, and often with success,—this achievement gave him a standing as a great military commander; and his

JOSEPH, CHIEF OF THE "NEZ PERCÉ" INDIANS.

sparing of prisoners and setting free of women captured by his band, whenever the cases came within his personal control, form the first instance in all Indian warfare of such magnanimity. His features, as here modeled by the sculptor, present the man who surrendered in October, 1877. But at that time he looked much younger than the difference in the years would suggest, and was as lean as a hawk, with, however, the same dignified air and the same curiously gentle look in the eyes. He has faithfully kept his word that he would "fight no more forever," and though he has had opportunities since then to head malcontents, his efforts have been to restrain, not to inflame them. He has recently visited Washington in the effort to obtain permission to return among his own people on the Lapwai Reservation, and it may possibly aid that effort to repeat what has once before been said in this magazine, that his banishment from this reservation is only another instance of the uniformly bad faith with which the colossal machinery of our Government treats the insignificant Indian. At the time of Joseph's surrender, the general in command of our troops was already in receipt of orders from General Sherman and General McDowell to care for these Indians (if captured) in his own department,—that is, the military department of the Columbia, which included that part of Idaho inhabited by Joseph's band.

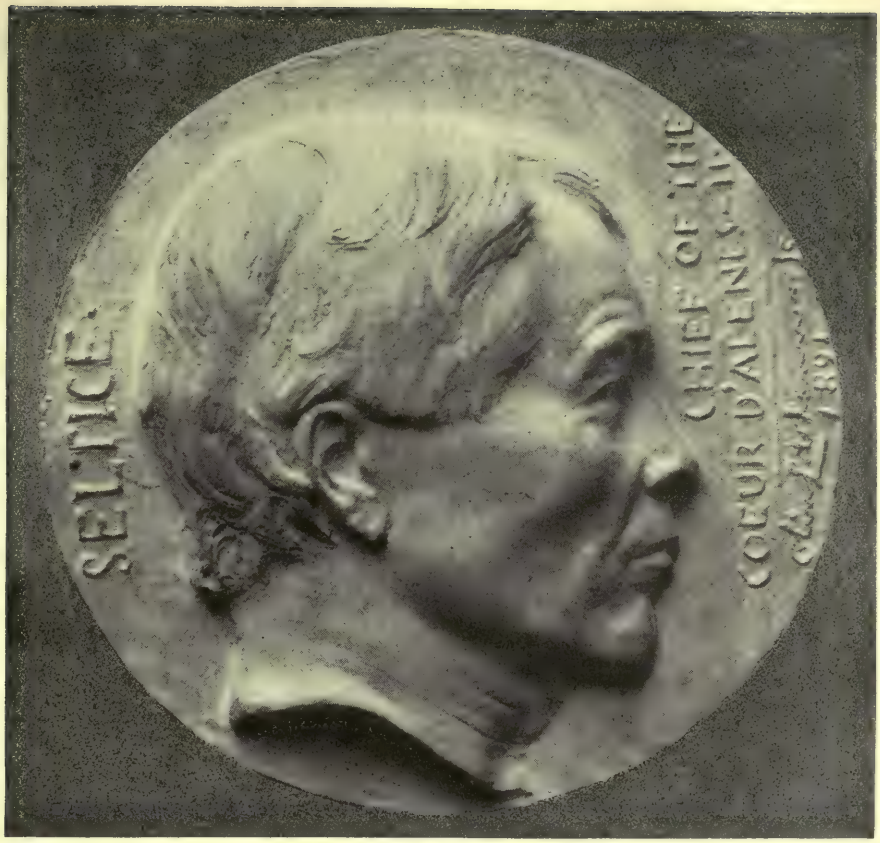
As the whole war had arisen from the attempt on our part to force Joseph's band of Indians, in violation of our treaty with them, upon this Lapwai Reservation, it was naturally supposed when he surrendered that the result of his defeat would be simply to compel him to enter upon those limits which he had rejected, and accordingly, in the preliminary negotiations for the surrender, it was substantially promised, in view of the orders just referred to, that he should return to Idaho, but that he must go upon the Lăpwai Reservation. Undoubtedly he would have been at once returned to this district had the season permitted, but, as the order

itself recited, the snow in the mountains prohibited travel, and Joseph was left in the charge of General (then Colonel) Miles, until the spring should open the mountain passes. But the Government, instead of performing its part, and returning him to Idaho as promised, transported him and his people to the malarial river-bottoms of the Indian Territory, which were fatal to most of them. After some years, the few survivors were finally permitted to return northward, and to go upon the Chelan Reservation in the State of Washington, but Joseph is still asking that the surrender stipulation of fifteen years ago be fulfilled. He speaks loyally of the President, who, he says, he well understands cannot trouble himself much with anybody so unimportant as himself. But it seems to others that there is a moral obligation upon that Government which, after depriving him of his native land, has penned him within prescribed limits, and left him a captive robbed by the fortunes of war of his horses and all his savage wealth, and has not furnished him or his people with a plow, a blanket, or a sack of flour. His best friends are those who have met him as man to man — General Howard, General Gibbon, and General Miles. He was chief of that large band of the Nez Percés known as the "Non-Treaty Nez Percés," and is still chief of the remaining handful, and is looked up to by the entire Nez Percé nation. He is the Indian of most authority and reputation in all the Northwest.

When on the expedition to obtain these medallions, we stopped for a while at The Dalles of the Columbia River to watch the gaffing of salmon by the Indians, and there heard that

ENCHEASKWE, CHIEF OF THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

a drunken Indian had shot Joseph. We asked some of the fishermen on the rocks about this, and they laughed and said: "Joseph lives a great way up north, but is a big chief, and no Indian would kill him; but if he were dead from any cause, every Indian in the country would know it right off, so you may be sure it is a lie," as it proved to be. His name means "Thunder Rolling in the Mountains." His father and his father's father were chiefs before him. He is about fifty years of age, temperate in his habits, quiet and modest in his demeanor, speaks in a low, sweet voice, which rises and falls in a melodious chant after the fashion of Indian oratory. He is so eloquent and imaginative as to be celebrated even among a race



SELTICE, CHIEF OF THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

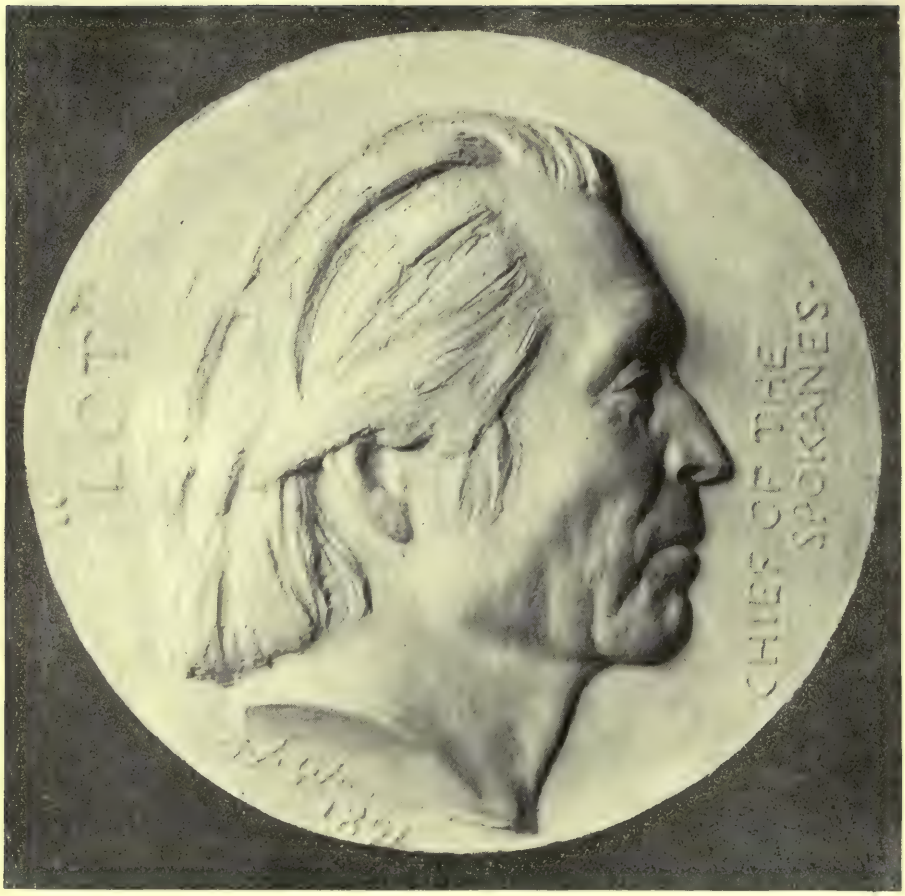
naturally eloquent; but probably he has never delivered a more truly heart-touching speech than the few lines in which he pictured the unhappy fate of himself and his people, and resigned his freedom forever. His camp was at that time a camp of wounded and sick, of women, children, and old men. His brother Ollicut had been killed. His own daughter was at that moment lost upon the prairie, whither she had fled in the confusion of the attack. The prairie was bleak and snow-covered. They had no wood save a few lodge-poles that they had saved, and were living on raw horseflesh. They had been a tribe comfortable, happy, and wealthy in horses; now they were burrowing in the earth for shelter, and had not robes enough to keep the children warm. Their horses were all gone. The preliminary negotiations had been completed during the day, and Joseph came to his surrender as a wintry sun was nearing the horizon. He said:

Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before — I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-glass is dead. Too-hul-hul-suit is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men, now, who say "Yes" or "No." He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people — some of them — have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are — perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun *now* stands I will fight no more forever!

Joseph has only one wife, and his youngest child, a daughter, was born during the heat of the fight in White Bird Cañon in 1877. He told me, however, when last I saw him, that his tepee was now empty and he was alone, for all his children were dead. He is a great Indian, a great soldier, and, more than that, he is a great man.

ENCHEASKWE.

If seniority were to determine the order of rank, Encheaskwe, or Vincent, chief of the Cœur d'Alenes, would stand at the head. He is one hundred years old, but with a mind to-day quick and intelligent. Always a celebrated orator, none of his powers of eloquence have diminished with age, for, as the reverend Father



LOT, CHIEF OF THE SPOKANES.

Mackin writes, Encheaskwe recently, at a general assemblage of the tribe, made one of the most brilliant and impassioned addresses to his people, "a masterpiece of eloquence." He is called by the Indians "Barsa," that being their nearest approach to the French pronunciation of Vincent. He is no longer the active head of his tribe, having voluntarily retired in favor of the Ulysses-like Seltice. Vincent was a brave or full-fledged warrior when the first white people crept into his country, and he was engaged in the earlier wars against them; but by the efforts of the Jesuit missionaries, at a later period, he gave his adherence to the whites, and his influence has since then uniformly been exercised in their favor. He is only one other illustration of the remarkable integrity and devotion to truth characteristic, as I think, of the high-type Indian in his natural condition. His name means "The Old Man with a Staff." His youthful name was Sellepstoe, or Barren Soil. His eyesight is nearly gone, and his hair is quite gray, but otherwise he seems to be in vigorous health, and is still ready to resent injustice in any form. His last campaign against the whites was in 1857, in the war known as the Steptoe campaign. During the succeeding, or Wright, campaign he remained at home, using his influence to quiet his people. I am glad to add to my slight testimony in favor of the generally honorable character of the Indian the better testimony of Father Mackin and Father Joset, the latter of whom has lived fifty years among these Indians, that Vincent is not only an ideal Indian in courage, honesty, truthfulness, and wisdom, but that he adds to this a certain magnanimous nobility which in their eyes, as they say, makes him an ideal man.

SELTICE.

SELTICE is also a Cœur d'Alene Indian, and is the successor in whose favor Vincent abdicated. His mother was a Spokane, the Spokanes and Cœur d'Alenes being tribes of the same stock. The name is a family or hereditary name, and I do not know its meaning. Seltice is about sixty years of age, and was

made a principal man or sub-chief of his tribe at Fort Vancouver, Washington, after his surrender to Colonel Wright. Seltice was engaged against the whites in both the Steptoe and the Wright campaign, but since 1857 has used his great influence in the interests of kindly relations. As he is a shrewd man, full of expedients and resources, having perfect control of himself and his emotions, he has, since his assumption of the chieftainship, and even before of never having injured a white man. A brave man himself, of a quiet, philosophic disposition, he seems to have recognized from the outset (probably from his observation of results upon his neighbors) that after resistance by the Indians, their last state was invariably worse than their first. By quiet persistence and by a firm adherence in discussion to what he believed were the rights of his people, he has managed to obtain for them as good treatment and as

"YOUNG CHIEF," CAYUSE INDIANS.

that time, successfully competed with the whites in all trades and negotiations, whether with the regular settlers or the authorities at Washington; in fact his great power comes from his recognized ability and tact as a diplomat, and his aid is always asked, whether by private parties, railroad corporations, or others, who desire assistance of, or concessions from, his tribe.

LOT.

LOT is chief of the Spokanes, and bears the enviable reputation (which Joseph and his whole tribe shared prior to the outbreak of 1877) complete recognition as the Government has given to any neighboring tribe. His home is on the Colville Reservation. I should think that he is about fifty-eight years old, though possibly older. His method of address is singularly quiet, his oratory being always of a persuasive character, delivered in low, musical tones. He is not so poetical and imaginative as some of the others. Lot also, like the others of the group here presented, has been to Washington to aid the negotiations with his people. The common conception of an Indian chief as a despot or autocrat is entirely erroneous. The office is not hereditary, but the chief is selected

MOSES, OR SULKTASH-KOSHA, CHIEF OF THE OKINOKANES.

because of his fitness for the place, and while naturally, among such a people, courage is a great virtue in the chieftainship, there must be added to this mental ability as well. If the chief's son has these qualities, he is very likely, under his father's influence, to succeed him; but not necessarily, and no chief can absolutely command the obedience of his tribe, or enforce a penalty for either tribal or individual disobedience except as any man may enforce obedience by his personal strength or mental power. Thus it will be understood what a compliment to the moral force of a chief it is that for a long number of years he should continue to be the leader of his people.

YOUNG CHIEF.

YOUNG CHIEF would have been chief of the Cayuses, if the office were hereditary, his father, Old Young Chief, having led the tribe during his lifetime; but at his death Yatiniawitz was elected, and a brief sketch of him will be given later.

Young Chief's father derived his name from the fact that at birth he had a small lock of white hair, and his son took the name as a hereditary one, a custom very common among the Indians. Under the recent legislation allotting lands in severalty to the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation, Young Chief has become possessed of a considerable ranch, part of which he lets to white men, and part of which he farms himself. Altogether he is a well-to-do and prosperous young man. He is one of the leading men of the tribe, and upon the death of Yatiniawitz may be elected chief. Since he arrived at maturity, the temper of the times has been such that he has had no opportunity to distinguish himself in any way, and so is without a record. His face was selected as being as typical of the high type of the present generation as any other which Mr. Warner could find. But he can never, in my opinion, equal the true men of the wilderness, his ancestors.

MOSES.

MOSES, or Sulktash-Kosha (the Half Sun), is chief of the Ilnamehin or Okinokane tribe, which is only a local branch of the great Nez Percé nation. Their present home is on the

Chelan Reservation, which special reservation Moses procured for himself, during Secretary Schurz's administration in the Interior Department, by methods of skilful diplomacy. The year following the campaign against Chief Joseph, there was a general outbreak among the Indians, beginning with the Bannocks at Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho, and extending northward, through the Pi-Utes, Snakes, and Cayuses, beyond the Columbia River, and enlisting malcontents from the Indians of the extreme north, near the British line, where Moses's authority extended. A family named Perkins was murdered in Moses's jurisdiction, and the settlers, who were exasperated by the outbreak of the year before and by the outrages of the present year, seized Moses with the intention of lynching him, but finally, unwilling to precipitate a war with his tribe, which as yet was at peace, confined him in the jail at North Yakima, Washington, to await the investigation of the Perkins murder. The agent in charge of the Simcoe or Yakima Reservation, a Methodist clergyman of remarkable force of character and ability known as Father Wilbur, succeeded in getting Moses placed in his own custody in the guard-house at the reservation, it being the desire and policy of Father Wilbur to use this imprisonment of Moses as the means of forcing him and his tribe to come upon the reservation and under civilizing influences, a pet project which Mr. Wilbur had for a long time unsuccessfully endeavored to accomplish. Meanwhile, General Howard, in command of the military department of the Columbia, had ascertained through the secret-service and other reports that Moses's influence had been steadily exercised for peace, and to restrain his tribe and the surrounding bands, and that his present confinement was having a very bad effect, arousing the suspicions of the Indians, and releasing the younger ones from the strong influence of Moses's personal presence. Therefore, as General Howard's aide-de-camp, I was sent with authority to release Moses and to order all legal proceedings against him to be quashed. Father Wilbur strenuously represented to me that he could bring Moses upon that reservation with his entire tribe, which would be an immense gain in the interests of peace. There was no possible doubt of this, and therefore I agreed to stand silent until Father Wilbur had exhausted his powers of persuasion. We spent the entire day in council, on the one side Moses, and against him Father Wilbur,—a man of indomitable character, and one of the shrewdest in the management of Indians I ever knew. It was one of the most interesting debates to which I ever listened, carried on in the true style of diplomacy, with exaggerated compliments on both sides. Moses had a reply ready instantly for every argument. To summarize, it was something like this: To the offers of money, house, and cattle, Moses replied that these were very desirable, and he would be glad to have them, and he certainly would accept now and without hesitation, but it would be no use for him to come and live upon the reservation alone; that he must consult with his people, and unless they were willing to follow him, he did not care to come. "Give me my gun and my knife, and I will go see them, and unless they are very

SABINA, DAUGHTER OF KASH-KASH, CHIEF OF THE WALLA-WALLAS.

foolish, they will be glad to receive all these benefits, and come and live in peace and plenty with so good a man as you." To which Father Wilbur would reply: "If I give you your gun and knife, you will be sure to encounter some white man, and he will shoot at you, and you, to defend yourself, will shoot at him, and whether he kills you or you kill him, then there will be a great war." To which Moses would reply: "That is true; you are very thoughtful. I will not take either the gun or the knife, but will go unarmed, which will show that I have peace in my heart; and I will keep to the secret trails in the mountains, that no white man travels, so that there will be no reason of this danger that you fear." To this Father Wilbur in turn: "But your tribe lives in the wilderness, and it will be very difficult for you to go unarmed, and very unsafe. You might possibly be caught in the snow." To which Moses: "Oh, these are small matters to an Indian. I think nothing of them; I will reach my people safely." Then Father Wilbur: "But it is better that you should stay here with me, and I will furnish you with messengers to send word to your people to come in and see you and have the council here." Moses answered: "Yes; that would do very well, perhaps, at another time, but not

now. They have heard of my arrest; they are all excited; it was all I could do when I was with them to keep some of them from going upon the war-path. Now, when they get your message, they will say: 'This is childish. Moses is a prisoner, and the whites are using his name only to lure us into captivity. If Moses were free, he would come to us himself, not send a messenger,' and so they might perhaps kill the messengers, but surely they would never come.

YATINIAWITZ, OR "POOR CRANE," CHIEF OF THE CAYUSES.

No; Father Wilbur, that is not a good plan: I must go to them myself." This, of course, was the final result of the council. Moses was set free, and that part of the country never saw him again. Instead of that, he so represented things to the military, and through them to the Department of the Interior, that the Chelan Reservation was especially carved out and set aside for him and his people. Moses in his younger days was a great fighter against the Sioux in annual forays. He early acquired chieftainship by his great mental ability. He has never engaged in hostilities against the whites, not, as I believe, from any great love for them, but because he had recognized the inevitable defeat of the Indians in every instance, and it has been purely a matter of shrewd policy with him; and he also has made his position as chief very profitable in the way of special salaries and gifts to himself. He has rented out the Chelan Reservation to cattlemen, himself pocketing the entire rental. From the striking resemblance between the two, he is often nicknamed Henry Ward Beecher. For shrewd diplomatic ability he is, in my opinion, the first Indian of the Northwest — greater even than Joseph, because Joseph has a most direct and ingenuous character, which Moses, in my belief, has not; and therefore, while I acknowledge the great ability of the man, who has always held his own in argument, no matter who has been pitted against him, I do not respect his character as a specimen of the magnificent manhood exhibited in Joseph. Moses has a keen

sense of humor, and is himself a great jester and mimic. The popular error that the Indian never laughs would be dispelled by a few moments' listening to Moses amusing his companions.

YATINIAWITZ.

YATINIAWITZ is chief of the Cayuses, and though not at all related by blood to the head family of the tribe, was elected chief at the death of old Young Chief, as has been mentioned in speaking of Young Chief. He and Joseph are, after all, I think, decidedly my favorites. They have a childlike simplicity of character, a quiet and yet absolutely reckless bravery, are perfect in their truth and honesty, and I rather respect them for the wars that they have fought in defense of what they believed their rights. Yatiniawitz is a fighter or nothing; he scents the battle afar, and would, I believe, be extremely unhappy to be shut out from the thick of the fight. A few years ago his hips were broken by his horse rolling down a cañon with him. Yatiniawitz was of course without surgical aid, and the consequence has been that he is now a cripple and can walk only upon crutches. In renewing our acquaintance, he said to me: "Don't you remember those days when we used to chase the Pi-Utes and the Bannocks down here on the Columbia, and up in the Blue Mountains? Those were fine times, were n't they? I wish the Great Father in Washington would call on me again, and, old as I am, I would go on these two sticks to fight. But I am afraid I shall die in my bed, just like an old woman. I am no good any more except just to work, same as a Pi-Ute."

Yatiniawitz has been engaged in every war or campaign since he was a young man, beginning with the Yakima war of 1855. He fought against Colonel Steptoe, and in 1857 against Colonel Wright. In this latter campaign they tell marvelous stories of his prowess in personal encounters with the soldiers; but after the Wright campaign, Yatiniawitz pledged himself as thenceforth a friend of the whites. That pledge he has faithfully kept. In the Bannock and Pi-Ute uprising of 1878, he joined our forces and laid the plan, almost incredible in its recklessness, for the capture of E-He-Gant, chief of the Pi-Utes. Under E-He-Gant's powerful influence and skilful leadership, the entire forces of the Bannocks and Pi-Utes had been united, the Pi-Utes even deserting their great chief, Winnemucca, who was in absolute chieftainship when Frémont first crossed the plains. They enlisted under the war-bonnet of E-He-Gant. He was an extraordinary Indian, tall, powerful, and intelligent. Yatiniawitz, with only a young warrior as his assistant, went into E-He-Gant's camp to talk with him about joining the hostiles, and as the horde of Indians were moving out in the morning upon their day's march, he said to him: "Come, we do not want to talk where these people can listen to us; let us ride ahead and talk by ourselves." In this way he induced E-He-Gant to advance about one half or three quarters of a mile beyond his camp, but in plain sight of the immense throng of his followers, who mottled the mountain-side, and threaded down it like a slender stream. E-He-Gant, either through suspicion, or for some other reason, having pulled up his horse, Yatiniawitz instantly threw his lasso over his shoulders, and, driving his heels into his own horse, jerked the hostile chief suddenly to the ground, and, by the tightening of the loop, pinioned his arms to his side. Urging his horse forward, he dragged his captive off the trail, and down the mountain-side into the timber; but E-He-Gant, having managed to get to his feet, caught the lasso and was trying to pull himself up on it, in order to loosen the loop, whereupon Yatiniawitz shot and killed him, and, taking time to cut off one of his hands, which was slightly maimed, brought it into our camp as evidence of his death.

Yatiniawitz has been a most valuable ally to the whites since he ceased fighting them, lending his fervid oratory, the poetical fire of which nothing can describe, to an advocacy of peace and friendship. He has engaged in their service against other Indians upon every occasion, and, as the record on his medallion recites, has been three times wounded in their behalf. His eye has in it something of the expression seen in Joseph's, the studied calm and quiet reserve, the contented consciousness of force, sometimes noticed in the eye of a lion; but with Yatiniawitz there is also in the restless movements of the eye a suggestion of the hawk. Tall, lean, and wiry, he deserves his name of "Poor Crane." He is truly the embodiment of the wilderness, a creation of nature, and it would be as impossible for him to cultivate the lands allotted to him in severalty, as Young Chief is doing, as it would be for a cougar to turn sheep-dog. He still keeps to the simple wants of the savage, still lives as he has always lived, accepting the good and evil of his life with fortitude, and above all things insists that a man needs only two virtues—bravery and truth.

C. E. S. Wood.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XX.

ON the next day Dorothy received the following note:

DEAR MISS MAURICE: I am leaving town tomorrow for a week. Will you give me, to take with me, the hope of an answer on my return? I won't bother you to say good-by.

Yours—whatever your answer, always yours,
JASPER DEED.

And to this temperate note she wrote, "In a week, then." It was like his invariable consideration to deny himself a word of farewell. Indeed, she could not help imagining in this intended absence a more intimate chivalry. It was a fine withholding of himself from so much as the color of seeming to influence her decision.

The truth was that Jasper had found a clue to his father's whereabouts through the Leadville lawyer to whom he had written the first day he had been allowed to sit up; and after a visit to Leadville he was going in pursuit of him.

The impulse of another man would have been to try to make sure of his future with Dorothy before leaving Maverick; but Jasper saw clearly that this course, to which everything save his discretion urged him, would only make sure of a failure which no after patience could retrieve. It was better to use a little patience now, and to go away. But he thought it worth while to have a little talk with Maurice, whom he found at the station, as he was boarding his train.

He took the sleeping-car for his destination with a cozy prophecy of success warming his heart. His reverence for Dorothy's instinctive purity and rightness of feeling, which was at the root of his love for her, consorted with his half-conscious habit of trading on these qualities in her, and he was estimating, as he stepped into the train, the construction of his departure which he could rely upon from her rectitude. He fancied her construing it almost precisely as she did, and as he settled himself in the smoking-compartment of the sleeper with his cigar, he experienced an inexpensive thrill of virtue at the thought of the nobility she would be imagining in him.

THE sun shone at Mineral Springs as it did at Maverick, though there was no snow at Maverick, and at Mineral Springs the snow lay hugely heaped as far as Deed and Margaret could see from the hotel portico. The snow, in fact, covered all the one-storied houses in the place to their roofs, and lay in the Pass at a depth which for over three weeks had cut off all communication with the outside world, and kept them prisoners. The stage had ceased running on the day of the snowfall, being caught in the Pass, and snowed up there out of sight. It was likely to lie there until the succeeding spring. The driver and his one passenger had ridden into Mineral Springs on the backs of the horses.

Mineral Springs was usually cut off from the outside world for three or four months in the year. At its altitude, and in its situation, approachable only by a narrow defile between close-lying hills, this was expected, and, as the inhabitants would have said, discounted. But the snow did not usually come so early.

Margaret had smiled with the wistful smile of happiness, which had made a home for itself about her mouth since the day of her marriage, at the intelligence which Deed brought her on the morning after their arrival, that they were "snowed in." And Deed had found an ambiguous laugh. Margaret said it was delightful. Now they could be sure of quiet. Now they should know that the disagreeable visitors to the Springs, whom she had feared when he first suggested the place, would stay away. Of course it was n't the season for them, anyway. She knew that. But those half-dozen stray people who sometimes came to such places late were worse than a mob. One could decently withhold one's self from a mob; but the half-dozen, if they were in the same hotel, demanded sociability, sat at the same table, wanted to organize excursions, to get up amusements, to talk at unpropitious times, to discuss—the women were the worst—the new stitch, and the children left at home, and the altitude.

When she found that there were no visitors whatever at the hotel besides themselves, she had a moment of bewilderment; but she said she liked that, too. The hotel, which was a large frame structure of three stories, built for the summer season, when it was crowded by invalids and tourists, was a building designed to shelter forty guests, and even Margaret found the great dining-room a little daunting for two. She went to the wife of the land-

lord,—a hospitable creature, largely planned like the hotel,—and begged that they might be allowed to dine in modified state. The landlady was glad to close up the big dining-room, she said; and after that she gave up her usual winter sitting-room to them, and Deed often wrote or read there while Margaret sewed. The hotel was set on a high hill above the town, and the windows of this room commanded an extraordinary prospect of the snow-covered mountains rising on the other side of the narrow valley. They called it a valley in the town, but it was, in fact, more like a slit in the hills, which plunged precipitously down on each side, fronting each other at a distance of less than half a mile.

They had stopped at Mineral Springs for the night, on the way to Burro Peak City, where Deed hoped to sell the "Lady Bountiful." Deed had not meant to take Margaret on, but to leave her at the hotel for the necessary day or two until his return. Then, he had said, they could remain at Mineral Springs, or go on to another place to spend the remainder of their honeymoon, as she liked. Ah, yes; with that money once restored to the bank, with that stock placed to the credit of his trustee account again, he did not care where they went. He had proposed Mexico to Margaret in the anticipatory relief of having made all that business straight, in the relief of feeling himself again in anticipation something more than an honest man by brevet.

And then the snow had come. The way to Burro Peak was blocked absolutely, and he could not even get back to Leadville to make a struggle for his good name, or to face the consequences, if necessary. To Burro Peak not even a post had ventured since the storm. The drifting snow had buried the narrow trail along the mountain-sides, which men took in midsummer with caution, to a depth where only the May sun would find it; and the people at Burro Peak City who had once wanted to buy the "Lady Bountiful" when Deed had refused to sell, might as well not have existed.

But it was probably too late to do any good now, if he could reach them; he believed Barney Graves, his fellow-trustee, would have made the quarterly examination of the affairs of the estate at his usual time, and he knew what must happen then. Graves lived at Red Cliff, and as he knew Deed to have been chosen by Brackett to be one of his trustees as a lawyer, while he knew that he himself had been chosen only as a friend, it had been his custom to leave the actual work connected with their common trust to Deed. In atonement for this seeming neglect of his dead friend's interest, it was his habit to come to Leadville quarterly to go over the accounts of the estate with Deed, note his investments, and, as a matter of form, to make a memorandum of the securities in his hands. Deed, who had rather relished the trust, on the whole, had been able to add largely to the value of the estate by judicious management of the mining properties forming part of it; and he recalled the satisfaction with which Graves had glanced over his last quarterly statement, with a miserable wonder as to his present thoughts. He made sure that Graves would have postponed the examination when he did not find him at Leadville, but his continued and unexplained absence could have had only one effect: it must long since have come to be believed in Leadville that he was dead, or that he had intentionally disappeared. In the latter case the course was obvious, notorious; the very children knew it from the newspapers. In a simpler state of society, he said to himself, scornfully, when a man disappeared his friends might imaginably organize a search for him; in his own world he knew very well that they examined his accounts.

The intolerable simplicity of the barrier which withheld him from even so much as the chance of making a fight for his reputation, goaded him at times beyond endurance. Each morning he waked to scan the sky for signs of a thaw, and each night cursed the royal setting of the sun, which had shone through all the day without diminishing the snow. Sometimes, in his walks with Margaret through the town, or out to the springs on the hill near their hotel, he would gather up a handful of the sparkling, fluffy, almost ethereal flakes which held him prisoner, staring at them in contempt, and flinging them away at last with a helpless shrug.

What he had done had seemed innocent to him, and at worst it was a potential wrong; the remorseless snow and the unwilling sun were making it a crime, day by day.

Margaret saw that he was troubled, and was grieved for him, but it was because of the chagrin of which she knew — the chagrin which was cause enough, it seemed to her, for any sickness of heart. She comforted him as she could about Jasper and Philip (she had, of course, Deed's version of the difference between Philip and himself), but she knew that trouble to be beyond any one's consolation. The double faithlessness and ingratitude, the sudden and absolute loss of both his sons, represented a pain to Margaret which she dared scarcely approach; she felt that she could not understand it. It was all that she thought it; and even in the face of the haunting fear which now lived in him, it had its way with his heart. He was sometimes almost grateful for that other trouble, which was at least superior in its

immediacy, and claimed a part of the thoughts which must otherwise, it seemed to him, have destroyed him. With the black misery of his real trouble—the thought of Jasper and Philip—he got along, for the most part, as strong men do with the grief of death. He said nothing, and ground his teeth, and did not suffer the less.

If it had not been for Margaret's presence, and for the happiness of their new relation, he must have been utterly overthrown. She helped him not only by her love, her kindness, her unfailing watchfulness, care, and sympathy, but in unconscious ways which she did not suspect. When she perceived that his sadness and abstraction persisted, she began to charge herself partly with it, in her own way—accusing herself of not knowing what to do for him—believing that another woman would have known how to comfort him. She tried not to let him see that she was searching her conscience for grounds of offense, but Deed surprised her in it, and blamed himself. After that he joked her steadily, as of old, and maintained before her always a gaiety of demeanor which finally almost helped him to forget the gulf at the edge of which he was living, even if he could not put away from him the corroding thought of his faithless boys.

When the fatality which lurked at his side like a shadow would take form before him, in spite of all the resources by which he denied its existence, he usually saw himself in the newspapers. He saw in shuddering fancy his "case"—it would become his case at once—treated in the usual newspaper fashion, picturesquely, lamentingly, speculatively, mock-sympathetically, high-virtuously, and all the rest of it. Then the State would have its wonder at this latest stainless name in the dust, and would have its talk, in which it would recognize the entire and cheering fallibility of every one else in a world where one could n't be as straight as one would like. His enemies would enjoy the realization of their prophecies, while his friends—ah, his friends!—he could not bear that thought. When it occurred to him, he would fall to teasing Margaret about something. They had discovered together an infinite number of points at which she could be teased, Margaret even learning to enjoy the exploration of her seriousness with him.

She felt that she owed him this; and she encouraged him to joke the seriousness which had come so near to wrecking their happiness, as a kind of expiation. It had also the advantage of being a refuge from the chivalrous gentleness and humbleness in which he now sued silently for her forgiveness. She could not bear that he should humiliate himself before her, as she had once said coldly to herself that he must; if there was any forgiving to be done, he must do it. She felt blessed in being forgiven, even if he had been at fault; she found it an odious attitude, as a wife, to be brought to book, and forced to forgive him.

For the most part they did not even impliedly discuss the question which had separated them, and had gone so near to parting them permanently. In the happiness of possessing each other, they could not wish to go back and live that nightmare-time over again, even in imagination; and it recurred as an actual question between them only when Deed, in their happiest moments, would question his right to such bliss—to the bliss which he had once thrown away, and trampled underfoot.

He made her many promises, in moods like this, that she should never know him again in the convulsions of passion which snatched him away from himself, and left him to do any evil—the nearest, the readiest—in the devil's mind which then replaced his own. Margaret would not let him talk of such things for long; and she would not suffer him to reproach himself since the hour at the hotel at Leadville when he had done penance before her in an abasement which would have satisfied even Beatrice.

In the long evenings they played at cribbage or bezique, or, less often, at chess. Chess was Margaret's favorite game; but seeing that Deed lacked patience for it, and pretended a pleasure in it only for her sake, she would not let him suffer at it, but won him back to the lighter diversions in which his lighter spirit expanded. Sometimes they would set the cards and the board before them for cribbage, and fall to talking, and forget, until the evening was over, that they had meant to play. Deed made her tell him, at these times, of her travels.

In the absolute confidence of their new relation, it was a curious pleasure to her to tell many things which she had hidden away in her soul as things impossible to tell any one. The budget of her adventures in the roaming life she had led before she met him, and even after, seemed exhaustless, and Deed was constantly calling for more. He roared with delight at the follies she confessed, the *gaucheries* she owned up to. He said it was a new revelation of her—this history of her independence. He urged her to admit that she had lost by the exchange; he said that she had sold herself into slavery; he did n't see how she contented herself.

"Don't you?" she asked, letting her eyes rest on him a moment.

"No," he said promptly. He leaned toward her and took her hand.

"Why, James, that 's just it! Neither do I!

But you see I do content myself. I 'm not planning an escape; I 'm not thinking of running away."

"Oh, that 's the snow," he said. "You could n't."

"No; that 's true. But you 'll see when it thaws. It will be the same." She said this earnestly. Even when she let herself go, Margaret held on a little.

"Ah, you say so. That 's like the bird that never shows a wish for the old freedom until you open his cage. Then—whisk! And away he goes! Margaret," he said seriously, "don't you sometimes—just a little bit—catch yourself longing for the old, free life? You remember your hesitation about marriage, and how you came and held back, and consented and refused, and ran away and took refuge in your wretched idea of independence, and sometimes would n't so much as look out to take a peep. Occasionally I used to think that you actually feared a future in which you would n't be allowed to take care of yourself."

"Yes, yes," she said. "I know. It was so. And now I like to be taken care of." She nestled up against him. "I *like* not to be free. I enjoy being *de*-pendent! Oh, I was foolish!" she whispered. "It seemed right—that life I was leading. It seemed good and natural. But it was n't. *This* is right!" She looked up at him.

Their love was good to them, and not the less good because they won from it the sane and tempered bliss of a man and woman past the dithyrambic joys of first youth. They had been parted by such a difference as might have risen between the hottest-blooded pair of young lovers who ever cried off with each other over a ribbon or a photograph; and they had come together no less eagerly and gladly, in the young-lover manner, as if nothing had ever been between them. But now that they had each other, their happiness was the quiet, full-bodied content of the long-married. To have surprised the glance of serene trust that would pass between them when their eyes met, to see the unafraid tenderness which had come to Margaret since her marriage, to see her lay her hand on his, or stoop to press a fleet kiss on his forehead, as she passed him during the day upon her errands from place to place, would have been to be taught a great kindness for the marriage state.

If he could have escaped the pain about his boys, which was always by him, and could have banished the threat hanging over him, Deed might have been continuously happy. As it was, he was very happy when he could forget; and Margaret, who had nothing to forget save her permanent trouble about his act against Jasper, of which she forbade herself to speak, was exaltedly happy.

They went upon walks within the valley over the beaten snow, where paths had been cut, amusing themselves in the town by the sight of the entombed houses sending up a pathetic slip of chimney into the air, out of which the smoke curled steadily. They liked, too, to see the nimble householder come out of his home through the roof, using the aperture prepared for such emergencies in building mountain houses. Once they went down at night and watched from the snow, ten feet above the sidewalk, the crowd which gathered nightly at "Mulvaney's" to hazard their earnings at faro and poker. Margaret disapproved of it, even as a spectacle; but she listened when her husband told her how, the night Philip had maddened him, he had gone to Pop Wyman's and lost a thousand dollars in an hour. He did not tell her how he had settled with Philip, of course; that might have involved the other.

The path to the springs, which gave the town its name and part of its prosperity, was one of their favorite walks. It ran along the mountain-side on which the hotel itself hung; but the spot at which the water bubbled warm out of the earth, and spread itself steamingly about, commanded an even opener prospect of the hills than they got from their window; and they were fond of coming here at sunset, to watch the great disk go palpably down behind the summit of White Face, scorching the snowy ridge with color.

The sun had set and left the air chill, and the evening was suddenly gray, as they turned one day from this spectacle, conferring pensively on their happiness, as people will who can keep their happiness at this hour. They saw the figure of a man coming toward them along the path, and began to abuse him to each other for poaching on the solitude. Then they saw it was Jasper.

XXI.

As Philip's train felt its way cautiously down out of the mountains into Lone Creek valley, on his return from Piñon some days after this, he was hoping that he should find Jasper well enough to see him. He meant to seek him at once on his arrival at Maverick, and to give up the "Little Cipher" to him. He had borrowed the mine from him, when he found it served his purpose, with the thought that Jasper had left it with him for a year, and could probably spare it to him for another week or two; and to himself had added that, if he could n't, he did n't care. It was the first good the mine had ever done him, and it was certain to be

the last. He took what advantage there was in the attribution of proprietorship during the ten days he remained at Piñon, reminding himself smilingly that he might considerably lengthen his tenure of the "Little Cipher," and still leave a good balance on the credit side of his account with Jasper.

But, as he drew near Maverick, he was seized with the desire to have the thing immediately off his hands. He did not like the suggestions that were bred of this seeming ownership; and since the bitterness of giving up his find to Jasper must come, he wished to have the business of the surrender over.

Philip's habitual choice of the comfortable issue from a difficulty sometimes led him (out of mere need for an untroubled mind) to march up to troubles which he loathed and feared with an unintentional effect of heroism. The idea of turning over to Jasper the mine he had discovered, staked out, and worked, was galling enough to be more comfortable as an accomplished fact than he could hope to make it as a prospect.

Now, too, that he knew what the surrender meant, since he had seen for himself the possibilities of this mine which he and Cutter and Vertner had made a jest of, the splendor of the prospect would sometimes thrust itself luminously before his eyes, in empty moments when he would let his gaze wander from the plain fact of Jasper's right to the "Little Cipher."

The ease with which he had, for the moment, reaped, without his will, the advantages of ownership at Piñon, polluted, every little while, the wholesome current of his thoughts. He put the fantasy from him, when it would recur, with the sense that he could not be well; it was in this way that murderous aberrations and the lunacy of suicide assailed men. And yet there would return upon him that air-born phantom of a thought, that the fiction of his ownership, which had lasted a week, needed no motion on his part to make it permanent; that he had only to keep silence.

The arrangement by which he had carried on the two mines in his own name lost its old naturalness as he found himself wishing heartily that Jasper had always known which mine was his, or, at all events, that some one person — only one — knew at this moment which was his, besides himself. He could easily have told Cutter in the Piñon days; but he was n't protecting himself against himself in those days, and he should n't tell him now. He could fancy even Cutter, with all his right-mindedness, palliating the obvious facts of the situation, or diminishing his clear obligation. The person he wished to tell, now, was Jasper. He could be depended on not to diminish the obligation. He would demand an account of every penny he had expended on the "Little Cipher" since the first pick was driven into the claim; and would ask for any stray bits of silver he might have brought away in his pockets. Jasper knew his rights. That he (Philip) had staked out both claims in the beginning as his own, was nothing. That he had mentally turned over the "Little Cipher" to his brother when Jasper had written asking him to see what a "flier" of $500 would do for him on Mineral Hill, was all that would interest Jasper. Bless you! he would n't care for the registry at the Land Office. If it had been the other way about, there might be some sense in showing by the Land Office books, the advertisements, and all that, that only one name had appeared in all the transaction, and that, legally, the two mines belonged to one person. But, in the present situation, Philip's mental cession of the "Little Cipher" to him plainly settled the question. Jasper could n't care to "go behind the returns," Philip said to himself, with a curl of his lip, as the spire of St. John's in the Wilderness came in sight, and he began to get his hand-luggage together.

The sight of the church recalled Dorothy to his mind, from which, in fact, she had never been absent since the memorable day of their last interview; and he said to himself that it was because he was unhappy, not because he was unwell, that the vile thought of the simple, the fluidly simple, course open to him dared dance about him beckoningly. If he had not wrecked himself with her, if he could think she could ever care for him, his normal state of cheerful spiritual health would come back to him, and such thoughts must find their proper place as nightmares.

"O Dorothy! Dorothy!" he caught himself crying inwardly. "Can't you see that I must have you! Can't you see that I can't live without you!"

As he left the train at the Maverick station, and went into the hotel, which stood on a level with the station platform, overlooking the arriving and departing trains, he met Maurice at the door, coming out.

Maurice's round, handsome face, which we know found a smile readily when the occasion seemed worthy of it, wrinkled into a beaming smile of welcome for Philip. He offered him his large, fair, fat hand.

"Why, my dear boy!" he exclaimed in his mellifluous accents. "Just returned, are you?" with a glance at the traps Philip was carrying in his hand. "It 's good to see you again. It 's a long time since you 've let us have a glimpse of you. Oh, I know, I know!" he exclaimed at Philip's deprecatory beginning. "We 've been hearing of your doings." Maurice spoke

with a benevolent smile. Philip wondered what he meant. He made a motion to walk by Maurice, whose considerable bulk blocked the narrow hotel entrance, with the purpose of depositing his luggage with the clerk of the hotel, whom he knew. But Maurice laid a fatherly hand upon his shoulder. "Don't do that. You are going on to the 'Snow Find' in the course of the afternoon, I suppose?"

"No," returned Philip, abruptly; "I 'm not. I am going on to 'The Triangle' to see my brother."

"Oh, indeed. He left town a few days ago, to be gone a week; so that what I was about to ask you to do holds good," he went on, without pausing to observe Philip's agitation. "You will be going on to your mine later in the day, as you can't see your brother, and you must come on to the house, and lunch with us, and take on your things from there."

"Why—" began Philip, confused and baffled by the news of Jasper's departure, and at a loss to understand Maurice's sudden warmth. This had hardly been his tone at their last meeting. Philip was about to say something which would have implied that Maurice was presuming on a relation between them which did not exist, when his companion broke in with:

"Ah, that 's good! I hoped you would. Well, that 's settled, then. You will want to get rid of the railway grime. We will go right on to the house, if you like. I was just returning home from some parish calls at the hotel. You know Mrs. Montgomery Bolton?"

Philip said he had seen her, as he walked on by Maurice's side, dazed and irresolute. He wished to see Dorothy, of course; would he not be a fool to quarrel with his luck; would he not be twice a fool to demand of Destiny, in Maurice's shape, the cause of this temporary amiability? He could have laughed, if he had been in a mood to laugh at anything, at the recollection of Maurice's cold and formal greeting at their last encounter. What intention toward him, what hope of service from him, was in the clergyman's mind?

XXII.

MAURICE did not leave him long in doubt. He congratulated him on his "strike" in the "Little Cipher," using the slang. He had heard of it from Cutter, he said. Was the assay as large as Cutter said?

Philip had begun to hate the word "strike," and in his loathing for the congratulations which had pursued him since the first day, he was much further gone. The very conductor of his train from Bayles's Park had wanted to smoke a cigar with him on the strength of his strike. He had ceased to start at these felicitations, but they were irritating. If anything could have increased his grudge against Jasper for being the man to whom he must surrender the "Little Cipher," it would have been that the circumstances of the case were things that one could n't explain to a man who wanted to smoke a cigar with you. It was a fact, if any one liked to put it in that way, that he was turning over to his brother a mine to which Jasper had no claim save such as existed in one conscience; but it was n't the sort of fact that one could mention as one observes that it rains.

It was impossible—he said this to himself when he found that he was not denying Maurice's congratulations in the first instant of hearing them—that he should expose his motives to the comment of every mind he met on his way to Jasper. It was n't decent; and, at all events, would be intolerable. Yet in the next moment he saw that he must tell Maurice, though he was the last man to whose eye he should care to submit the spectacle of his moral processes. The moment lengthened, however, and he did not tell him.

As the gate slammed behind them, and they stood in Maurice's front yard, Philip felt again that he must speak. It came upon him with renewed force that Maurice had a right to know, and that he would be wronging him in keeping silence. Maurice stood in an entirely different relation to the fact from any one else he had met since he knew it himself. To keep silence in Piñon, or before his conductor, might be a matter of taste; but not to tell Maurice was a kind of fraud, perhaps.

He had opened his lips on the door-step, with no notion of the way in which he should begin, when Dorothy appeared at the bay window, which jutted out into her flower-bed in the yard. Philip had a vision of a black skirt, and an electric blue blouse on amiable terms with the fair face above it. She waved her hand gaily to her father with a gesture in which Philip might include himself or not, as he liked. It seemed a very long time since they had spoken together; it was a fortnight since he had seen her. The apparition at the window filled all his senses. He did not go on with what he was saying.

The stainless white brow of Ouray, visible from the door-step, fantastically seemed to be wrinkling itself in reproach as he went in with Maurice.

Maurice opened the door into the parlor far enough to say to Dorothy that Mr. Deed would stay to luncheon with them, and to ask when it would be ready; and then led the way up-stairs to his own bed-chamber, where Philip got rid of the railway dust, and did what he could by way of freshening the effect of the miner's dress in which he had hastily set out for

Piñon, a fortnight before, lacking one day. He wondered how she would receive him. He braced himself for the reception, which he feared, and which he felt he had probably earned.

She received him, however,—as he might have guessed,—as a hostess, not as a woman. Her expressionless cordiality, her meaningless courtesy, daunted him. He would rather have been snubbed outright. Her father, who had taken up his stand with his back to the wood fire in the grate, smiled on the meeting. A moment later he was called from the room by information from the servant that his sexton, Sandy Dikes, was waiting to speak with him.

"Miss Maurice—" began Philip, entreatingly, as the door closed behind her father.

She stopped him to ask if the room was not too hot for him. Philip was going hot and cold by turns, but the temperature was not at fault. He said it was not too hot for him, unless—"Oh, no," she said, shaking her head.

Her smooth tones, her conventional smile of good society, began to madden Philip. He felt like an unpractised skater slipping impotently about on new ice.

The passive rôle assigned to women, which puts them under so many disadvantages, certainly has its moments of triumph. Philip wondered if women must always use them as cruelly as Dorothy was using them, out of a willingness to avenge themselves on the other moments of helplessness to which the rôle condemns them.

At last he looked into her eyes, and asked, without preface, "Is there boiling oil in *all* your punishments, Miss Maurice?"

"I don't know," she returned politely, with the same glittering and correct effect of having said nothing.

"Because if I might choose the quality of my mercy, I should like it strained. I suppose I am not worthy of the unstrained. At all events, the steady drip, drip of it does n't soothe me as it ought to. Please strain your mercy, Miss Maurice. What I need, I see, is open cruelty."

She stared at him a moment, in doubt how she should answer this. "I am glad you think that," she said seriously, at last. "But you must look to some one else for it."

"You mean that it is enough to have deserved such a punishment from a person without asking her to be at the pains of administering it?"

"I think you are much in the wrong."

This time there was no mistaking her earnestness. "Good heavens, Miss Maurice! have I been guilty of other crimes besides those I know?" He paused nervously, observing to himself how beautiful she was in the sudden pallor for which he blamed himself. The fair hair curling spontaneously about her high, white brow; those melting gray eyes, dashed with the whimsical thread of brown; the delicate little mouth, which he had set vaguely quivering now; the poise of her exquisite head—seized him with an irrelevant and fruitless yearning.

"You know best about that," she said, and he saw she was answering a question he had forgotten the purport of. In an instant, however, he remembered.

"O Miss Maurice," he cried, "are you fair? I give you my word I don't know what you are talking of, unless you are still thinking of the wickedness I know of; and I can't believe that it 's only that."

"No; it is n't that," she told him, a little wearily.

"Is it *anything* to do with that—with my brother?" he asked desperately.

"Yes."

"I might have known it! Well, what, Miss Maurice?" he demanded, in unconscious rudeness. "I have borne pretty much all I am able from Jasper. Has he been telling you how I have wronged him?"

"Do you think that would be like your brother?" asked Dorothy, with an implication in her voice which nettled Philip beyond control.

"No; I don't, Miss Maurice. He probably told you how finely I have been behaving toward him, and you guessed the other thing from a combination of your knowledge of me, and your certainty that Jasper would always have a chivalrous word for his enemy."

"Now it is you who are not fair," she rejoined.

"I don't mean to be unfair," he said, and there he stopped. "Did he tell you of his visit to the 'Snow Find'?" he asked suddenly. "Is that it?"

"No," she returned tremulously. "I guessed it; I forced it from him; I surprised his confidence. And, after all, he would tell me nothing; I would not let him tell me anything. But I understood."

"Ah," exclaimed Philip, bitterly, "you understood!"

She rose haughtily. He saw that he had gone too far.

"Oh, I am abominably rude! Pardon me—or, don't pardon me; tell me to go. But if you knew, Miss Maurice—"

"Tell me," she begged. She put forth her hand. Philip seized it, and dropped it instantly. He turned away.

"No, no; I can't," he cried. "Somebody ought to tell you, perhaps. But I can't. It is n't—it is n't decent." He clasped his arms

despairingly behind his shaggy head as he walked from her toward the window and stared out at the long backbone of the Sangre de Christo range.

She guessed this for the pride it was; but she had no information which could have enabled her justly to estimate the obscure and multitudinous motives which made it up, and she was far from guessing the rightness of feeling which actually lay at the root of it.

"But there *is* something I can tell you, Miss Maurice," he said, turning suddenly, with a new light in his eyes which awed her. She shrank from him, and sat down hastily. "Perhaps it will explain for me — not this precisely, but everything; and if it explains nothing, why I shall be content that you should not understand my relation to Jasper, either, because nothing will matter then. I have no right to tell it to you, though you have a right to know it. But I can't tell you unless you promise me to understand that it asks nothing of you, that it has no relation to you except as your knowledge of it may help you to — to understand — I love you. That is all. I love you."

She dropped her eyes.

"I wanted you to know," he said, in the silence that fell.

"Yes," she whispered, in assent to this.

"But I did n't want — I don't want the fact to exist for you, except as it may help you to think more kindly of me; to — to understand." Philip believed that he meant this. "I have no right to speak of it — and absolutely no right to found anything further on it." He did not say it in the hope that she would contradict him; but a pang shot through him when she did not. He should not have told her any more, he said proudly to himself, whatever she might have urged against this statement; but her silence whetted the pain at his heart. He rubbed the two half-dollars left over from his journey to Piñon against each other in his pocket, and thought how the actual occasion of his forbearance lacked dignity; it really was n't as noble as it seemed, perhaps, for a beggar to refrain from a proposal of marriage. When the beggar happened to be as much in love as he, however, it was hard.

"Well," he went on, as she still kept silence, "there 's nothing more to say." He came over to her, and offered his hand in farewell. "Good-by, Miss Maurice. If you ever give me a thought after this, remember, please, that whatever you have to think of me, it was in this way that I thought of you — that I shall always think of you."

She still said nothing, and he turned to go.

"But," she called after him, raising her head now, with a smile in which many emotions played, "you are going to stay to luncheon, Mr. Deed?"

He turned at the fancy of a note between roguish and caressing in the sound of her unsteady voice, and started toward her, withholding himself instantly. Then he remembered what she had asked him, and could have smiled for the absurdity of his unhappy lover exit arrested by the banality of a luncheon engagement.

"No — no, I must n't," he found himself saying; but he heard the door-knob turn in Maurice's firm clutch, and knew that he must.

Maurice came in upon them, rubbing his large hands in smiling hospitality, and abandoned the amiable commonplace he had ready for Philip, to glance sharply at the two. He concealed adroitly his sense of having interrupted an intimate collision; but he followed them into the dining-room, after having asked Philip to give his arm to Dorothy, with a look of grave satisfaction on his face.

XXIII.

THE luncheon lagged, though it began with salmon, and went on to escalloped oysters, to quail on toast, and finally to a California fruit that none of them knew. Dorothy said she had forgotten its name; it grew in a tin can — like the oysters and the salmon. They ate, save Maurice, as if the quality of the luncheon alone concerned them. Maurice talked beamingly about a host of subjects, in the full, orotund voice which sounded so well from the pulpit. He made all the talk. Philip was silent and ill at ease; Dorothy answered her father and kept him going. She flushed when Philip once looked her way. After that they avoided each other's glances.

When they were alone with their wine and cigarettes,— Maurice kept up the customs of a higher civilization jealously,— the clergyman told Philip the history of his purchase of the claret he was drinking with the deliberation which characterized his talk. Philip writhed inwardly. He longed to get away.

Maurice seemed to have plenty of leisure, however, and made no move to rise. He left inviting gaps in the conversation when he had done his story of the wine, as if he expected Philip to take it up, and Philip had begun dimly to divine an intention in this, when Maurice finally said himself:

"I think, Mr. Deed, we may deal with each other quite frankly." He cleared his throat, caressing his wine-glass meditatively.

Philip bowed politely across the table, not knowing what was coming, but feeling the assumption to be a safe one. He had always

been on his guard in his few conversations with Maurice. He did not trust him. He found himself constantly wondering what he was up to, what purpose underlay the obvious meaning of the things he said.

"Yes; so I thought," continued Maurice in response to his nod. He offered him cigarettes. Philip took one, and struck a match. As Maurice lighted his own, he glanced at his companion through the smoke, and asked, as if it were a casual question, "May I ask if I rightly infer that you have a more than common regard for my daughter?"

Philip flushed. He was wholly at a loss for an answer.

"I need not say that it is not to challenge such a regard if it exists, nor to question your action in any way, that I speak," continued Maurice in a conciliatory tone, anticipating the resentment of his inquiry which he began to see rising in Philip's face. "I should not ask if I had not good reason — the best of reasons. You will quite agree with me, I am confident, when you understand what they are. But first, as to the main question. I need not repeat it?"

"No," said Philip, and was going on angrily, but stopped himself. "Yes; you are right. I love Miss Maurice."

He remembered that he was talking to her father, who, after all, had an excellent right to question him.

"Ah!" said Maurice, "I have long believed as much. May I ask — it is my last question — if I am right in supposing that you have made Dorothy aware of this?"

Philip remembered the scene on which the clergyman had just come in. He had hoped that it might never be known to any soul; least of all did he like to talk it over with Maurice. But he said helplessly and a little savagely, "It is true. Yes. But —"

"She has refused you, then?"

Philip frowned. "I don't know why you assume —" he began.

"Mr. Deed, we shall get on in this delicate matter only if we understand quite clearly that I speak as your friend," interrupted Maurice. He sipped slowly at his claret. "I know that I may not always have seemed so; but I have learned — some things have come to my knowledge."

Vaguely and doubtfully at first, and then surely, Philip had seen for himself that Maurice's inclination toward him was friendly.

From whatever cause, out of the coldness he had kept for him hitherto; out of the warm and friendly association with Jasper of which every one in Maverick knew; out of the old liking for the match broken off by Dorothy, which Philip suspected in him; and, at all events, out of the open favor he had lent the new relation between Jasper and Dorothy, this was the issue. It was strange, but he did not doubt it, and if he had doubted it, Maurice's next words must have been convincing.

"I have heard the truth about you and your brother, and I have reason to believe that Dorothy is still in ignorance of it. You are aware of the feeling I have had toward Jasper. I have liked him — we have liked him, and Dorothy still does. It is because I believe that Dorothy's proper understanding of some things, just at this moment, may deeply affect her future and yours, and — mine, that I wish to offer you a friendly word."

"You are very good," murmured Philip, plunging about in his imagination for a final meaning beneath this.

"No. If I am good, it is to Dorothy — to myself. You may believe that I should hardly be speaking to you in this way if it were not of vital concern to me that I should."

He judged it unnecessary to enter with Philip into the facts he had lately learned regarding Jasper's present tenure of the ranch. The injunction against Snell had become town talk within two days of Jasper's departure, and had set all Maverick agog for the painful but interesting story which must be lurking behind this action of Jasper's. Maurice had heard the entire story from Cutter, who saw no reason to withhold the truth when Maurice questioned him at the post-office on the day he heard the rumor of the injunction.

"I shall speak plainly, Mr. Deed, for both our sakes," the clergyman pursued. "I think it right you should know that your brother has proposed to Dorothy."

"Jasper!" cried Philip. He fronted Maurice abruptly, perusing his face with an estranged regard.

"Have you not known?" exclaimed the clergyman.

"Known!" repeated Philip, with a haggard face. "Yes; oh, yes." And, after a moment, "He has offered himself. He has been accepted. Why do you bring me here to tell me this?"

"He has offered himself," assented Maurice, passing over Philip's tone with dignity, "but he has not been accepted. Dorothy has promised him his answer within a week. The week will be at an end to-morrow." Philip opened his lips with a passionate impulse, but swallowed back his words, grinding his teeth. "What his answer shall be depends, as I believe, upon the way in which you may receive what I have to say."

"For God's sake, man, go on! I 'm listening."

Philip bit his lip, and waited for what might follow, with his eyes fixed on the line of low-

lying hills opposite Ouray, which were visible from the dining-room window.

"Quietly, if you please, my dear young sir. This matter, let me remind you, concerns me at least as much as it can concern you. Dorothy is my only daughter. My life goes with her happiness. But we can gain nothing by haste." Philip made an impatient gesture of apology. He stared at Maurice restlessly, across the table, with his chin in his hand, as he went on.

"What I am about to say," continued the clergyman, "is most intimate. It touches a subject which I had hoped never to be obliged to reopen to any person living. Circumstances have ruled otherwise, and I have now only to add, in disclosing certain facts, that I shall look to you to regard them as communicated under the most sacred seal of confidence."

These cautious guards and defenses, these precautions against one knew not what, by turns tortured and sickened his companion. He found his perception reeling giddily every little while before the clergyman's abominable flow of language, which seemed one sheen to him, like the glaze on paper.

"I don't know whether you know precisely the circumstances attending my departure from Laughing Valley City?" said Maurice, interrogatively. He tried for a parody of the importance of the name in his voice; but his anxiety came uppermost.

Philip turned toward him quickly and said: "I am glad to have the opportunity of letting you know, Mr. Maurice, that I *do* know rather more than it seemed a kindness to Miss Maurice to mention in the cave that day. I have never felt quite right about that. But it seemed to Cutter and me that she would not care to know that we had seen what passed on the hillside above the cañon the day of the storm. If I had imagined that it could make a difference to you, I should have spoken long ago. It was Miss Maurice who was in my thoughts," he confessed.

"Ah, I am glad of that—yes," mused the clergyman; "glad, because it will help you to understand a feeling of mine about that—that circumstance. I have never told Dorothy the actual—the exact occasion of that scene on the hillside." Maurice leaned over toward Philip, and questioned his face closely. "Do *you* know it?" he asked.

"No," said Philip.

"Ah, well, perhaps that is as well, too. You will believe, when I tell you this, that I am concealing nothing from you. The Vigilance Committee"—he gave them the title with a curl of his large, handsome lip, from which he stroked away his jaunty mustache—"thought me in the wrong in refusing to go and read the funeral service over two men who had died at Laughing Valley of smallpox." Maurice's face worked, and for a moment he did not attempt to go on. "The right or wrong of that we must leave to a higher tribunal," continued he, dismissing the ethical question with a gesture. Philip shuddered. "What immediately concerns us is that Dorothy has never known why I was forced to depart from the place."

"She must never know," said Philip, huskily. A vicarious sense of shame for the clergyman would not let him lift his eyes to look in his face.

"Exactly. She must never know. But there is another matter of which she must not know."

He turned a doubtful eye on his companion as he paused. Philip turned cold, wondering what worse thing this man could have done to shame his daughter.

"It is, in a way, all the same matter," Maurice was saying, while his companion dumbly waited and wondered. Philip drew a breath of relief. "Information reached me a week since through a good friend of ours—of hers, of yours; in point of fact, through Mr. Messiter, that—"

"I beg your pardon. Is Mr. Messiter back in Maverick? I heard that he had returned to his mine at Laughing Valley."

"So he has," responded the clergyman, with the ghost of an indulgent smile for Philip's transparent impulse of jealousy. "He came here a week ago, for the day only, to see me—in point of fact, to warn me. He had heard rumors at Laughing Valley that some of my enemies there had been inciting the bishop, when he visited the place a fortnight or so back, to take some action founded on this—this accusation against me; and like the dear, good fellow he is, knowing what that must mean for Dorothy, he had posted down to Denver, without stopping to consult me, in the hope of inducing the bishop not to move in the matter." Maurice sighed. "It was good of him, but it was useless. Once brought to the ears of the bishop, I have always known what must happen." Philip saw the green hills outside the window swim before his eyes. "And—well, the end of it is that I have this morning a letter from the bishop—generous and temperate, even fatherly, but quite plain—suggesting that it would be convenient if I should let him have my resignation of my charge here."

Philip took the letter he handed him, as he started up with an inarticulate groan on his lips. He carried it to the window, and stared at it for a moment helplessly; the words refused to relate themselves to one another, and he finally turned and gave it back to Maurice, in silence. The clergyman shrank from the

look on Philip's face as he put forth his hand to take the letter.

"Yes," owned he; "it 's bad. It is a blow. I won't deny it. And yet not an unbearable blow to me. I have expected it, for one thing; and I see, now that it has come, that I have long been half willing." He looked at Philip sharply. "I was not made for a clergyman, Mr. Deed."

"Oh, don't say that, man!" The cry was torn from him. "For heaven's sake, don't say that!" The ignominious, the disastrous fact seemed to connect itself intolerably with the thought of Dorothy; it seemed to leave two lives in ruins. If it had been the clergyman alone, one would have seen only the tragic waste of a career. But as the fact involved Dorothy, Philip could not face it.

Turning toward Maurice, he saw that a ghastly pallor had stolen over his face, which was sunk upon his breast. He went over to him, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Come!" he said gently, with an indescribable mingling of contempt and pity pulling at his heart. "Take this! You will feel better." He poured a glass of the wine Maurice had been discussing in that moment of after-luncheon talk which seemed now so far removed. The clergyman snatched it, and drank it off.

Philip was ashamed to be a witness to his recovery of himself. He turned his back, and went to the window, within sight of which a rider was endeavoring to break the spirit of a bucking pony. There was a large open space behind the house, and untamed broncos were often brought here from the neighboring livery-stable for this purpose. The tiresome iteration of the seesaw motion with which the brute was viciously endeavoring to throw his rider renewed Philip's restlessness.

"You must go away from here," he heard himself saying to Maurice, as he turned in the need of action, or the suggestion of action. "You must go at once."

Maurice shook his head with the sadness of superior knowledge.

"No, no! It is ended. I shall never preach again."

Philip was appalled.

"Oh, my dear sir, shake this off! For your daughter's sake,—for Dorothy's sake,—shake it off!"

Maurice looked up at him with a mournful smile. "Shake it off! My dear young man, I have been dismissed. I have been disgraced. Oh, my God!" he cried, breaking down suddenly, and burying his face in his hands.

Philip bit his lip. For a moment there was silence in the room. Then there came a ring at the outer door, and a knock at the door of the room in which they were. Philip darted to it, with the fear in his throat that it might be Dorothy. It was the servant, come to say that Mr. Vertner was in the parlor. "Say that Mr. Maurice will see him presently," Philip said.

"Do you mean to say that you could not secure another parish?" he demanded, as he returned.

Maurice, who had risen at the knock, and was restlessly pacing the room with his hands in his pockets, stopped before the table, littered with the remains of the meal, and absently took a bonbon from a plate.

"Secure it? Perhaps. Keep it? No. This story would rise. Oh, I 'm not degraded from my office; I 'm not unfrocked, as they used to call it!" He laughed scornfully. "It 's simply a story—the most powerful, the most subtle, the deadliest, the most pitiless enemy a man can know. If I were younger, or—let me say it all—if I cared for my calling as I once did, if I could be back at twenty-five again, fresh from the seminary, a young divinity student, with the old fire, with the old feeling that the priesthood was the holiest, the noblest, almost the only possible vocation in the world—ah, then I might go on and fight it out. I might try to live it down. But I don't care! I have learned to live another life. I have always wanted to do other things, and even when I cared most for my work, I have done them. I have done them, at last, so much that they own me. I don't *care*," he repeated in a kind of cry of pain, and stopped short in his march from end to end of the room, to add, looking Philip in the eyes—"except—*except* for one thing."

Philip framed her name with his lips. Maurice nodded. "For Dorothy I would give all that remains to me of life; for Dorothy I would go on in this work of mine, if they would let me, always. *She* cares for it. To see me give it up will be a shock to her. To see me forced to leave it in disgrace would kill her."

"She must not know it," said Philip, setting his teeth.

"*Must* not," repeated Maurice. He stopped again, and faced Philip. "Ah, I hoped you would say that! I knew it. You understand, then, my purpose in telling you. You can see, now, how it is that the man who is to marry Dorothy should share this purpose with me?"

"To keep the knowledge from her?" asked Philip, quietly. He divined with contempt how Maurice must be doomed to long with all his cowering soul that Dorothy should never come to know him as he was; but he forced himself to do justice to the impulse of love which had

the same need. Maurice loved his daughter; he forgave him much for that.

"To keep the knowledge from her," repeated Maurice. "Perhaps you can also understand how it is necessary that he should be *able* to keep it from her."

"Able?"

"If I give up my calling, Mr. Deed, I give up the only means I know of earning a living. I can stay in it, and fight, and she must know; or (the question of livelihood being done away with) I can leave it apparently of my own will, and she need not know. I must stay in it, if I must go on earning my living; I must leave it, if she is not to know."

Philip regarded him in amazement. The words sang through his head backward and forward. He made nothing of them.

"Yes," he assented, without knowing to what he assented.

"A week ago I should have been saying this to your brother. I know him now. It is impossible that I should any longer wish his marriage with Dorothy. And yet it may still have to be. You know Dorothy's relation to Jasper. Why not say it frankly? You know that she once cared enough for him to engage herself to him." Philip bit his lip. "You can judge whether it is unlikely that she will accept Jasper to-morrow when he comes, if nothing happens."

Philip clenched his hands. "Likely? It is certain! You don't know!"

"I do know," rejoined the clergyman, quietly. "I have gathered my own impressions — from Dorothy, from the discontinuance of your visits to us, from other things. I know what Dorothy thinks; and I know, now, that she is wrong. It is because of that I speak." Maurice looked at him keenly. "I *wish* something to happen," he said.

Philip felt himself choking. "Do you mean — Speak out, man! Do you mean that — that you think I have a chance with her?"

"Ah, I must not say. I recommend you not to be discouraged."

"Oh, if I thought it!" cried Philip.

"I only ask you to remember my situation — hers — what we have said."

"Tell me," exclaimed Philip, fiercely, with a sudden thought, "have you told all this to Jasper, and has he refused to listen?"

"No," returned the clergyman, without offense, and with the sad calm that remains to the purposes of a broken man; "I have spoken first to you. I shall state the necessities of the case to him only if you force me to."

A wild joy played through Philip's veins. He turned away to hide his unhoped-for happiness, with its perfect mingling of a satisfied, a richly satisfied debt. He drank deep of the pleasure of holding Jasper's fate in his hands before he would turn and face Maurice again. It was worth while to have borne what he had borne from Jasper for this moment.

"You will see now — I may say it frankly, since you understand, now, that it implies no reflection on you — how, in my present situation, in Dorothy's situation, I could not let her think of a poor man, even if she were inclined to."

Philip started. He remembered his old, his rooted distrust of Maurice. Was it possible that all this story was devised — cooked up? But, if it was, what was its object? He had nothing to give Maurice; he could do nothing for him. Surely he was the type of poverty.

And then, in an instant, he saw. He perceived that he stood on the brink of a precipice, and realized that he had brought himself to it. It was not Maurice. Beside him the clergyman was a man of truth and justice and honor.

"That is so," he heard the clergyman going on, "because the man who marries Dorothy must be able to make it practicable for me to leave the ministry, now, at once; and, naturally, without the scandal which would kill her." He paused. Then, after a moment: "But if Dorothy should listen to you," he added, "it must be so for another reason. If Dorothy should engage herself to any one but your brother, it is right to tell you that I must be prepared to find a considerable sum at once."

Philip's eyes fell. The clergyman studied his face attentively.

The younger man raised his eyes at last, and gave back Maurice's look.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"Because I owe your brother rather more than five thousand dollars."

"Jasper? Why? How?"

"The larger part of it was a loan from him to enable me to take a share in Vertner's paper, 'The Kalendar.' The rest is made up of smaller sums, borrowed before and since. It began with a trifling loan to assist me in escaping from certain difficulties rising out of my Church School of Music in Michigan. You may have heard of my failure there. I have always been grateful to him for that. And from time to time I have wanted money. I have never been able to make my tastes harmonize with my income. I think you know how that is, Mr. Deed."

Philip winced at this home-thrust, and winced even more at the association of himself with the pitiable man before him. "Things which to a certain order of mind seem luxuries, to us — to me are necessities. Jasper has found his account in this. When I have wanted

money, he has always pressed it on me. He has had his purpose. But he has not let me feel it. A week ago, after he had spoken to Dorothy, he sought me at the station. He reminded me then."

"Cad!" exclaimed Philip under his breath; but his mind was already far away. A thousand thoughts went racing through his head, grouping themselves odiously, and dissolving again in strange and alluring shapes.

His companion did not respond, and the conversation fell.

Philip sat staring moodily at the stove, which, in this room, replaced the usual open fire. A kettle hummed on it, purfling on the air its leisurely cloud of steam. The cat, lying before the stove, purring regularly, and the ticking of the clock on the mantel made the silence hideous. Philip knew that his hope of Dorothy, his future, and his honor lay on the other side of this silence.

In the swift, final moment of temptation, if a man may be said to think, it is at least not his present thought which decides. The thoughts already allowed himself; the trivial consents; the reasoned compliances gone before, determine for him. He may even find himself bound by his silences. And for Philip, casting about in the blind fever of his hope to save himself, the right and wholesome thoughts which he could still conjure to his aid were answered not by another and an evil thought, but by a feeling — a sweet, strong ecstasy, that gripped and held him, and seemed to have its own sacredness.

Maurice's secret — was it likely that Jasper would keep it from Dorothy beyond the moment in which it served his interest to guard it? Had not he, Philip, the preëminent right of reverence, of tenderness, over a future that must always be threatened by the knowledge of what Maurice had told him? And he loved her. Did Jasper love her as he loved her? A passionate belief in the supreme right of his love filled him.

Yet all the rectitude of a life unspotted by an act of wrong rose in protest. Little impulses mingled with the big. A certain pride which he had always kept about his final integrity in money affairs, in the midst of the looseness about them of which every one knew, caused him to smart in imagination. He seemed to see that he could not do this thing; not for any happiness the earth could hold, not for Dorothy.

He opened his lips to tell Maurice that the "Little Cipher" was Jasper's, and that, if he sought a man strong in the strength that wealth gives, it was to him that he really must turn; but the silent shaping of the sentence in which he should tell him, gave the whole story of his real relation to Jasper back to his memory.

Was it more or other than a fair exchange — the ranch for the mine? It was ever Jasper's taunt that he did not pay his debts. There was a debt he would pay. The accumulations, the additions, the compound interest of insult and offense, now gathered themselves in his mind into a single bulk, in the face of which all scruples grew absurd.

He would pay the debt; and if he overpaid it, there was always the obligation his father owed Jasper. The balance could be credited to that account. As he thought of his father, the savage impulse of hate which had caused him to gloat a few moments earlier in the knowledge that Jasper's future lay in his hands, sent a sweep of exultant yearning for vengeance through him.

He saw that in all his forbearance toward Jasper, in his softening of his father's wrath, in the just course he had tried to walk with his brother since Jasper had wronged him, the black hate which now rose in his heart had its part. It must always have lain crouched there. It seemed now to spring out from him into an awful aloofness, where, with a beast's instinct, it had the will, if he would let it, to rend and tear.

Was he to give this man a fortune? Was he to beggar himself for him? He was ready to do that. He meant to do it. But how if to impoverish himself and to enrich Jasper was to lose the new hope of Dorothy, thrilling along his pulses like wine? Could he bear it? Perhaps. But to lose her that Jasper might win her? He shook his head with a gentle smile of scorn.

"Well?" inquired Maurice.

Philip rose suddenly. A light shone in his eyes.

"May I speak to Miss Maurice?"

The clergyman glanced at him in surprise. But he rose, and went to the door with him.

"Yes."

Philip passed out into the hallway with the flicker of a smile on his set lips.

XXIV.

THE sun was dyeing the paper stained glass in the hall windows to a similitude of the costly beauty they imitated as Dorothy went to the front door at sound of the bell. Through one of the palest lozenges of glass she discerned a figure which she knew for Vertner's. His hand was on the bell when she opened the door to him.

"Oh, are you back, Mr. Vertner?" she said, offering him her hand.

"Yes. You just saved yourself. In another

minute I should have started that slam-bang gong on its errand of destruction." It was one of the gongs, set in the door itself, which explode a clangor through the house, sending a shiver to the remotest nerve of the structure. "There would be bells in your landlord's house if we had the building of it, would n't there? We 'd have them in the window-sashes; they 'd go off when Cozzens opened his bureau drawers; they 'd be concealed in chairs; we 'd pave the house with them; he 'd go to sleep to a weird whir from the cellar, and wake to the unmerciful buzz of one of the things by his bedside. I think we could fix him out. How 's your father?"

Dorothy smiled, and changed the subject with his own facility. "Papa is very well. Would you like to see him? He is at luncheon with Mr. Deed, but he will be in in a moment." She opened the door into the little parlor at the front of the house.

"Don't disturb him," said Vertner, as he walked briskly over to the plant-stand on which Dorothy kept her winter flowers, and put his face down into a geranium. "You made out with the cactus, did n't you? You must show Beatrice. No; it was only a little matter."

"About the paper?"

"Well, partly. I've got a new idea about 'The Kalendar.' But I think I must have wanted to see you as much as anything. We have n't talked 'schemes' for a long time, have we?"

It had been a joke between them since the day of their conference about the paper that Vertner must always discuss a new scheme with Dorothy before finally committing himself to it. He pretended to defer to her advice, and Dorothy pretended she believed that he did.

"Oh, no," assented Dorothy. "What is the new one, Mr. Vertner? Is it a bonanza or a gold-mine? I 'm sure 'some one is bound to go into it if you don't,' and that it will give you the 'cinch on the whole business,'" she said, parodying his phrases fearfully; "but do you think we ought to go into it? Should we 'come in on the ground floor'? That 's the important point for us to consider, is n't it?"

She made these suggestions absently. She was thinking of something else.

"Well, I don't know," rejoined Vertner, gazing at the blooming cactus, while he swung his hat between his legs. "Don't you think we ought to make sure first whether Schlesinger will sell?"

Dorothy brought herself back to give this question the advantage of her judgment, and they laughed together as Vertner explained his plan of forming a syndicate to buy up the entire municipality of Spesiana, a deserted city in the mountains, which had enjoyed its boom, but had not lived through it. Vertner meant to organize another boom. Schlesinger had bought most of the city lots on speculation, but he would sell, now, if he was approached right. The boom would begin after the sale. He said he could work the newspapers.

Vertner noticed that Dorothy's attention wandered. She usually listened to his schemes intently; and guessing that something interested her more at the moment, he changed the subject with, "So Jasper is back?"

"Mr. Deed? No; it is Mr. Philip Deed who is with papa."

"No? Is it? I want to see him. I want to congratulate him. You heard, of course?"

"About his mine? Oh, yes; Mr. Cutter told us."

"You don't seem very glad," he said, glancing at her.

"Glad? Oh, yes."

"Well, then, not enthusiastic."

Dorothy regarded him studiously a moment without speaking. Many thoughts were going through her mind, many considerations; and at last a resolution seemed to enter it, for she said suddenly, and with an effect of bracing herself:

"Mr. Vertner, do you know Mr. Philip Deed very well?"

Vertner was instantly serious. "Yes; Miss Maurice. Very well. Why?" he asked kindly.

"Because — You will know of a difference he has had with his brother — a quarrel, I — I don't know what. I have n't liked to ask. But I must ask some one, now. And you — you will know."

The uncharacteristic hesitations, the tremulous advances and retreats, seemed to Vertner to call on his chivalry.

"But surely you have heard —" he began blunderingly.

"I have heard of the injunction which Mr. Jasper Deed has secured against his brother — something about his ranch. Yes. He has had to defend himself, at last."

"Who?"

"Why, Mr. Deed."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Maurice, but which?"

"Mr. Jasper Deed, of course."

"Jasper?"

She nodded.

"*Jasper?*" he repeated. "Jasper defend himself, and 'at last'? O, Miss Maurice! Why, would you mind telling me how much you *do* know of this?"

She shook her head in rueful bewilderment. "I don't know."

"Well, you know how things stood when he went away. Let 's find a basis, Miss Maurice. This hurts my poor head."

"But you don't suppose he would tell me,

surely? You know him, Mr. Vertner. Does it seem likely that he could condemn his brother to me if—if he had suffered from him? You don't know. Even if it were likely, it would have been impossible to him, to any one, as—as things have been."

"Would it?" asked Vertner, in a daze. "Oh, yes; of course it would!" And then, "To whom?"

"To whom?"

"Yes; whose impossibility? who could n't? Yes; that 's what I mean?"

"Mr. Jasper Deed," she said quickly. "Who else could I mean?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" cried Vertner, beating back an imaginary army of conjectures with his outstretched palm. Then falling sober again, "Philip, for one, I should say, Miss Maurice."

"Before *he* went away, did you mean?"

"Well, yes," drawled Vertner.

"But—"

"And did he never tell you how things stood in this case of Deed *versus* Deed?"

"Ah, you expect him to have condemned himself? So did I. I thought him strong enough. I believed he would rather condemn himself than let me doubt his brother wrongly. Oh, if he had been strong enough for that, I should have believed in him always! I should have known. He did not believe that I would know. He would not believe that I should understand how his brother could be maddening, and he—he hot-headed."

"And do you mean to say—?" cried Vertner. "Oh, no, no! I knew the boy was a wild and roaring unicorn on some subjects, but I never supposed he could go and be such an ass. And you have been thinking that *he* was the one to blame in all this row with Jasper! Oh, that 's very pretty!" He paused a moment to contemplate the beauty of the idea. "And you never knew that Jasper had done his brother out of his share in the ranch by a foul trick, and broken his father's heart by the same operation, and sent him to— You never knew all that!" he exclaimed, breaking off suddenly. "And you 've been thinking—oh!" Vertner exclaimed. "Why, you must keep up with the news of the day, Miss Maurice," he told her, when he could speak. "You must n't let these facts of contemporary human interest get by you in this way; though, come to think of it, I don't know how you could have heard about it, unless Phil had told you. Except Deed and his wife, who have taken their knowledge off to heaven knows where, no one knows anything about it but Philip and myself. Jasper knows about it. But he did n't tell you? No; naturally. There *has* been one other—the fellow who bought the ranch—Snell. But he 's been keeping it dark. *I* don't know what 's possessed *him*."

"Bought the ranch?" gasped Dorothy. "Mr. Snell?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. That 's just a little bit from this picturesque muss. You shall have the rest if you like the sample."

"Tell me the whole, please, Mr. Vertner. Tell me everything," cried Dorothy in a brave voice that died away in a quiver.

When Vertner found himself in the street a little later, after telling her the whole story, including Deed's and Margaret's share in it, he turned toward home, cursing himself roundly. He did not like to see a woman cry.

DOROTHY stood with her face pressed against the pane, looking out desperately toward the big, uncaring mountains. She felt Philip by her side, and could not turn her face. They stood together in the window, for a moment, in silence.

"Would it matter if I said—" began Philip, in a low tone. But at the sound of his voice she turned her streaming eyes upon him, and he stood gazing into them.

"Don't!" she begged brokenly. "Don't!"

He shrank. It was like a ghostly voice crying out on him to stay his purpose.

"No; you must listen!" he had said incoherently, before he knew. He did not know what he meant to ask her to listen to.

He seized her hand involuntarily. She caught it away. "No!" she cried. "No! You don't *know!*"

His conjecture darted instantly to her father. Had she heard? Was the little leaven of another's good to fail his act? Was she to suffer, notwithstanding? The flux and influx of his will about the odious thing he was doing went on in him subconsciously in the face of his resolve to take his right, to use the mine which was not his, to square accounts with Jasper, to deal with him as he had been dealt by.

The thought that he should not benefit her daunted him. He seemed now to himself to find his only warrant for his act in this little note of right, of kindness, or of love which sang within it somewhere.

"I have wronged you, Mr. Deed," he heard her saying, as all his resolve seemed sucked away from him in the sudden outflow of his will. "Oh, I have wronged you bitterly!"

He looked up. "Wronged me?" he cried.

"Yes, yes! Oh, yes! We can't speak of it. There 's nothing I can say or do that could make you know how—how I feel to have—to have—"

He saw the tears start in her eyes with a shock of shame. "I hope there is n't, Miss

Maurice. Don't try to say anything like that! Pray, don't. I could n't bear it."

"But I must. Your silence — I misconstrued it. I thought —"

"And you don't think so now? I 'm glad of that." He took her hand, and this time she let him keep it a moment.

"But — you don't know what I have thought of you."

Philip frowned, but he said with a smile, "I don't care; or I sha'n't if you 'll tell me what you think *now*." He bent over her, looking into her eyes. She dropped her gaze to the carpet.

"Look up!" he said. She obeyed him slowly. They let their eyes rest on each other, and melt and mix in a glance that taught them each other. Then he stooped shyly, and kissed her.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

A VOICE FOR THE PEOPLE OF RUSSIA.

A REPLY TO "A VOICE FOR RUSSIA."

THE article entitled "A Voice for Russia," signed by Pierre Botkine, Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington, and published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, seems to me to be one of the most striking and noteworthy evidences that the world has recently had of the power of the press and the force of public opinion. When an independent and autocratic government like that of Russia finds it necessary or expedient to come out from behind its wall of silence and indifference, enter the arena of public discussion, and defend there the policy that it is pursuing toward its own people, there can be no doubt that it feels to some extent the world's disapprobation, that it recognizes dimly the controlling influence of ideas in the world's history, and that it admits, at least by implication, the power of the world's press.

Never before, I believe, has the Russian government taken official notice of foreign criticism relating to its own domestic affairs, and never before has it published in a foreign journal an authorized defense of its own internal administration. Mr. Botkine's article, therefore, is significant as an evidence of official sensibility, even if it be unimportant as a contribution to the literature of the subject; and regarded from that point of view, it seems to me to be full of inspiration and encouragement. If the Russian minister of the interior, who certainly approved and who perhaps inspired this article, will only pursue consistently the path upon which he has entered,—if he will discuss in THE CENTURY the questions of public policy that he dares not discuss or allow to be discussed in his own periodicals,—we, the friends of Russian freedom, will show him why the winds blow "foaming waves of the sea of public opinion over our bridge of sentiment" which is supposed to exist between his country and ours, and will show, moreover, to him and to the world, who it is that "misrepresents" facts, and who are the real "enemies of Russia."

It is my purpose in this paper to review Mr. Botkine's diplomatic apology for despotism, to subject some of its unsupported assertions to critical examination, and then to consider briefly the question whether there is, or ought to be, any "bridge of sentiment" between the United States and Russia, and, if so, whether the transatlantic end of that bridge should rest upon the throne of the Russian autocrat or upon the hearthstones of the Russian people. I shall be compelled, I fear, to deepen the "disagreeable impression" which was produced, Mr. Botkine says, by my earlier articles; but I hope not to be "disagreeable" to Mr. Botkine personally, and I do not mean to overstep the limits of fair and courteous discussion.

The article with which I have to deal is entitled "A Voice for Russia." This title naturally suggests the question, What is "Russia"?

Does it consist of the Czar, a few governor-generals, and an army of soldiers and police? Or is it the great nation of men and women who stand back of the Czar, who give him all his wealth and power, who support his army and his navy, and who earn, painfully and by the sweat of their brows, everything that he eats, wears, or possesses? The question is not a difficult one to answer. Even a cursory perusal of Mr. Botkine's article suffices to show that "Russia," in the sense in which he uses the word, means the Czar and the Czar's bureaucracy; or, in other words, the Government. It is the Government that maintains the prisons which Mr. Botkine defends; it is the Govern-

ment whose intolerant attitude toward religious dissenters he palliates and excuses; and finally, it is the Government that hopes, with the aid of extradition treaties and "bridges of sentiment," to establish closer "bonds of sympathy" with the United States. The article under consideration, therefore, should be entitled not "A Voice for Russia," but "A Voice for the Russian Government." My "Russia" is not Mr. Botkine's "Russia," and in order that there may be no uncertainty as to the point of view from which I regard Russian questions, I have entitled this paper "A Voice for the People of Russia."

The points that Mr. Botkine endeavors to make in his defense of the Russian government may be stated briefly as follows:

(1) That Russia and the United States "are natural and disinterested allies, who have never fallen out, and are drawn to each other by bonds of sympathy."

(2) That the present Government of Russia is an enlightened and beneficent system of paternal control, which "is as natural and satisfactory to Russia as is the republican form of government to the United States," and which results in general contentment and prosperity.

(3) That Mr. Julius M. Price, and certain unnamed members of the Fourth International Prison Congress, have come to conclusions with regard to the Russian penal system which are quite contrary to those at which Mr. Kennan arrived.

(4) That the persecution of the Jews is not really a persecution at all, but merely "an effort to relieve the Empire of the injurious struggle against those particular traits of Hebrew character that were obstructing the progress of our people along their own lines of natural development."

(5) That, in matters of religion, the orthodox Russian church allows "the amplest freedom of faith and of practice," and "has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

In view of the surprising, not to say extraordinary, nature of some of these assertions, Mr. Botkine's readers may reasonably and properly inquire, "Where are the proofs?" Does the "Voice" that is raised for "Russia" give us any extracts from the reports of Russian governors, or the investigations of Russian *zemstvos*,[1] to show the contentment and prosperity of the Russian people? Not an extract. Does the champion of the holy orthodox church make any citations from the Russian penal code, the reports of the holy synod, or the "Laws concerning Stundists," to illustrate the "amplest freedom of faith and of practice" which that church allows? Not a citation. Does the apologist for medieval persecution offer any selections from the periodical literature of Russia, or any statistics from the annals of Russian trade and industry, to show the danger of allowing a Jew to earn a living, and the necessity of relieving the Empire from his obstructive traits of character? Not a selection, nor a line of statistics. The whole case for the defense rests upon Mr. Botkine's unproved and unsupported assertions. What are the reasons for this complete absence of proofs? Is Mr. Botkine ignorant of the facts set forth in the political and economic literature of his country? Has he omitted the facts because the facts are not in harmony with his statements? Or does he suppose that Americans have become tired of facts and are longing for a few good round assertions? I shall not undertake to answer these questions, pertinent although they may be, because I do not know to what extent Mr. Botkine is responsible for the article that bears his name. In the revision to which it was subjected at St. Petersburg it may have been materially changed or modified, in which case it would be unjust, of course, to attribute its deficiencies to its nominal author. All that I shall undertake to do is to show that the statements contained in this official apology for despotism are not only unproved, but incapable of proof, for the reason that the facts with regard to which the "Voice" is silent contradict the assertions to which the "Voice" gives utterance.

Waiving, for the present, a discussion of Mr. Botkine's first point, viz., the alleged sympathy of the United States with the Government of Russia, I shall examine his other assertions in the order in which they are made.

(1) Is it true that the present Government of Russia is an enlightened and beneficent system of paternal control, which "is as natural and satisfactory to Russia as is the republican form of government to the United States," and which results in general contentment and prosperity?

One of the surest signs of contentment and prosperity in any country is the absence of extraordinary and exceptional legislation, and particularly of legislation intended to silence criticism, to prevent discussion, and to repress all forms of political activity. If the people of a country are satisfied and prosperous, there is no necessity for severe repressive measures, because there is no popular discontent to repress. Is this absence of exceptional legislation characteristic of the present situation in Russia? It appears, from the semi-official journals of civil and criminal law in St. Petersburg and Moscow, that a large part of the Em-

[1] Provincial assemblies established by Alexander II.

pire, including its most thickly settled provinces and nearly all its large cities, has been in a state of siege (*usilenoi okhrana*), or, as we should say, under martial law, ever since the present Emperor came to the throne. It appears that, throughout a period of nearly twelve years, Russian governors, governor-generals, and chiefs of police have had authority to issue "imperative orders" (*obyazatelnikh postanovlenie*) with regard to all matters that concern the maintenance of public tranquillity, or the safety of the state; to prohibit all public, social, or even private meetings and assemblies; to direct the closing of all commercial and industrial establishments; to remove cases from the civil to the military courts whenever, in their opinion, such a course is necessary; to arrest and imprison without judicial warrant and upon mere suspicion; to make searches and seizures in all dwellings, factories, foundries, etc., without exception; and finally, to recommend the banishment to Siberia of any person whose character seems to them obnoxious, or whose presence is regarded by the police as "prejudicial to public order."[1]

Will Mr. Botkine be kind enough to explain the reasons for the existence of such extraordinary and exceptional legislation as this in a country whose government is "natural and satisfactory," and whose happy and prosperous people regard their "peaceful and beneficent sovereign" with "ever-increasing affection"? Martial law, in civilized countries, is not a permanent institution; it is a last resort in time of war, tumult, or disorder, when the comparatively slow and formal processes of the civil courts are not adequate to meet the dangerous and swiftly arising emergencies of the hour. But martial law has existed in Russia for twelve years in a time of profound peace, and seems likely to last for a quarter of a century. What are the reasons for it? Is Russian society in such a state of tumult or disorder that the civil courts can no longer control it? Mr. Botkine assures us that such is by no means the case. "The political agitation," he says, "which years ago disturbed the peace and prosperity of the country has ceased; and I believe I make no mistake in asserting that at present there are fewer anarchists in Russia than in any other area of equal population in the civilized world."[2] And yet the annual proclamations of martial law continue. What do they mean? Lest Mr. Botkine should find some difficulty in answering this question, I will suggest an answer myself; and an answer, moreover, which is not a mere assertion, but which rests upon a solid basis of incontrovertible facts. The annual proclamations of martial law in Russia mean that the Government of the Czar cannot control by ordinary methods the spirit of discontent which is abroad in the Empire, and that it resorts to martial law as the best, if not the only available, means of silencing criticism, crushing opposition, and maintaining a deceptive semblance of tranquillity and contentment.

The people of Russia are neither happy nor prosperous. On the contrary, tens of millions of them are desperately unhappy and wretchedly poor. In an article entitled "Some Truths about Russia," published in a recent number of an English review, the condition of a large part of the Russian people is described by "A Former Resident of Russia" as follows:

> The conditions of Russian peasant life may appear ideal and idyllic to an enthusiastic tourist from the window of a railway carriage; but to the careful observer they seem what they really are — intolerable and inhuman. The peasants are financially ruined; the worst of them are dying — literally dying — of hunger, while others have scarcely anything to eat or drink, or the wherewithal to protect their bodies from the cold; and yet their last cow — that fed their children, innocent of mother's milk — is distrained for taxes, and they themselves flogged in order to extract from them the money requisite to keep the administrative machine in motion. In very many places which I could name, the peasants, who have hitherto managed to keep body and soul together, are now reduced to living on bread made partly of rye, partly of the husks of rye, and often mixed with the worm-eaten bark of the oak, or

[1] "Journal of Civil and Criminal Law" (a monthly review and the official organ of the St. Petersburg Bar Association), St. Petersburg, November–December, 1881, pp. 154–161. The original proclamation of martial law was made by virtue of an ukase dated at Peterhoff, August 14, 1881. It included the provinces of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kharkoff, Pultava, Chernigoff, Kiev, Volhynia, Podolia, Kherson, and Bessarabia; the districts of Simferapol, Eupatoria, Yalta, Tecodosia, and Perekop, and the city of Berdiansk in the Taurida province; the city and district of Voronezh, the city of Rostoff-on-the-Don, and the city of Mariupol in the Ekaterinoslav province; and the cities of Odessa, Taganrog, and Kertch. This proclamation, with some changes from time to time in the boundaries of the proclaimed areas, has been renewed annually in August ever since the present Czar came to the throne — that is, throughout a period of nearly twelve years. A notice of the proclamation for last year (1892) may be found in the Russian magazine "Northern Messenger," No. 11, November, 1891, p. 123.

[2] As a matter of fact, there are no anarchists in Russia at all. The revolutionists have never been an anarchistic party; and in their famous letter to Alexander III., written immediately after the assassination of his father, they said: "We declare solemnly, before the people of our native land, and before the whole world, that our party will submit unconditionally to the decisions of a National Assembly elected in the manner above indicated, and that we will not allow ourselves, in future, to offer violent resistance to any government that the National Assembly may sanction." (See "Siberia and the Exile System," Vol. II, p. 503.)

the dry and powdered bark of the pine-tree, which stills, without satisfying, the cravings of hunger.[1]

That the statements above made are applicable to all, or even to a majority, of the peasants in the Russian empire, I should not venture to affirm; but that they describe accurately the life of many millions of the Czar's "affectionate" and "devoted" subjects there can be no doubt. Any one who has studied the reports of the Russian zemstvos, or has even followed the discussion of economic topics in Russian periodicals, knows that the condition of the peasants for a quarter of a century has been going steadily from bad to worse. In 1871 the well-known political economist Prince Vassilchikoff estimated that Russia had a proletariat that amounted to five per cent. of the whole peasant population. In 1881 — ten years later — the researches of Orloff and other statisticians from the zemstvos showed that this proletariat had increased to fifteen per cent.,[2] and in 1885 it was asserted by competent authority that there were thirty million people in European Russia who were living from hand to mouth; that is, who possessed no capital, and had not land enough to afford them support.[3]

The progressive impoverishment of the Russian peasantry was frankly admitted as long ago as 1882 even by the Government officials themselves. A prominent Russian senator, who made a "revision," or, as we should say, "an official tour of inspection," that year in the central provinces of European Russia, reported upon the condition of the people as follows:

Among the indisputable evidences of progressive impoverishment among the peasants are the decreasing stocks of grain in the village storehouses, the diminishing number of farm animals, the deterioration of buildings, the exhaustion of the soil, the destruction of forests, the arrears of taxes, and the struggle of the people to migrate. . . . In almost every village the penniless class is constantly growing, and at the same time there is a frightfully rapid increase in the number of peasant families that are passing from comparative prosperity to poverty, and from poverty to a condition in which they have no assured means of support.[4]

A striking proof of the impoverishment of the Russian peasantry is furnished by the official statistics with regard to the number of farm animals in the Empire, and particularly the number of horses. Every American farmer knows that he would find it extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to work his land without the aid of a horse; and that the complete absence of horses on a farm is an unmistakable evidence of extreme poverty and destitution. What is the condition of the Russian peasant when tried by this test? In the year 1882 there were in the village communities of European Russia 9,079,924 peasant households. Of this number 2,437,555 households, representing a population of perhaps 14,000,000, and constituting twenty-seven per cent. of the whole agricultural class, did not own a single horse.[5] Of course these 14,000,000 people had not always been without horses. They had lost them, partly through contagious diseases, which they knew not how to combat, partly in forced settlement of debts to money-lenders, which they were unable to pay, and partly as the result of the ruthless and short-sighted policy of a Government that sells the last horse of a poor peasant farmer for taxes, and thus renders it almost impossible for him ever to pay taxes again.[6]

Mr. Botkine refers in his article to the recent famine in Russia as a calamity that gave the American people an opportunity to show their sympathy with the people of Russia. I wonder whether it ever occurred to him that the calamity to which he refers was permitted, if not caused, by the "beneficent sovereign" whom he defends; and that the distress which called forth our sympathy was the work, in large part, of the very Government that he describes as "natural and satisfactory." The famine of 1891–92 was not one of the sudden, unforeseen, and unforeseeable catastrophies that are described in bills of

1 "Moscow Gazette," March 29 and April 10, 1888. This, it will be observed, was before the beginning of the recent famine.

2 See the article entitled, "The Village Proletariat," in the St. Petersburg newspaper "New Time" (*Nóvoe Vrémya*) for June 13, 1886.

3 See the article entitled, "Thirty Million Proletarians," in the Russian journal "The Week" (*Nediélia*), No. 32, August 11, 1885, p. 1113. "The Week" fills in Russia something like the place that is occupied in the United States by the New York "Nation."

4 See the article entitled, "The Economic Condition of the Peasants," published in the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice" (*Gólos*), No. 283, October 18, 1882, p. 2.

5 See the article entitled, "Statistics of Peasant Economy" (*Itogi Khrestyanskaho Khozaistvo*), in the legal review "Juridical Messenger" (*Yuridicheski Vestnik*), Moscow, November, 1892, p. 438. The "Juridical Messenger" is the official organ of the Moscow Bar Association. The figures are from the Government census.

6 The Russian minister of the interior has issued two circular letters since 1881 directing the administrative authorities to "proceed with caution" in the collection of taxes by distraint; but the local officials, anxious to make a good showing, and to acquire a reputation for energy and efficiency, have paid little attention to the minister's instructions, and have continued to seize and sell the last horse or the last cow of a delinquent taxpayer, after the old fashion. (See "Gatsuk's Gazette" [*Gazéta Gátsuka*], Moscow, September 16, 1890, p. 628.)

lading and insurance policies as "acts of God"; neither was it due solely to the unfavorable meteorological conditions which brought about a failure of the harvest. It was the result, in large part, of the oppression and maladministration to which the people had been subjected, and was merely the culmination of a long-threatened crisis. The economic condition of the peasants in the famine-stricken provinces, and particularly in the provinces lying along the Volga River and its tributaries, was almost hopeless before the harvest failed. The distress and destitution which prevailed, for example, in the provinces of Saratoff, Samara, Viatka, and Kazan, were well known to the Russian government, and to the Russian public, long before the failure of the crops added the last straw to the burden of the struggling peasantry, and forced it to its knees.

In the volume entitled "Statistical Information Concerning the Province of Saratoff," published by the Saratoff zemstvo in 1882, it was shown that in the five *volosts*, or cantons, covered by that volume, the average amount of land owned by a peasant family was only nine tenths of a *decetine*, or two acres and seven tenths; and that twenty-one per cent. of the peasant farmers had neither horse, ox, nor cow.[1] In 1888, two years before the failure of the crops to which the famine is attributed, the distress of the people in this same province of Saratoff had become so alarming that the provincial governor, General Kosach, addressed a circular letter to all officials and public institutions within his jurisdiction, in which he said that he "observed everywhere proofs of the economic disorganization of the population," and that this disorganization had become "so serious as to demand the immediate adoption of measures to remedy it." Such measures, however, could not be taken, he said, until the reasons for the unfortunate state of affairs had been ascertained; and he therefore begged his subordinates to tell him frankly what, in their opinion, had brought the province into such an unsatisfactory economic condition, and what means were likely, in their judgment, to change it for the better. The governor's circular was apparently well meant, and his desire to do something for the relief of the distressed peasants of his province was probably sincere; but the evils the existence of which he recognized and deplored were too closely interwoven with the social and political framework of the Empire to be removed by any measures that he had power to adopt.[2]

A correspondent of the "Volga Messenger," writing from the province of Viatka in the autumn of 1886, said:

> In the course of the last few years the situation of our agricultural population has changed greatly for the worse. Some have become so poor that it is doubtful whether they can save themselves from ruin, unless the zemstvo and the educated class come to their rescue, and adopt more or less radical measures to improve the economic condition of the country. One meets now in our villages with not a few peasant farmers who have neither horse nor cow, and who are hopelessly in debt to local money-lenders. . . . Before spring the greater part of the population will have to get along as best it can with what God sends.[3]

An official report of the bureau of statistics in the province of Riazan, published in 1882, shows that in two districts of that province which, taken together, had a population of 230,000, thirty-five per cent. of the peasant proprietors had not a single horse, and twenty-five per cent. had neither horse nor cow.[4]

The state of affairs in the province of Samara was worse rather than better. In 1883 the permanent board (*uprava*) of the Samara zemstvo made a report to that body in which it was stated that the condition of the peasant farmers in many parts of that province was deplorable. More than half of the agricultural villages in the district (*uyezd*) of Buguruslan were in a state of economic disorganization; seventeen villages in the district of Buzuluk had become so impoverished that it was doubtful whether they could save themselves from ruin; and the arrears of taxes in these and other districts amounted to six or eight times the annual assessment. With all this economic distress there was an immense amount of suffering throughout the province from the bad sanitary conditions of life, and the preventable diseases resulting therefrom. Scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and measles were epidemic; 18 villages of the Nikolaievsk and Novouzensk districts were suffering from diphtheria, and 11 villages of the Buguruslansk district were infected with smallpox. In the peasant village of Mishutkina there were 102 cases of the last-named disease, and 63 deaths in a single day (December 1, 1883).[5]

In the province of Kazan, more than a year

[1] See "Saratoff Correspondence," in the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice" for December 18, 1882.

[2] The "Siberian Gazette" (*Sibírskaya Gazéta*), No. 22, Tomsk, March 20, 1888, p. 3. The text of the governor's letter is quoted by the "Siberian Gazette" from the St. Petersburg newspaper "Citizen" (*Grázhdanín*).

[3] The "Volga Messenger" (*Volzhski Vestnik*), No. 190, Kazan, September 4, 1886.

[4] "Statistical Reports for the Province of Riazan," Vol. II, part i, p. 255, and part ii, p. 189, Riazan, 1882.

[5] Samara correspondence of the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice," January 19, 1883.

before the failure of the harvest to which the famine is attributed, the uncollectable arrears of taxes amounted to nearly three times the annual assessment,[1] and Mr. P. K. Kuprianof reported to the Kazan Provincial Assembly, of which he was a member, the case of 200 families, numbering about 1000 persons, who were entirely without food, and who were living upon bread made out of the weed called "goosefoot," mixed with bark, husks, and bran.[2]

But it is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to refer, even in the briefest and most casual way, to the proofs of popular distress and destitution which are to be found in the periodical literature of Russia for the past twelve years.[3] The evidence is not only complete, it is overwhelming, and no one who has attentively studied it can fail, I think, to see that millions of the Czar's subjects are engaged, and have been engaged for years, in a desperate, heart-breaking, and almost hopeless struggle for a bare existence. What, meanwhile, has been the attitude toward them of the Russian government? Has it endeavored to lighten their heavy burdens by cutting down the army and navy estimates, and thus reducing their taxes? Has it treated them with merciful consideration when they could no longer pay taxes that amounted, in many cases, to more than the whole net product of their lands?[4] By no means! The taxes, instead of being reduced, have been increased; and have been collected with merciless rigor under the lash. "Everybody knows perfectly well," says the Russian publicist Priklónski, "that with us corporal punishment is employed by the police as one of the commonest means of collecting taxes; but it is a disgrace, nevertheless, to our native land. The torture of the human body by authority of law exists as a fact before our eyes; while we, conscious of our inability to prevent it, can only say with the permanent board of the Taurida zemstvo, 'It is hard to defend a punishment which kills a man's honor and destroys his self-respect.'"[5] I have not space in this article to illustrate Mr. Priklónski's statement by describing the barbarous practice known in Russia as "threshing out the arrears"; but I will cite a few cases, almost at random, to show how the officials of Mr. Botkine's "beneficent sovereign" collect the money by which his "natural and satisfactory" Government is maintained.

In the year 1878 there were flogged for non-payment of taxes in two peasant villages of the Slobodski district, in the province of Kazan, no fewer than 618 heads of households.[6] Between the years 1878 and 1881 there were flogged for the same reason in the single canton of Kaigorodsk, also in the province of Kazan, 797 heads of peasant households out of a total number of about 1200.[7] In the year 1884, 178 delinquent taxpayers, out of a total number of 414, were flogged in three villages of the Yampolski district in the province of Kiev.[8] Between May 16 and June 23, 1885,—that is, within a period of less than six weeks,—there were flogged for non-payment of taxes in ten villages of the Novo Ladoga district, in the province of St. Petersburg, 224 heads of households out of a total number of 517.[9]

If we picture to ourselves in imagination the poverty, misery, and despair represented by these statistics of corporal punishment, we have no reason to feel surprise when we read in "The Week" of St. Petersburg that a newly appointed tax-collector committed suicide rather than assume the duties of his office,[10] and that a poor peasant of the village of Pola, in that same unfortunate province of Kazan, sold his last cow in order to pay his taxes, and then, having neither money nor food, cut the throats of his three motherless children and hanged himself.[11]

If, in view of the facts and statistics above given, Mr. Botkine continues to maintain that the Russian government is an enlightened and beneficent system of paternal control, which results in general contentment and prosperity,

[1] See the report of the Government comptroller in the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Government Messenger" (*Pravitelstvenni Vestnik*) for December 13, 1892.

[2] "Gatsuk's Gazette" (*Gazéta Gátsuka*), Moscow, January 12, 1890, p. 13.

[3] Mr. Botkine will find a very recent and very careful discussion of the economic condition of the Russian peasantry in an article by P. Golubiof, entitled "The Reasons for the Decadence of the Rural Population," etc., published in the Moscow law review "Yuridicheski Vestnik" for October, 1892, pp. 194–247.

[4] Professor J. E. Yanson, of the University of St. Petersburg, one of the ablest statisticians in the Empire, showed in 1877 that in many provinces of European Russia the taxes of the peasant farmers amounted to from 100 per cent. to 176 per cent., and in some extreme cases reached 465 per cent., of the whole net income of their lands. The difference between this net income and the amount of their taxes they made good by going to the nearest cities in winter and working in factories, while their wives and children devoted themselves to various cottage industries at home. (See "An Attempt at a Statistical Investigation of the Peasants' Landed Property and Taxation," by Professor J. E. Yanson, pp. 35, 36, and 86.)

[5] "Sketches of Self-Government," by S. A. Priklónski (St. Petersburg, 1886), p. 173.

[6] "Sketches of Self-Government," p. 354.

[7] "Annals of the Fatherland" (*Atéchestvenia Zapíski*), a monthly review, St. Petersburg, May, 1882, p. 159.

[8] "Sketches of Self-Government," p. 356.

[9] "Sketches of Self-Government," p. 354, and also Novo Ladoga correspondence of "The Week" (*Nediélia*), St. Petersburg, August 28, 1885, p. 1081.

[10] "The Week," February 24, 1885.

[11] "The Week," January 20, 1885, p. 127.

I am ready to continue the argument, and shall be glad of an opportunity to use more of my proofs. For the present, however, I must leave this branch of the subject and take up the next point.

(2) Mr. Botkine says that "Mr. Kennan, to whom our Government hospitably opened the darkest corners where it must keep the evil and pernicious of its subjects, has been pleased to paint our penitentiaries in the blackest colors"; but that "other foreigners, to whom we have as readily opened our prisons for inspection,"—namely, Mr. Julius M. Price, and the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress,—"have come to conclusions quite contrary."

Mr. Botkine, apparently, has not yet learned from controversial experience how dangerous it is to quote an author without having read him. A mere newspaper notice of a book may be enough to base conversation upon in society, but a careful perusal of the work itself is absolutely indispensable if one intends to quote it as proof of a statement. Mr. Botkine would not have called attention, I think, to the interesting book of Mr. Julius M. Price[1] if he had taken the trouble to read the latter's account of the two Siberian prisons that both he and I visited. In his description of a *kamera* in the prison of Krasnoyarsk Mr. Price says:

> What astonished me most in the whole place was the married prisoners' quarters, for in the large dormitory there were at least 200 men, women, and children, of all ages, herded together indiscriminately. No words can fitly describe the scene. The evil faces, the babel of voices, the crying of children, and clanking of chains, and above all the indescribable stench which seems inseparable from the Siberian prisons, all combined to make as hideous an impression as could well be imagined. . . . The heat of the place, which appeared to be without ventilation, was, as usual, fearfully oppressive, and many of the men and women were in the very scantiest of attires, for decency did not appear to affect them much, and the sight of so many poor little innocent children in such surroundings struck me as being particularly horrible.[2]

I could hardly desire a more complete confirmation than this of the statements that I made with regard to similar kameras in the forwarding prison of Tomsk, which, by the way, Mr. Price did not see.[3]

Of the Irkutsk forwarding prison Mr. Price says:

> The halls and dormitories, on account of their overcrowded state, were in a filthy condition, and little better than human pigsties. Every spot was occupied, and the stench was awful.

The "secret" cells, where political prisoners are confined, he describes as follows:

> We then went back to the prison, as I expressed a wish to see the prisoners in the *sekretni* cells. This was the only part of the building which was really like a prison, and very gloomy and depressing was it. No less than three heavily barred iron doors had to be unlocked before we reached the corridor where these cells were situated. A warder is on duty here, I was told, night and day, for there are several political prisoners, and the rest were the most desperate characters. In each door was a little hole, about the size of a sixpence, through which could be seen the interior of the cell. I had a peep into all. It was almost like looking at some caged wild beasts, the clanking of the heavy chains on their hands and feet heightening the illusion. Some of the prisoners had, I was informed, been there for years, and were only allowed out for exercise for an hour a day.[4]

Mr. Price seems inclined to take a favorable view of the life of political exiles in the larger Siberian towns, and refers to several who were living in comparative freedom and comfort; but he admits, nevertheless, that

> in the case of a well-connected and educated man sent from, say, Moscow, St. Petersburg, or some other important city in Russia, for a long period, to some remote Siberian village, the punishment must be a severe one. From the little I have seen of these villages on our way up the river, I can imagine no fate more dreadful than to be shut up alone, among a lot of unsympathetic and ignorant peasants, with no books to read, and entirely out of touch and hearing of the civilized world. Better, almost, to be buried alive![5]

If, after reading the above quotations from Mr. Price's book, Mr. Botkine is still of opinion that they controvert my statements, his ideas as to the nature of rebutting evidence require revision and adjustment. He might have found passages in my book that would have answered his purpose much better than anything contained in the work of Mr. Price.[6]

[1] "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," by Julius M. Price. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1892.

[2] See "From the Arctic Ocean," etc., pp. 147, 148.

[3] "Siberia and the Exile System," Vol. I, pp. 302–321. As Mr. Price came into Siberia by way of the Arctic Ocean and the Yensei River, and went out of it at Kiakhta, he had no opportunity to inspect the forwarding prisons of Tomsk and Tiumen, which were among the worst that I saw, and he did not visit any of the penal establishments in the East Siberian province of the Trans-Baikal. Out of the forty or fifty prisons that I examined he saw only two; viz., the forwarding prisons of Krasnoyarsk and Irkutsk.

[4] "From the Arctic Ocean," etc., p. 205.

[5] "From the Arctic Ocean," etc., p. 114.

[6] See, for example, the favorable description of the Alexandrofski Central Prison, the favorable description of the Krasnoyarsk forwarding prison, and the complimentary references to prison officials on pp. 345 and 346 of Vol. I, and pp. 207, 331–334, 346–350, 366, and 405 of Vol. II, of "Siberia and the Exile System."

As for the unnamed members of the Fourth International Prison Congress, who have come, Mr. Botkine says, to conclusions quite different from mine, I can only say that they had neither experience enough nor knowledge enough to justify them in coming to any conclusions whatever. They were not acquainted with the Russian language, nor with the history of Russian penal institutions; they did not go, I believe, outside the limits of St. Petersburg and Moscow; and they certainly did not visit Siberia, which was the field of my researches. I do not know how many prisons they personally examined, but probably not more than half a dozen out of the whole number of 871 which the Empire at that time contained. If they supposed that a casual inspection of half a dozen show prisons in St. Petersburg and Moscow entitled them to express an opinion with regard to the Russian penal system as a whole, if they believed that the condition of the half-dozen prisons which they did see represented fairly the condition of the 865 which they did not see, they were ignorant of the very first principles of scientific investigation.

As a matter of fact, the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress had no opportunity — at least in an official capacity — to make any investigation whatever. They were indirectly warned, at the outset, by Mr. Gálkine Wrásskoy, chief of the Russian prison administration, that "if they attempted to broach the Siberian prison scandals in the International Congress they would make a great mistake."[1] In view of this warning, there was nothing for them to do but adhere, officially, to the program that had been drawn up for them, and seek, privately, for more trustworthy information than that for which the program provided. But they did not even do this. If the reports that reached me from St. Petersburg are to be believed, the congress devoted much more time to banquets, complimentary speeches, and excursions than to the investigation of Russian prisons. Professor N. D. Sergeiefski, a well-known writer upon Russian criminal law and penology, did not hesitate to say in his magazine, "Juridical Annals" (*Yuridicheskaya Letopis*), that "the congress indulged itself unnecessarily in feasting and enjoyment, when there were grievous questions to be decided, and when the remarkable book of George Kennan upon Siberia was still fresh in the minds of many of its members."[2] Perhaps if the delegates whom Mr. Botkine quotes had devoted less time to "feasting and enjoyment," and more time to the "grievous questions" of which Professor Sergeiefski speaks, they would have come to conclusions in harmony with mine, and would not have expressed "their astonishment at the extremely humane treatment of convicts on the part of the Russian authorities." Finally, if they had manifested any sincere desire to learn the real condition of Russian prisons, and had applied for information to Professor Sergeiefski, Professor Foinitski, Mr. Nikitin, or any Russian penologist of recognized reputation, they would have been furnished with a translation of two remarkable articles upon Russian prison methods which had just been written by a Russian expert, published in a legal journal of the highest character, and expressly dedicated to the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress.[3] The picture of Russian prison life presented by the author of these articles is painted in colors as black as any that I have ever used. Mr. Botkine will find it reproduced, in part, in the article entitled "The Truth about Russian Prisons," by E. B. Lanin, published in the "Fortnightly Review" for July, 1890, page 20. It was this black picture of Russian prisons — painted, be it observed, not by a foreign traveler, but by a Russian specialist — which inspired Swinburne's fiery poem in defense and justification of tyrannicide.

If Mr. Botkine will read attentively these two articles in the "Juridical Messenger," and an article entitled "Prisons of the Lena Region" (*Tiurmi Prilenskaho Kraiya*), by Vladimir Ptitsin, published in the St. Petersburg magazine "Northern Messenger" (*Sieverni Vestnik*) for December, 1889, he will be convinced, I think, that the artists who use the "blackest colors" in depicting the penal institutions of Russia are not travelers from the United States, but Russian prison experts.

(3) In the argument by which Mr. Botkine attempts to justify the persecution of the Jews in Russia there is the same fatal weakness which invalidates his defense of autocracy, and renders worthless his apology for Russian prisons; viz., complete absence of proof. His case against the Jews is not supported by a single fact, nor by reference to a single recognized authority, nor by a line of statistics, nor by a paragraph of history, nor by a section of law. It is a bare statement of personal belief, which would not have the slightest weight in a court of justice, and which ought not to exert the least influence upon public opinion. If Mr.

[1] St. Petersburg correspondence of the London "Times," March 14, 1890.

[2] "The Juridical Messenger" (*Yuridicheski Vestnik*), Moscow, January, 1891, p. 144.

[3] "Prison Methods (*Tiuremni Poriadki*): Notes and Observations dedicated to the Members of the Fourth International Prison Congress," by S. T. Kh., "Juridical Messenger," Moscow, February, 1890, p. 356, and April, 1890, p. 622.

Botkine wished to justify and defend the treatment of the Jews in Russia, he should have made an attempt, at least, to show, by a presentation of facts, that the means adopted by Russian Jews to earn a living are prejudicial to the interests of a civilized state. If he believed, for example, that Jewish lawyers are dishonorable tricksters and pettifoggers, he should have given us some information with regard to the number of Jewish lawyers disbarred for unprofessional conduct. If he wished to maintain that there are more Jewish usurers and money-lenders in proportion to the whole Jewish population than there are Russian usurers and money-lenders in proportion to the whole Russian population, he should have supported his assertion with figures. If he was of opinion that Russian Jews are parasitic non-producers, who devote themselves to trade and money-lending, and who will not work with their hands, he should have given us statistics as to the number of Russian Jews who are engaged in trade and money-lending, and then, on the other hand, the number who are working in factories, the number who are cultivating farms, and the number who are employed as teamsters, porters, dock-hands, etc., in arduous manual labor. Finally, he should have furnished us with trustworthy information, supported by proofs, as to the nature and trend of Russian legislation with regard to the Jews, in order to show us that the latter have as good a chance to become good citizens as the Russians have, and that their alleged bad behavior is a manifestation of innate depravity, and not a result of unjust legislative discrimination against them. Instead of doing this, he has offered us a series of unproved and unsupported assertions which, if I understand them rightly, may be summarized as follows. The Jews are obnoxious in Russia not on account of their religion, but on account of their character. They are not "homogeneous" with the Russians; they have no faculty for "adapting themselves to sympathy" with the latter; they do not desire "solidarity" with them; they are "not an integral part of the community"; they are "guests without affinity"; they are too numerous; and finally, they are "superior to the Russians in education," and therefore "obstruct the progress" of the latter "along their own lines of natural development."

Mr. Botkine's explanation of the hostility of the Russian government toward the Jews reminds me of the rhymed translation of Martial's thirty-third epigram, in which Tom Brown expressed his feeling for the dean of Christ Church:

> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this alone I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Stripped of verbiage, and reduced to the simplest possible form of expression, the feeling of the governing classes in Russia toward the Jews would seem, from this explanation, to be a feeling of personal antipathy blended with race prejudice. If there is any other reason, Mr. Botkine does not state it; and upon this presentation of the facts any dispassionate judge would not hesitate to dismiss the case without even hearing argument from the other side. Granting the truth of all that Mr. Botkine asserts, the persecution of the Jews in Russia is still unjust and unjustifiable.

It is not my purpose, at present, to discuss the Russo-Jewish question. The literature of that subject, in the Russian language alone, makes a bibliography of nearly ten thousand titles; and it is obviously impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to deal satisfactorily with a question of such magnitude and complexity. All that I aim to do is to show that Mr. Botkine has added nothing, except his own personal opinion, to our knowledge of the subject. Readers who wish to know how the Russian government "restricts the activity" of the Jews, and by what means it relieves "the Empire of the injurious struggle against those particular traits of Hebrew character that were obstructing the progress of our people along their own lines of natural development," will find full information in a recently published report of Colonel Weber and Dr. Kempster to the Secretary of the Treasury upon the personal investigation of the Russo-Jewish question which they made on the ground in the summer of 1891.[1]

(4) Mr. Botkine asserts, but does not attempt, of course, to prove, either by citation of law or by reference to facts, that the orthodox Russian church allows "the amplest freedom of faith and of practice," and "has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

When I turn to the Russian penal code, and read, in "Title II," the sections that relate to "Crimes against the Faith," I am forced to the conclusion that Mr. Botkine is either forgetful of the laws of his country, or unconscious of the full significance of the English words that he uses. When we, in America, say that our Government allows "the amplest freedom of faith and of practice," we mean that every citizen of the United States is at liberty to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own con-

[1] "Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury transmitting a Report of the Commissioners of Immigration upon the Causes which incite Immigration to the United States." Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1892.

science; and that if any man feel disposed to change his religious faith, to criticize the doctrines of the churches, or even to found and preach a religion of his own, he has a perfect right to do so. This is what we understand by "freedom of faith and of practice," and if Mr. Botkine uses the words in this sense he ignores or contradicts almost every section of the Russian penal code. To the great mass of the Russian people the orthodox church allows no freedom whatever. Section 188 of the code provides that if any person shall leave that church, even to join another Christian denomination, he shall be turned over to the ecclesiastical authorities for instruction and admonition; his minor children shall be taken into the custody of the Government; his real estate shall be put into the hands of an administrator; and until he abjures his errors, he shall have no further control over either. Section 196 declares that all persons who shall be guilty of aiding in the extension of existing sects, or who shall be instrumental in the creation of new sects hostile or injurious to the orthodox faith, shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life either to Siberia or to the Trans-Caucasus. Section 184 says that if a Jew shall induce an orthodox Christian to renounce the true church, and become an adherent of the Jewish faith, he shall be deprived of all civil rights and exiled for life, with not less than eight nor more than ten years of penal servitude.

It would be easy to fill pages with illustrative examples of the unjust and oppressive character of Russian penal legislation in the field of religious crime. Every paragraph of "Title II" fairly bristles with threats of "imprisonment," "exile," and "penal servitude," and the whole title seems to breathe a spirit of medieval bigotry and intolerance. Everybody knows how these laws have recently been enforced against the Lutherans and the Stundists. For two years or more it has been almost impossible to take up a religious newspaper, in England or the United States, without finding in it an account of the suspension or exile of a Lutheran pastor for having trespassed upon the spiritual preserve of the orthodox church, or the banishment of a peasant family to the Trans-Caucasus for having abandoned the worship of "miracle-working" images, and returned to the simpler and purer faith of the first disciples.[1] The Russian Stundists, in their faith and in their practice, probably come nearer to living in accordance with the spirit and the precepts of Christ than do any other people in the Czar's dominions; and yet they can meet to read the New Testament and to pray only in secret, and if they are discovered gathered together in the name of their Master, they are arrested, imprisoned, and finally banished to the Caucasus or to Siberia.

Mr. Botkine asserts that the orthodox church "has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'" It would be a truer statement, and therefore a less irreverent statement, if I should say that "Where two or three Russians are gathered together in the name of Christ, there is a police officer in the midst of them." If the Saviour himself should appear, poor and unknown, in a Russian peasant village, as he appeared in Galilee nineteen centuries ago, if he should speak to the people the same words that he spoke in Galilee and that are recorded in the four Gospels, he would not be at liberty twenty-four hours. He would first be handcuffed and sent to the pale of settlement by etape as a Jew, and then, if he continued to teach, he would be rearrested and thrown into prison. If he finally escaped crucifixion at the hands of the holy orthodox church which bears his name, it would be only because crucifixion has been superseded in Russia by exile, incarceration in the "heretic cells" of remote monasteries,[2] and deportation to the mines of the Trans-Baikal.

Mr. Botkine declares that "Russia and the United States are natural and disinterested allies, who have never fallen out, and are drawn to each other by bonds of sympathy."

If we investigate carefully the nature of the sympathy which draws the despotic Government of Russia toward the free popular Government of the United States, we shall find that it is not a sympathy based upon similarity of institutions, nor upon affectionate esteem and good will, but rather a sympathy based upon a feeling of hostility for the Government of Great Britain. It is a sympathy founded primarily upon hatred. The interests of Rus-

[1] See, for examples, "The Canada Presbyterian," Toronto, August 14, 1889; "The Independent," New York, August 15, 1889; "The Religious Intelligencer," Fredericton, N. B., August 14, 1889; "The Presbyterian Observer," Philadelphia, August 8, 1889; "The Christian," London, England, August 29, 1890, and also the "Times," London, November 15, 1889; The "New York Times," November 15, 1889; the "New York Tribune," March 31, 1891, and May 31, 1891; and the "New York Times," January 24, 1892.

[2] A correspondent of the St. Petersburg newspaper "The Voice," living at Suzdal, in the province of Vladimir, discovered, in the year 1880, that in the prison connected with the monastery at that place there were living two bishops and an archbishop of the dissenting sect known as the "Starovertsi," or Old Believers. One of the bishops had been in solitary confinement in this monasterial prison 17 years, the other 22 years, and the archbishop 26 years. For merely making this fact known to the public, "The Voice" was deprived for a month of the right to print advertisements.

sia and Great Britain have always conflicted both in Europe and in Asia; and, unfortunately, the interests of the United States and Great Britain have also conflicted on the Canadian border and in the North Pacific. As a natural result of this state of affairs, the two powers opposed to Great Britain have been drawn, at times, into a half-political, half-sentimental alliance against their common enemy; and each, in turn, has looked to the other for moral if not physical aid and support. That this was the view of Russo-American relations taken by the Emperor Nicholas in 1838 there can be no doubt. The United States and Great Britain seemed at that time to be on the brink of war. Sir Francis Head, in attempting to crush an insurrection in Canada, had attacked on the Niagara River the American steamer *Caroline*, said to be in the service of the insurgents, had killed her crew within our jurisdiction, set her on fire, and allowed her to drift over Niagara Falls. This incident and the frontier skirmishes that followed it caused great popular excitement in the United States, and a strong feeling of hostility was manifested there toward the Government of Great Britain. The Emperor Nicholas was well aware of this hostile feeling, and before it had had time to subside he took occasion, in a conversation with Mr. George Mifflin Dallas, United States minister in St. Petersburg, to discuss the relations between his Government and ours. Mr. Dallas reports the conversation as follows:

> He [the Emperor] then recurred to our political relations, was happy to know that between him and the United States there could exist no sentiments but those of the most friendly character, and hoped that I went away under the same impression. I told him that my attention to the subject had produced a conviction that our highest interests as a nation were identified with those of Russia. "Not only are our interests alike," said he, "but [with emphasis in his tone] our enemies are the same."[1]

The Emperor's last words furnish the key to what might seem the inexplicable mystery of friendship and sympathy between the most absolute of monarchies and the freest of republics—"our enemies are the same."

In the darkest period of our civil war, when the ruling classes in England were openly hostile to the Government of the United States, and when it seemed likely that Great Britain would intervene in behalf of the Confederacy, Russia saw another opportunity to strengthen her tacit alliance with the United States as against her European enemy England; and she therefore sent her fleet with sealed orders to the port of New York. This action, however, was not taken as a means of showing her sympathy with American institutions, nor as a proof of her desire that the crucial experiment of republican self-government should succeed. It was simply a movement on the great chess-board of diplomacy to threaten the adverse Queen. Great Britain seemed likely to acquire, by means of armed intervention, an amount of power and influence in the New World which the Russian government regarded as excessive and dangerous. If, by sending a fleet to New York, Russia could prevent this intervention and acquisition of power on the part of Great Britain, and, at the same time, gain the friendship and gratitude of the people of the North, who were likely to win in the struggle, she would score two points against her traditional enemy. Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, virtually admitted this in an interview which he had with Mr. Bayard Taylor, our diplomatic representative at St. Petersburg, in 1862. "What Russia fears," he said, "is the ultimate exhaustion of the two sections of the Union, which will leave them helpless to resist the encroachments of hostile powers. The political equilibrium which she sees in the maintenance of the Union in its original strength would thus be destroyed.[2]

It appears from this statement that Russia's action was controlled, not primarily by friendship for the people or the Government of the United States, but rather by considerations of enlightened self-interest. She desired, for reasons of her own, to maintain the existing "political equilibrium," and to prevent Great Britain from acquiring such a preponderance of power as would render her a more dangerous enemy than ever. That Great Britain was the power against which this move was made, and that the Government of the United States was well aware of the fact, appears clearly from the nature of the service that our Secretary of State proposed to render Russia in return for her aid and support. This service was the sending of a special mission to the court of Persia with a view to furthering the aggressive plans of Russia in Central Asia. "It was conceived," Mr. Bayard Taylor says, "that this friendship [between Russia and the United States] could be sealed more completely if the United States were to enter into diplomatic relations with Persia; since it was clear to statesmen that the movements of Russia, in the future, would be on that frontier; and any *moral support* which

[1] "Diary of George Mifflin Dallas, while United States Minister to Russia," etc., J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1892, p. 209.

[2] "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1884. Letter of Mr. Taylor to Mr. Seward, dated St. Petersburg, November 12, 1862.

the United States, *as an English-speaking people*, might thus grant to Russia, *would be of peculiar value*."[1] The significant reference to the "peculiar value" which the "moral support" of an "English-speaking people" would have for Russia, when she should begin her "movements" along the Persian frontier, shows clearly that it was against Great Britain that such movements were to be directed. The Government of the United States virtually said to the Government of Russia, "You supported us against Great Britain at a critical moment in our history, and now we will support you against Great Britain when you begin your march toward India—'our enemies are the same.'"

From this brief recital of the facts of the case it will be seen, I think, that the attitude taken by Russia toward the United States in 1862–63 was dictated by self-interest rather than by friendship. But even if it were not so, even if Alexander II. and the group of men who constituted the Government of Russia at that time were actuated by the most generous and disinterested motives, the debt of gratitude which we should owe to them would not be payable to Alexander III. and the group of men who constitute the Russian government of to-day. The rulers of Russia thirty years ago were comparatively liberal and enlightened men, and they were engaged, at that very time, in a work of regeneration and reform which promised to bring happiness and prosperity to their people. The rulers of Russia to-day are oppressors, religious bigots, and reactionists, whose chief aim seems to be the complete destruction of all the liberal institutions that their predecessors founded. We might properly have felt sympathy with the reforming Russian government of 1862; but with the reactionary Government of to-day, which gags the provincial assemblies, limits the right of trial by jury, persecutes the Jews and the Stundists, flogs the people by thousands for non-payment of taxes, and maintains itself by the rigorous enforcement of martial law, we can have nothing in common. If there is to be any "disinterested alliance" between the United States and Russia, it should be based upon some nobler feeling than hostility to Great Britain. If there is to be any "bridge of sentiment" between the Republic of the West and the Empire of the North, it should stretch not from the State Department to the throne of the Czar, but from the hearts of the American people to the hearts of the men and women beyond the Vistula who share our love of freedom, but are unable to attain it, and who look to us for sympathy while they wait for the dawn of a brighter day. Russia will not always be a despotism. Sooner or later the authority of the autocrat will give way to the authority of the people; and when that time comes I hope we may be able to say to the free citizens of a free Russia that if, in their time of need, we did not give our moral support to them, we at least withheld it from their oppressors. As for me, my sympathies are with the Russia of the people, not the Russia of the Czars; with the Russia of the provincial assemblies, not the Russia of the secret police; with the Russia of the future, not the Russia of the past.

George Kennan.

[1] "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor," Vol. I, pp. 411, 412. The italics are my own.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Origin and Growth of the Spoils System.

MR. CARL SCHURZ, in his interesting address at the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, in April last, gave some very instructive facts about the attitude of Presidents Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams toward appointments to and removals from office. He showed that Jefferson during his two terms made only thirty-nine removals, that Madison during his two terms made only five, that Monroe during his two terms made nine, and John Quincy Adams during his four years made only two. Because the number of Jefferson's removals was four times as great as that of any other President during the first forty years of the Government, he has been accused of introducing the "spoils" system into American politics. There is little or no foundation for this charge. The spoils system was in full operation when he became President, and although his election brought a new party into power, and although the offices were filled almost entirely with members of the defeated party, he made very few removals except for good cause, and resisted strong importunities to make what is known as a modern "clean sweep." His utterances, as Mr. Schurz showed in his address, were strongly in favor of what are now the recognized principles of civil-service reform, and in all but an insignificant portion of his removals and appointments he lived up to his utterances. Of Madison's five removals, three were of defaulters, and the other two were for good cause. Monroe, coming into office, like Madison, without party change, and coming in also under the mollifying influence of the so-called "era of good feeling," had no excuse for making many changes, and all his nine removals were for good cause.

With the second Adams the case was quite different. He had been subjected to bitter personal opposition, and had been elected under such peculiar political

conditions,—owing his success mainly to support from an opposite political party,—that he had strong provocation for using public office to build up what he needed very much—a personal following. He offered his chief cabinet positions to men who had either been his opponents or had voted against him, and his chief diplomatic appointment to a man who had never been his friend. From the beginning to the end of his administration he was actuated by what he had written in his memoirs five years before becoming President: "There is something so gross and so repugnant to my feelings in this cormorant appetite for office, this barefaced and repeated effort to get an old and meritorious public servant turned out of place by a bankrupt to get in, that it needed all my sense of the allowances to be made for sharp want and the tenderness due to misfortune to suppress my indignation." He refused to take advantage of the four years' limitation law, and to introduce the principle of rotation in office, and sent messages to the Senate renominating every officer whose term was expiring. His rule of conduct as set down in his diary was, "I determined to renominate every person against whom there was no complaint which would have warranted his removal." And, later, "I have renominated every officer, friend or foe, against whom no specific charge of misconduct has been brought." His two removals were for good cause.

The spoils system had no foothold whatever in national politics at the close of Adams's term. The public service was not filled with men of one political party, but with men of opposite political creeds who had been retained because of their fitness. There was no excuse for removals in order to establish an equilibrium between the parties, for such equilibrium existed already. But Jackson waited for no excuses of any kind. Under pretense of reforming the service, he began to make removals by wholesale, conducting the first "clean sweep" the country had ever seen. Miss Lucy M. Salmon, Professor of History in Vassar College, in her valuable "History of the Appointing Power of the President," to which we are indebted for most of the information contained in this article, says: "It was impossible to obtain official record of the changes made. No one knew whose turn had come, whose turn would come next. Clerks who had been appointed by Washington and Jefferson, and had grown gray in the service, were dismissed without warning. There had always been an understanding that so long as an officer was faithful and capable he should retain his position. Clerks were now told that no complaint had been made against them, but that their places were desired for others." The collectors of customs at the leading ports of the country, most of whom had been long in the service, were removed, and partizans of the President were put in their places. The subordinates were changed also, and at the same time new "places" were created. In the post-office department there were 491 removals, the greater number of them in districts where the service had been especially good. The department had been self-supporting under the previous Postmaster-General, but soon after the changes were made it was announced that there would probably be a deficit of $100,000 during the first year. In all, it was estimated that two thousand removals were made during Jackson's first year, and the places thus vacated were filled, in nearly all instances, with extreme partizans, few of whom had any fitness. During Jackson's first two years no fewer than fifty-five editors of partizan newspapers — "editors of the foulest press," Adams styles them in his diary — were given office.

When Van Buren succeeded Jackson the same policy was continued, and the fruits of it were beginning to be harvested. "At the close of Mr. Adams's term," says Miss Salmon, "a deficit of two thousand dollars in the accounts of a treasury assistant had branded the officer as a criminal, and in the eyes of the opposition the President became a sharer in the crime. Now, mismanagement and corruption in every department of the government service formed a painful contrast to the general honesty and purity of the pre-'reform' period." The people demanded a change, and General W. H. Harrison came into office pledged to give it to them, but he died too soon to have it known whether or not he would have been able to keep his promises. He made many removals, but these were made necessary by the fact that the service was filled so largely with dishonest and incompetent persons. It is interesting to note that the "rush for office," of which we have had such sad accounts in recent years, began as the first fruit of Jackson's policy. Seward, in writing of the inauguration of Harrison, says in his autobiography: "At the White House, the office-seekers literally took possession, some, it is said, even sleeping in the halls and corridors, in order to have the first chance in the morning. Day and night Harrison was besieged by the crowd." Tyler made few or no efforts to resist the spoilsmen when Harrison's death put him in power. He made as "clean" a "sweep" as Jackson did, removing by wholesale, appointing partizans and editors, and toward the close of his administration using the offices openly to insure his own reëlection.

Polk came into office as an avowed spoilsman, and conducted himself accordingly, making more than two thousand removals in the post-office department alone. Taylor followed a similar course, for the spoils theory had now become thoroughly established, and new Presidents were no longer expected to make opposition to it. Public sentiment itself had become so demoralized that it supported the view that the offices of the Government were the just perquisites of party victory.

What civil-service reform is doing in our day is the restoring of public sentiment to the healthy condition it was in during the first forty years of the Government, before General Jackson began his work of perverting it. As Mr. Schurz pointed out, the reform agitation has resulted in removing more than one quarter of the 180,000 officers now under the National government from the reach of partizan control by placing them within the classified service, where they are subject to civil-service regulations. *Public sentiment not only sustains this progress, but demands far more.* At no time since Jackson's day has there been so little popular support as there is at present for a "clean sweep," or for a loot of all the offices, because a new political party has come into power. On the contrary, one sees on every hand a deep popular disgust with the quadrennial "rush for office," and a general contempt for persons engaged in it. The spoils system has lived through two generations, but before a third passes away the

last traces of it will be eliminated from our national politics. Public sentiment will compel this reform in spite of the opposition of the professional politicians and spoilsmen.

Compulsory Public Service.

CERTAIN students of the problem of municipal government have lately advanced, among other remedies for its defects, compulsory voting and compulsory office-holding. It is urged in support of these remedies that since one of the chief reasons for municipal misrule is the abstention of the "best men" from active politics, and their refusal frequently to accept nominations for office when requested to do so, compulsion in these two directions would be certain to bring the much-desired reform. Failure to vote in an election, or refusal to stand for office, would be punished by fine, and possibly other penalty, compulsion being enforced as it is in the jury system.

Both forms of compulsion were tried in small communities in the early history of this country. Governor Hill of New York, in his annual message of 1889, cited one of the civil laws in force in the town of Southampton, Long Island, in 1643, in which it was decreed that every man in the town should "give his vote and suffrage either for or against" every matter submitted to the public for approval, and should "not in any case be a neuter." In New England towns, in the early days, compulsory office-holding was in force, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in an address which he delivered at the anniversary exercises at the close of the first century of the town of Quincy, cited the experiences of his own ancestor, John Adams, who was confronted with the choice of accepting the town-meeting nomination for surveyor of highways or paying a fine. In small communities both forms of compulsory public duty were easy of enforcement, but it is noticeable that both were abandoned when the towns became larger.

It is not our purpose at this time to enter upon an exhaustive discussion of the merits of these proposals, or to consider the probabilities of their success in practice. The great difficulties in the way of enforcing compulsory voting in large communities are obvious to the most superficial observer. It would be necessary in the first place to compel every citizen to register, and again to compel him to go to the polls. To do this in New York city, or Boston, or Chicago, would require an army of officials. Then, when the unwilling voter had been brought to the polls, and put in the voting-booth with his ballot, he could not be compelled to vote. He could deposit his ballot blank, and nobody could punish him for it, since it would be a violation of the secrecy of the ballot to ascertain how he had voted. It would be the old story of leading the horse to water.

As for compulsory office-holding, our municipal troubles do not come so much from the refusal of good men to accept nominations as from the refusal of the political machines to offer them. It is true that in some instances nominations are declined by men who would make most efficient public servants, but theirs are exceptional cases, and even if we were to force them into the public service, we should still be a long way from a thorough and lasting reform of our municipal government evils.

It seems to us that the true remedy lies not in forcing the "best men" into a defective and often bad public service, but in reforming the service itself, and making it attractive to the "best men." Once make your public service a desirable and permanent calling for men of ability and character, and there will be no need of compulsion to induce men to enter it. In the model cities of Europe,— Berlin, Glasgow, Birmingham, and others,—the municipal service offers inducements which are equal to those offered by any private profession. A young man of character and intelligence, who seeks a calling which will give him permanent employment, with a prospect for comfortable living, and perhaps a competence, finds it in various branches of the municipal service; for he sees that in that service expert ability is sought after and rewarded with handsome remuneration and life tenure.

Our municipal service offers nothing of this kind. It offers a brief and most uncertain tenure, and it offers, usually, a higher reward for incompetence than for expert ability. Few young men who desire to live lives of usefulness, to win livelihoods for themselves and families by perseverance and industry, choose the public service as their calling. They go into business or the professions, because they find therein the inducements which attract them. Sometimes, it is true, an excellent young man who is in some way related to a powerful boss will get into municipal office through "influence," and make a good record; and sometimes circumstances do bring other scrupulous and honorable men into civic offices. But it is too often the case that the idle, shiftless, more or less unprincipled men, who have neither the ability, nor the character, nor the inclination to compete for a livelihood or supremacy in business or professional life, go into politics and the public service, because talents of their kind are best rewarded there.

So long as this is true, it seems to us that compulsory office-holding would be not only an inadequate remedy, but that it would involve also an injustice to the citizen. Why should a man be forced to accept a public position for a brief interval only, when to do so he must sacrifice his private interests and incur possibly serious loss? What right has the public to compel this sacrifice? And when it has been compelled, and the term of service is ended, what guarantee does the public have that his successor will be a fit man for the place? What kind of private business could be well and successfully conducted by the process of forcing one man after another in the community to take charge of it for a brief period?

It is the old question of conducting public business upon the same simple principles as those upon which every successful private business is conducted — that is to say, the old question of civil-service reform. When we get our municipal service thoroughly and surely established upon that basis, we shall need neither compulsory voting nor compulsory office-holding to give us intelligent, economic, honest, and creditable government. The only way by which to get good men into the public service, and to keep them there, is to make it worth their while to go there, and that can be done very easily by giving them assurance of permanent employment and just reward for ability and faithfulness.

Hostility of Foreign to American Labor.

In the preceding article of this series, on the American boy's right to learn a trade, we discussed the passing of the apprentice system, showing that one reason, though not the chief one, for its decadence was the hostility of the trade-unions. We purpose to show in the present article that this hostility extends to manual-training and trade schools as methods of teaching boys the trades which they can no longer learn as apprentices, and that what it really amounts to is a determination upon the part of the foreign workmen who control all the trade-unions to exclude American youths from American trades. Most of the evidence which we shall cite on this point will be drawn from official sources, and mainly from the utterances of the members of trade-unions.

In his annual report for 1886, Mr. Charles F. Peck, Commissioner of Labor for the State of New York, presented a large collection of views, obtained from labor-unions in all parts of the country, on the subjects of apprentices, manual-training, and trade schools. We quoted some of his conclusions on the apprentice evidence in our preceding article. The substance of them was that the trade-unions have adopted such regulations in regard to apprentices as to make it practically impossible for American boys to learn trades in shops controlled by trade-unions. We shall now show from his report that the same hostility that is exhibited toward American boys as apprentices is exhibited toward them as graduates of manual-training and trade schools, and that the reason of this hostility is a desire to maintain possession of the labor field in America for the exclusive benefit of foreign workmen. We quote first some opinions obtained by Mr. Peck in response to inquiries as to the attitude of trade-unions toward trade and technical schools. The secretary of the State Finishers' International Association wrote:

> I believe in all journeymen and apprentices being connected with the unions. If a boy become a full-fledged mechanic in a technical school, he would not know anything about unions, nor would he have any sympathy with their objects and regulations. I believe in thorough labor organization.

A carpenters' union of Memphis, Tennessee, made this response:

> No, we do not favor manual training, as it would give the boy an idea, and there are too many ideas now. We want them to know the trade, and then we will not have so much trouble.

A carpenters' union of Ithaca, New York, took a like view, as follows:

> We are not in favor of upholding or of approving manual-training, trade, and technical schools. Boys, after a course in the schools, think they know it all, and it is a damage to the trade-unions.

A local assembly of Knights of Labor, composed of printers, said:

> A technical trade-school would be a menace at all times to the trades. Not that a boy could learn a trade theoretically to the damage of the skilled workmen, but that the employer would be able to tide over strikes, etc., by the aid of this half-educated labor. We have already had too much technical knowledge. We want practical mechanics.

The committee of a bricklayers' union wrote:

> We believe that the present manner of producing mechanics through the instrumentality of trade organizations and foreign immigration is fully adequate to the demand.

These are all extreme views, and are selected from a large mass, many of which are favorable to the trade and manual-training schools. But the favorable views come largely from individuals, and do not represent accurately the attitude of the trade-unions as a whole, though they do so represent a few of the less powerful of them. The general attitude of the labor organizations is unquestionably one of hostility. This was shown in a striking manner by the action of the Bricklayers' Union of Pennsylvania in going before a committee of the legislature last spring to oppose a bill making an appropriation for the establishment of a trade-school in the State Reform School, giving notice to the committee that, through the trade-unions of the State, they would endeavor to defeat the bill. It was shown also in some comments, published in 1888, which prominent labor leaders made upon Colonel Auchmuty's trade-schools and their graduates. These speak sneeringly of both the training of the schools and of Colonel Auchmuty's motives. Thus Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, dismissed the whole question of the American boy's right to learn a trade, in spite of the trade-union's prohibitive apprentice rules, by saying:

> The great trade and labor organizations which dot the land decided long ago that the limitation of the number of apprentices was the best method of meeting the question. The opinion of the myriads of men and women who belong to these organizations, I submit, is entitled to a little more weight than Mr. Auchmuty's *ipse dixit*.

Edward Conkling, of the Progressive Painters' Union, said:

> I doubt if Mr. Auchmuty takes as much interest in the "American boy" as some people think. He represents a certain class who abhor labor organizations. They care very little about the American boy or his father. Their plan is not to fit the American boy for the trades, but to fill the market with a surplus of indifferent workmen who may be used as a club against organized labor. That is their policy.

In October, 1890, National District 210 of Paper-Hangers, Painters, and Decorators, in New York city, condemned the Auchmuty trade-schools because they "turned loose a lot of incompetent and cheap workers."

In commenting upon the unfavorable replies in his report, Mr. Peck says that a "very unpleasant and prominent feature of them is the avowed objection to bringing the boy into competition with adults. It will be noticed by reading between the lines that the great difficulty to the trade-unions is as to where all the boys and youths are ultimately to find work, the men finding it difficult to obtain it now. This trouble extends to all organizations which are strong enough to limit apprentices."

It is just here that the anti-American aspect of the hostility we are discussing most clearly reveals itself. The trade-unions, which all authorities agree are controlled by foreigners, object to apprentices, and to trade and manual-training schools, on the ground that there is not sufficient work now for the men in the trades, and that to increase the number of laborers by allowing boys to learn trades will be still further to deprive the men of work. Yet these same trade-unions admit

freely all foreign workmen who come into the country, and admit temporarily hundreds and thousands of such who come here to remain only during the busy season, returning to Europe at its close. If they are not opposed to the boys because they are Americans, why do they not refuse admittance into their alleged crowded ranks to these foreign recruits? Why they prefer foreigners to Americans is revealed with sufficient clearness in the replies which we have cited above. They are afraid of American independent ideas in their unions, knowing, as they do, that American workmen are not so servile, and not so easily led, as the more ignorant foreign workmen. This fear shows itself plainly in all the replies. One of the most experienced and thoughtful observers that we have in this country upon this and kindred labor questions, who has devoted many years of earnest and painstaking study to the question of methods for teaching American boys useful trades, says:

Only one reason can be found for this hostility of the unions, or rather of the union leaders, to our young countrymen, and that is that Americans are not wanted in the trades. They, particularly if well educated, would not obey orders unless convinced of their wisdom, or pay assessments without an accounting. A union under American control would become a miniature republic, instead of being, as it is at present, a one-man-power affair.

As direct evidence on this point, coming from the trades themselves, we cite the following from the large collection of opinions published by Mr. Peck in his report for 1886.

From a master carpenter of New York city:

Under the present régime they [foreign laborers] object to teaching our young men trades; therefore we must go abroad to find labor, while our young men are growing up in idleness and filling our prisons.

From a printer of New York city:

Artistic and skilled native workmen are becoming scarce, and foreign mechanics are taking the lead in our workshops.

From a carpenter of Marinette, quoted in the "Report of the Wisconsin Labor Bureau for 1886":

We poor native-born citizens are just pulled around same as dogs by foreign people. We do not stand any show, and it seems as though everything is coming to the very worst in the near future unless immigration is stopped.

Finally, as a last word on this subject, let us quote the following testimony of a Hungarian (cited by Mr. Peck in a chapter on foreign labor in his report for 1885) who had been giving an account of the fortunes which his countrymen made in America by coming here to work for a few years:

I go back to Hungary a rich man. There I live like a baron. I get married and enjoy myself for all my trials here. America will soon make laws to stop immigration. So many foreigners come in to work cheap that American workingmen after a while will be so poor they will come to the level of foreign workingmen. Capital in America wants protection. America had better protect its native-born poor workingmen. I have got enough for myself. Now I can tell the truth. I don't care.

The evil is not merely one of immigration, but of allowing the immigrants to control the labor field against our own sons. If the latter were admitted to the field, and were occupying it with their more intelligent, superior, and orderly labor, there would be less inducement for the foreigners to come in. As to the character of those who come, their complete control of the labor-market through the unions, and their influence for evil in our national affairs — these are subjects which we shall discuss in future articles of this series.

OPEN LETTERS.

Who Wore the Laurels.

WERE our judgment of the poets laureate of England to be based upon the current opinion of them and their work in literature, we should be inclined to consider that it was their great misfortune not only to be poets laureate, but that fate imposed upon them any compulsion to be poets at all. Since the death of Tennyson more attention has been paid to the past history and to the probable future of the English laureateship than ever before. The explanations of the origin of this important office which have been given in the daily press have, however, been conflicting, and much confusion has been thrown into the discussion. But upon one point the majority of those who have written about the poets laureate agree, and that is in sounding a note of disparagement in regard both to the office and those who have held it.

But what these laureates have suffered at the hands of the critics of the present time is not to be compared to the abuse which was lavished upon them by their contemporaries. The literary history of England is full of the records of the burlesques, the lampoons, the coarse wit and satire, which have been directed against any poet who has struggled into notice, and won distinction above his fellows. The poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were especially exposed to these satirical assaults.

The prevailing opinion is not always the true or the just one, though, of course, it has a measure of truth and of justice as its foundation. The prevailing opinion in regard to these poets of England who were crowned with the laurel is more often based upon the satires and lampoons of which they were the occasion, than upon the nature of their own poetical work. People read Dryden and Pope instead of Shadwell and Cibber; but the Colley Cibber of the "Dunciad," and the Thomas Shadwell of "MacFlecknoe" are not the true Cibber and the true Shadwell. The laureates have been more assailed by satire than other poets, and this not because they were necessarily poor poets, but because their very position excited envy. Though men like Gray and Scott refused the appointment of the laureateship, the position was often eagerly sought. When the unfortunate Richard Savage failed to receive the appointment for which he sued with so much servility, he called himself the volunteer laureate, and in that capacity wrote a number of odes for the queen, services which she liberally rewarded.

Being appointed a poet laureate did not always in the

past, nor would it at the present time, imply that such a poet was greater than his fellows. To suppose this is to misapprehend the nature of the office. It must always be remembered that the laureateship was a court appointment, an office in the gift of the Government. Hence the laureate was a court poet, and one who of necessity must be in sympathy with the monarch and all monarchical measures. That this misapprehension of the laureateship is very common is proved by the numerous newspaper remarks upon the subject. A recent writer, in expressing the usual cant about these laureates being such sorry poets, says, "Think of Southey being laureate while Byron was alive!" We might retort, "Think of Byron, the poet of revolution, writing a 'Vision of Judgment' in which an infamous king was canonized; or Byron being in a position where odes like Southey's on the negotiations with Bonaparte, or the visits of the king to Ireland and Scotland, were expected!"

In 1619 — some authorities say 1616 — James I. granted to Ben Jonson letters patent making him poet laureate. Charles I. had been king five years when he reconsidered this appointment of his father. He issued new letters patent to Ben Jonson, which for the first time made the laureateship a permanent institution. Since then there have been fourteen poets laureate in unbroken succession. Of these fourteen only two or three could be called true poets. When the Restoration came English poetry received a blow from which it took over a hundred years to recover.

The Augustan age of Anne, which gave us Pope and Swift and all that brilliant circle, though it was rich in prose, produced no great inspired, natural poet. Inspiration, naturalness, and a high poetic ideal seem to have vanished until Cowper and Burns appeared. Dryden, with all his facile skill, his command of the resources of language, and his brilliant wit, produced no work which was the outcome of an exalted mood. His work lacked dignity and moral strength, and was wholly without those finer influences which tend to inspire and elevate humanity. Warton, noble poet as he was, stood half-way between the school that was going out and the school that was coming in. He scarcely felt the force of the tide which was bearing English poetry on to new regions of thought. For twenty-three years Henry James Pye wore the wreath of laurel; but the new revelation which had come to men like Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley, the new spirit which was animating English poetry, touched the laureate lightly.

In many accounts of the laureateship there is not sufficient distinction maintained between those poets whose claim to the title was shadowy and intangible, and those who had authentic right to the honor. Some authorities, in speaking of Chaucer, or Skelton, or Spenser as laureates, often neglect to explain just how they came to be so called. The idea of the laureateship appears to have assumed form gradually; but this much is certain, that, as it now exists, it began with Ben Jonson. It was not until 1630 that it became a definite and permanent institution. It was then that Charles I. ratified the appointment which had been conferred upon Jonson by James I. The annual pension which had been given before was increased to one hundred pounds, and a butt of wine from the king's cellars. When this great poet and dramatist was thus formally recognized as an officer of the royal household, he undoubtedly occupied the first place in the world of letters. Before Ben Jonson's time, however, there were court poets who sang the praises of their sovereigns, who celebrated in heroic verse the victories which exalted the nation, and who were rewarded for their services with pensions and emoluments.

It had been from very early times the custom in Italy, Germany, England, and even Spain, to crown certain poets who were considered preëminent. Virgil and Horace were both crowned with the laurel wreath. There seems to be considerable uncertainty in regard to the origin of the term poet laureate as applied to a member of the royal household of England. Warton asserts that the universities conferred the honor as a degree upon those graduates who excelled in rhetoric and Latin versification.

Warton describes several interesting instances of these degrees in versification being conferred at Oxford. One student received the laurel on condition that he compose a Latin comedy and one hundred Latin verses in praise of the university. We see in this perhaps the beginning of the custom of linking to the honor of laureation certain conditions which made it somewhat like a mercantile transaction. Caxton, in a work printed in 1490, mentions "Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the university of Oxenford." Skelton had been crowned with the laurel probably in 1489, and four years after he was permitted to wear the same badge also at Cambridge. This is the cause of Skelton's signing himself "Poeta Skelton Laureatus."

It had been the custom among the ancient Greeks to crown their poets with a wreath symbolical of both appreciation and reward. The Romans imitated the Greeks of course in this as in so many other things. The universities of the middle ages must, in their turn, have derived their custom of laureation from the well-known crowning of Petrarch by the Roman senate. Many universities on the Continent blended with the poetic distinction a reference to theology quite characteristic of the age.

Thus in the early times there were many poets laureate. They were not court poets, but the custom must gradually have arisen for English monarchs to choose from among these laureates one who would be present at court, and would on stated occasions sing the praises of his country and his king. Many times this poet was called simply king's versifier, and there are a few instances on record of this king's versifier being chosen when he had never received from Oxford any laureate degree; though, as a rule, the appointment was conferred because the recipient had already received the laurel crown for skill in Latin versification. It was customary also for the court poets to write in Latin, as the English language was regarded with universal contempt. Warton is of the opinion that the royal laureate did not begin to write in English till the Reformation had begun to diminish the veneration for Latin.

Chaucer, by his close relationship to John of Gaunt, to whose influence he owed some official appointments, has often been styled poet laureate to Edward IV., but there is no evidence whatever that he had any right to the title. He was simply a great poet who was often at court, and who received certain rewards for definite political, not poetical, services. After Richard II. met

Gower rowing on the Thames, and asked him straightway to book some new thing, Gower called himself the king's laureate; but Skelton, while praising both Gower and Chaucer, said "they wanted nothing but the Lawrell." We hear of John Kay, a court poet who lived over fifty years later than Gower, addressing himself to Edward IV. as "hys humble poet laureate." But the title was wholly self-given. Henry VII. is said to have granted to Andrew Bernard, poet laureate, a small salary till he should obtain some employment which would insure him the same sum; but there is nothing very permanent in this. Skelton aspired to be court poet as well as the laureate of Oxford. By his keen and pungent satire he must have been a power in helping on the Reformation. He was connected by the whole scope of his literary purpose with the reign of Henry VIII., and in that reign the idea of religious liberty became manifest with irresistible power.

The portrait of a great poet — the immortal Spenser — has been placed recently in a periodical beside that of Chaucer, and both are called poets laureate of the past; but there is no evidence whatever to justify the statement. Edmund Spenser was pensioned by Queen Elizabeth, but there are even doubts whether this pension was paid more than once. When Southey was appointed laureate he wished to magnify his office, and he thereupon wrote some poetry about it, and by poetic license spoke of that

> wreath which in Eliza's golden days
> My master, dear, divinest Spenser wore;

but in plain prose Southey admitted that none of the poets of whom he sang had, with the exception of Ben Jonson, any right to the title of laureate. It was given to them, he says, not as holding the office, but as a mark of honor to which they were entitled. Among these volunteer laureates whom Southey thus praised were Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton. Daniel held important posts at court, and was much beloved there; but when the courtiers of James I. began to concern themselves with the production of the masques which were becoming so popular, it was considered that Ben Jonson was the poet best fitted to be responsible for their management. Daniel therefore retired from court. Drayton's portrait has come down to us, his brow encircled by the wreath of laurel. This is owing to the poet's secret wish, and was also the tribute of his friends. We find in every case that, prior to the era of Ben Jonson, the claims of any poet to the title of laureate cannot be sustained, unless that poet had received the honor from the University of Oxford.

Kenyon West.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—The following is a list of the poets laureate:

Ben Jonson	1630–1637	Colley Cibber	1730–1757
William Davenant ..	1637–1668	William Whitehead.	1758–1785
John Dryden.....	1670–1688	Thomas Warton....	1785–1790
Thomas Shadwell...	1689–1692	Henry James Pye ..	1790–1813
Nahum Tate	1693–1715	Robert Southey	1813–1843
Nicholas Rowe.....	1715–1718	William Wordsworth	1843–1850
Lawrence Eusden ..	1719–1730	Alfred Tennyson ...	1850–1892

How Shall We Educate the Children of the Dependent Poor?

THE dependent poor, in New York as in London, are one tenth of the population. Not a large proportion of these are hereditary paupers; not many of them are willingly dependent until they become trained to pauperism by charity or sink into it from discouragement. For the most part they are people who would work if they could, and who did work until some untoward physical or industrial event interfered. Even under existing conditions it is possible, in almost any given case, to do away with this dependence, as the history of friendly visiting, the world over, shows; but the conditions remaining, a new supply of dependents unfailingly appears. We want to do for the children of that entire working-class which is only one week away from dependence what the friendly visitor may do for the individual — so educate them that they may find themselves, in this regard, superior to conditions.

No one who knows anything of tenement-house life can wonder at the inability of those who share it to cope with the emergencies of life. That first necessity of human endeavor — a true home — simply does not exist. There is no room in a tenement apartment for the expansion of love, for the growth of sympathy; there is none for the practice of the common arts of life. Gregarious to the limit of existence, these people are essentially solitary; they have no community of interest with their neighbors, and therefore no realization of the solidarity of society. Their recreations are as little fitted to reveal it to them as is their home life, for their recreations are eminently unsocial, notwithstanding the large numbers who may share them. This is no less true of the children than of their parents. It is pitiful to see, as those who lately opened the first children's playground in New York did see, how early these little ones lose the faculty of play; it is a fact most awful, when we consider what it means, that these children are never blithe, gladsome, unconsciously happy, as it is the nature of young creatures to be. They are boisterous, boorish, destructive, or they are apathetic, listless, dull, taking their pleasure not sadly, but brutally or stolidly.

Children lose far more than happiness in losing the faculty of play, though happiness no one can afford to lose. They fail of that habit of sustained endeavor which develops into industry, of that spontaneity which becomes versatility, of that tact and insight into character which lay the foundation of the art of living with others. Children learn these things through play, and these things, important to all classes, are to the working-class most important. It is the lack of the power of sustained industry, far more than a lack of skill, which peoples our almshouses; it is a want of versatility which plunges men and women into dependent poverty the moment their one vocation feels the touch of industrial disturbance. It is ignorance of the art of living with others that — to give an instance well known to friendly visitors — forbids two widows, or an aged and a younger woman, to save rent and release the time of the more active or competent from household care to bread-winning, by occupying one apartment together. It is for want of courtesy, that key to social difficulties, that a skilled workman out of employment (and this is often the case, whatever economists may say) cannot be established in a home industry which shall be beneficial to his neighbors, and thus a source of income to himself. The end of all such arrangements is sure to be a quarrel, if not a fight.

The essential needs of the dependent poor, it thus appears, may be summed up in one word — character.

Where is the school that will give them this? It must be done in their earliest years, before they have come under the fatal fascination of the streets, or have been forced by necessity into some catchpenny industry; it must be done, too, while yet they are susceptible to teaching. By the time these children are six or seven years old the experiences of the street and of the tenement-house have made them at once restless and dull. They can neither be kept quiet nor roused to interest. They have lost that faculty of grave attention which is so enchanting an attribute of childhood, and with it that susceptibility to impression which is its prophecy of future power.

Their salvation, then, must be found in the kindergarten. If the kindergarten is the luxury of the children of the rich, it is the vital necessity of the children of the poor. Its personal touch is the best substitute for that which home ought to give them, but cannot. Its methods develop individuality, its occupations train to dexterity, and awaken that solemn joy of duty done which is the best guarantee of persevering industry. Its plays teach the control of impulse, develop imagination, and ally it with conduct, as Matthew Arnold has taught us that the social order requires. More than all, these plays are a revelation of joy, that divine experience without which perfection either of conduct or character cannot be attained. And what shall we say of those sweet affections, those mutual forbearings, those glad ministrations, that simple reverence for things holy, which are the very soul of the kindergarten system? Simply these alone are exclusive of that kind of dependence which is unworthy of human nature.

Here, then, in the kindergarten we find a ground of hope for the child of the tenement-house: an awakened intelligence which, better than all truant laws, will secure his further education; a delight in duty which will keep him steady at his work; a stability of character which will fortify him against temptation; a warmth of heart which will keep him true to family and social pieties; a sense of obligation which will make him a conscientious citizen; an awakening to joy which restores to him his birthright as man. Not that life will thereby become an easy thing. Life, for nearly all the children of the poor, must continue to be a bitter struggle until the children of the rich awake to a sense of the obligation of privilege. But the struggle for an independent, self-respecting manhood will no longer be against desperate odds. For the three years of kindergarten, with the subsequent training which they alone make possible, are enough to awaken to life that character which makes a man master of himself and of the conditions that environ him.

Louise Seymour Houghton.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

In the Wings.

THE play is Life; and this round earth
The narrow stage whereon
We act before an audience
Of actors dead and gone.

There is a figure in the wings
That never goes away,
And though I cannot see his face,
I shudder while I play.

His shadow looms behind me here,
Or capers at my side;
And when I mouth my lines in dread,
Those scornful lips deride.

Sometimes a hooting laugh breaks out,
And startles me alone;
While all my fellows, wondering
At my stage-fright, play on.

I fear that when my *exit* comes,
I shall encounter there,
Stronger than fate, or time, or love,
And sterner than despair,

The Final Critic of the craft,
As stage tradition tells;
And yet — perhaps 't will only be
The jester with his bells.

Bliss Carman.

Biography.

"The great Mississippi of falsehood — biography."

SHE was envied and courted and fêted,
Her portion was genius and fame,
Her newest bon mot was related,
And "poet" affixed to her name.

She died, and they gave her the glory
And tribute were due to her worth;
They heaped her with praise, and her story
Was told from the day of her birth.

Too busy to dream of a lover,
Too deep in her work and her art,
No one of them all might discover
The secret she hid in her heart.

No one of them guessed she had given,
As only the best of us can,
Her love and her heart to be riven
By one shallow, commonplace man.

For who of them all could have thought it,—
The marvelous womanish whim,—
Her verse and the passion that wrought it,
Its pathos and strength were of him!

And he, as he idled in Baden,
And smiled well content with his lot,
Read her death, took a turn in the garden,
Thrice murmured her name — and forgot.

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

Grimalkin.

AN ELEGY ON PETER — ÆTAT 12.

IN vain the kindly call; in vain
The plate for which thou once wast fain,
At morn and noon and daylight's wane,
O king of mousers!
No more I hear thee purr and purr,
As in the frolic days that were,
When thou didst rub thy velvet fur
Against my trousers.

How empty are the places where
Thou erst wert frankly debonair,
Nor dreamed a dream of feline care,
A capering kitten;
The sunny haunts where, grown a cat,
You pondered this, considered that,
The cushioned chair, the rug, the mat
By firelight smitten!

Although of few thou stood'st in dread,
How well thou knew'st a friendly tread,
And what upon thy back or head
The stroking hand meant!
A passing scent could keenly wake
Thy eagerness for chop or steak,
Yet, puss, how rarely didst thou break
The eighth commandment!

Though brief thy life, a little span
Of days compared with that of man,
The time allotted to thee ran
In smoother meter;
Now with the warm earth o'er thy breast,
O wisest of thy kind and best,
Forever may'st thou softly rest
In pace, Peter!

Clinton Scollard.

About Sunrise.

THE dew were like the seeds of glory,
The apple-leaves were glos'trin' waxed and green,
The crickets grindin' out their squeaky story,
The roses blowin' red 's you ever seen.
A redbreast were a-whistlin'
Down where the corn were glistenin'.

The jays were jabb'rin' over in the russet trees,
The saucy cats kept up their jawin' shrill,
A hummin'-bird was flick'rin' round amongst the honey-bees,
And prairie-hens acrost the lot were rumblin' like the mill.
Up in the apple's tallest peak,
All buttoned up, and trim and sleek,
And dandy as two fightin'-cocks,
There sot a pair of singin' mocks.

There 's them thet thinks they never heard
Good music, 'ceptin' mockin'-bird
Performances, in wanin' spring;
I ain't the one what 's got a word
Ag'in' it, if you care to hear them sing.

A tinklin'
Of silver bells
Thet kind of tells
The play 's begun.
A little din
Of sweetness first, before you get the run.
Then pretty pictures floats
Up from their throats,
Along with one
Of them old tunes so sweet
It seems as good to eat
As meller fruit.
And now a shoot
'Way up so high
You almost touch the sky.
A suddent turn thet makes you seem
A-loafin' in a dream,
Where you can see
The noddin' tree
Laze in its own
Cool shadders, thrown
To kiver lovers' bowers,
'Midst blushin' flowers
By flirtin' breezes blown,
Thet give a hint
Of bubblin' mint.
Now rollin' in the grinnin' grass,
You feel the honeyed air
Thet over bloomin' orchards pass
A-playin' in your hair;
And snoozin' so,
The wind begins to blow
As awkerdly as if there 's room
To take and swing a cyclone-broom.
You hear the saplin's thrash,
The fallin' timber's crash,
The thunder's ugly growl,
Above the blizzard's howl;
And while you shiver,
Away they sliver,
And warm and bright
The soft sunlight
Comes flashin' out,
And 'fore you know
What makes your singer go,
You join the happy shout —
The song without the words —
Sung by the mockin'-birds.

I ain't got no ear for singin',
So I jest kept on a-flingin'
Clods up in the apple-tree,
Until I could n' nowhere see
A bird within a mile of me.

Doane Robinson.

A Literary Order.

THE thought most optimistic that
Doth come to me these days
Is this,—and how I laugh thereat!—
That pessimism pays!
Why, only yesterday I wrote
A poem full of light;
I sent it out, and got a note
Returning it ere night.

"These lines are nice," the writer said;
"They show a dainty touch:
But you our paper can't have read,
We think, so very much.
This happy stuff is out of date;
Depression is the thing,
And verses now must growl at fate
To have the proper ring.

"Declare that life is wholly grief,
That all on earth is wrong;
Make 'every man 's a fool or thief'
The burden of your song.
Drop gladsomeness, drop all your mirth,
Drop sunshine and fresh air,
And send us in ten dollars' worth
Of gloom and dark despair."

John Kendrick Bangs.

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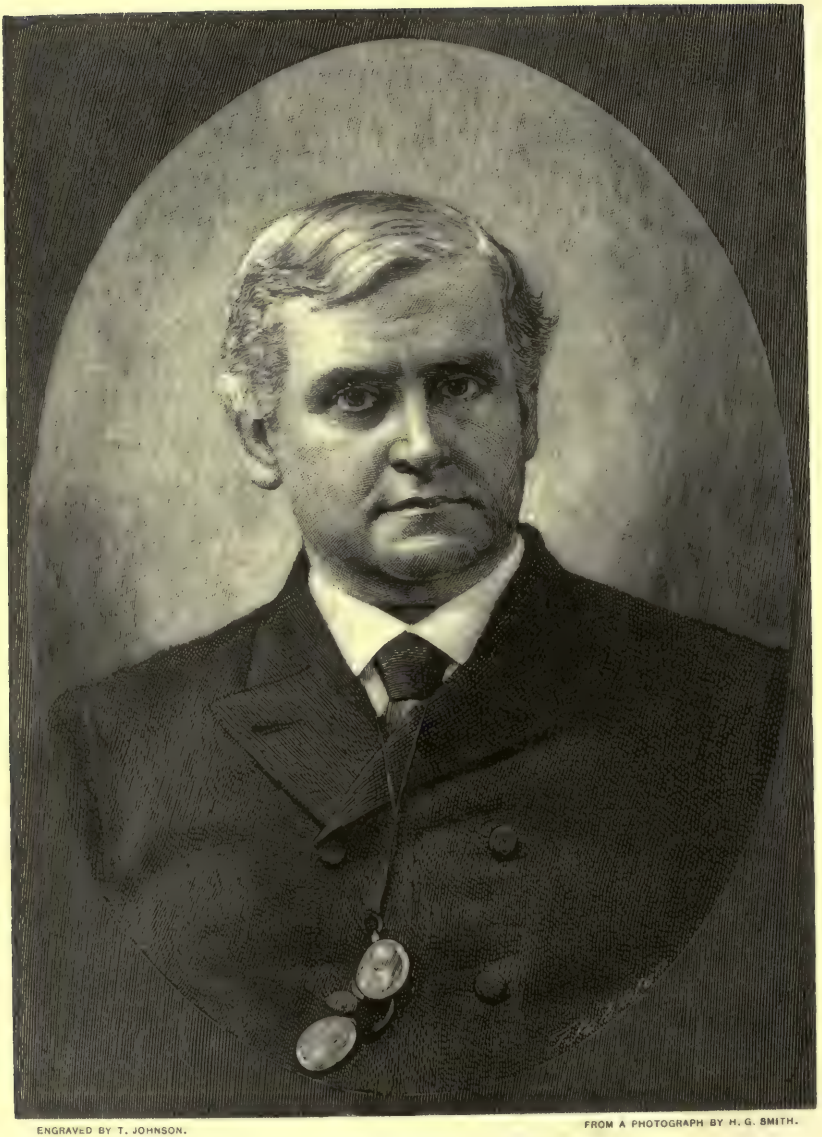

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. G. SMITH.

Phillips Brooks

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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FEZ, THE MECCA OF THE MOORS.

WE were encamped in a garden by the mosque of Mulai Abdallah Sherif, the most holy sanctuary of Wazan, the most holy city of all the many sacred shrines and holy cities in Morocco, high up on an outlying spur of the Northern Atlas. The government whose protection we enjoyed was a perfect theocracy. Our fellow-citizens were exclusively saints, but after a stay of three days in the midst of them, we discovered that in the goodly fellowship of the saints there were many sneak-thieves, and were forced to the conclusion that unless we broke camp and immediately continued our journey we should leave Wazan barebacked and without supplies. One morning a bridle was missing, the next day a saddle, and then the hind quarters of the sheep upon which we had based dreams of gormandise possible only to beef-eaters who have been on a vegetarian and fruit diet for many days. This resolution to depart caused us many a pang, and doubtless lost us the acquaintance of many an interesting saint. While preparing to leave we picketed our camp with sentinels, and instituted a policy of non-intercourse. Wazan is even outside of the Koranic law, which is more or less observed in the rest of Morocco. Here the grand sherif is king and pope in one. His word is the only law recognized. The mosque of Mulai Abdallah Sherif is an inviolable sanctuary, much frequented by brigands and other refugees from justice from all over the empire. The grand sherifs are the most merciful of men; indeed, they strain the quality of mercy to an almost unheard of extent. There is no crime, however revolting, over which they will not throw the mantle of charity, especially if the refugee supports his prayer for protection with the gift of a few *meskals* of copper, the coin of the country.

Passing all our days in delightful idleness in a garden bright with the flaming-red blossom of the pomegranate and musical with the sweet song of the bulbuls, watching the many-colored fish disport themselves in the pellucid waters of the many fountains, listening to the strange and unfamiliar cries of the uncouth sectaries who thronged the holy places, it was difficult to believe that we had not been translated to another planet, that we were only two weeks out from New York; and it was quite impossible to credit the testimony of my diary when, on turning back the pages, I saw that six days before we had attended a mass-meeting of indignant British taxpayers on the rock of Gibraltar. On reaching Wazan we had accomplished one half of our pilgrimage to Fez, the Mecca of the Moors.

They were indeed a picturesque and motley crew, the saints and pilgrims we saw in Wazan. The Riaffa were the most strikingly original in their dress and traditions. They come from the Riff highlands, which stretch along the Mediterranean from Tetuan to near the Algerian frontier. It is a land to which the Christian has never penetrated. Their heads

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are close shaven, with a long scalp-lock hanging far down the back. The utility of this pigtail is apparent only after the death of the wearer. The Riaffa, among the many quaint ideas which they have, believe that when the gates of heaven shall be opened for the reception of the faithful, there will take place a scramble among those clamoring for admission, and that in the struggle not a few will be pushed aside or trodden underfoot, and so lose all chance of enjoying the pleasures of paradise. Their peculiar head-gear has been devised in the hopeful spirit of giving their particular patron saint at the golden gate a stout braid inviting to the grasp, by means of which they may be hoisted into heaven if it be his will and the will of Allah.

We were only awaiting cooler weather to make a start, when one evening a very hungry and ferocious-looking band of devotees from the Touat arrived, and pitched their weather-beaten tents in unpleasant proximity to our encampment. They seemed to have brought with them to the shrine nothing but humble, contrite hearts, and a few dried figs and dates as a present for the sherif. They were traveling very light, and were open-mouthed in admiration of our outfit. Having now nothing to gain and much to lose by further sojourn among the saints, we folded our tents some hours before daylight the next morning, and were many miles on our way to Fez, the Mecca of the Moors, before our absence could have been observed.

In the sleepy town of the Wazan saints we had learned that "hurry is the devil," as the sluggish Marabouts say. The thermometer, which ranged from 106° to 108°, impressed this great truth not only upon our minds, but upon our bodies, so we arranged the last stages of our inland journey on most luxurious lines: we would take five or six days to cover the hundred miles that lay between us and Fez. We wished to travel like the sultan, we said,—that is, from daybreak until eight o'clock in the morning,—and then pitch camp for the day. In this fashion we could hope to reach Fez with sleek cattle and a contented caravan and in about a week's time. But our march, which at the outset was so dignified and slow, soon became a thoughtless, reckless scamper. Unfortunately, we made our reckoning without consulting our cook or our mule-drivers, which was unwise. We had not counted upon the irresistible attraction of the holy places that we were now approaching. When we called a halt for tea and sardines, our cook would respond with citations from Ibn Mahomet Ibn Khaldun, the great chronicler of the Mograb. "O Fez, city of cities," he would cry in impatience at our delay, "every beauty of the world is found within thy walls! Fez, city of flowers and of fountains, are thy flowers of gold tinsel, and is it white honey or molten silver that flows from thy fountains?" To escape the contagion of this enthusiasm, we would gallop ahead for a mile or two, and then dismount to snatch forty winks under the groups of ilex-trees which here and there brightened our journey. But soon we would be awakened by the lusty cries of the approaching mule-drivers: "Thrice holy Mulai Edriss, favored indeed are they who dwell in thy shadow! O Fez, peerless city, source of virtue, home of science and of the arts, when, oh when, will our weary eyes be gladdened by the sight of thy tall towers?" Again we mounted and went bravely on for an hour or two, only again to fall by the wayside victims of the heat. Then came El-Howsi, the clown of the caravan — El-Howsi, who smoked away his brains and his memory with the insidious hemp-seed, and who was as happy the livelong day as the butterflies, and the birds who sing at liberty. He rolled from side to side in his broad *burda*, or saddle, and twanged his *gimreh*, or two-stringed lute, in ecstatic rapture. "Perish all other pleasures! Give me the dancing-girl of Basra with white and rosy face! Let her gaze intoxicate! Let sweetly blushing flowers ever bloom afresh in her cheeks, and pearls beyond price glisten between her ruby lips!"

Howsi, as will be gathered, was of the earth, earthy; but such songs as these banished sleep and swung us into the saddle. The monotonous landscape, the treeless mountains, the wretched *douars*, or mud villages, failed alike to detain us, and so it happened that on the evening of the second day out from Wazan we pitched our tents at a government halting-place, with Fez only fifteen miles away. Here we joined the main caravan trail to the east and to the south, and before evening closed in at least five hundred camels were hobbled inside the cactus hedge that surrounded the halting-place, and row after row of camel's-hair tents rose mysteriously out of the ground on each side of our new encampment.

We were permitted to join the camp-fire of the *krebir* (the leader of the larger caravan), which was composed of merchants from Figuig and the Tidikelt. The krebir has nothing to do with the commercial venture of the caravan. He is merely the pathfinder, the pilot who is paid to lead the merchants safely through the bewildering oceans of sand. This krebir was a very old, dried-up little man, with parchment cheeks that seemed to crackle as he energetically attacked his evening meal of *kouscous-o*. After supper he rolled himself up in his *jelab*, and apparently went to sleep on his prayer-rug.

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY. A MOOR FROM THE RIFF MOUNTAINS. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

But at regular intervals of about half an hour he would raise his head and shout:

"Guards, are you sleeping?"

"We are watching," invariably came the reply from the guards in a hoarse, singing voice, like the cry of the lookout on shipboard.

The talk around the camp-fire was all about commerce and trade; the dangers of a caravan journey through the Bled-el-Khouf (the Land of Thirst), and the robbers of the Bled-el-Rhela (the Land of Emptiness); disputes about the price of ostrich feathers, gold dust, skins, and antimony. The fever of money-getting and the race for wealth seemed as sharp in the hearts of these venerable-looking merchants, as they crouched about the fire on their prayer-rugs, as it has ever appeared to me from the conversations of our own oil magnates and commercial kings in their palatial clubs.

"The Soudan is the remedy against poverty, as tar-water is the cure for camel's mange," stoutly asserted one successful merchant, who had crossed the Atlas and was bringing back with him innumerable goatskins, and an exceedingly heavy pannier, on which he rested his head while sleeping, and which we supposed contained gold dust. His eyes gleamed as he talked of his profits and conjured up visions of the pleasures which a year's successful travel in the Soudan had brought within his reach.

In the midst of all the talk of profit and loss, a poor cripple whom I had not noticed before drew near the charcoal fire. He was a saint, I learned, who had joined the caravan far in the East, and was journeying to Fez to say a prayer at the tomb of the apostle, and to witness the great fête that was soon to take place.

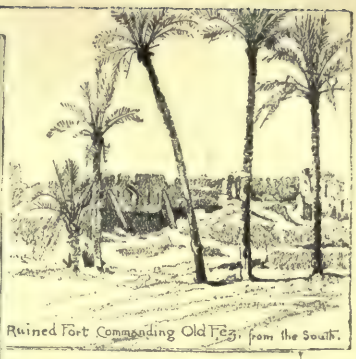
"O my brothers," he said, as the merchants

licked their chops, and talked of their great profits and the pleasures that were awaiting them in the walls of Fez, "the freeman is but a slave if he be avaricious! The slave is a freeman if he be contented with little. Whether ye dwell in camel's-hair tents or in a palace, the earth will be your last resting-place. Nourish the body with the fruits of the earth; drink only of the cool running water of the streams, and so ye shall dwell in and leave this world in peace." But the Marabout was as little heeded as a street missionary preaching in Wall street. The talk of gold dust and ostrich feathers and skins went on, and he finally stalked away from the fire with the pride of a man who has borne witness to the truth that is in him, even in the market-places of the children of Mammon.

Within five miles of Fez the country became more rolling and less severe. Our soldier, Caid Sudek, in pious impatience for the first view of the green roof and *koubba* of Mulai Edriss, sent his spurs deep into the flanks of his magnificent iron-gray barb of the Ducala strain, and rushed up the hills like the wind, hoping each time to be blessed with a glimpse of the resting-place of the Moorish apostle. He had sent his gallant charger up four or five hills in vain — still no sign of Mulai Edriss or the saintly city. Suddenly, however, three well-mounted Berbers, with their flowing robes and many-colored caftans, galloped into view. The Caid, who, unfortunately, was far ahead of us, brought his galloping horse down to a snail's pace with a sharp pressure on the bit. We expected to see some "gun-play," as we knew that the Caid was on the worst possible terms with several of the Berber tribes. Several years before, at the sultan's command, he had killed one of their chiefs. The Caid's friends had advised him to retire to the sea-coast, as the Berbers are very vindictive and never give up a vendetta. He had taken service with the Bashaw of Tangier, and this was his first return to the scenes of his warlike exploits. The Berbers also checked their horses, and then began a very amusing scene, which, though terminating peaceably in a hand-shake, might at any moment have developed into a skirmish, had not all the requirements of courtesy been complied with by both sides. The moment the desert nomads caught sight of Sudek's *chechia* (the high-peaked fez which is worn only by the imperial soldiers), they instantly unfastened the flap of their gun-covers, and advanced with finger on the trigger. The Caid did the same. Slowly the champions approached each other until they were about ten yards apart. There was a pause of a moment, a painful silence, and then the Caid spoke in a voice as soft and insinuating as the hushed love-song of the dove in the ilex wood. He invoked blessings upon the heads of the Berbers, upon the graves of their ancestors, and upon the heads of their unborn children. The Berbers now relaxed their haughty bearing, and answered with kindly words. Then they brought their prancing horses together, and, still clutching their rifles in their left, in readiness for any change of mood, with the right they shook hands with great apparent heartiness. The Berbers then gave their horses the steel, and dashed away across the uneven country at breakneck speed, with their white *haiks* and scarlet caftans flying like streamers in the wind behind them; and the Caid's face, which had been of a strange color for the last ten minutes, resumed its ordinary copper-colored hue.

A few minutes later our attention was attracted by the approach of a stately cavalcade coming over the brow of the hill, and we had our first view of high life at the sherifian court. First came three magnificently mounted *emhazneea* of the Abou Kari, or black body-guard of the sultan. They carried long Sus guns, the stocks beautifully inlaid with ivory, and the barrels hooked with silver and bright with filigree-work. They rode swiftly past us, paying no more attention to our humble caravan than to the dust under their feet. Then, perched on a high-peaked saddle tipped with green velvet tufted and covered with red fez cloth, came a very stately-looking personage indeed — a retired vizir, as we afterward learned. He rode a mule of great size. Immediately behind him, riding abreast, and apparently in perfect harmony, came three ladies of his harem. They seemed young and pretty, though, unfortunately, the heavy folds of the traveling jelabs which they wore compelled us to depend almost entirely upon our imaginations for a fitting presentment of their charms and graces. Still, the odds and ends of their attire that we were enabled to see convinced us that we were in the presence of three members of the smart set at court. The *yashmaks*, or kerchiefs, with which their faces were concealed were of lace, and the green leather boots that peeped out from under their riding-cloaks were heavily incrusted with the golden embroidery for which Fez is famous. Behind one of the harem beauties trotted a greyhound that had been amusingly decked out for the journey by his mistress. The nails of his feet were red with henna, and his eyes were encircled about with kohl, as though he too were a member of the seraglio. We afterward learned that the great man who had passed us so haughtily was on his way to the sulphur-baths of Mulai Yokoub for a week's repose. The cavalcade closed with another squadron of the black guardsmen, and soon the dainty ladies,

FORT NORTH OF OLD FEZ, CALLED DAR EL BAROUD.

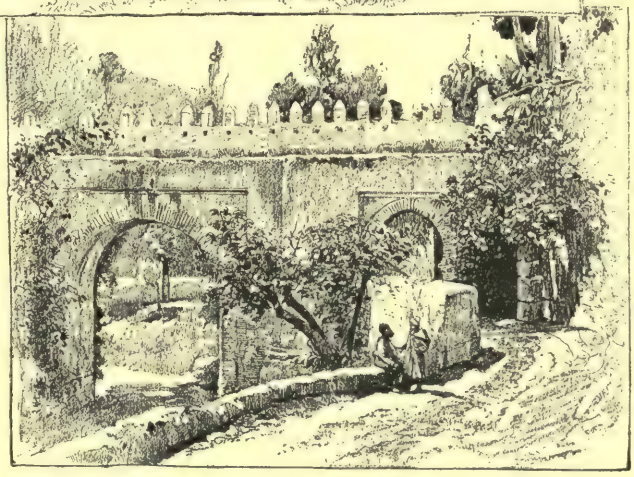


Ruined Fort Commanding Old Fez, from the South.

SULTAN'S PALACE, FEZ.

the retired vizir, and the haughty blacks, all disappeared from our view in a cloud of dust.

We now ascended gently rising hills. The mule-drivers pressed on eagerly. Suddenly, as one man, they cried out, "Mulai Edriss!" and across the plain there opened before us a truly disappointing panorama. As Caid Sudek prostrated himself in pious ecstasy over his saddle, we caught sight of a high mud wall. Across the sunburnt plain bounding our horizon all that we could see of the holy city was a few white walls glistening in the sunlight, and, beyond, the dull-green roof and the square minaret of the sacred mosque. We now emerged from the shadow of the hills, and descended into the sun-baked plains. Cloaked in the folds of our turbans to protect ourselves as much as possible from the scorching heat, and with eyes cast down in disappointment, we pounded along for twenty minutes across the plain. Suddenly there was a halt, and as I raised my eyes from the ground I found that we had arrived at the western gate of the city. Impatient travelers who had preceded us would seem to have hammered and battered the bronzed surface of the gates out of all recognizable shape, but our Caid showed no sign of impatience. He gazed up at the *douab*, or turnkey, who, like a man of iron, gazed down upon our little caravan from the lofty wall. Not a word was spoken, but there seemed to be the most thorough understanding between the two. Suddenly I comprehended. It was Friday (Jama, the Moslem Sabbath), and it was the hour of the midday prayer; the faithful throughout the empire, in the towns with their tall mud walls, in the douars with their hedges of prickly cactus, in mosques built by the great Geber from whom our architects have learned so much, or in the camel's-hair tents where the humble Kabyles worship, all were lost to this world



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

RUINED MOORISH AQUEDUCT AND SMALL GATE, FEZ.

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

A BRIDE OF THE DESERT.

in adoration, and with their faces and their thoughts turned toward Mecca, were praying to the Lord of all creatures, the King of the day of judgment. As we waited outside the gates I recalled a story, read somewhere in the Moorish chronicle, of how in the tenth century the godless Berbers had chosen this hour of prayer, when the faithful were gathered in the mosques, to enter the city and capture their arms and loot their dwellings. Since that event, ten centuries ago, the gates of every town in the Moorish empire have been closed at prayer-time, and at this hour a king himself could not obtain admission.

In half an hour the gates were opened to us, and in single file we entered the city, or rather I should say a new and surprising world. So fast, and in such quick succession, did our impressions follow one another, that upon my mind they have left very hazy memories. We passed a mosque. Hundreds upon hundreds of worshipers were streaming out of the gates. Rows upon rows of *baboushas*, or slippers, covered the courtyard as with a yellow carpet. They all seemed equally yellow, equally worn, and equally dirty, but without a moment's hesitation or delay each man picked out his slippers from the many aligned before him. This struck me as one of the most remarkable sights I had ever seen.

We were weary and listless, completely fagged out with the heat and our hurried journey, and at first I noticed very little of what was going on around us. But soon the novelty of the scene, and the surprising sights through which we passed, enlivened and awakened our drooping spirits. We soon noticed that wherever we appeared we produced a sensation. As we suddenly turned into a new street or market-place, all animation was immediately arrested. Men and women, who a moment before were hurrying hither and thither engaged in their everyday pursuit, seemed as though by some electric shock to be turned into stone. We noted their expression of defiance and hatred. And as we passed into another dark and crooked byway their contemptuous words of "Sirrane! Kafir!" came echoing behind us.

Another turn of the road around another corner, and we found ourselves in still another and different world. We were surrounded by men whose faces were strangely familiar. They wore long black gabardines, beneath which appeared lean yellow shanks. They embraced our knees, kissed our hands, and patted our horses affectionately, and wherever we appeared children and women left their work and joined in a low sepulchral cheer. We had entered the *mellah*, or quarter set apart for the Jews. With many expressions of devotion they followed us to the door of Moses-ben-Amoor-ben-Azulli, whom we hoped to make our banker. The crowd followed us with truly touching desires to do our bidding, and some intrusted us with petitions to be presented on our return to the President of the United States. Five minutes later we found ourselves seated at the table of Moses-ben-Amoor, which was covered with all manner of disgusting sweets—orange blossoms cooked with sugar, cakes covered with sugar, and fig-brandy distilled in sugar. Then followed a number of courses of *halooah*, each dish more revoltingly sweet than its predecessor, till at last, when we were sick at heart, and elsewhere, and when all thought of ever eating again for weeks and weeks to come had passed out of our minds, a delicious baked chicken was produced. It was exasperating, and we sat there silent while Moses-ben-Amoor made a speech in a jargon of Hebrew, Spanish, and Moorish, of which we could understand every now and then only "Shuf, Sidi Blaine" ("Now listen, Mr. Blaine"). Several hours later we rode out of the mellah. We had cashed a draft on Tangier for one hundred dollars, and it took two extra mules to carry our spoil away to the garden where we decided to camp during our stay in Fez.

Geographers, from the days of Leo the African down to Rohlfs, have waged learned war, and one which promises to be everlasting, over the disputed question of the situation, the early history, the origin of Fez, and the story of its name. Is it really the site of the Roman Volubilis? Does it lie on Giebel Salah or on Mount Zalag, and is it merely called Fez because its inhabitants neither make nor wear the head-dress known to us by that name? I began my researches into all these weighty matters with but little zeal, and was satisfied and even pleased when to one and all of my questions Salem, the Sheshouan boy, replied, "O son of America, God alone knows the truth concerning these things."

But the story of Fez as a Moslem city is known clearly for at least ten centuries, and you can read of all its greatness and its glory in the Mograbin chronicles, in comparison with which the records of the Venerable Bede, Guy of Malmesbury, and Froissart are modern literature. Confirmation of these stories is seen in the remains of mosques and palaces and bastions which lie far outside the present circumference of the dying city; for Fez is dying by inches, from inanition, and to-day is not half so large as it must have been in the comparatively modern time when Mulai Ismael and Mulai Soliman sat in the shade of the sherifian umbrella. Then it was that these magnificent palaces, Alhambra-like in their splendor, rose as if by magic on the banks of the Sebu to delight the eyes of the

victorious generals returning from their campaigns in the countries beyond the Atlas, where with the sword they had taught the word of the Prophet to the fetish-worshipers of the Soudan and the idolaters of the Niger basin. In these the golden days of modern Morocco the genii of the Arabian Nights were leagued with the adventurous merchants who carried salt to Lake Tchad, and brought back with them great treasures of ivory, gold dust, and slaves to do their bidding. Now, however, only about one hundred thousand people are living in the shadow of Mulai Edriss. But at seasons the floating population of merchants and pilgrims to the western Mecca brings the population up to a much higher figure, and even in these days of its decadence and decay Fez is far larger than Mecca and Medina and the other holy cities of Arabia taken together.

Old Fez, Fez Bali, Fez "the worn out," as the Moors who recall the splendor of the days that are gone sadly call it, though a dying city, is to my mind dying a beautiful death amid the fragrance of flowers on the hills of Salah and Zalag, crowned with wild olive. It is dying true to the faith of Edriss. No Christian can boast of having defiled by his presence its sacred shrines, and nowhere in the city can be found an object smuggled in from the outside world, or any evidence of the century in which we live—a century which Fez ignores. Old Fez, which interests us most, lies on the low swamp-land by the river, on the site where Mulai Edriss founded the western Mecca in the ninth century. It is low, swampy, and unhealthy. Its inhabitants are scrawny, wretched-looking people, all suffering more or less from rickets and rheumatism, and with frames racked by fever. In our own wide-awake Western world the city would have "busted up or moved on" centuries ago; but the apostle had chosen this site for reasons best known to himself, and the children of Mograb have bowed down before this decree of his inscrutable wisdom. It is divided into two distinct sections, one called the *adowa* Kairouan from the fact that its earliest settlers came from Kairouan in Tunis, the other *adowa* Andaluz, because it was first peopled by Andalusian Moors expelled from the Caliphate of Cordova in the days when the Saracen ruled on the bank of the Guadalquivir. The Tunisian and the Andalusian settlers were continually at war with one another until finally in the twelfth century Sultan Youssef built Fez *djedeed*, or new Fez, across the river, and on higher land. Here the sultan placed his cannon and located his army, and whenever municipal war broke out between the jealous townsmen, he was prepared to take a high hand in the game and reduce them to submission. But new Fez in the course of time grew and prospered, and like old Fez became proud, haughty, and intractable, so that the latest sultans of the Fileli, or reigning dynasty, have been compelled to build strong forts still higher up on the slopes of Giebel Salah, to keep new Fez in subjection, as the Imam Youssef built new Fez to intimidate the old city. The recent sultans have, as a rule, been proclaimed in the south, where the Edrissian legend has a less powerful hold on the imagination of the people, and every one of them has had to fight his way into Fez.

There are few remaining relics of the past splendors of the imperial palaces visible at the present day to the outside observer. The walls that surround the palaces must inclose at least several square miles of park dotted with palaces. They are long, low buildings, never over two stories high, built uniformly of *tapia*, a composition of clay, lime, and sun-baked mud. One explanation given me for the absence of architectural beauty in the imperial palaces is that they are occupied only during the life of one sultan. However beautiful the palace may be, and however much care and money may have been expended on it, the moment the sultan dies and his successor is chosen, the palace is either dismantled or converted into offices, and new palaces are immediately constructed for the sultan, who cannot be expected to enter a building that has been defiled by the presence of the angel of death.

"I am the caliph of the Lord; I am the captain and commander of the Faithful, the chosen one of the Prophet; I am the King of kings; I am a Prince in paradise: then obey me without a murmur, as my camels do."

This is the magnificent pretension of the Sultan of Morocco, and it is generally allowed. It is refreshing to find a country where not only has the divine right never been contested, but where as yet it has not even been questioned. Now and again a pretender to the throne has turned up, and the annals of Morocco are red with stories of civil wars. But the pretender has never been a revolutionist; he has always based his contention upon having a *more* divine right, and the alleged possession of a more generous and direct flow of the blood of the Prophet in his veins.

The loyalty of the people toward the monarch partakes of the nature of adoration. When the battle is fought and won, and the soldiers who have fallen sorely wounded are brought off the field and placed in a circle around the white pavilion in which the mysterious monarch lives, as unapproachable and invisible in his camp as in his court, then, it is said, the dread sultan walks up and down among them, smiling with silent pity upon their agony; and

they, the poor ignorant Kabyles of the valleys, and the nomad horsemen from the desert, cry out until their cries give place to the rattle of death, "Allah ibark amer Seedna" ("God prolong the days of our Lord"). And this too is the cry of the malefactor as he goes toward death or mutilation, and these are the words of the disgraced vizir who, when for purposes of political necessity he must disappear or be effaced, takes the cup of poisoned tea from the hand of his gracious sultan. The mantle of the Prophet of Medina that he wears must indeed be broad and ample, for it is called upon to cover a multitude of sins,—that is, viewed from our standpoint,—but the Moors believe that, try as he may, the sultan can do no wrong. He is like the saint I saw in Tangier who spends his entire time in drinking gin and whisky. One might think that this saint was drinking an undue quantity of strong waters, but such is not the case; at least it has never appeared to the Moors in this light, for he is such a holy man, they say, that the moment the strong waters come in contact with his person, they lose all their fiery qualities, and become innocent mare's milk.

The sultan's life is a very busy one. Six months of the year, in spring and fall, he spends under canvas, engaged with his army in "eating up" the country or province of some of the various tribes who are constantly in rebellion. There seems to be very little real fighting in these rebellions; sometimes the outposts stumble upon one another, and a man or two is shot. The large and powerful tribes, like the Benim'ghil, the Zimmoor, and the Zair, the sultan is careful enough to leave severely alone; but when smaller and less powerful tribes refuse to pay taxes, he leads his army into the country, and does not leave it while a blade of grass remains in the fields. The Moors have a story which accounts for the presence of the thick and luxuriant forest behind Rabat. They say that here the Sultan Ismael pitched his tents and "ate up the country" so thoroughly that when he had done the work and concluded to move away, he found that his tent-pegs had taken root and grown up into young saplings.

The few spare moments that he has from his affairs,—for almost every transaction of state is passed directly through his hands, from the negotiation of a treaty with a foreign power to the hiring of a mule,—the sultan spends in the shady groves of Lallah Amina, a palace he owns just outside of Fez, on the banks of the River of Pearls. From here, it is said, a subterranean passage leads to a fort which commands the city, and which is always placed by the sultan under the command of his most trusty officer. Here he spends his time in idleness. He has in his harem some eighteen hundred wives, or "gazelles." I quote the very lowest figure I ever heard as to his matrimonial delinquencies. It is generally stated that his wives number fifty thousand. It is said that he finds relaxation in picking out a dozen of his prettiest wives and making them race on the bicycles recently presented to him by the French government. The sultan is so often rude and unmannerly to strangers that I take pleasure in recording here the kindly way in which he received the request of a German prince who some years ago came to Tangier for his health. He was suffering with rheumatism, and brought with him his equipages. The first day he attempted to drive up and down the Malabar beach he was stopped by the soldiers, and forbidden to drive any further again in the city. He immediately appealed to the sultan, who wrote back the following answer, and had it despatched from Fez to Tangier by a particularly swift courier: Yes; he would be delighted to have this stranger prince drive about his city of Tangier; and he gave him permission so to do, but with one condition: every time he drove abroad he would please take the wheels off his carriage, otherwise he might run over and seriously hurt some of the little children in the streets.

As a mere republican intruder at courtly revels and functions in many countries, it has often occurred to me that those who hang about the throne have a much better time of it than the occupants themselves; but after a short survey of life at the holy court of Morocco I find that, at least as far as this country is concerned, my opinion has to be revised. To hang about the saintly throne of the right sherifs is a very dangerous occupation, and leads to the joys of paradise by way of martyrdom. The moment a Moorish sultan comes to the throne, he sets himself industriously to the task of killing his relatives, and putting his brilliant generals and high dignitaries in irons or to the sword. To prevent the rebel tribemen from transferring their allegiance to some other member of the saintly and royal family, and installing him under the sherifian umbrella, the new sultan finds himself confronted with the duty of putting all his male relatives to death. Some sultans have simply done their duty in the most brutal manner, by sending around their devoted slaves and having their relatives killed wherever found. Mulai el-Hassan, the present sultan, however, has the reputation in Morocco of being an eminently humane man—humane, indeed, almost to the verge of weakness; and, as was to be expected from a man of his delicate nature, he hit upon more refined methods of doing away with possible rivals. When he came to the

throne he had many vigorous uncles and any number of promising cousins, all young men with the blood of the Prophet coursing at a lively rate through their veins, and all desirous of ruling in some capacity. Mulai el-Hassan first bethought him of sending his cousin Mulai Edriss, a most popular and soldierly young man, to suppress a rebellion in the Sus country. He conferred upon him supreme command of the army, and also charged him with the administration of this rich province. He called his young kinsman to court, and conferred with him over many cups of tea, and told him what his wishes were in regard to the government of the province; and then as a sign of the high favor and esteem in which he held him, and the prominence to which he destined him, he presented young Mulai Edriss with an imperial sherifian tent. Now a sherifian tent is not after the fashion of an English tent — at least you cannot roll it up and put it in the pocket of your shooting-coat; it requires thirty mules to carry the double thickness of its canvas, and a dozen mules or more to drag the huge center-pole surmounted with the brass ball which in Morocco takes the place of the imperial eagle. For the erection and management of so large and intricate a tent a special corps of tent-raisers is required, and these, too, the generous sultan supplied to his gallant and promising young cousin by men picked and chosen from his own body-guard. The young Mulai Edriss started out in high feather to reconquer the Sus, with hopes of winning higher renown and amassing much treasure; but unfortunately, on the third day out from Fez, as he lolled on his divan, the magnificent tent-pole fell, and the huge brass ball that surmounted the pole of sweet-smelling Atlas cedar came in contact with the skull of poor Mulai Edriss. For a time his death was accepted as accidental. However, it has since been noted that whenever the sultan presents his own sherifian tent to a promising young general, the same mishap seems to occur, despite the fact that the kind sultan never fails to accompany the gift of his tent with the loan of a score of his own men who are experienced in raising it. So often has this occurred that now the imperial tent-pole is regarded as an administrative way of getting rid of obnoxious people, and victorious generals show a decided preference for the humble lean-to made of coarse camel's hair.

Then an uncle, one Mulai Ali, offended the sultan. He was a cheerful individual, and popular with the soldiers, and there was a rumor about that he was very fond of fig-brandy. The sultan called him to him and reproached him bitterly with the disrepute into which he had brought the saintly family in becoming a slave to drink; then, feigning to pardon him, he sent him to one of his palaces outside the walls, and had him served with a few gallons of fig-brandy every day, but not an ounce of food. In a month Mulai Ali died. Then there was left only Mulai Ismael, who was rather weak-minded, and the sultan consequently appointed him chief cadi, or supreme judge, of the empire.

It was on the morning of July 5 — the Moorish New-Year's day, or fête of the Ait el-Kebir — that we succeeded in attaining our first glimpse of the secluded monarch. From time immemorial on this day the sultan has always received his people in a monster audience. The scene of the ceremony is the place of sacrifice outside the western gate of the city, and on this morning certainly sixty thousand people were gathered on the hilltop to enjoy the pageant, and wish Sultan Mulai el-Hassan many happy returns of the day. As punctuality is not one of the forms of politeness practised by the Moorish princes, we were forced to wait more than an hour after the appointed time before there was any sign of the approach of the dread Seedna; and it was an unpleasant wait, too, in the broiling sun, with any number of long-haired saints prowling about, their fierce animal eyes fixed upon us with never-changing expressions of undying hatred. But even the Sultan of Morocco comes to those who wait. At last the gates of the palace at the foot of the hill upon which we stood were thrown open, and the sultan appeared at the head of a stately cortége. He rode slowly up the hillside to where thousands of his loyal subjects were awaiting him in a silence inspired by the fear of his awful presence. As he drew nearer it was seen that he bestrode a white horse, and as though some heavy weight was lifted from every mind, the multitude breathed more freely. The benign color of the horse he rode indicated, it seemed, that the sultan was in a gentle and even genial mood, and that no blood would be spilled that day on the place of sacrifice save the blood of the sacrificial lamb. But had he ridden a black horse, his favorite mount when the fierce tyrannical mood is upon him, the day would have ended less innocently. He came proudly up the hill, clothed in garments of dazzling whiteness. We had kept on the outskirts of the crowd in deference to the loudly expressed wishes of the long-haired saints, who never let us escape from their sight. Still, over the heads of the multitude, that were bowed low to the ground as the sultan made his way through the midst of them, we caught the outline of his noble features, and the commanding lines of his countenance, and so in a measure could understand the fascination and charm of his personality,

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

A BEAUTY FROM THE SUS.

which even those who have least reason to like him — the European envoys to Morocco — are compelled to admit.

The sultan was preceded by some ten or twelve Soudanese carrying long steel-tipped spears, which they thrust and brandished fiercely about them in the quite unnecessary exertion of clearing a way where no one obstructed. Then followed a body-guard of fly-flickers, whose duty it was to see that neither the caliph nor the noble charger he rode was molested in any way by the buzz or the bite of the many-winged insects that now and then enveloped us like a cloud of locusts. The sultan rode under the scarlet and purple umbrella, the emblem of sherifian sovereignty. He was surrounded by dense body-guards of courtiers, dignitaries, and officers on foot, who kept circling around their master like so many frisking puppies. There was the Caid el-Meschwa, "the introducer of ambassadors," a man selected for this post because of his gigantic stature, and whose proud boast it is that there has never come an ambassador to the Moorish court who could not walk under his arm stretched out straight from the shoulder; then came Sid Mahomed ben-Moussa, or the "Eyebrow," as he is quaintly called. Sid Mahomed fulfils an office which is never vacant at any court, yet nowhere are the functions which he performs so frankly acknowledged as at the sherifian court. He takes his orders from his master's eyebrow; by years of obsequious servitude he has learned to interpret the rise, the fall, and the various twitchings of the monarch's eyebrows. When in the dreadful presence of his majesty, his eyes are ever fixed upon these indicators of imperial will and pleasure. Following the court strode an elephant presented some years ago by her gracious majesty the Empress of India to her good brother the Sultan of Morocco. The forehead of the great beast, which is held by the Moors in the highest veneration, wore a coat of green and purple paint in honor of the festal day. The elephant, too, was surrounded by many fly-flickers and other personal attendants charged with the task of looking after its comfort. Then came the nondescript rabble and disorderly mob which the sultan is pleased to call his army. At least the artillery collection was interesting. There were guns dragged heavily over the ground on dilapidated carriages that were taken from the Portuguese about three hundred years ago, in the wars for the possession of the coast towns of Morocco; and immediately after them were light mountain batteries turned out by the best foundries in France and Germany only a twelvemonth before. The procession was concluded by large delegations of Berbers. Finally the sultan reached the top of the hill. His followers and courtiers fell back, leaving a large open space about him. He turned his horse's head toward the east and recited a short prayer. As he ended, and once again faced the multitude, a great cry went up, in which fifty thousand voices mingled, of "God prolong the days of our Lord Mulai el-Hassan." Then the reception began. The mighty men of Morocco, the ministers of his divan, the chiefs of his household, the *aghas*, or army colonels, and the nomad sheiks from the desert, all passed before him in single file, and with low obeisance saluted their lord and wished him many happy returns of the day.

As we rode back into the town, the streets literally ran blood. There was no family in Fez so poor as not to kill a sheep and let him bleed to death on their door-step in honor of the day. Our mule-drivers were very discontented; they had no sheep, and we showed no disposition to advance them money. Finally, Salem and the Caid called upon me, and by their conversation betrayed the following amusing conceit, which, as it has been revealed to many other travelers in Morocco, I think may be safely considered a national one. Salem began by saying that he, the Caid, and the muleteers had been praying for some days to Allah for a sheep, but without success, and that he and the Caid had now come to me to beg me to join in their prayer. When I told them that I thought my prayer would hardly be more successful, Salem let the cat out of the bag by giving me the following amusing explanation of the greater material prosperity of the Christians, which he had doubtless picked up in one of the mosques:

"No," said Salem; "so sweet and grateful to the ears of Allah are the prayers of the true believers that he rarely grants our requests: he loves to listen to the words of the prayers that fall in such sweet and pleasant cadences upon his ears. But the prayer of the Christian is harsh and unpleasing to Allah, and yet the Christians are so persistent in prayer that finally, losing all patience, Allah turns to his angels and says, 'Grant the prayer of this Christian: give him anything and everything he wants; only see to it that he stops praying.'"

Not wishing to put my faith to the ordeal of competitive prayer, I did not comply with Salem's request, but they got their sheep,—their story was worth that,—and that night our garden was the scene of a grand carouse over kouscous-o and fig-brandy.

In the bazaars the stifling heat of the last month had brought all trade to a standstill; but a weather-prophet wandering through them had these words of hope, of comfort, and of warning:

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

AN ITINERANT MINSTREL FROM THE SOUDAN PLAYING ON THE REBEC.

The *gerba* [the cool west wind from the Atlantic] is coming up the valley of the Sebu. It will soon reach Fez. Then have a care to change your smart summer caftans of silk and satin for caftans of fine-spun wool.

For several hours gusts of wind came eddying back upon the city, now with gusty boisterousness, now with a soft, sighing sound, all of which lent color to the report that the west wind from the Atlantic and the sirocco from the Sahara were having a battle royal for the right of way somewhere down the valley of the Sebu. We awaited developments with breathless interest. Toward midday, alas! the prophet disappeared from the tea-houses, and the terrible sirocco triumphed all along the line. Even the sun was obscured by the clouds of sand that it brought from the desert. The wind blew fiercely and with a breath of flame, and in despair we pictured to ourselves the genial gerba driven back to the Atlantic coast, where during these weeks of the hot "blizzard" we had so often wished to be.

We sought distraction in a tour through the Kessaria, or bazaar quarter of the town. Speaking generally, this quarter extends from the mosque of Kairouan to Mulai Edriss, something over three quarters of a mile. Along what in default of a better term I must call the main thoroughfare, which after many and devious windings leads from one mosque to the other, are situated the more important stores, narrow little cubbyholes, in which the shopkeepers of Fez squat cross-legged the livelong day, and sell their wares or sell them not, "as it is written." Out of this main street, which is often so

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

RUINED TOMBS OF SAINTS OUTSIDE FEZ.

narrow that two mules with their broad, outspreading *burdas* cannot pass, run any number of still more narrow alleys, which soon, however, broaden out into large courtyards and market-places. The shopkeepers and the artisans at Fez are divided into guilds of great antiquity. The domain of each guild or trades-union is clearly marked off, so that in each of the little market-places the wares displayed are all of one kind — brasswork, slippers, caftans, or lamps. The whole business quarter presents a perplexing labyrinth without a clue. After a month in Fez I was as helpless to find my way about the bazaars as on the first day I entered it. It was my pleasure to wander alone through its mazes day after day, but these expeditions almost always ended in my becoming hopelessly lost, and having to sit down and await the arrival of the faithful Sheshouan boy, who would leave the horses and scour the bazaars in search of his bewildered master.

We now rode down into the city and dismounted at the *fondak*, or inn, on the border of the bazaar quarter. It was a remarkable caravansary of great antiquity, decidedly the best in Fez. Here lodged the wealthy caravan merchants with their wives and slaves. The guest-room, adorned with Salee matting, opened out into a quaint octagonal courtyard, the cedar-wood cornice that supported a balcony running around the second story of the building, and though black with smoke, still displaying magnificent wood carvings, an art in which up to very recent years the natives of Fez excelled. Here, reclining upon Benim'ghil rugs remarkable for their perfect blending of colors, merchants would pass the day talking trade and drinking their nauseating mint-tea. Sometimes, though very rarely, I have surprised them in the act of making a sale, the record of which they would enter in their ledgers, antique parchment books quaintly bound in the red goat-leather of Morocco. About six o'clock they would close up shop for the day and waddle off to the mosque for evening prayer. On their return they would lounge about for the rest of the evening, reclining on their rugs and cushions, listening to the itinerant story-tellers who wander

about the country, delighting camel-drivers, vizirs, and children alike, with their stories of genii, of which the Moors never seem to grow weary.

It was the hour of Asra, or afternoon prayer. As we walked through the narrow byways, strangely deserted and still, we were suddenly confronted by one of the lofty gates that open into one of the spacious courtyards of the sacred mosque of Kairouan. Never having been so fortunate as to obtain an unobstructed view of the sacred mosque, I cannot give a clear idea of its proportions or size. I saw it many times, but always from a new standpoint, and my latest view and impression would always change and dispel previous ideas and impressions rather than round them out into a complete whole. We would suddenly emerge from the darkness of a narrow street or byway, and, dazzled and startled by the flood of light that came in upon us so unexpectedly, we would see before us one of these strange gateways, surmounted with a Moorish arch, and adorned with patterns of bronze work and wood-carving. As our blinking eyes became more and more accustomed to the dazzling light, we would see stretching out before us the vast and spacious courtyards, with their many strange effects of light and shadow, and hear the rhythmic murmur of the town, and the low hum of the prayers, which in this holy place are never hushed. I spent many long and tedious hours endeavoring to walk around the sacred edifice, and to obtain at least the meager satisfaction of knowing approximately the area which it occupied; but my efforts were never crowned with success. The Kairouan is rather a collection of mosques, *mederças*, *zouias*, or holy schools, than a single edifice, and after many attempts I found it quite impossible to distinguish with precision the precincts of the mosques from the many sacred buildings and colleges that surround and immediately adjoin it. In the main mosque there is room for at least thirty thousand people to go through, at the same time, the many evolutions that the Moslem prayer demands. It is impossible to get an idea of the *ensemble* of the mosque at close range, owing to the surrounding buildings, and from a distant hill outside of the city walls—the only hill that commands a view of the sacred quarter—I could make out only the square minarets and the koubba-shaped roofs of the many mosques within the walls of Kairouan.

As we peeped discreetly in through the open door, the courtyard became populous with worshipers from the sanctuaries and saints' tombs within. The prayers had been said, and the worshipers hurried out into the streets on their way back to their homes and their occupations. We withdrew from our position of prominence into the shadow of a side street, for by innumerable unpleasant altercations we had learned the danger of being discovered casting our "evil eyes" upon the holy places. The true believers passed in review before us: first, the fat merchants of Fez with their fair complexion and surprisingly blue eyes and not infrequent blond or red beards. This sight never failed to produce a sensation of surprise, which a constant repetition of the sight rather enhanced. To see that

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE CEMETERY IN FEZ ON THE MOHAMMEDAN SABBATH.

a Moor is not a blackamoor upsets all preconceived ideas, and prepares one's mind for almost anything in the way of startling surprises. The native Fez merchants, as they swept past us with the pride of the Pharisees in their port and bearing, seemed to be a very weak and weedy race. They were either fat and helpless or thin and decrepit, and appeared to be anemic and of little bodily vigor. Indeed, it is said that the old families of Fez manage to survive only through constant intermarriage with the blacks of the south, or with

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

A JEWISH TYPE.

women of the pure Arab tribes of the northern and western provinces. After the dignified procession of merchants, and paying them but scant respect, came a crowd of soldiers of the Government, great burly blacks, skylarking like boys on their way home from school. The tribes or families of these men have been "adopted" from time to time by the sultan of the day, and are passed over to the Government from generation to generation. They are the chosen soldiers of the sultan, and the backbone of the fighting force of the empire, and their breeding is the special care of the Government. Following the soldiers, came worshipers representing every half-tint in the range of human complexion: coal-black water-carriers and mule-drivers from the Soudan; the men of the Sus, with their strange muddy, chocolate-colored faces; and then complexions showing every shading of the negroid type. Then came a strange apparition—a Toureg from the desert: in striking contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the costumes of those about him, he wore a jet-black burnoose, and his face, from the eyes down, was covered with a yashmak cloth, as though he were a woman.

The courtyard was again quiet and deserted, and the clattering sound of the many baboushas was dying away in the distance when the last figure of this strange, motley congregation came in sight. This was a "saint" with wild, animal eyes, who now came sliding out of the doorway of the mosque into the sunlight of the courtyard, shoving himself along with his arms, for his legs were shriveled and paralyzed with disease. In the abandon of the religious ecstasy which was his normal state, he gave voice to strange, wild cries as he dragged himself to the fountain. He could not stand upright, so he drank of the overflow water from the fountain where innumerable Moors had been going through their ablutions. Dragging himself along like a spider, he reached the great doorway, and looked anxiously up and down the street. Our mule-drivers told us strange stories of this saint. He was a member of the Senussiyah, and an emissary of the Senussi Mahdi, who far away in his desert home in southern Tripoli is plotting the expulsion of the Christians from Africa, and planning a brotherhood of all the Moslem races to encircle the globe. We heard that this saint had been preaching in his sanctuary, denouncing the sultan as a faithless caliph, as a kafir, or Christian, in disguise. Under the protection of the Edrissian saints he could say with impunity what he pleased in regard to the sultan, but only here within the sanctuary, which the sultan himself dare not violate. Knowing this, the saint of the Senussiyah dragged his shriveled limbs back across the tilings of the courtyard and crawled into a corner to sleep. Here he passed his days and his nights, and for food and drink he had the water that flowed from the sacred fountain, and an occasional crust of bread thrown to him in charity.

The streets were again quite deserted. We stole softly back to the gate, and again profaned with our curiosity the courtyard that led to the holy of holies. I conjure up in my mind

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

FOUNTAIN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE KAIROUAN.

the scene of which some day, sooner or later, this courtyard and these narrow streets that lead from the holy places will be the theater—the scene that will take place on the day when, touched to the quick of their indomitable pride, and angered beyond all self-restraint at the never-ending encroachments and exactions of the powers, the sultan and the sherifian saint will raise the green banners of the Prophet, so jealously watched over in the mosques, and proclaim the holy war, which will unite the men of the Mahkzen, the Berbers of the desert, the Touregs of the plain, and all the strange, uncouth sectaries of Africa who are now allied in the brotherhood of the Senussi Mahdi. The merchants of Manchester and Marseilles, of Madrid and Milan, who are clamoring for what they call, in their cant phrase, "The opening of the last market of the world," will, when this day dawns, be confronted with an army of fanatics, with a paladin at their head who will wield the golden sword that rests to-day on the tomb of Mulai Edriss, awaiting the coming of that strong arm, and these fanatics will take a lot of beating—more, I think, in view of the expense, than the merchants of the world will feel inclined to give them.

We now entered the carpet-bazaar. Here, side by side, were the ragged rugs of the last century, dirty and full of holes, but still wonder-

fully beautiful in the soft, harmonious blending of colors, and the new carpets, which set one's teeth on edge with their crude and crying colors. For here, indeed, a breach has been made in the Moorish barrier of conservatism: the carpet-weavers of to-day have forsaken the models of their fathers and taken their patterns from Cheapside and Birmingham. An interesting sight is the sword and dagger bazaar, filled with many strange weapons, from the curving Turk-

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A BAZAAR.

ish simitars to the straight swords of Persia. The sun is kept out of this market-place by a luxuriant grape-vine trained to run over the trestlework. Here I had spent more than an hour a day for several weeks in rummaging through the heaps of swords, and had been rewarded by a "find" that always brought me back again to the spot. It was an undoubted Andrea Ferrara blade. The temper and inimitable finish of the workmanship made the confirmation of his signature quite unnecessary. But there it was, the name of the magical worker in steel, "Andrea Ferrara," and on the other side, "Toledo," where he lived and forged for many years. The blade was worn and blunted, and the sharp edges were notched. I found it in a pile of worthless swords, for a Moor would never lower himself by displaying his wares; but the owner knew its value well, and asked me three times as much for it as it would have brought at Christie's in the palmy days of high prices. I spent many a happy hour in this bazaar, fingering the old, worn blade, and imagining its adventures, picturing to myself the battle-scene where the blade had fallen from the hand of a Catholic Spaniard and was snatched up by the sherifian Moor. And who, I mused in my anger, was the impious Numidian (may the sod or the sand lie heavy on him!) who cast away the original hilt I dreamed of as befitting such a blade and such a *preux chevalier* as must have been the knight that wore it,—a Christian hilt it must have been, in the shape of the cross, with all the dainty bravery of silver and gold and of inlaid ivory,—and replaced it by a cumbersome, shapeless hilt of rhinoceros horn? I had gradually fallen into that sentimental state of mind where money is no object,—especially to the poor,—and on this day I had started for the bazaar prepared to buy

the sword, cost what it might. My heart beat high as I approached the shop. The thought of the extravagance I was about to commit made me positively happy. "But what if the blade is gone?" I thought, with a shudder. The Moor smiled as he caught my eye searching the booth for the blade that was nowhere to be seen. "It is sold," he said quite simply. "And to whom—to whom?" "Who he was God alone knows," and the shopkeeper placidly folded his arms, crossed his legs, and resumed his disturbed slumber.

Very much crestfallen, we entered the bazaar of the baboushas, or slippers. We hailed with delight the sound of an approaching funeral, for a funeral in Fez is the one bright public spectacle, an unmixed pleasure in which all can participate. As with one voice those who participate and those who merely look on lift up their hearts in songs descriptive of the pleasures of paradise. Weeping relatives are nowhere to be seen. The widows do not stir from their houses until the subsequent Sabbath, when they go out to the cemetery, and are permitted to relieve their feelings in strange, unearthly howling over the grave. But at such a soul-inspiring scene as a cheerful funeral women are not allowed by their presence to strike an inharmonious note, for the learned sherifs of Mulai Edriss hold that women have no souls. As the funeral procession drew nearer we saw that it was a very fashionable one. The music, if not good, was loud, and the performers were numerous. Salem learned that the deceased was a wealthy merchant of Fez and a *hadji;* that is, he had made the *hadj*, or pilgrimage, to the holy places of Arabia. The body was borne toward us through the narrow streets on a litter carried by four blacks, and covered with a large white shroud, which the hadji had purchased during his sojourn in Mecca. The shroud was supposed to have been washed in the sacred waters of Zem-Zem, and was a luxury that only wealthy pilgrims could afford. The advantages of being buried in a shroud that has been washed in the sacred waters, even though, as was evidently the case in this instance, the washing of the shroud had taken place many years ago, are not by any means exclusively ornamental or sumptuary; for once in this holy envelop the dead man is supposed to pass through the immense spaces of purgatory and over the barriers of critical and detaining angels like a flash of lightning. He, happy man, is admitted immediately into the inner gardens of paradise, where there are many pleasant brooks and shade-trees, and the birds have bright green plumage. Such being the attributes of this shroud, we no longer wondered that as the cortége passed the poor people who have not the money to go to Mecca, and could not afford a shroud even if they got there (undeterred by the fact that the hadji had died of smallpox), knelt and reverently kissed the ends of the sacred vestment. Immediately behind the bier marched two stalwart negroes, carrying high above their heads sticks to which they pointed as they recognized friends in the crowd of genial roisterers who participated in the general gaiety of the happy occasion. Attached to the sticks which they carried were pieces of parchment on which the pious hadji had written their letters of manumission. This humane act of liberating several slaves when the rich owner is lying on his death-bed is highly commended by the Koran, and is frequently practised in Fez.

The sun was sinking, and one by one the sleeping shopkeepers seemed to awaken to the fact that another day of toil was gone. For a moment they hustled about, covering their wares with cloths, and then proceeded to shut up shop. They took hold of a rope suspended from the roof and gently let themselves down, feeling cautiously for a foothold. The average distance from the floor of a booth in the bazaars to the ground is about two feet; but they are very brittle, these merchants of Fez, and they let themselves down very gently, as though fearful that the slightest jar or jolt would break their bones. Some of the merchants even keep in their little six-by-four booths a private step-ladder, by means of which they effect their exits and their entrances. When the booth is securely closed and carefully locked, the merchant scribbles all over the door with red chalk very mysterious and cabalistic characters, which do not mean "Will be back in an hour," or "Slipped out across the street for five minutes," but are rather in the nature of threats to evil-doers and *jinn* of what misfortunes will overtake them should they dare to break open the doors during his absence.

And now our shopkeeper shook himself thoroughly, as though his limbs were still benumbed with sleep; he arranged his haik jauntily about his shoulders, and then cheerfully trotted off up the narrow street. Sometimes I have seen them, in the glad anticipation of a filling dinner, purse up their lips, as though they too felt the absolute necessity of whistling like all other well-conducted shopkeepers the world over when they turn the key on their shops for the day; but it is not advisable to whistle in Fez. The practice has fallen into disrepute, owing to the general belief among the Moors that people who whistle are calling up sprites and evil spirits from the invisible world; and so it happens that people who whistle are very apt to have curved knives stuck into them as they walk in the darkness of the narrow streets.

Reveling in the strange scenes and in the exotic color of our surroundings, we now di-

rected our steps toward Mulai Edriss. Here we saw a touching spectacle, the realization of a pious and humane thought that was inspired in the heart of a Fez merchant as he lay on his death-bed, centuries upon centuries ago. Dying, this merchant bequeathed his vineyard and his gardens to the warden of Mulai Edriss. With the income the warden was enjoined to pay stalwart men of good will to go forth into the streets of Fez every afternoon, and to bring to the holy mosque the blind who could not find the way, and the cripple who could not walk. As we waited and watched, we saw approaching a line of men some ten or twelve in number, all clothed in rags, many of them loathsome with disease, toiling slowly up the hillside. At the head of the column marched a black from the Soudan, holding the staff of the blind man next to him, and half guiding, half pulling him up the hill; the first blind man gave the guidance and support of his staff to the second blind man, and so on to the end of the column. After many halts, and many a gasp and moan, the tottering column reached the level of the mosque, and were led into the doorway and drawn up in line. As the watchful *emin* on the minaret saw the sun sink below the horizon, and sent out with a loud, ringing voice his call to prayer, the blind beggars fell to the ground, first on their knees, then prostrate, with their foreheads in the dust, and with their thoughts directed toward Mecca they breathed the *Fatha*, or prayer, and made their peace with the Lord of all creatures, the King of the day of judgment. None of my acquaintance in Fez could tell me the name and earthly titles of the maker of this beautiful bequest; but I feel assured that, like the name of Abou Ben Adhem, it is not lost altogether — that it will be found some day inscribed in golden letters in the book of those "who loved their fellow-men."

My horse having succumbed to rough riding in the uneven ditches of Fez (I can hardly dignify them with the name of streets), I decided to buy another animal for the return journey to the sea. For three days I attended the horse-market without succeeding in making a purchase. The horse-market was on a high plateau outside the gates of the city. The sun beat down pitilessly upon it, and the heat seemed as though it was stored up in the sandstone only to be reflected back with increased vigor; nor was there a tree or a shrub or a particle of shade on the plateau for shelter. Here, grimly perspiring and growing more and more exasperated, I spent the better part of the week in attempting to buy a horse, which was all the more remarkable as my pretensions were not very exalted and, having very good reasons for wishing to reach the coast at the earliest possible date, I was not inclined to be exacting in regard to the price. Here the horse-dealers assembled every day, and here the Berbers and other breeders came with their colts to sell (I say colts, because in Morocco fillies and mares are never ridden). I found them a disappointing lot, and was soon forced to the conclusion that in Morocco as well as elsewhere the good horses are rarely placed on sale. Like nearly all the barbs I have seen, those offered for sale, almost without exception, had "legs"; but it must be admitted that they were generally sound in wind. When my eyes fell upon a colt that seemed at least worth trying, Salem would accost his rider, and induce him to gallop the animal about to show off his paces; this they always did with a great show of alacrity, rushing off in a mad gallop, and disappearing over the steep sides of the plateau, never to reappear. It was very annoying and perplexing, and the only explanation that Salem could offer — something to the effect that the colts having galloped so sweetly at the last moment, their owners did not have the heart to sell them — struck me as hardly satisfactory. On the afternoon of the third day I concluded to buy a stout-looking colt with strong shoulders and a back without a scar — a phenomenon I could account for only by supposing that he had been saddled and ridden that day for the first time. I went up to the young Berber who rode him, and, after compliments, offered him fifty Spanish dollars for his mount, or ten dollars more than the market value. The Berber was evidently surprised; he looked at me for a moment in haughty silence, then suddenly giving the colt an inch or two of the long, cruel steel spurs he wore, sent him off in a wild gallop across the uneven surface of the plateau. After careering about in circles for several minutes, he came back to me, going at a tremendous pace, and then, within a yard or two of where, with some trepidation, I was awaiting the result, by a sharp pull at the murderous bit he threw the colt on his haunches.

"How much will you give me for my pony now?" he said with some gruffness.

"Sixty dollars, God bless it!" I replied. When you speak to a Moor of any of his possessions it is advisable to go on record as blessing it, otherwise he may come to the conclusion that you are cursing it under your breath, and hold you directly responsible for any mishap that may subsequently befall it.

My Berber threw himself back in his saddle, and laughed a loud, unpleasant laugh; again he gave the high-spirited steed the steel, and again he sent him across the rocky plateau in a mad gallop. The colt was now frantic with

excitement and the cruel treatment it had received, and sprang from rock to rock like a chamois; while on the full gallop his rider would now and then stand in his saddle, toss his long-barreled musket high in the air, and go through all the mad equestrian feats of the Berber. Finally he drew up, and came riding proudly toward me, his haik, loosened by the unwonted exercise, streaming in the wind behind him. He drew rein about ten yards away from where I was standing, and then shouting so that all the Berbers, horse-dealers, beggars, and idlers about could hear him, he said: "Know, Christian, I would not sell a colt of my father's breeding to an unbeliever for all the gold in Fez. I would rather cut his throat." A moment later, under my very eyes, he sold for forty dollars the colt for which I had offered sixty! This time the offer came from a soldier of the Prophet.

This was naturally my last visit to the horse-market, and it was only at the Kasr-el-Kebir, half-way to the sea, that I succeeded in getting another horse. But when the first flush of my anger at the brutal frankness with which he had treated me was over, I learned to like this Berber boy, with his vice of indomitable pride, better than all my friends and acquaintances in Fez,—better even than the mild-eyed Fuky, who under cover of darkness was accustomed to slip into our garden and teach me the Fatha, and who, as we stole out of Fez on our homeward journey, whispered in my ear, "May thy end be happy!"—a pious wish which meant that he trusted I should be converted to the true faith before my death.

Stephen Bonsal.

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN.[1]

WITH NOTES ON HIS HOME LIFE.

THE following letters were written by the late Bishop Brooks to the children of his eldest brother during his various journeys, beginning with one made in 1882–83, which extended over a year and included the journey to India. Sailing from New York in the *Servia* about the middle of June, 1882, he was joined by the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Franks of Salem, who remained with him for two months, traveling in England, France, and Italy. Later Mr. H. H. Richardson, the architect, with a young friend joined the party in France, and they all continued together for several weeks. When they separated, Dr. Brooks went to Germany, where he visited several of the university towns, making Berlin his headquarters, and remaining there long enough to look into its university life, and to learn something of its great men and its theology.

Late in November he was joined at Venice by Mr. Evert J. Wendell of New York, for the journey into India. This journey most successfully accomplished, Mr. Wendell left him at Cairo, and Dr. Brooks, after a little tour into Spain, returned to England, where he spent a delightful two months, seeing much of its great people. Here he was joined in July by Mr. Robert Treat Paine of Boston, and after another fortnight on the Continent he took the steamship *Cephalonia* at Liverpool on September 12, reaching Boston on September 22.

This was an eventful day to many households throughout the city. Members of his family, who were scattered, gathered to meet him and to celebrate his return with festivities; and it was pleasant to see how naturally and happily he fell into the old ways after a year of delightful recreation.

One likes to recur to the family festivals, which, through his busy life, he never failed to observe with scrupulous care. Upon the removal of his father and mother to North Andover, he arranged that the rectory in Boston should be the family gathering-place on Thanksgiving Day. Unhappily, only a little group were within reach, and to them this was a great occasion. For several weeks beforehand the young people were interested in arranging for a "surprise" in the way of some simple entertainment, which followed the dinner and occupied the evening; and it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to "dress up" in the silks and stuffs and trinkets that had been brought from India by their uncle, who would guide them in the arrangement of their costumes, and afterward make one of the audience and greet them with hearty applause. Several dolls were kept in a closet of the rectory for the entertainment of his nieces when they should chance to drop in.

He took especial pains on these occasions to make his table attractive to the children. Every appointment was marked by his most refined taste, which never seemed to err even in the

1 The following letters are selected from a volume of "Letters of Travel," to be issued by Bishop Brooks's publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co. At the request of the editor of THE CENTURY, a member of the family, who furnishes the notes, has grouped a number of the bishop's letters to his nieces, the children of his brothers, William G. and the Rev. John C. Brooks, with the purpose of presenting a little-known and most interesting side of the life and character of the great preacher.

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smallest matter. His love for flowers was evident in his selection and arrangement of them. The ornaments and bonbons were unusual, and were carefully selected, and at the close of the dinner the children were requested to carry away all that remained of the prettiest of them. Once his ices represented a group of kittens, and his play with them was the source of much amusement to the children and himself. The costume favors, too, were always there, and each one present was expected to wear his or her paper cap throughout the dinner, his own towering above the others.

The Christmas season was a great delight to him. He was most devoted to the little ones, and was deeply interested in the children's festival at Trinity Church, where there was always a tree of rare beauty. He was usually present at the dressing of the tree, and entered into its spirit more than did the children themselves.

Year after year, on one of the days of the week before Christmas, he would arrange to have the younger members of his family breakfast with him to decide about their presents, after which he spent several hours with them in roaming about through the shops to make their selections. Once when it was suggested that the family gifts be omitted for one year, on the score that too much time and thought had to be given to them, he was so much shocked that the suggestion was never repeated, and he would insist upon having his gifts, no matter how trifling, and never failed to give rare and beautiful ones to others. For many years a part of Christmas Day was passed in company with his brother's family at the home of a friend in Salem.

His own birthday, which preceded Christmas by a few weeks, was celebrated at his brother's with great merrymaking. His chair was dressed with flags and ribbons, and there was a birthday cake, until the number of candles necessary to mark the age increased to so many that it was thought well to abolish it. But there was always a tray filled with gifts, which was brought on with the dessert, and he was usually quite impatient until the time came for presenting them, and would sometimes insist upon shortening the dinner. For all such days the children were provided with a rhyme, which never failed to excite his interest, poor as it might be. It was suited to the day, and addressed to him, and was sung to some lively tune, to which he would keep time with his hand as they sang it again and again at his request.

We now come to the letters:

VENICE, August 13, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE: When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off and swim about in the street. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding one end of a string, and the other end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. When he went too far, the nurse pulled in the string, and got her baby home again. Then I met another youngster, swimming in the street, whose mother had tied him to a post by the side of the door, so that when he tried to swim away to see another boy who was tied to another door-post up the street, he could n't, and they had to sing out to one another over the water. Is not this a queer city? You are always in danger of running over some of the people and drowning them, for you go about in a boat instead of a carriage, and use an oar instead of a horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people, especially the children, are very bright, and gay, and handsome. When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out, and there is a boat with a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you. To be sure, they want some money when they are done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily and are full of fun.

Tell Susie I did not see the queen this time. She was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

There must be lots of pleasant things to do at Andover, and I think you must have had a beautiful summer there. Pretty soon now you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy, but do not carry them off; and make the music-box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WURTZBURG, October 15, 1882.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I owe you a letter—indeed I am afraid that I owe you more than one, but we won't be very particular about that. You shall write as often as you can, and so will I, and then we will call it square.

You ought to have a great deal more to say than I, because Boston is a great deal livelier place than Wurtzburg, and besides you have lived in Boston all your life, and know lots of people there whom I should like to hear about (including Susie), while I have been here only since yesterday, and only know one person here, and you would not care to hear about him, for he is only a stupid old professor. But you would like to go down the queer old streets and see the funny houses, and you would have liked to see the big church, crowded with people, that I saw this afternoon, and heard them sing as if they would shake all the carved and painted saints down off the walls. I wish that once before I die I could hear the people sing like that in Trinity Church in Boston. But I never shall. It was a great day in the church here to-day, because it was the thousandth anniversary of the death of the man who built the first church here, long before you were born, and so they had a great procession and went

233 Clarendon Street.
Boston. March 21. 1881.

My dear Gertie, This is a picture of you & Toody & the little boy that gave you the measles. Toody is the one with the umbrella & you are the one with your finger in your mouth. I am glad you have got done your measles. What are you going to have next? I should think you might take half of poor Toody's measles & help her through. I thank you for writing me such a beautiful letter & I hope you will come & see me the first time you go out.

Your affectionate uncle Phillips

[The picture is a little chromo pasted by the writer at the head of the note.—Editor.]

down into the crypt under the church, where he is buried, and sung a Te Deum. I wish you had been there with me.

Then there is a tremendous great palace where the bishops used to live, about ten thousand times as large as the house that Bishop Paddock lives in—26 Chestnut street. Nobody lives there now, because bishops are not such great people as they used to be; but you can go through it all and see the splendid rooms, and there is the loveliest old garden behind it with fountains and statues, and beautiful old trees, where the people go and walk about on pleasant afternoons, and a band plays. If you and I ever spend an afternoon in Wurtzburg, we will go there.

I wonder if you have been at Trinity to-day, and who preached, and whether you know the text, and whether Sunday-school has begun?

I am on my way from Heidelberg to Berlin. After I have stayed there for a week or two, I shall go to Dresden and Prague and Vienna and Venice, and I have got a ticket to sail in the *Poonah* from Venice for Bombay on the 1st day of December. It is not as pretty a name as the *Servia*, and the ship is only about half as big; but she is a very good vessel, and I have no doubt she will get out there safely before Christmas. I wish you would come to Venice and see me off as you did to New York. Good night and pleasant dreams. Give my love to everybody, and don't forget your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WITTENBERG, Sunday, September 24, 1882.

MY DEAR AGNES: . . . Did you ever hear of Wittenberg? You will find it on the map, not very far from Berlin. It used to be a very famous place when Martin Luther lived here and was preaching his sermons in the church whose clock I just now heard strike a quarter of one, and was writing his books in the room whose picture is at the top of this sheet of paper. I am sure you know all about Luther. If not, ask Toody. She knows 'most everything. . . . It is a queer old town. Just now, when it was twelve o'clock, I heard some music and looked out and found that a band of music was playing psalm-tunes away up in the air, on the tower of the old parish church. . . . I came here from Berlin yesterday, and am going to travel about in Germany for a few weeks, and then go back to Berlin again. Berlin is very nice. I wish I could tell you about a visit which I made on Friday to one of the great public schools, where I saw a thousand boys and a thousand girls, and the way they spelt the hard words in German would have frightened you to death. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

Very Private!!

GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA, Nov. 19, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE: This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming, and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toodie would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve. Then you must ask yourself what you want, and get it too, but without letting yourself know about it, and put it in your own stocking and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine De Wolf and the other baby at Springfield whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them upon Christmas Eve. Will you do all this for me? You can spend $5 for each child, and if you show your father this letter he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has got. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children, so you may tell them about it; but do not dare to let any of the children know of it until Christmas-time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all. . . .

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year certain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from Aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so, if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

JEYPORE, January 7, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I wish you had been here with me yesterday. We would have had a beautiful time. You would have had to get up at five o'clock, for at six the carriage was at the door and we had already had our breakfast. But in this country you do everything you can very early, so as to escape the hot sun. It is very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cold now at night and in the mornings and the evenings. Well, as we drove into the town (for the bungalow where we are staying is just outside), the sun rose and all the streets

were full of light. The town is all painted pink, which makes it the queerest-looking place you ever saw; and on the outsides of the pink houses there are pictures drawn, some of them very solemn, and some of them very funny, which makes it very pleasant to drive up the street. We drove through the street, which was crowded with camels and elephants and donkeys, and women wrapped up like bundles, and men chattering like monkeys, and monkeys themselves, and naked little children rolling in the dust and playing queer Jeypore games. All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses, and the women all have their noses looking beautiful in this way. I have got a nose-jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you! Well, we drove out the other side of the queer pink town, and went on toward the old town which they deserted a hundred years ago, when they built this. The priest told the rajah, or king, that they ought not to live more than a thousand years in one place, and so, as the old town was about a thousand years old, the king left it, and there it stands about five miles off, with only a few beggars and a lot of monkeys for inhabitants of its splendid palaces and temples. As we drove along toward it, the fields were full of peacocks and all sorts of bright-winged birds, and out of the ponds and streams the crocodiles stuck up their lazy heads and looked at us.

The hills around are full of tigers and hyenas, but they do not come down to the town, though I saw a cage of them there which had been captured only about a month and they were very fierce. Poor things! When we came to the entrance of the old town there was a splendid great elephant waiting for us, which the rajah had sent. He sent the carriage, too. The elephant had his head and trunk beautifully painted, and looked almost as big as Jumbo. He knelt down and we climbed up by a ladder and sat upon his back, and then he toiled up the hill. I am afraid he thought Americans must be very heavy, and I do not know whether he could have carried you. Behind us, as we went up the hill, came a man leading a little black goat, and when I asked what it was for they said it was for sacrifice. It seems a horrid old goddess has a temple on the hill, and years ago they used to sacrifice men to her, to make her happy and kind. But a merciful rajah stopped that and made them sacrifice goats instead, and now they give the horrid old goddess a goat every morning, and she likes it just as well.

When we got into the old town it was a perfect wilderness of beautiful things—lakes, temples, palaces, porticos, all sorts of things in marble and fine stones, with sacred long-tailed monkeys running over all. But I must tell you all about the goddess and the way they cut off the poor little goat's little black head, and all the rest that I saw, when I get home. Don't you wish you had gone with me?

Give my love to your father and mother and Agnes and Susie. I am dying to know about your Christmas and the presents. Do not forget your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

S. S. VERONA, Sunday, March 18, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: It seems to me that our correspondence has not been very lively lately. I don't think I had a letter from you all the time I was in India. I hoped I should, because I wanted to show it to the rajahs, and other great people, and let them see what beautiful letters American children can write. But now I am out of India, and for the last ten days we have been sailing on and on over the same course where we sailed last December. Last Tuesday we passed Aden, and stopped there about six hours. I went on shore and took a drive through the town and up into the country. If you had been with me you would have seen the solemn-looking camels stalking along with solemn-looking Arabs on their backs, looking as if they had been riding on and on that way ever since the days of Abraham. I think I met Isaac and Jacob on two skinny camels, just outside the gates of Aden. I asked them how Esau was, but Jacob looked mad and would n't answer, and hurried the old man on, so that I had no talk with them; but I feel quite sure it was they, for they looked just like the pictures in the Bible.

Since that we have been sailing up the Red Sea, and on Monday evening we shall be once more at Suez, and there I say good-by to my companion, who stops in Egypt, and goes thence to Palestine, while I hurry on to Malta and Gibraltar in the same steamer. She is a nice little steamer, with a whole lot of children on board, who fight all the while and cry the rest of the time. Every now and then one of them almost goes overboard, and then all the mothers set up a great howl, though I don't see why they should care very much about such children as these are. I should think it would be rather a relief to get rid of them. Now, if it were you, or Agnes, or Tood, it would be different!

There has just been service on deck, and I preached, and the people all held on to something and listened. I would a great deal rather preach in Trinity.

I hope you will have a pleasant Easter. Mine will be spent, I trust, in Malta. Next year

I hope you will come and dine with me on Easter Day. Don't forget! My love to Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

ON THE P. AND O. STEAMSHIP VERONA, NEAR SUEZ, March 19, 1883.

LITTLE MISTRESS JOSEPHINE,[1]

Tell me, have you ever seen
Children half as queer as these
Babies from across the seas?
See their funny little fists,
See the rings upon their wrists;
One has very little clothes,
One has jewels in her nose;
And they all have silver bangles
On their little heathen ankles.
In their ears are curious things,
Round their necks are beads in strings,
And they jingle as they walk,
And they talk outlandish talk.
One, you see, has hugged another,
Playing she 's its little mother.
One, who sits all lone and lorn,
Has her head all shaved and shorn.
Do you want to know their names?
One is called Jeefungee Hames,
One Buddhanda Arrich Bas,
One Teedundee Hanki Sas.

Many such as these I saw
In the streets of old Jeypore.
They never seemed to cry or laugh,
But, sober as the photograph,
Squatted in the great bazaars,
While the Hindoos, their mamas,
Quarreled long about the price
Of their little mess of rice;
And then, when the fight was done,
Every mother, one by one,
Up her patient child would whip,
Set it straddling on her hip,
And trot off all crook'd and bent
To some hole where, well content,
Hers and baby's days are spent.

Are n't you glad then, little Queen,
That your name is Josephine?
That you live in Springfield, or
Not, at least, in old Jeypore?
That your Christian parents are
John and Hattie, Pa and Ma?
That you 've an entire nose
And no rings upon your toes?
In a word, that Hat and you
Do not have to be Hindoo?
But I thought you 'd like to see
What these little heathen be,
And give welcome to these three
From your loving uncle P.

[1] Daughter of the Rev. J. C. Brooks.

GIBRALTAR, April 1, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: I am so sorry that you have been ill. If you had only come with me on the *Servia*, and not stayed at home to work so hard over your lessons, I do not believe you would have been ill at all. . . .

At Malta we saw the church where all the old Knights of Malta are buried, and the armor which they used to wear, and then there is a queer old church which the monks have the care of, and when a monk dies they do not bury him underground, or burn him up with fire, which would be better, but they stand him up in a niche, in his monk's frock, and leave him there; and there they are, a whole row of dry monks, dreadful-looking things, with their labels on them, to tell who they used to be when they were alive.

Well, Wednesday afternoon we left Malta and sailed on and on in the *Verona*. There did not much happen on the *Verona* all the way. The people were not very interesting. Only Miss G. got engaged to the fourth officer, and that interested us all very much indeed; and one morning Audley D. and Lawrence K. got into a great fight on deck, and Audley D. hit Lawrence K. in the eye and hurt him, and then the two mothers, Mrs. D. and Mrs. K., went at each other and scolded terribly. And that also interested us very much indeed.

This is about all I can think of that happened on board the *Verona*. I can't tell you much about Spain yet, for I have only been in it about an hour and a half. The people talk Spanish, which is very awkward, but the sailing up to Gibraltar this morning was splendid. The narrow gate of the Mediterranean, with its two great rocks, one in Europe and one in Africa, was all ablaze with the morning sun, and through it, westward, lay America and Boston. I am going on Tuesday to Malaga, and then to Granada. Give my love to everybody.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, LONDON, June 3, 1883.

MY DEAR TOOD: Your wicked papa has not sent me any letter this week, and so I am not going to write to him to-day; but I am going to answer your beautiful letter, which traveled all the way to London, and was delivered here by a postman with a red coat, two or three weeks ago. He looked very proud when he came in, as if he knew that he had a beautiful letter in his bundle, and all the people in the street stood aside to make way for him, so that Tood's letter might not be delayed.

How quickly you have learned to read and write! I am very sorry for you, for they now will make you read and study a great many

stupid books, and you will have to write letters all your days. When I get home I am going to make you write my sermons for me, and I think of engaging you for my amanuensis at a salary of twenty cents a month, with which you can buy no end of gum-drops. If you do not know what an amanuensis is, ask Agnes, and tell her I will bring her a present if she can spell it right the first time.

Poor little Gertie! What a terrible time she has had! It must have been very good for her to have you to take care of her and run her errands and play with her and write her letters. I suppose that is the reason why you hurried so and learned to write. It was a great pity that I never got her letter about the Christmas presents, but I am very glad that you liked the coupé. What do you want me to bring you home from London? Write me another letter and tell me, and tell Gertie I shall be very happy when I get another letter from her, written with her own little fingers.

I want to see your new house, which I am sure will be very pretty. I wonder where you are going to be this summer. Now, I am going off to preach in a queer old church, built almost a thousand years ago, before your father or mother was born. Give my love to them, and to Agnes and to Gertie, and to the new doll.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
July 10, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTIE: How dreadfully ill you must have been! Everybody here has been terribly anxious about you, and now is so glad to hear that you are really a great deal better. I heard you talked about on Sunday at the Army and Navy Hotel, and it made me almost feel as if I were at home to hear your name so often. And now I wonder where you are. I hope they have carried you off to some cool, pleasant baths where you will melt the rheumatism out of you and make you just as nice and limber as a doll. I wish you were here, for it is beautifully fresh and cool, and we would go off and see some kind of pretty things. I went down into the country the other day, and saw some people whom I met on the journey home from India. It was the prettiest place, and you would have enjoyed it ever so much. They had the biggest strawberries you ever saw, and you would have enjoyed picking them a great deal more than I did. I wish strawberries grew on trees. They would be so much easier to pick.

There was a nice little girl there, who was a great friend of mine on the voyage. Her name is Nora, and she gave me her photograph. I think I will put it into this letter, so that you can see what an English child looks like, only you must keep it safe and give it to me when I get to Boston, for I told Nora Buchanan that I should keep it till I saw her again. Her father has a tea-plantation up in the Himalaya Mountains, and her mother and she go out there every winter. She has got a pony named Brownie, and a big dog and a little dog and lots of pets.

When we get to living up in the old house at Andover, we will have some dogs too, and perhaps some day we will get a pony for you to ride on — or would you rather have a donkey with long ears and a delightful little cart to drive in? What did you do on the Fourth of July? The people here seemed to think that it was just like any other day. Nobody was firing crackers, or blowing soap-bubbles, and there were no American flags flying anywhere; but one day two weeks ago London was greatly excited, it being the Queen's coronation day, and I met the Lord Mayor in his coach with a red cloak on and a big gold chain around his neck. . . . Thank you for your little note.

Your loving uncle,

P.

Sunday, August 19, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: I bought the prettiest thing you ever saw for you the other day. If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. I shall not tell you, because I want you to be all surprised to pieces when you see it, and I am so impatient to give it to you that I can hardly wait. Only you must be in a great hurry and get well, because you see it is only five weeks from to-day that I shall expect to see you in the dear old study in Clarendon street, where we have had such a lot of good times together before now. Just think of it! We 'll set the music-box a-going, and light all the gas-lights in the house, and get my doll out of her cupboard, and dress Tood up in a red pocket-handkerchief and stand her up on the study table, and make her give three cheers! Then we 'll have some gingerbread and lemonade.

I've got a lot of things for you besides the one which I bought for you the other day. You could n't guess what it is if you were to guess forever; but this is the best of all, and when you see it you will jump the rheumatism right out of you. I hope you will be quite well by that time. What sort of a place is Sharon? Do not write to me about it, but tell me all about it when I see you. What a lot you will have to tell! You can tell me what was in that Christmas letter which the wicked mail-man never brought to me.

Good-by, dear little girl. Don't you wish you knew what it was that I bought for you the other day? Give my love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

INNSBRÜCK, August 26, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: How I envy the little Tyrolese girls their health and strength to-day! I wanted to steal half of it and send it home in a box to you. They never would have missed it, for they have a great deal more health than they know what to do with. Their cheeks are as red as the sunset, and they look as if they never heard of such a thing as rheumatism! But never mind; I am coming home soon now, and you will forget all about this ugly winter.

I have been seeing the people in a little village to-day act a part of the New Testament story. A lot of the children took part in it, and I send you a photograph of one of them, a little girl who walked in the procession which came with Jesus into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. She was a cunning little thing, and carried her palm branch as you see, and cried "Hosanna!" as she walked along. I wish you had been there to see her.

Was it not funny that I should hear about you on the street at Innsbrück? You see how famous you are, and how people know about you all over the world. The person who knew about you here was Miss W., who came out of a shop last Friday afternoon just as we were going in. She looked just like a slice out of old Boston, and she had some letters from home about your visit to Sharon, or perhaps she saw it in the papers!

I wonder if you will be back when I get home, and I wonder if you will be glad to see me! I got you another present the other day, but you could n't guess what that is, either. Good-by! Get well! And give my love to Agnes and Tood. I think of you a great deal.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

MUNICH, September 2, 1883.

DEAR GERTIE: When I came away the first man that wrote me a letter, only two days after the *Servia* had steamed out of New York Bay, was *you*. And now that I am coming home, the last letter which I write from the Old World to any man in America shall be to *you*. For I want to tell you myself that I shall see you on September 22. I suppose you will not be quite able to run over to the wharf at East Boston when the *Cephalonia* gets in, but I shall come up to see you just as soon as the custom-house people let me out of prison, after I have paid the duties upon all the heaps of presents I have got for you!

Was n't it good that the baths at Sharon helped you so much? I was at a place the other day where the people take baths for rheumatism. It is called Bad Gastein, but it is n't bad at all. It is very good. It is away back in the hills, and there 's a tremendous waterfall which runs right through the house, and keeps up such a racket that you can't get any sleep. But that does no great harm, because you have to take your bath so early that if it was not for the waterfall in the next room, you would sleep over and never get your bath at all, and so some time you might have the rheumatism all your life. I did n't have any rheumatism, so I went and took a bath for yours, and I rather think that is what made you feel so much better. You thought it was the baths you were taking at Sharon, but it really was the bath I was taking at Bad Gastein!

I wonder how soon you will come and see me when I get back. Everybody here eats his breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner outdoors. I like it, and think I shall do so myself when I get home; so when you come to breakfast we will have our table out on the grass-plot on Newbury street, and Katie shall bring us our beefsteak there. Won't the children stare as they go by to school? We 'll toss the crumbs to them and the robins. But you must hurry and get well, or we cannot do all this. My love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

In the summer of 1885 Dr. Brooks, in company with Mr. Robert Treat Paine and family of Boston, made a tour through parts of England and Europe. In the following letters he frequently refers to his home at North Andover, formerly the home of his ancestors, which fell into his hands upon the death of the last of the generation preceding his own. When not traveling in Europe or elsewhere, he resorted thither to join his eldest brother and his family.

In this life of seclusion he found the quiet and rest that seemed to be absolutely necessary to him, and he was able to accomplish much reading and other work for which it was difficult to find time at other seasons of the year, when duties were pressing upon him. Each summer he would bring with him a great box of books that he had accumulated during the year. Here, too, he did the necessary work toward preparing his sermons for the publisher.

The days were uneventful and singularly alike, and if they grew to be monotonous, and he felt the need of more life, he would answer one or more of the many calls from friends eager to welcome him to their homes. From time to time, too, he would gather his friends about him,—those of his seminary days, and those of later years,—and would delight in showing them the old home and the country that had been dear to him from his boyhood. His mornings he devoted wholly to work. Certain hours of each day were given to the children, whose lives and amusements he entered into so fully. The old Corn Barn to which he refers so often was set aside for them as a retreat or play-house—a rude old place, which he took great pleasure in fitting up, bringing some toy or bit of decoration for it each time that he came from Boston. Here were Japanese lanterns,

and Indian pictures, and tables and chairs—one great arm-chair for himself, in which he would sit and watch with great interest the children at work upon a little cooking-stove (also his gift) preparing certain dishes, of which they were always quite sure to find him ready to partake, although they were not very inviting and showed the marks of frequent handling.

Again he might be found at work with hammer and nails erecting a stage for a play, and in the absence of one of the players he would always be ready to rehearse a part. Thus he entered into their daily lives and amusements, helping them and shielding them, and never thinking anything too small for his interest and care.

The Fourth of July was a great day at the old place. All through the day he would fire off his crackers with the enthusiasm of a boy, and in the evening he would send off his rockets with equal interest, laughing heartily when his pinwheels would not go, and at the rockets that would sometimes dart from him across the lawn instead of up into the sky.

The chief event of each day for the young people was the afternoon drive with him in his buggy. Each watched anxiously for the invitation to accompany him. If they chanced to drive through a town, he would frequently stop and buy presents for those that were left behind,—only a simple toy perhaps, but enough to compensate for the loss of the drive. After answering his numerous letters in the evening, he would gather the family for a game such as "Authors," or "Logomachy," and the like, and it was astonishing to see the interest and childlike simplicity with which he entered into these games night after night. He was always ready for "another," while everybody about him, tired of being beaten (for he was very apt to beat), would long to drop away. After the family had retired, he would settle down to read until midnight, when he too retired.

Thus Phillips Brooks passed the days in this quietest of old New England towns, and one who was privileged to see much of him, and whose children were brought close to him through a close relationship, ventures to give to those who would be interested to know something of this side of him, a few incidents of family life in connection with these letters. We now come to the series of 1885.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
June 12, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: . . . I have been running up and down this big world of London, and seeing a lot of people, and every now and then going off into the country, which is wonderfully pretty now, with hawthorn and lilacs and laburnums all in bloom. Last Sunday I went out to Harrow, where there is a great school, and there I preached to five hundred boys. How A—— would like to go there, would n't she? In the afternoon I came back into town, and preached in Westminster Abbey to a great host of people. The great place looked splendidly, and it was fine to preach there. Yesterday I went twenty miles into the country, and preached at an ordination of forty new ministers. The fields were bright with daisies, and I wondered how North Andover was looking. You must be just packing up to go there now. Even with all the beauty of England, it makes me quite homesick when I think about it. You must tell me all about the removal there, and how you get settled, and how your Corn Barn looks, and what new things you find to do in the old place; and you must have it all ready for me on September 12, when I mean to come up early in the morning and spend the whole solid week quietly there. That will be just three months from to-day. . . . I go to Cambridge for next Sunday, and then to Oxford for Commemoration and my degree. Good-by. My best of love to all and you.

Affectionately,
UNCLE P.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL,
LONDON, June 18, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD: . . . I have just come back from Oxford. You should have seen me yesterday walking about the streets in my doctor's gown. It was a red gown with black sleeves, and is awfully pretty. It was only hired for the occasion, for it costs ever so much money and I did not care to buy one. So you will never see how splendidly I looked in it, for I shall never have it on again. . . .

Affectionately your uncle,
P.

BONN, July 11, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: . . . There is a pretty village with trees, and a church tower just across the river, and the little boats keep coming and going, and the children on the bank in front of the hotel are playing like kittens, and everything is as bright and sunshiny as if there was n't such a thing as trouble in the world. Speaking of kittens, I wonder if you have found the little thing that used to hide away in the barn, and that the boy could n't catch for a quarter of a dollar. But perhaps she has grown to be a big cat, and is n't worth the catching now, which is the way with a good many people. When you want them you cannot get them, and when you can get them you don't want them.

There is a man just come and set up a stand in the square under my window to sell cherries, and the children are looking at them hard and no doubt wishing that they had two cents. I would give them two dollars apiece all around if I could talk German as well as they can. And so we all want something which we have not got. I wonder what you want. If it 's anything in Europe, write a letter and tell me the name of it instantly, and I will get it for you. . . .

Your uncle,
P.

BELLAGIO, July 30, 1885.

MY DEAR GERTIE: It is a beautiful warm morning on the Lake of Como,—so warm that one does not feel like doing anything but sitting still and writing a lazy letter to a dear little girl in America. The water as I look out of the window is a delicious blue, and the sweet green hills on the other side of the lake are sound asleep in the sunlight, which they like. There is a garden of palm-trees and oleanders right under my window, and the oleanders are all in gorgeous bloom. A boatman is waiting at the marble steps in case anybody wants his boat; but I think he hopes that nobody will want it, for it must be awfully hot rowing upon the lake. This afternoon, when it gets cooler, I shall change all this and start up to the mountains, and by to-morrow night I shall be at St. Moritz among the glaciers and snow-banks. But wherever I am, I am thinking how very pleasant it must be in the old house, and what a good time we will have when I get back there six weeks from next Monday afternoon. We will not make any plans for excursions, but just stay quiet on the big piazza, and now and then, when we feel very energetic, make a long trip to the Corn Barn. Everybody must come and see us; we will not go to see anybody. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

CHAMOUNIX, August 19, 1885.

DEAR GERTIE: Mont Blanc has put his head under a cloud, and there is nothing to be seen outside except a lot of guides and porters, waiting for the diligence to come from Geneva. So before the dinner-bell rings I will send off my week's letter, and it shall be to you. Tell Tood that the next week's, which will be the last that I shall write, shall be to her, for she has been a good little girl and written me beautiful letters all summer. So have you. I got your letter here last night with the picture of the bird-house in the garden on the side of the paper. After you get this letter, remember that you are not to do a single thing exciting until I get home, so that you will be all fresh and strong to play with me. I hope the heat will be all over then. It must have been dreadful. Everybody who writes me talks about it. . . . Only two weeks from to-day! Just think of it! Two weeks from now the beautiful *Pavonia* will be steaming away down the Channel bound for North Andover, and three weeks from next Sunday I shall stand up in Trinity again.

You cannot think how splendid the great mountain was last night. The sky was perfectly clear and the moon was glorious, and the big round dome of snow shone like another world. The people stood and gazed at it and looked solemn. This morning it had changed, but was no less beautiful. It was like a great mass of silver. And so it stands there, and changes from one sort of beauty to another, year after year, and age after age.

I think you must have had a beautiful time this summer with the pony, and next year we must try to have one of our own. Make up your mind what kind and color he shall be, and we will look about and see what we can find when I get home. It must be a great sight to see Tood driving all by her blessed self, and all the fast horses on the road getting out of the way for fear she will run over them. Perhaps you and she can drive me out to Cambridge mornings in November. Good-by now.

Affectionately your uncle,

P.

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS, August 27, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD: . . . I think that you are one of the very best letter-writers for your time of life that I know, and when you drop into poetry it is beautiful. So I will thank you when I get home, and we will sit in the shadow of the Corn Barn and talk it all over.

Paris is very bright and gay and pretty. Yesterday I went out to the Jardin d'Acclimatation (say that if you can), and the monkeys were awfully funny. How would it do to get three monkeys for North Andover, and tie them to a post in the side yard and see them play and fight? How would Tom like it? And do you think it would please Johnnie, or would he only think they were some more Brooks children? I am afraid you have not seen much of Johnnie this year. That is not wise. For he is a very brilliant little boy, and it would be a great advantage to you and Agnes if you talked with him. . . . Your affectionate uncle,

P.

In the spring of 1886, with several intimate friends, Dr. Brooks joined a company of Raymond tourists in a journey across the Western country to San Francisco, returning home early in July. We conclude this paper with a single letter written on this trip:

DENVER, June 20, 1886.

DEAR TOOD: When I got here last night I found the hotel man very much excited and running about, waving a beautiful letter in the air, and crying aloud, "A letter from Tood! A letter from Tood!" He was just going to get out a band of music to march around the town and look for the man to whom the letter belonged, when I stepped up and told him I thought that it was meant for me. He made me show him my name in my hat before he would give it to me, and then a great crowd gathered round and listened while I read it. It was such a beautiful letter that they all gave three cheers, and I thought I must write you

an answer at once, although I told Agnes when I wrote to her the other day that I should not write to anybody else before my coming home.

Your letter is very largely about Johnnie.

My dear Tood, you must not let his going away depress you too much. I know you like him, and that he has been very good to you; but such separations have to come, and you will no doubt see some other young man some day that you will like just as much. You do not think so now, but you will, and he no doubt feels very bad at going, so you must be as cheerful as you can and make it as easy as possible for him.

Remember!

I am on my way home now, and next Saturday will see me back again in Clarendon street. All the dear little Chinese, with their pigtails, and the dreadful, great Mormons, with their hundred wives, and the donkeys and the buffaloes and the red Indians will be far away, and I shall see you all again. I am impatient for that, for the people out West are not as good as you are. I am going to preach to them this morning to try and make them better, and it is quite time now to go to church.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS ACHILLE MURAT IN FLORIDA.[1]

CATHERINE D. MURAT was born at Willis Hall, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, August 17, 1803, and was the daughter of Colonel Bird Willis and of Mary Lewis, who was a niece of General Washington. Catherine was not only a child of engaging manners, but she possessed a beauty which increased as she advanced in age. At the age of fifteen she was married to Mr. Gray, a Scotch gentleman, and a neighbor of her father. In a little over a year Mr. Gray died, leaving his young wife a widow and a mother at the age of sixteen. The child survived its father but a short time. These were the first trials that her childlike nature was called upon to bear, and it was some time before she recovered from the shock. She then returned to her father's house and made it her home. About the year 1826 Mr. Willis, having met with a reverse of fortune, decided to remove to Florida. His family, consisting of his wife, three sons, and four daughters, accompanied him, leaving one married daughter in Virginia. He rented a house in Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, on Monroe street, southeast of the State House; and here it was that the young and beautiful widow Catherine Gray first saw Prince Achille Murat (the eldest son of the King of Naples and Caroline, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte), who, being exiled from France and Italy, had, a short time previous, selected Florida as his home. In Tallahassee she was surrounded by persons of intellect and refinement to an extent not often found in a frontier country, as Florida then was. Among the gentlemen were Governor W. P. Duval, Judge Thomas Randall, General R. K. Call, Colonel Gadsden, and others; and among the ladies were Mrs. R. K. Call, Mrs. "Florida" White, Mrs. Nutall, as well as the family of William Wirt.

Mrs. Gray soon became foremost in this circle, and attracted the favor of Prince Achille. She was not pleased with him at first; for though he was a man of education, and could entertain a company by the hour with his remarkable memory and genius, still he had allowed himself to fall into such careless habits that he did not at all approach the beau-ideal of the delicately nurtured and fastidious lady. It was only after listening to the persuasion of her parents, and seeing the constant devotion of Achille, that she could look with a favorable eye upon his suit. However, on the 30th of July, 1826, the two — the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte and the grandniece of George Washington — were married. The couple soon moved to Lipona, Prince Murat's plantation in Jefferson county. Around them, within an area of a few miles, lived many of those whose names have already been mentioned; and a constant round of gaiety was kept up, all unnecessary etiquette being laid aside.

Thus were passed many happy years, Mme. Murat still enlivening all with her attractive society, and the prince passing his time in the acquisition of learning. The range of his experiments may be inferred from the prince's declaration that "alligator-tail soup will do, but the turkey-buzzard is not good."

On one occasion when, at Achille's suggestion, Mme. Murat had gone to spend the day with a friend, he took the opportunity to test the merits of a plant which he thought would make

[1] See also, in this group of papers, "Bordentown and the Bonapartes," in this magazine for November, 1880; "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," March, 1893; "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," May, 1893; and "The Death of the Prince Imperial," June, 1893.

a fine dye. He knew the process would occupy some time, and that his "dear Kate" might be an obstacle to his undertaking. When she was about to return, the coachman called her attention to a cloud of smoke rising from the plantation. Mme. Murat, seriously alarmed for fear the house was on fire, was driven home rapidly, accompanied by some of her friends. As they approached, a huge kettle could be seen, under which was the fire that had caused the anxiety. Over it, heated and smoke-stained, they detected Achille, eagerly at work. As he saw his wife approaching, he rushed to her and said, while his face was radiant with success: "O Kate, I have made all your clothes a most beautiful pink! You will look so lovely in them!" Sure enough, to her dismay, she discovered that he had dyed, indiscriminately, all that he could lay his hands on — sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, and various articles of clothing, even including dresses, though the servants, seeing what was going on, and knowing that their mistress would disapprove, had hidden a great deal from him. Years after, I heard Mme. Murat relate the circumstance with much feeling. She never could refer to him without tears in her eyes; for, notwithstanding his eccentricities, he was a most affectionate husband.

A trip to Belgium, where they remained two years, made an agreeable change in their mode of life. Prince Murat was assigned to the command of a regiment in the Belgian service, and their home was in Brussels. During their residence in that city an amusing incident occurred. An English family, in which were two grown daughters, were near neighbors, and with them Mme. Murat soon came to be on very friendly terms. One day, when the young ladies wished to ride, their mother gave her consent, provided Mme. Murat would be their chaperon. She readily acquiesced, and the party were soon mounted. Mme. Murat being, like all Southern ladies, a fine horsewoman, was given a lively English steed. They set off merrily, and soon her horse showed a disposition to keep in front. She tried to curb his impatience, but found she had not physical strength sufficient to control him. Of course the young ladies felt in duty bound to keep near their chaperon, and every now and then she heard them mildly asking her if it would not be more agreeable to ride a little slower. Mme. Murat, having a good share of national pride, decided to conceal the true situation, and gave some excuse for continuing the rapid motion. It was useless for her to try to slacken the gait of her animal, for hurry on he would, and all followed at John Gilpin speed. She was greatly rejoiced when they reached their destination, for she was very tired from her unusual exertion. While the others were engaged in viewing the objects of their visit, she was dreading the prospect of a similar ride in returning. She had to conquer her pride and acknowledge the truth, or bear the annoyance. Meanwhile all were profuse in their admiration of her as an equestrian, saying: "How well you ride, but how fast! Do all Americans ride that fast?" She only smiled in reply, and soon all were in the saddle again. Alas! it was the same story. Off went her Rosinante, and, although the repeated cries of "Madame, please do not ride so fast!" were in her ears, she was unable to check her horse, and finally reached home very much fatigued, and glad to be delivered from the danger. Her prudence forbade her trying the experiment again.

The striking resemblance which Prince Murat bore to his uncle Napoleon Bonaparte seemed to awaken the love and esteem of many whom he met in Belgium, and frequently he was stopped in public by the soldiers and subjects of his uncle and father, who knelt to him, covering his hands with kisses. There were those in power at that time who began to fear that the enthusiasm thus elicited might prove a nucleus around which sufficient troops could be raised to restore to his family their respective crowns. Consequently, by the order of the King of Belgium, the regiment was disbanded. On taking leave of his soldiers, Achille addressed them in seven different languages, such were his proficiency and the variety of nationalities represented.

It was the pride of Prince Murat's heart to see his lovely Kate prove herself, by her beauty and graceful manners, in no way inferior to the courtly ladies with whom she was in daily intercourse. The Bonaparte family was at that time exiled by France and Italy, and when the Prince and Princess Murat made London their home, they enjoyed the society of the imperial family, as well as that of other distinguished Europeans, and of many Americans of note, among whom were Washington Irving and John Randolph of Roanoke. Louis Napoleon was their constant guest; and at that time he predicted that, at a future day, he would be on the throne of France, often saying, "When I am emperor, Cousin Kate, you shall have a château and everything you want, in return for your kindness to me now." Doubtless Prince Murat had a latent hope that such would be the case, and probably it was because there were no signs of its speedy realization that at the end of a year he concluded to return to Florida. He lived for some time in St. Augustine, and afterward in Tallahassee. It was while the Murats were in St. Augustine that Louis Napoleon came to New York. He was on his way to visit his cousins in Florida, when, hearing of

the severe illness of his mother, he returned to Europe.

Prince Murat now determined to study law. After his admission to the bar, he moved to New Orleans and formed a law-partnership with Mr. Garnier. While thus engaged, he purchased a sugar-plantation on the Mississippi river, near Baton Rouge, where Mme. Murat spent much of her time in winter, although her husband owned a handsome residence in the city. One day, during the season of sugar-boiling, Achille approached too near the edge of one of the large vats of syrup, which had been left to cool, and accidentally slipped into it; and while all around declared that it was hot enough to scald him, he said, after a few minutes, that his whole thought was, "Kate will make me wash." He had a decided aversion to water. He never drank it without adding whisky to it. He said, "Water is intended only for the beasts of the field."

Prince Murat was rather visionary in his ideas, and after several years spent in Louisiana he became embarrassed in his planting operations, and was on the eve of leaving them in disgust, when he heard of the death of his mother. He then persuaded Mme. Murat to stay with her father in Virginia while he went to Europe to look after his interests. He was absent about a year, and returned without having arranged his business satisfactorily. He again went to Florida with his wife, and established his plantation, called Econchattie, in Jefferson county, where they lived several years. About this time began the Florida Indian war, in which Prince Murat took an active part. He was aide-de-camp to General R. K. Call, and was also commissioned colonel and appointed to the command of the forces then guarding the frontier settlements, and exhibited much bravery and discretion. Although at the risk of her life, his devoted wife never left him. On one occasion he was so very ill that she was afraid he would die during the night, and yet, for fear the Indians would see the light and murder them, she could not even have a lamp burning. In the dark she would often put her hand on him and listen to hear if he were breathing.

During their residence at Econchattie their house was the resort of many friends. Groceries were sometimes difficult to obtain, having to be brought from Tallahassee, twenty miles away. Numerous guests were once visiting them, when the cook informed her mistress that the last barrel of flour was nearly out. Mme. Murat immediately asked her husband to send for a fresh supply. A wagon was hurriedly despatched with an order in the wretched handwriting of Prince Achille; but unfortunately the messenger was not informed what he was sent for. It was many hours before he returned, and, to the consternation of Mme. Murat, he brought no barrel. As he approached she inquired, "Where is the flour?" "I dunno, missis," was the reply. "I gave mahrs's letter to the sto'keeper, and he could n' read it. He tuk it to some gemmen, and they could n' read it, and at last they 'cluded this was what he wrote for," and he pulled out of his pocket a kind of lancet with which to bleed horses, called a "horse-fleam." None but a lady who knows how hard it is to provide with a scant larder can realize what her feelings were.

After a lingering illness, Prince Murat died April 15, 1847. His remains were deposited in the Episcopal cemetery at Tallahassee. His widow bought a house called Belle Vue, two miles from the city, and there made her residence. She was, however, so much attached to Econchattie that the premises were always kept in repair, and she spent a great deal of time there every year. Had Prince Murat lived a few years longer, he would have seen the restoration of the Bonapartes, which he had so long hoped for and expected. Louis Napoleon did not then forget his kind "cousin Kate," and when the Bonaparte family assembled in Paris, she was there also, and was received by the emperor with appropriate honor as a princess of France. At the same time he bestowed upon her forty thousand dollars, and the privilege of using the royal livery, which she did during the remainder of her life. She was invited to dine with the emperor, and was conducted by the grand chamberlain to an elevated seat in the drawing-room of the palace, where a large party of guests was assembled. She did not know that she occupied the seat of honor until her ears caught the words, "La Princesse Achille — La Princesse Achille Murat," whispered around the room. This in a measure embarrassed her. When the cry of "L'Empereur!" announced the approach of Louis, who walked directly to her and, after a most cordial welcome, offered her his arm to escort her to the dinner-table, her excitement was such that, as she laughingly said, she hardly knew how she came down the steps. Notwithstanding her usual ease of manner and familiarity with court etiquette, to feel that she was the observed of all observers mantled her cheeks with blushes. At the state dinner she occupied the seat at the emperor's side which was always reserved for the empress, whose non-appearance, it was then presumed, was caused by indisposition. The ceremonies of the dinner being over, the emperor invited the princess to accompany him into the reception-room of the empress. To her surprise, she

found the empress perfectly well, and warm in her reception of her "dear cousin Kate." In her eagerness to meet her, she tripped and nearly fell, when the emperor playfully remarked, "Ah, Eugénie, will you never remember that you are an empress?" She then said that she had absented herself from the table only to enable the emperor to show his cousin every possible respect and attention. All restraint was now put aside, and they laughed and talked about old times.

The emperor tried to persuade the princess to make her home in France, offering to fulfil his promise of giving her "a château and everything she wanted." But her love for her Florida home, added to the responsibility she felt as the mistress of two hundred slaves, bequeathed to her by her husband, caused her to decline his kind offer and to return to America. She brought with her many mementos of her friends in the palace.

Prince Murat had been obliged to mortgage his land and negroes to the Union Bank of Florida. He always expected to get money from Europe, and he had asked his wife, whenever she had it in her power, to redeem the property. The generosity of the emperor now enabled her to do this, and feeling, with all good owners, that slaves, like children, were to be taken care of, she did all in her power for their comfort.

Settled now at Belle Vue, the princess continued her wonted hospitality to the poor as well as to the rich. Her delightful entertainments and her many deeds of charity, unostentatiously bestowed, will long be remembered. Those in trouble found her a sympathizing friend, and she always took the part of the oppressed. She was made Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Association of Florida, and by her great liberality and energy succeeded in raising in the State nearly three thousand dollars toward the preservation of the Washington home. Like other relatives of Washington, she bore a striking resemblance to the first President, and was asked by strangers if she was not a relative of his.

In the course of time the secession of the Southern States took place, and then the war. She contributed most liberally to all "soldiers' aid societies," and was prominent in doing all she could for the Southern soldiers. Her carriage was often seen at the doors of the hospitals, where fruit, vegetables, and numerous delicacies were taken by her to the sick. The officers she did not have so much sympathy for, because they were the pets of society; but the private soldiers she looked upon with a motherly interest and pride. On one occasion she had a breakfast at her home for the entertainment of those at the hospitals in Tallahassee who were sufficiently convalescent to attend.

When the war was ended, and the princess saw so many of her old negroes, as well as those who were too young to work, cast out penniless on the world, she was much troubled in their behalf. She was then unable to assist them, and really had no means of her own. She sent some valuable jewels to New York to be sold, giving directions to have the money arising from the sale invested in provisions and other necessaries. Her wishes were complied with, but the goods purchased were unfortunately shipped without being insured on a steamer bound for Jacksonville, Florida, which was lost at sea, and thus she gained nothing by her sacrifice. Her former slaves were still allowed to live at the Econchattie plantation, with the privilege of cultivating the land. The following Christmas many of them brought testimonials of their affection and gratitude to their "mistress," as they still preferred to call her, in the shape of chickens, eggs, syrup, etc., of their own raising. Her tender heart, much touched by their kindness, prompted her to decline those gifts; and delicately returning them, she added presents to them, telling her people she hoped they would still be as merry and happy as of yore.

Her generosity was rewarded in a manner which is thus described by one of her friends: "It was early in 1866 I met Mme. Murat, much agitated. Handing me a document, she said: 'Read this. Ten minutes ago I did not know that I possessed a dollar in the world.' I found the paper to be a letter from the private secretary of Louis Napoleon, informing her that his Majesty had settled upon her a large annuity. It was a moment of exquisite pleasure to us both, and most pleasantly did we mingle our tears of gratitude. In broken speech she said: 'God bless Louis! His gift shall relieve many a poor widow and orphan.'" In a letter to me on the subject, after telling me the good news, the princess added, "I feel, of course, very happy that I shall not only have it in my power to be more comfortable, but can help my friends and relations." In speaking of the matter to me afterward, she said, "I lay awake one night thinking what I would do for money to live on, and the next night thinking what I would do with my money." The desire to assist others seemed to be ever prominent in her mind.

In 1866, having suddenly become ill, with symptoms resembling those of paralysis, a voyage to Europe was prescribed by her physicians, and, accompanied by one of her nephews, she again left Florida.

Again she was received by her husband's relatives with an affectionate welcome. She related many incidents of the Southern Con-

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DISDÉRI.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

federacy to the emperor and empress, together with the sacrifices and privations the South was called upon to bear. The princess asked the emperor, if he felt so much for the South, why he had not helped the Confederacy. His reply was: "Cousin Kate, you all had my warmest sympathy and hopes for your success; but on account of slavery I did not dare to send an army to your assistance. Had I done so, I should have had a mob in Paris." Mme. Murat spoke of the empress as a person of lovely character, being constantly employed in deeds of benevolence, even visiting the hospitals. The prince imperial she spoke of with much affection, he being then a most interesting youth.

In one of her conversations with Eugénie, Mme. Murat asked her if she led the fashions, or followed them, to which she quickly answered that she only followed them. While in Paris she was invited to visit her relatives at the castle of Mouchy. The Duke of Mouchy was married to Anna, the daughter of Prince Lucien Murat. Anna, with the natural buoyancy and affection of youth, was in constant dread lest some grim specter with a well-filled purse would be allotted to her, and when she was one day sent for by the empress, she knew her fate was sealed. She left home in tears. Great was her joy, however, on being informed by the kind empress that her hand had been promised to the young and handsome Duke of Mouchy, to whom she was already attached.

After a most pleasurable stay in Europe, with health apparently restored, the princess returned to America in 1866.

A few months later sorrow darkened many a household when it was announced that Princess Murat's health was declining. I went to see her, and well do I remember her bright smile of welcome as I entered her chamber door and saw her reclining on a couch in a handsome dressing-gown, with a rose in her hair. She was so devoted to flowers that she always wanted them near her. "I am so glad you have come. You must not leave me," were almost her first words, and it was my pleasure to be near her for many weeks. For a long time she could not be persuaded to change her couch for a bed. I think she hoped that by the resistance of her will her slow typhoid fever would abate; but hope had to yield to its ravages, as day by day she lost her strength.

From week to week her sickness continued. Friends were constantly around her, and relatives at a distance were summoned, who remained at her side until the close of her life. Her negroes at first were not uneasy, one of them exclaiming, "It is *impossible* for missis to die!" and much amused was that mistress when the quaint remark was repeated to her by some one who had heard it. As the fever progressed, they began to be alarmed, and they came to see her so often, even all the way from Econchattie, that, as they were very numerous, the physician, fearing the bad effects of excitement, gave directions that none should be admitted but those who waited on her. One elderly woman who had long been deranged in mind, but harmless, would watch around the doors late in the evening, and if she could find a moment when there was no one in the room, would slip in and quietly take her seat. Once she ventured to speak, and, looking affectionately at her mistress, said, "You ain't dead yet!" as much as to say, "You will yet get well." Her former slaves had frequent prayer-meetings for the purpose of imploring divine aid to save her life. For months her illness continued, and still their devotion did not cease.

The physician had long urged her removal to the sea-shore as the only hope of recovery, but the princess could not be induced to be taken anywhere else than to Econchattie, the home endeared to her by so many tender associations. There, still surrounded by relatives and friends, she lingered. She had surrendered all hopes of life, and arranged her affairs accordingly, making her old friend Mr. Octavius H. Gadsden the executor of her will. With the exception of a few legacies, including land and money to her servants, William Hughes, Patsy Lee, and Jerry Hughes, her coachman, also former slaves, her entire property was left to be divided equally between her brother and two sisters.

On the 6th of August, 1867, in the firm hope of entering into a happier life, after an illness of five months, her spirit took its flight. Her remains were taken to Tallahassee, and buried by the side of her husband.

When her negroes found that their best friend had really left them, their grief knew no bounds. A large procession of them, with badges of mourning, followed her to the grave. While the coffin was in the church, the deranged woman before referred to placed herself as near it as possible, weeping bitterly. William Hughes, who was inconsolable, requested that he might be allowed to assist in carrying the coffin from the hearse to the grave; and while gentlemen were at each side, he supported one end. In such fashion did her former slaves share the grief felt for their beloved mistress by all who had known her in society.

Matilda L. McConnell.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

FOX AND CROWS, BY WINSLOW HOMER.

DRAWN BY G. H. WHITTLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PURVIANCE.

BEFORE THE WIND.—THE "MAYFLOWER" LEADING THE "PURITAN" AND THE "ATLANTIC"; THE "PRISCILLA" ON THE RIGHT.

CUP DEFENDERS OLD AND NEW.

OWING to the interest of the more recent contests for the *America's* cup, we are apt to forget that the trophy was established by accident, and that the first races for it were far different from the present ones. Though the use of vessels for purely pleasure purposes in America dates back much farther, it was not until about 1840 that the building and racing of yachts became general. During the following decade great progress was made, largely under the fostering care of Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., and some very fast yachts were turned out from New York yards, together with equally speedy pilot-boats, then similar in size and model to the larger yachts. Toward the end of 1850 many invitations were sent to Americans to participate in the World's Fair to be held in the following year at London, and the suggestion was made from England that some of the fast New York yachts or pilot-boats would be very welcome at the coming gathering of the British fleet at Cowes. Acting on this idea, some members of the then newly formed New York Yacht Club, headed by Commodore John C. Stevens and his brother Edwin A. Stevens, ordered a yacht from the leading builder, George Steers, for the purpose of crossing the Atlantic. The *America*, as she was named, was completed, and crossed to Havre, and later to Cowes, early in the summer of 1851; but after her first display of speed she could find no competitor among the British fleet. Although no single yacht save one was willing to accept the challenge of Commodore Stevens for a match, an open regatta was set for August 22, the prize being a special cup offered, not by Queen Victoria, but by the Royal Yacht Squadron, open to yachts of all nations. After some hesitation, Commodore Stevens finally decided to start, and the *America* was one of the fifteen yachts which came to the line off Cowes.

While the yachts of both nations were still of the "cod's head and mackerel's tail" model formerly considered indispensable to speed, Mr. Steers had for some years experimented in exactly the opposite direction, making the bows very fine and the stern proportionately fuller. With this difference in model was a corresponding one in the cut of the *America's* sails, which were made to sit as flat as possible, while those of the opposing fleet were cut, according to the prevailing theories, with an extravagant amount of fullness or "bag." Out of the fleet of fourteen boats, all but three smaller than she, there was not one which could in any way compare with the *America* in speed. The race, as it happened, was no real test of merit, being largely a drift in tidal waters; the great point was the freely conceded superiority of the "Yankee" schooner. However, the *America* won the cup, to which little importance was attached at the time; she was sold to a British nobleman, Lord de Blaquière, and her owners returned home, leaving the British builders and shipwrights busy altering over the fleet; putting "*America* bows" on them, often regardless of rhyme or

reason, just as we have since seen "*Gloriana* bows" clapped on to everything that floats. The Royal Yacht Squadron Cup by common consent became the property of Commodore Stevens, the moving spirit of the *America* expedition. Finally, the question of some permanent and fitting disposition of the relic came up, and was solved on July 8, 1857, by its dedication as "perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries." The trophy now assumed a new value far out of proportion to its cost or even the circumstances of its winning; and in place of being forgotten after a few years, like the ordinary Queen's cups and most challenge cups, it was destined to become more and more famous with each successive contest.

After the race of 1851, yachting went on quietly in America. With the end of the civil war came the era of the big schooners. The famous ocean race in December, 1866, between the three American schooners *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*, with other visits of the *Sappho* and *Dauntless* to British waters, together with the marked improvement in the British fleet since the visit of the *America*, finally led to the first challenge for the cup held in trust by the New York Yacht club.

This challenge came from Mr. James Ashbury, representing the Royal Thames Yacht Club, owner of the schooner *Cambria*, which, though not the fastest of her class, was a stanch, sturdy, and thoroughly comfortable sea-going vessel, a keel craft of good model, widely different from the antiquated tubs which the *America* had met twenty years before. She sailed in by Sandy Hook on July 25, 1870, a few hours ahead of the *Dauntless*, after a race from off Daunt Head, on the Irish coast, and the New York Yacht Club was for the first time confronted with the problem of choosing a defender for the *America's* cup. The solution was simple, since the club decided that its entire fleet must be pitted against the visitor.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. JOHNSTON.

THE CUP-WINNER "AMERICA," IN LATTER-DAY RIG.

In accordance with this decision, there came to the line off Stapleton, Staten Island, on August 8, 1870, a fleet of twenty-three schooners: seven keel—*Dauntless*, *Fleetwing*, *America*, *Rambler*, *Alarm*, *Tarolinta*, and *Restless;* and sixteen center-board—*Magic*, *Palmer*, *Calypso*, *Fleur de Lys*, *Widgeon*, *Josephine*, *Halcyon*, *Tidal Wave*, *Jessie*, *Phantom*, *Era*, *Madeline*, *Madgie*, *Silvie*, *Idler*, and *Alice*. Against this fleet, many of them built and sparred especially for light summer weather, and sailing over the crooked tidal course in New York

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

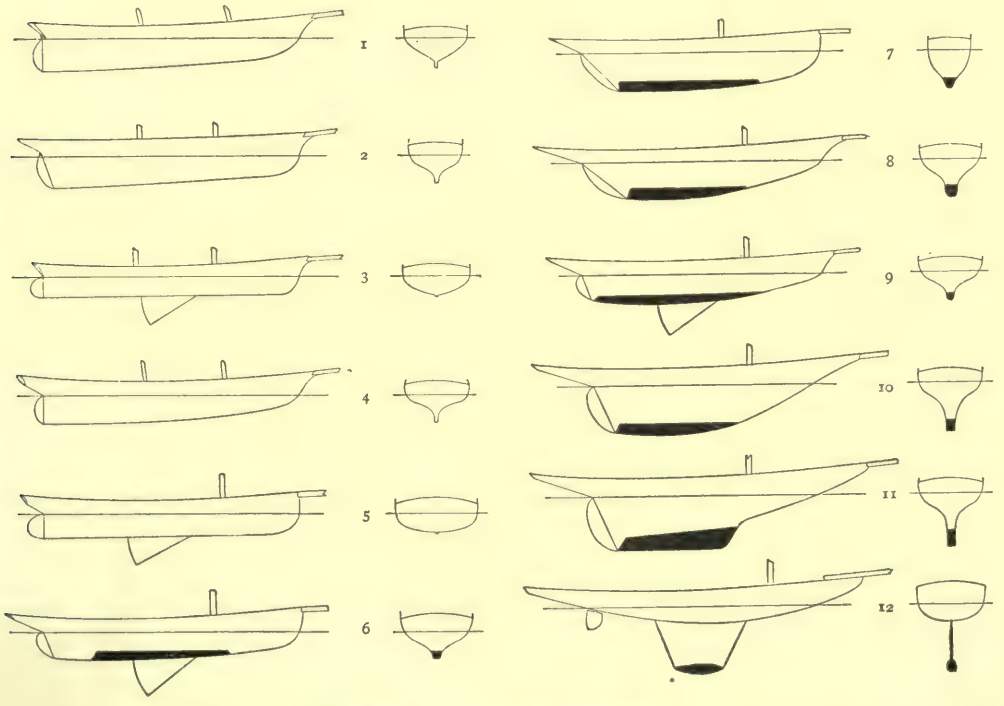
THE "SHADOW," THE HERRESHOFF TYPE OF 1871.

Bay, the stranger's defeat was a foregone conclusion; and she was but tenth of the fifteen yachts which finished. Like the first race around the Isle of Wight, the course was unfair and the race of no value as a true test; but even under much more favorable conditions the majority of the American fleet would have beaten the sturdy Britisher in ordinary weather. The first of the American fleet, by courtesy the first cup defender, although that honor was really shared by eight others, including the *America*, was the little *Magic*, a fast center-board schooner, a typical American yacht of the day. She was modeled and built in 1857 by R. F. Loper, at Philadelphia, as a sloop, being changed in course of years and various successive rebuildings to a schooner of 78 feet water-line, 20 feet 9 inches beam, and 6 feet 8 inches draft. She is still in the fleet of the New York Yacht Club.

In this race the *America* was fourth at the finish. She was at the time in the service of the United States, nominally as a practice vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy, having been rebuilt in England, used as a despatch-boat for the Confederate government, sunk for a year in the St. John's River, and raised and refitted by the United States. Considering that she was fitted out in man-of-war fashion and sailed by naval officers, her performance among the crack racers of the fleet was but another evidence of her original superiority. These first two cup races were sailed by existing yachts of the day, many of them very old craft; but for the next race, in the following year, the yacht *Livonia* was built, for the special purpose of competing for the cup, by Michael Ratsey, of Cowes, for Mr. Ashbury. Although intended specially for racing in America, she was of the same general type as the *Cambria*, but of improved model, a sturdy keel schooner of the prevailing heavy wooden build. While she was building there came about a great change of opinion as to the mode of defending the cup, and through the protests of some influential members of the club, as well as Mr. Ashbury, it was decided not only to sail a series of races in place of a single race, but to put one yacht, and not the whole fleet, against the challenger. At the same time the club declined to name one yacht alone for the entire series, but asserted the right to select at will a competitor for each race. The final decision, however, was

to limit the selection to four, and the *Sappho* and *Dauntless* of the keel schooners, and the *Columbia* and *Palmer* of the center-boards, were selected as the quartet of cup defenders. Five races in all out of the series of seven were sailed, the *Columbia* winning two and losing one, while the *Sappho* won two. The former yacht was just off the stocks, a center-board schooner of the national type, 96 feet water-line, 25 feet beam, and only 6 feet draft, modeled and built by J. B. Van Deusen, a builder of some prominence. The keel representative, *Sappho*, one of the historic yachts of the American fleet, was modeled and built by Poillon Brothers, the New York builders, in 1867, and was by no means a success at the start, but in 1869 she was materially improved by the process of "hipping" carried out by the late Captain Robert Fish. The planking was removed along each bilge, the timbers were built out to increase the beam, and new planking laid. In this improved form she began a new career under the ownership of Commodore William P. Douglas. She was in her day one of the notable keel schooners of the American fleet, a typical boat of her kind; in fact both the *Sappho* and *Columbia* were excellent representatives of the ideas and theories of American yachtsmen in 1870. Owing to the very different conditions,—five races in place of one, two of them outside Sandy Hook, and with but a single boat in place of a fleet,—this contest was really a test of merit, which those of 1851 and 1870 were not; and in spite of the natural odds against the challenging yacht, the superior speed of the American representatives in both light and heavy weather was fully demonstrated.

In 1876, the Centennial year, a challenge was received from an unlooked-for quarter. The yacht was the *Countess of Dufferin*, modeled and built by Alexander Cuthbert, a Canadian of considerable ability as a modeler, but whose experience was wholly in yachts of the ordinary American type. The new yacht was built for the purpose of challenging for the cup, being owned by a syndicate of Canadian yachtsmen and enrolled in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, Canada. On her arrival in New York in July, 1876, the New York Yacht Club selected the schooner *Madeline* alone to meet the challenger in every race. She was one of the fastest of the center-board division of the fleet, modeled and built by James E. Smith at Nyack, originally a sloop, like the *Magic*, but enlarged and altered from time to time, being almost a new yacht at the time. The two



COMPARISON OF OLD AND NEW TYPES.

1. *America*, 1851, water-line 90 feet.— 2. *Cambria*, 1868, water-line 100 feet.— 3. *Magic*, 1857–69, water-line 79 feet.— 4. *Sappho*, 1867, water-line 120 feet.— 5. *Mischief*, 1879, water-line 61 feet.— 6. *Puritan*, 1885, water-line 81 feet.— 7. *Genesta*, 1884, water-line 81 feet.— 8. *Thistle*, 1887, water-line 86 feet.— 9. *Volunteer*, 1887, water-line 85 feet.— 10. *Gloriana*, 1891, water-line 45 feet.— 11. *Wasp*, 1892, water-line 46 feet.— 12. *El Chico*, 1892, water-line 25 feet.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUBELMAN.

THE "MISCHIEF."

DRAWN BY FRED S. COZZENS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "PRISCILLA," LARGER THAN THE "MISCHIEF," BUT BUILT ON THE SAME LINES.

yachts were nearly of a size, some 95 feet water-line, 24 feet beam, and 7 feet draft, and the difference in point of model was not very great; but the Canadian yacht was very much inferior in construction, finish, and rig, her owners lacking the necessary capital for such an enterprise. As a matter of course, the *Countess of Dufferin* was defeated, and found her way back to Lake Ontario and later to Chicago.

Five years later, Captain Cuthbert was ready to try again for the cup. This time the challenge came from the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Canada, and for the first time in the history of the cup it was from a single-stick vessel. The new yacht, the *Atalanta*, was a center-board sloop of the ordinary American type, 64 feet water-line, 19 feet beam, and 5 feet 6 inches draft; in model and also in construction she was superior to the previous challenger, but like her she suffered greatly from inferior finish, sails, and gear, the syndicate which built her having underestimated the expense of the experiment, and being unable to carry it through in such a manner as to do justice to such qualities as the model possessed. This, however, was not known at first, and in view of the similarity of type and the reputation of her builder, it was considered advisable to make certain of a proper defense of the cup.

In order to select the best of the home fleet as a defender, two important principles were introduced into international racing. The time had now come when it was deemed desirable to build a yacht specially for the defense of the cup, and with this determination, if for no other reason than to tune up and test the new boat, it became necessary to sail a series of trial races.

Up to 1880 the course of yacht-modeling in America had run in very even grooves; systematic designing was unknown, and with very few exceptions yachts were built from small wooden models whittled and carved out by the builders. One type of yacht was in general use, the wide, shoal center-board craft, with high trunk cabin, large open cockpit, ballast all inside (and of iron, or even slag and stone), and a heavy and clumsy wooden construction. Faulty in every way as this type has since been proved, in the absence of any different standard it was considered perfect, and open doubts were expressed of the patriotism if not the sanity of the few American yachtsmen who, about 1877, called into question the merits of the American center-board sloop, and pointed out the opposing qualities of the British cutter,— her non-capsizability, due to the use of lead ballast outside of the hull; her speed in rough water; and the superiority of her rig both in proportions and in mechanical details.

A wordy warfare over these types raged for several years, gaining strength with the building of the first true English cutter, the *Muriel*, in New York in 1878; and bearing good fruit a year later in the launching of the *Mischief*, an American center-board sloop, but modified in accordance with the new theories. The plumb stem, the straight sheer, and higher free-board, with quite a shapely though short overhang, suggested the hull of the cutter, and though quite wide,—nearly 20 feet on 61 feet water-line,—she drew nearly 6 feet. Even with her sloop rig, she was a marked departure from the older boats of her class, especially as she was built of iron in place of wood, and consequently carried her ballast, all lead, at a very low point.

The first trial races ever held for the selection of a cup defender took place in October, 1881; the *Mischief* was awarded the honor. She was hauled out, and under the fostering care of her skipper, old Captain "Than" Clock, was put in as perfect condition as any yacht which has ever raced for the cup, her iron bottom being scraped and sandpapered, carefully painted with red lead, and then covered with successive coats of varnish into which "pot-lead" or graphite was rubbed with brushes until the whole hull of the yacht from plank-sheer to keel shone like a mirror. Above deck the *Mischief* was superior in rigging and canvas to most of the New York fleet of the time, and she came to the line on November 9 for the first race in absolutely faultless racing form. The Canadian champion, on the other hand, though of good model, was lacking in everything which makes a winning yacht: her wooden bottom was rough in spite of planing and painting in New York, her rig and equipment were poor, especially her sails, and she was badly manned and handled. The story of the *Madeline* and the *Countess of Dufferin* was repeated: the *Mischief* won by half an hour in each of the two races sailed, and the cup was again secured to the New York Yacht Club.

As the result of the sloop-and-cutter controversy, there was sent out to New York in the fall of 1881 the little 10-ton racing cutter *Madge*, one of the most successful of her class on the Clyde,—a deep, narrow, lead-keeled craft, with the typical cutter rig. She was owned by Mr. James Coats, of Paisley, Scotland, and his object in sending her to America was to test the type against the American sloop. The *Madge* sailed five races at New York and two at Newport, winning all but one, in which she was beaten by the *Shadow*, a famous Herreshoff sloop of more than usual depth. She also beat the *Shadow* in one of the races at Newport. The success of the *Madge* was encouraging to the cutter contingent, and not a little confusing to their opponents, but the battle of depth, low weight, and cutter rig was by no means won; there was plenty of fight still left in the sloop party. With the building of the *Bedouin*, a 70-foot cutter, in 1882, the fight went on with renewed vigor, the cutter cause being hindered at times by the failure of some of the larger ones built here, but gaining gradually as the problem became better understood of adapting to American conditions the leading principles of the cutter type; and also as the owners of such cutters as the *Bedouin* and *Oriva* came to know their boats better, and to work them up to racing form. From the performances of the *Bedouin* with the *Gracie* and *Mischief*, it was demonstrated that the modified cutter of moderate beam was at least the equal of the wide center-board sloop.

Although no more sloops were built after the failure of the *Pocahontas* in 1881, several new cutters of large size were added to the British fleet each year; and 1884 saw the launch of two, the *Genesta* and *Irex*. Following the natural course of designing under the old tonnage rule, with its heavy restriction on beam, each of these was a little narrower, deeper, and longer than the existing boats of the class, with greater displacement and sail-area, the *Genesta* being 81 feet water-line, 15 feet beam, 13 feet 6 inches draft, and the *Irex* three feet longer with the same beam and draft. At the end of the season the *Genesta* had shown herself rather better than the *Irex*, and her owner, Sir Richard Sutton, decided to challenge for the *America's* cup. Another British yachtsman, Lieutenant William Henn, R. N., an old sailor and a deep-water cruiser, had long entertained the same ambition; and, encouraged by the *Genesta's* success in her first season, he ordered a yacht from the same designer, Mr. J. Beavor Webb.

The challenge came in December, 1884, in the form of a letter announcing the desire of the owners of the *Genesta* and *Galatea* to sail for the cup. Owing to the peculiar condition attached to the cup by the New York Yacht Club in 1882, by which the challenger was prohibited from giving more than seven months' notice of his intentions, the club declined to give a formal acceptance to the challenge; although it was clearly understood that both challenges would finally be accepted. When the specified time for challenging arrived, the 1st of March, 1885, a formal challenge from both yachts was received and accepted, and the serious question of defending the cup was again before the club. One challenger was ready, the other partly built, and two months of valuable time had been wasted to the defenders through their insistence on an absurd technicality, leaving barely six months for preparation. The task, too, was far more serious than ever before: the challengers were

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA, ENGLAND.

"GENESTA," "TARA," AND "IREX"—THE BRITISH TYPE OF CUTTER OF 1884-5; "GALATEA," 1885, BELONGING TO THE SAME TYPE.

racing, not cruising, craft; one of known speed, and both considerably larger than the existing American sloops. The question was further complicated by the wide difference of expert opinion among the defenders. While ample proof had been given of the advantages of many points of the cutter, there were still many of the older and more influential yachtsmen who stood by the center-board sloop of the *Arrow-Gracie* era, denouncing every innovation as unpatriotic as well as inherently wrong. The only thing that was universally conceded was the futility of attempting to defend the cup with the existing sloops *Gracie*, *Mischief*, and *Fanny*, and the consequent necessity for the construction of one or more new boats. Again the flag-officers of the New York Yacht Club came personally to the defense of the cup, and Commodore James Gordon Bennett and Vice-Commodore William P. Douglas gave an order to Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer of the *Mischief*, for a new sloop.

In view of the success of the *Mischief*, and the fact that she was distinctively an American sloop, it was decided to build on the same general model a moderately deep center-board craft, with the proportions of the sloop rig, but with double headsails. The hull was to be of iron, and, though there was no outside keel, the ballast was consequently much lower than in the old wooden sloops. From the first acceptance of the double challenge the air was full of rumors of cup defenders from all quarters; but as the days went by it seemed as though the new sloop, the *Priscilla*, would have the field to herself. At last, however, there came the news of another yacht from an unlooked-for quarter, to be designed by Edward Burgess, and owned by a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen, members of the Eastern Yacht Club. Mr. Burgess was known as an experienced amateur yachtsman who by a sudden ill turn of fortune had been induced to direct his attention to yacht-designing as a profession, and whose work thus far had aspired no higher than a few small cruising cutters. The stout oak keel of the new *Puritan* was laid upon a lead keel of 27 tons, carried down into a deep projecting keel; the plumb stem, the sheer, and the long counter suggested the British cutter rather than the American sloop; the draft of 8 feet 6 inches was greatly in excess of all of the old center-board boats; and the rig was essentially that of the cutter rather than the sloop, despite the

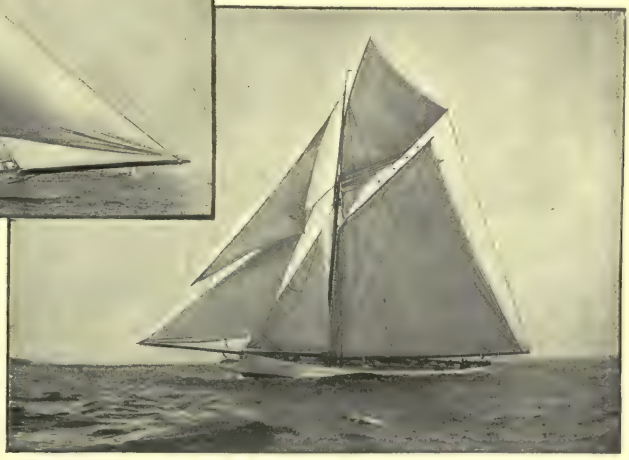
fixed bowsprit and the laced foot to the mainsail. The *Puritan* was ready in good season, making her trial trip June 17, and sailing her first race two weeks later in the annual regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club. In it she not only defeated easily sloops of the 70-foot class, but outsailed the nine schooners entered, beating the old *America* by an hour.

Not until the opening of the New York Yacht Club cruise, a month later, did the two new defenders come together, the result of the first day's run being against the *Priscilla*. Next day they met again in the hard race for the Goelet Cup. Again was the *Puritan* the victor, and by over ten minutes. Prior to the trial races, a few weeks later, alterations were made in the *Priscilla*, and she was materially improved from her original form; but the *Puritan's* victory in two out of the three races made her selection by the committee a matter of course, apart from her superiority as evidenced in the whole series of races between the two.

THE "PURITAN."

The first of the three cup races was set for September 7, but it was not until the 14th, after four failures, that the race was really made; resulting in a decided victory for the *Puritan* over the inside course on New York Bay and in light and fluky weather. The second, and, as it happened, the last race, was sailed under more satisfactory conditions, a run of twenty miles out to sea before a strengthening wind, and a beat home against a half gale and a heavy sea. Although the *Puritan* was again the victor, the result was so close, and might so easily have been reversed, that the question is still an open one with yachtsmen whether the *Genesta* might not have won had she been handled as skilfully as her rival.

Of the two interested parties, the Americans were the first to lay the lessons of 1885 to heart, and to profit by them in the general adoption of the still wide but deeper hull with outside lead keel and the cutter rig; which, though properly a "center-board cutter," was delicately alluded to as a "compromise sloop." The delays incident to a first season made it impossible for the *Galatea* to come out with the *Genesta*, and her challenge was postponed to 1886. By this time the excitement of the cup races was at its highest point; the victory of the *Puritan* elated the Eastern yachtsmen and placed those of New York on their mettle to retrieve their laurels. General Paine, the head of the *Puritan* syndicate, was early in the field with a new Burgess boat, the *Mayflower;* the *Puritan*, purchased by another of the syndicate, J. Malcolm Forbes, was ready; the *Priscilla*, in new hands, received important alterations during the winter, and a fourth yacht was begun in New York. Of the challenger, *Galatea*, it was known that she was five feet longer than the *Genesta* on the same beam and draft, a steel cutter, and, in spite of her poor performances in her initial season, presumably as formidable an antagonist as her shorter sister. The *Mayflower* was in effect an enlarged *Puritan*, four feet longer, one foot wider and deeper, with ten tons more lead on the keel, and a larger sail-plan; the construction being the same, all wood. The other new yacht was owned by a syndicate composed of members of the Atlantic Yacht Club, from which she took her name, and was built from a model cut by Philip Ellsworth, the modeler



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. S. JOHNSTON AND PURVIANCE.

THE "MAYFLOWER."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STEBBINS.

THE "VOLUNTEER"—THE CREW SETTING THE JIB-TOPSAIL.

of such noted yachts as the *Comet*, *Montauk*, and *Grayling*.

This year all were ready in good season, the *Mayflower*, in her first race in the Eastern Yacht regatta, showing a dangerous lack of stability which was soon remedied by additional lead on the keel and a reduction of weights aloft. The quartet sailed in all of the spring regattas about New York, and later met on the New York Yacht Club cruise, so that the trial races in September were a mere formality, the *Mayflower* having already won her place at the head of the fleet, with the *Puritan* second. When the cup races came off, in the lightest of weather, they were a disappointment, not only to the friends of the *Galatea*, but to all who wished to see good racing and a decisive test of the yachts; but the result was verified by the subsequent performances of the *Galatea* in American waters, which proved that she was not only inferior to the *Mayflower* and the *Puritan*, but by no means equal to the *Genesta*. So far as Americans were concerned, the races taught but little this time; it was the other side which gained by the lesson. Lieutenant Henn went home in the fall, leaving his yacht laid up here, and at once entered heartily into the annual agitation for a change of the measurement rule of the Yacht Racing Association, which toward the last of the year reached a successful result. After a very thorough inquiry, in the course of which the leading British designers were called on to give their opinions at length, the old tonnage rule which had done so much both to help and hurt yachting, first in teaching the value of outside ballast, and then in compelling the construction of extremely narrow craft, was finally replaced by a length and sail-area rule very similar to that used for three years by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and later generally adopted by American clubs.

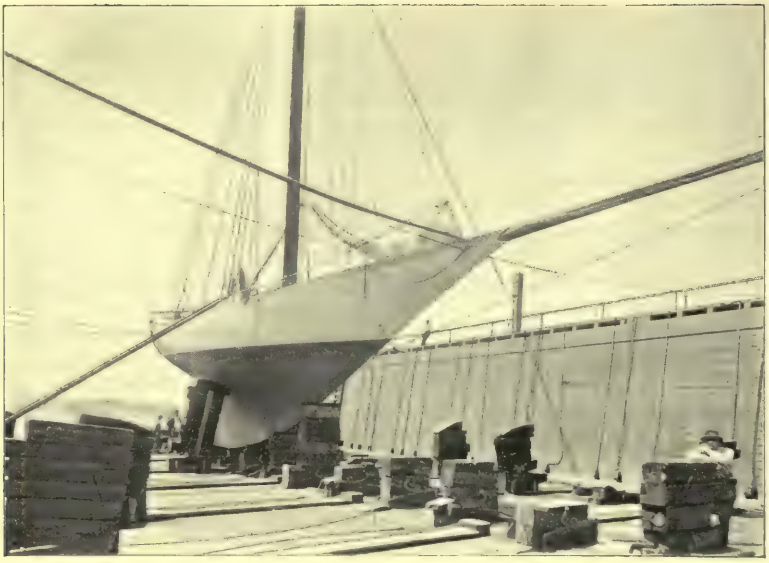
The first to avail himself of the great free-

dom accorded by the new rule was Mr. George L. Watson, of Glasgow, the designer of the *Madge*. Before the rule was finally adopted he had designed a large yacht to race under it at home, and to seek the long-coveted trophy in foreign waters, and toward the end of the year the keel of the *Thistle* was laid. The radical difference between the *Thistle* and the typical British cutter of the preceding decade was shown in her beam of 20 feet 4 inches as compared with the 15 feet of the *Galatea*, the length and draft being the same, while the *Thistle* carried some 2000 feet more canvas. Although the majority of American yachtsmen were agreed that the new Clyde boat was a far more dangerous antagonist than any that had yet challenged, by common consent the defense of the cup was left to General Paine and Mr. Burgess as soon as it was known that they were ready with a new design. Once more the defending club wasted months of valuable time through refusing to recognize the early challenge of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, a syndicate of whose members were the owners of the *Thistle*; and not until the stipulated six months' limit was reached, in March, 1887, was the challenge formally accepted and the keel of the *Volunteer* laid. The new yacht differed from the *Mayflower* mainly in added depth and draft, displacement and sail-area, each successive change from the *Puritan* being in the direction of the cutter, although the center-board was still a distinguishing feature. She was, however, of steel like the *Thistle*.

In view of the known points of resemblance and difference, the selection of the *Volunteer* as the defender of the cup was generally assumed from the first. Nor was this assumption incorrect; her performance with the older boats was but a repetition of that of the *Mayflower* in the previous year, so that the trial races, though sailed, were necessary merely for a proper tuning up of the yacht. To everybody's surprise the *Thistle* proved far less formidable than had been anticipated; her very poor performance in the first fluky race over the inside course might be excused in part through the very light wind, and the combination of bad luck and bad judgment shortly after the start; but the second race, outside the Hook, was perfectly fair and conclusive, resulting in a victory for the *Volunteer* by twelve minutes. With the adoption of more stringent conditions of challenge immediately after the *Volunteer's* victory, all contests for the *America's* cup ceased for an indefinite time, and the fleet of large yachts created by the necessity for cup defense disappeared almost as rapidly as it had come into existence. The *Priscilla* was altered below water by the addition of a trough keel and converted into a schooner, being renamed *Elma*; the *Mayflower* and *Atlantic* underwent similar changes of rig, and finally the *Volunteer* was partly destroyed, and rebuilt with an entirely new forebody, which, with the accompanying change of rig, made her a schooner 90 feet on the water-line.

The stimulus of the great series of races was still felt, however, in the smaller classes. For a time the battle was confined to the work of American designers, the result being a victory for the keel yachts, craft both wide and deep, and with very large sail-plans, as opposed to the new compromise type of wide but shoaler center-boards. But in 1888 there came a small keel cutter, of moderate beam and draft as compared with the American boats, being some 3 feet narrower (10 feet 6 inches beam) and 1 foot shoaler, with nearly 1000 feet less sail. The *Minerva* was designed and built by Will Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, on the Clyde, being especially intended for American rules and climatic conditions. She made the passage from the Clyde to Marblehead on her own bottom, and won the admiration of American yachtsmen no less by her stylish appearance than by her obvious merits in point of speed and ease of handling through her small sail-plan. Her first season was an unbroken series of successes, and she finished her second by winning five out of ten races sailed with the *Gossoon*, a new Burgess boat built specially to beat her, and following her very closely in points of design. The forward course of designing and building was a rapid one in 1888 and 1889, so rapid that by the middle of 1890 the once numerous 40-foot class had dwindled to the *Minerva* and *Gossoon*, one yacht after another being defeated and withdrawing from the races, and by the end of the season it was completely dead. With a view to stimulating a new interest among racing-men, a larger class, 46-feet on the water-line, was started in Boston in the winter of 1890–91, and as a novelty was at first a success. One designer, Mr. Burgess, turned out five new boats for the class, which in all included some nine yachts. Save one Burgess boat, the *Beatrix*, all were keels, wide, deep, and heavily sparred, a compromise which combined the beam of the old American sloop and the draft, displacement, lead keel, and in part the rig of the British cutter.

Early in the seventies, when the shoal center-board sloop and the schooner were being developed and perfected, there was a blind yacht-builder at Bristol, Rhode Island, who was noted for his many speedy yachts, both open cat-boats and the larger-decked craft: *Sadie*, *Orion*, *Shadow*, *Triton*, *Viking*, *Qui Vive*, *Kelpie*, *Psyche*, *Nimbus*, *Bunsby*, *Clytie*, and many smaller boats. About 1875 Mr. Herreshoff and his brother, Nathaniel G., some years younger, who had been educated as a mechanical engineer, turned their attention from sail-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "GLORIANA" IN DRY DOCK.

ing to steam yachts, and were soon so engrossed in the new business that the old was virtually abandoned. So thoroughly were they occupied with the improvement of hulls and engines, and the perfection of a special type of launch-boiler, that they gave no attention to sailing yachts through all the exciting times of the *Puritan-Genesta* and the following cup races, but contented themselves with turning out the fastest of steam yachts and launches, torpedo and despatch boats. At the same time the sailor instincts of the younger brother kept him always with a small yacht of some kind, a keel cruiser, anchored off his home on Narragansett Bay. The abilities of the Herreshoffs as possible rivals of Mr. Burgess had been frequently discussed by yachtsmen, and when the news came that they proposed to reënter the field of match-sailing with a 46-footer to oppose the Burgess fleet, it was hailed with joy as promising a renewal of the already flagging interest. In spite of vague and startling rumors, comparatively little was known of the new boat until she made her appearance at New York for the spring races in 1891, winning from the start, and carrying all before her throughout the season until the name of *Gloriana* was no less famous than that of *Puritan* or *Volunteer*.

A great part of this fame was due to the peculiar and striking features of her design, which were exaggerated with each succeeding race in the popular reports. Apart from all exaggeration, the new yacht was remarkable as a daring and original departure from the accepted theories of the leading designers, and we must go back to George Steers and the old *America* for a parallel. The radical points of difference between the *America* and the yachts of her day lay in the fineness of the forward ends of her successive water-lines, giving her a long and easy bow compared with their short bluff entrance. In the case of the *Gloriana*, as compared with her immediate predecessors on both sides of the ocean, the difference lay in the radical cutting away of the bulk under water, while preserving the full area of the load water-plane, and even an excess of bulk above water; the result being a maximum of stability through the extended area of the load water-plane, aided by the very low position of the ballast in the deep keel; the reduction of all useless frictional surface through the cutting away of the dead-wood forward; and the production of a form which, through its smooth round diagonals, was easy to drive, and which changed but little as the yacht pitched and scended. Coupled with these important features was another which by its instant appeal to the eye attracted a degree of attention which it did not deserve, and claimed a credit which by no means belonged to it. The ends of the boat, not only aft but forward, were carried out to an extravagant length, the total overhang of bow and stern being over 25 feet on a water-line length of but 45 feet. Two important factors in the *Gloriana's* success were the very light construction of the hull, a double skin of thin wood on steel frames, and the perfection of every detail of her rigging and canvas; the yacht being not merely well handled, principally by her designer, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, but kept up to perfect racing form all the season. The restless mind of her designer was not satisfied even with the success of the *Gloriana*, though it placed his name once more at the top of the list, but during the fall of 1891 he was quietly at work on a still more radical departure. Under the stimulus of much building and close racing, the tendency under the new British rule to extreme length and reduced displacement, with an accompanying cutting away of the midship section, and also of the deadwood forward and aft, was becoming stronger every

year; and in the smaller classes the winning boats were largely of shoal depth of body, but with a deep lead fin, equivalent in form to the center-board. Taking up the same line of experiment, Mr. Herreshoff produced a 25-foot boat aptly named the *Dilemma*, a shoal, canoe-like hull with the very full water-line and long ends of the *Gloriana*, and with a deep keel made of a nearly rectangular plate of steel; the ballast, on which alone she relied for her stability, being in the form of a lead cylinder or cigar bolted to the lower edge of the fin. The trials of this novel boat at the end of the season were so successful that the firm received orders from all quarters for the new "fin-keels." One, the *Wenonah*, was sent to the Clyde, where she won nearly every race against a fine fleet, the work of the leading British designers; another, the *Wee Win*, only 16-foot water-line, made a similar clean record about Southampton; and a third, *El Chico*, sailed a very successful season in New York waters. Beside these boats the Herreshoffs were called upon to defeat last year's champion, the *Gloriana*, in the 46-foot class, a task which they accomplished in the *Wasp*, an improved *Gloriana*, still fuller on the water-line, but so cut away below as to approach very closely to the extreme type, the fin-keel.

The ending of the season of 1892 was perhaps more discouraging, from a yachting standpoint, than any that has preceded it for some years. There was visible no sign of a revival of racing in the older classes, the mainstay of racing since the last cup contest; the 40-foot, the 30-foot, the 46-foot, and even the 21-foot, were either dead or in a moribund condition. It was then with gratification that the yachting world received the news of a large racing yacht from each side of the Atlantic. The Earl of Dunraven, whose name has been known to Americans for the past three years as a probable challenger for the *America's* cup, is a new addition to the limited list of British racing-owners, his first yacht, the cutter *Petronilla*, having been built in 1888. His first challenge was sent in 1889, the yacht being a 70-footer, the *Valkyrie*, a keel cutter designed by Mr. Watson; but on account of a disagreement over the altered terms under which the cup was offered, the challenge was withdrawn. Rumor of a second challenge was rife, and in September, 1892, a letter was received from Lord Dunraven which led a little later to the acceptance of a formal challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron on his behalf, the challenging yacht being announced as a second *Valkyrie* by name, an 85-foot cutter designed by Mr. Watson. Just prior to the receipt of Lord Dunraven's notice of challenge it became known that the Herreshoffs had received an order for a large yacht, all particulars of size and ownership being carefully withheld at first. By the time that work was commenced, however, it became known that the owner was Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, and that his object was to visit England for a season of racing, including the challenging for the two American cups taken home by the *Genesta* in 1885, the Cape May cup and the Brenton's Reef cup, and also for the gold cup of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, a new international trophy established in 1890, but never yet raced for. When the *Navahoe* was launched in February, it was found that she was not an extreme fin-keel, but nearer in type to the *Wasp*, an intermediate step between the normal modern type and the extreme fin. Her approximate dimensions are: length over all, 128 feet; length on water-line, 84 feet; beam, 23 feet; draft, 12 feet 6 inches. The long overhang at each end, as in the *Wasp*, gives an excessive length on deck, the form of the ends being similar to the *Wasp*, the lines, both vertical and horizontal, being round and full. The keel is nearly straight for the greater part of its length, the stern-post has but a moderate rake, and the stem is well cut away below water. Owing to her limited draft, a center-board is used, a steel plate 1½ inches thick and of 3 tons weight. The sail-plan is considerably larger than that of the *Volunteer*, the largest of the boats of the 1885–87 races. The hull, of course, is of steel; the interior is fully fitted up for life aboard during a season's cruising; but at the same time the interior work is as light as possible.

To meet the second *Valkyrie*, a syndicate was formed in the New York Yacht Club, headed by Mr. Archibald Rogers, owner of the *Wasp*, and an order was placed with the Herreshoffs for an 85-footer still more like that craft than the *Navahoe*, in that she is a keel boat. This yacht, named the *Colonia*, is of similar length to the *Navahoe*, but 1 foot wider, 24 feet beam, and of about 16 feet draft, the keel being of the same peculiar outline as the *Wasp's*. Following the Rogers syndicate came a second to Bristol, headed by Commodore Morgan and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, their yacht being a departure from the other in beam, being 26 feet wide, with a center-board, draft 13 feet. Her chief peculiarity lies in the plating, the entire bottom and center-board trunk being of "Tobin bronze," a very strong non-corrosive alloy, similar in its general nature to brass or gun-metal. Owing to its smooth surface and the absence of scale, it is used in this case in place of steel, the serious objection holding against the latter that it is never at its best during the first season, a certain amount of rusting being necessary to remove the scale formed in rolling, and to make a smooth surface of metal which will hold paint. The Tobin bronze, being smooth and polished

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. JOHNSTON.

THE "GLORIANA" AT THE FINISH, IN THE GOELET CUP RACE, 1891.

from the first, makes an excellent racing bottom of itself, no paint being required.

With its old-time spirit Boston has also come to the defense of the trophy with two new yachts. Although the results of the racing in 1892 had demonstrated the strong points of the extreme fin type, in the three Herreshoff boats the designer had gone but half-way toward the fin, leaving a promising field open to other designers. The Boston men have transferred the fin-keel experiment from the smaller to the largest classes. The first boat was designed by Mr. John B. Paine, a talented young amateur, son of General Paine, in conjunction with his father,—a fin-keel of about 85 feet water-line, 22 feet 6 inches beam, and 13 feet 6 inches draft. The hull, with a total overhang of 35 feet, is essentially a big canoe, the depth of the hull proper being about 5 feet, the rest being made up by the steel fin with its weight of ballast below. Through this fin a center-board rises and falls, giving the necessary area of lateral plane, while near the fore end of the water-line is a second and smaller center-board. The second boat, the *Pilgrim*, owned by a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen, was designed by Messrs. Stewart and Binney, associates of the late Mr. Burgess and his successors in the business. She goes still further than the Paine boat, though of the same approximate dimensions and form, in that she has no center-board, but an extreme draft of 22 feet, the greatest ever found in a sailing yacht. Of the yacht which will oppose the chosen one of this quartet in the final races for the *America's* cup, nothing definite is known at the time this article goes to press, save that she is of about 85 feet water-line, of composite build, designed by Mr. Watson, and built by Henderson Brothers, the designer and builders of the *Thistle*, and that she will bear the name of Lord Dunraven's former yacht *Valkyrie*. To meet the *Navahoe* in British waters, three yachts have been built, all keel cutters of an extreme type, but none of them true fin-keels: the *Britannia*, designed by Mr. Watson, is owned by the Prince of Wales; the *Calluna*, designed by Mr. Fife, by a syndicate of Clyde yachtsmen; and the *Satanita*, designed by Mr. J. M. Soper, is owned by Mr. A. D. Clarke. The various meetings of this grand racing fleet on both sides of the Atlantic promise a yachting season such as has never been approached in the past.

W. P. Stephens.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

THE RIFT IN THE ISLAND.

ASHES as soft as down and as fine as the motes which swim unseen in the air blew from a pine fire toward the lodges. There were two of these conical houses, standing near together and facing the west. The space of fairly level grassy land was surrounded by oaks and beeches, which arose in strength, stretching their limbs abroad and making shady arcades all around it.

Marie Paul sat on a bench in one of these shadows, her quill-work in her lap, watching the Indian grandmother drag fuel up from the forest. In times past she had put herself heartily to such tasks when George was not at hand, sparing the aged back which bent to so much labor. But now her gaze at the old woman saw nothing; it was indifferent to the outer signs of life. Her languid head rested against the tree behind her; lace-work of the pine ashes formed upon her knee without being distorted by a movement. She was conscious of a stifling breath or two as the blue veil was curled around her by the wind. This was the second day Marie had crept to the bench that her Latin prejudices long before caused to be built in the camp. As for Wawatam and his grandmother, they preferred a mat on the ground, and George sat anywhere, with adaptability unusual in his race. But Marie must have a raised seat in the shadow of jutting trees.

She listened for George's return. She had trusted him twice with the Englishman's food. The first day George did not find Henry in his camp, and she sent the boy back in the afternoon. Henry had then returned from tramping through the woods.

"Brudder lonesome," declared George. "Brudder can't keep still."

The squaw pushed her fagot under the pot, and squatted on the windward side of the fire. Her coarse hair hung down her back. A toothless smile opened the puckers in her face as she met the girl's eye. Marie wondered if her own neck would ever fall into such leather creases, and the underlying bloom fade and blacken in her skin. A week ago she had looked forward to age as some indifferent change to which she must come with rocks and trees, expecting dignity from hoariness; but now she dreaded the remote robber with unaccountable terror. It was a wicked thing to value her tinted, supple flesh with such passion; Father Jonois would lay penance on her if he discovered this state of mind.

"Noko," spoke Marie, using the familiar abbreviation for grandmother, "are you very old?"

The Chippewa woman turned her head from side to side mournfully — the universal sign-language of barbarian women when expression fails them. "Old as the summer-maker, my child."

Marie no longer cared eagerly for the summer-maker and his kindred myths.

"Do you like to be old?"

"It cannot be helped. You bear children, you draw wood and dress meat, and the seasons pass. It cannot be helped."

The fate of aboriginal woman stared Marie in the face. Her black lashes made narrow lines of her gray eyes as she pondered the sight. By some way she arrived at the inquiry:

"Noko, what is your opinion of men?"

"They are all the same, on island or mainland, my child. When you are beautiful they kill one another for you; when you are ugly they sneer at you. Two chiefs once fought over me." The squaw laid her arms on her knees and laughed in them at the recollection.

"But white men — they are not like red men."

"Yes; all the same. Men are men. The more they come soft, humble, creeping the ground like the panther, the more they will eat you up and laugh at you."

"Then, Noko, why did the good God make women to believe in them?"

"Because the good God knows they can't get along without women."

"But there must be some good men, very high above panthers and such things. Is your own grandson a panther?"

"No; my grandson he is a good man," answered Noko, with tribal jealousy. "Much better than the French or English."

"I should like to ask the priest about it; but there are some things I cannot ask him, no matter how they perplex me. We ought to be old first, Noko, and when we have wisdom enough, grow young."

"Would n't do," said the grandmother, rising to stir the pot. "Never would marry any man at all, then."

The savage cast of her copper face, with its prominent nose-arch and cheek-bones, was not repellent. Since coming to the island Marie had made the best of Noko's company. It was scarcely improving; she went to the woods and the saints for society; but it was comforting. The primitive woman is a human hen; such wings as she has are spread to shelter her brood. Noko cooked choice bits for the growing girl, and on summer evenings often sat chanting for her the folk-songs and stories of the Chippewas. Noko's knotted red hands were spared many a hard task by skilful younger ones. The grim but wholesome old heart had indeed but one fondness in its age, and that was not for Wawatam. The grandmother was only proud of him.

A phœbe-bird darted calling across the open space, its speck of shadow moving like a flash. Some comer startled it from the lower boughs. Marie turned her head, and saw the extended body of a deer rising up the slope, and George's face under it. Henry and Wawatam were behind him, coming to the lodges together.

Wawatam called in Chippewa to Noko, who answered him; and George threw the deer down before her. The chief turned toward Marie. From a stalking, stalwart Indian he changed suddenly to an apologetic figure in dejected buckskins. She had climbed upon the bench, and held to the tree for support. Her back was toward him and the Englishman. Every soft curve of waist and shoulder was followed by the close gown; half-curls powdered her neck in a short, raveled plume, the hair parting above them in a white track from nape to crown. Immature as it was, this girlish figure had enthralling force which made it a central presence.

Henry did not understand why she hid her face. His voice had a piercing appeal as he asked:

"What is the matter, mademoiselle?"

"The chief knows," answered Marie. "Ask him."

"War-kettles boiling at the fort," explained Wawatam in guarded Chippewa to his brother. He put his hand on his mouth. To have the hated feast detected the moment of his return was confusing.

"His face looks like a wolf's," said Marie.

"But I did not want to taste it," pleaded the enforced cannibal. He cast a glance of wrath at his grandmother, who had revealed that such feasts were held after every Indian victory. It was very unpleasant to have women meddle in tribal politics. Noko and George were in consultation about the deer.

"Consider what a poor lot we were at Michilimackinac, mademoiselle," said Henry, recklessly. "If Wawatam has eaten a bite of the garrison to save the trader, he has afflicted himself to little purpose, and is to be pitied."

Wawatam's eyes were uneasy, and his usual placid benevolence was driven out of his countenance. He knew that Father Jonois would exact penance from him as a Christian Indian; but what was a Chippewa chief to do when his people boiled the English and made him dip his hand in the kettle as a test of good faith?

Marie's trifling with his dignity was the amusement of his life. When she was a year younger she had beaten his shoulders with a balsam stick for presuming to slight some command of hers, and Wawatam had doubled himself over and taken this squaw-drubbing with silent delight. Yet she depended on him as a father, and spoke of him as the chief, never using his name in the careless English fashion. The relations between the Christianized savage and his French foster-child were so natural and guileless that in all her imaginings she had never pictured Wawatam as her lover. There was in her blood no instinct against him except the instinct of rating him with George simply as one of her good creatures. Wawatam knew how to fight, how to hunt, and how to manage his fraction of the Chippewas. He could command any unmarried squaw of the tribe to his lodge. And he had thought it would be easy, when the convenient time came, to mention to Marie that they would take the sacrament of marriage together at L'Arbre Croche. Father Jonois did not discourage this plan.

"Tell him to go away," said Marie.

Wawatam did not understand her English. In camp his entire family spoke Chippewa. He turned for interpretation to Henry, the wrinkles at his eye-corners drawn down by a sinister look. Henry felt it was a climax in his experience when he was forced to mediate between an elected bride and a cannibal husband from whom she hid her face. He had seen her moving like a bird through the wilderness, a part of it and its free life. Disgust for all the conditions which hamper existence here filled him with sudden desire for death. He wondered at his hiding and his pains to prolong such contemptible misery.

"She says she wants you to go away."

Wawatam spoke angrily to Marie in Chippewa:

"Why must I go away? Is it because the Pani woman has been here and brought me a message?"

"Do you mean the Pani woman who came to monsieur's camp? She did not take a message. And if I had sent you one, would you have heeded it any more than you did the priest, who must be at Michilimackinac now?"

The abjectness of a smitten conscience returned upon Wawatam. He said in gutturals under his breath, "The Pani woman was a fool."

"I am a very bad man," he acknowledged, taking Henry into new confidence with twinkles of the eye.

"You are so bad that I cannot endure to look at you. You are so bad I am afraid no saint will intercede for you. Go into the woods and fast."

"But if the chief begins a fast now he will leave his brother in danger."

"Why did you bring him here if there is danger?"

"My brother is safest where I am."

"But why have you come?"

"The best trail leads past the lodges."

"What is the danger?"

"A band of warriors have come from Detroit. He is the only Englishman left. They told me they must have him."

There was silence in camp. George lolled on the ground at a distance, watching the grandmother's skilful knife as she skinned the deer. The sun was warm on his back, and his hair showed glints like gold-stone. He would never be lashed by the mysterious tides of his own spirit.

"What are you going to do?" asked Marie. She had not yet turned her face from the tree.

"Going to put him in a canoe to go to Sault Ste. Marie."

"When?"

"Now."

"Does the chief go with him?"

"No; it is in Madame Cadotte's boat that he will go."

"Where is it now?"

"Coming from Michilimackinac to take him off on the west side of the island."

Marie knew without explanation that this would be the safest place for Henry to embark. There was a sandy, level beach where the water was deep enough to allow the approach of even a sailing vessel, which could then move on unobserved around the northern shore toward the Sault. She had once seen Madame Cadotte, the Indian wife of the Frenchman who was called chief of all the Indians around the Sault.

Rapid Chippewa questions and answers escaped Henry, anxious as he was to understand them.

"But if other canoes meet them, will he not be seen?"

"No matter," answered Wawatam; "he is a Canadian now, like the Canadians that row for Madame Cadotte."

Marie half turned herself and looked at Henry. He was so changed that she wondered how she had been sure of his presence when he and Wawatam were ascending the slope together. Some of his own garments were discarded, and he wore in their place the blanket coat of ordinary Canadians, and like them had a handkerchief knotted around his head. His face was clean shaven, and it gave her through every revealed line, and through fixed eyes, the silent passion and longing which had already grown mighty under repression. That chemistry of the spirit which draws two irresistibly together, through space, through obstacles, through time,—which may work anguish to both, but must work because they exist,—kept these young creatures an instant conscious of nothing but each other. Marie resisted it. She sometimes had such intimations of happiness when lying in the woods with her head beside a bunch of Indian-pipes, or when a height was hooded with thunder-clouds while the beaches flashed in the sun. The joy was like a recollection of heaven; blessedness came near; you could not account for it. She thought it had come oftener when she was a child. But her capacity for it grew. Every atom of her body glowed with intense life. She hid her face against the tree.

Wawatam's features hardened. Any man but his English brother might have died for such a look. His natural hatred of Anglo-Saxon stock urged him to feel for the scalp-lock on that golden head. But he was bound by visions and traditions stronger in his spirit than the Christian religion to keep in safety the man of his adoption. He said to himself in Chippewa, "It is the chief and not the Pani woman that was a fool."

"Come on," he said curtly to Henry.

The trader, conscious of the offense he had given, yet drew a long, reluctant breath.

"Good-by, mademoiselle."

"Good-by, Monsieur Félix."

"Heavens! *Félix!*" Henry drew another deep breath.

"It will not be Amédée until afternoon."

"In the afternoon I shall be far from the island."

"Poor Monsieur Félix!"

"Thank you, mademoiselle, for your thousand kindnesses to me. I blame myself for the hurt you got on the beach."

"What a tender conscience you have, monsieur!" She was no longer his careful mother, but a mocking creature, giving him one laughing look over her shoulder. "It was the fish-hawk."

"I hope your lameness is cured."

"The only thing that hurts me now, monsieur, is that the chief killed gulls to make my feather dress, instead of fish-hawks."

"Then you have a dress of gull-feathers?"

"Yes; it turns rain."

"You wore it by the fireplace on the beach the night I came to the island?"

"Yes, monsieur. The chief was a long time collecting breasts. And when he brought them to me I cried — that so many birds should die to cover me. If I but had a cap to match it now," added Marie, drolly.

"The French have tender hearts," mocked Henry.

"It is true, Monsieur Félix. They never desire the death of any one. It is not necessary for them to recite from their prayer-books as the English do, when the priest says, 'Thou shalt do no murder'—'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.'"

She mimicked the congregational chant, and Henry laughed aloud. Wawatam was in the tense attitude of his forefathers watching an enemy from ambush. When her voice mocked and Henry laughed the chief's face relaxed. He picked up Marie's quill-work from the ground, and, before laying it beside her, passed his fingers along the shining stitches, as one might try some chord which would not vibrate. Living two years under the thumb of a French islander had bred softer practices in him than he cared to have his braves see.

"I wish I could do some service for you, mademoiselle," said Henry.

They were parting forever. And why should they not part forever who had seen each other less than a brief week? Lakes, and land, and perils, time and silence, would crowd between them. The summer day was perfect around them, the sun turning shadows black on a vividly lighted earth.

"Good-by, mademoiselle," repeated Henry.

"Good-by, Monsieur Félix," she answered, keeping her back to him.

"Will you give me your hand?"

Marie extended a hand behind her.

"That is the left one."

She gave him the other, and it lay unresponsive in his while he wrung it.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur Félix."

"I have missed you these two days. I 'm very glad I found you on the island," blundered the man. "It has been a pleasure; I hope you will be happy."

"No more time," said Wawatam.

Henry kissed the round and childish hand. He was permitted by the usage of the times to do that. Wawatam had seen officers at the fort kiss Madame Cadotte's hand, for she was a woman greatly respected. Marie felt the touch of lips. She let her hand fall as he turned away, and stood still with her face toward the tree.

Bushes stirred as Henry and Wawatam brushed through them on the direct trail to the western landing. Wawatam bade George, as he passed that happy boy, go back through the woods and watch for Indians from the fort.

"What do with them?"

"Nothing. Bring word back to the lodges."

Reluctant to leave the deer, George's backward looks dwelt with it, and not with the men. But Noko lifted herself from the quartering and watched the Englishman out of sight. The trees soon received him, and she was not sorry. He had a handsome white face, and eyes which looked through you with an influence like the moon. Marie had relieved her old bones from tramping to his haunts with his food, and she hoped her grandson was now taking him off for a long hunt. The less one saw of even adopted Englishmen the better.

"Watch Indians," said George, making a half circuit of the bench to face Marie, and intimating that he waited for his usual companionship.

Marie gave him a smile of the lips, and picked bark from the tree, letting it fall on fungus that spread a pink umbrella between the oak's roots: many bits glanced off, but one balanced itself and resisted efforts to displace it.

"Chief says watch Indians," repeated George.

"Bring my stick and cap from the lodge," said Marie.

George brought them, and stood like a young bear on his hind feet while she let herself down from the bench. He would have dropped on all fours and made himself a stepping-stone had any other mind given him the impetus. The two went down the trail toward the beach. As soon as they were below the level of the grandmother's vision, Marie paused in her limp, and said:

"You watch the bay while I watch the woods."

George's face fell into creases of distress. "George all alone," he complained. "George all alone twice."

"But I cannot run with you now. I am a hundred years old, like Noko."

George still squirmed, his red face having the blank yet wrathful expression of a wilful baby's.

"Very good. Take me with you, then. But you must carry me," said Marie.

George had carried her up from the bay the night of her accident. He remembered the strain, their long rests, Marie's vain efforts to help herself, and his exhaustion when they reached the lodges. His loose and fleshy body had not the muscular compactness of Wawatam's or the mature strength of Henry's. He yielded, and went on alone with his rolling gait, looking back as long as he could see her.

Marie turned around the base of the camp and put her halting limb to reckless use. She knew short cuts among the pines, and ventured many before untried. She flung herself through mats of juniper in the open places as a High-

landman crosses streams. In times past Marie had loved to test her endurance by long journeys afoot, and labors about the camp. It was sweet to work to the point of exhaustion, and then throw herself on her bed of hemlock and blankets, and sleep as the rocks sleep. Her vitality was so full that every awakening from sleep became a new birth. She ran out as rosy as Aurora under the morning sky, her flesh tingling with the delight of being alive. But this haste she was making to cross the island had none of the laughter of youth in it. The regular sweep of muscles which becomes a silent music, and makes of walking a graceful and glorious function, was lost to her as she panted along. Last week a goddess moved from beach to headland as freely as the light; to-day a limping girl, pallid with the effort, tried to reach the north shore before Madame Cadotte's boat should pass by. She had no reason for wishing to see Madame Cadotte's boat; but when one has sat still awhile, it becomes impossible for one to sit still any longer.

The high land sloped gradually to alluvial stretches in the direction which Henry and Wawatam had taken, but Marie climbed directly down a hillside so steep that she was obliged to hold to trees and the knotty earth itself. She missed her hold, and slid dangerously, but the scratching and bruising did not detain her an instant. Near the bottom she noticed that her balsam staff was no longer in her hand. It was not worth the hard ascent, yet she climbed back in panting haste, and found it lodged in a bunch of fern. A stout stick could have been broken below with half the pains.

The sun stood overhead as she hurried through the lower forest. Her course was as nearly straight as the eye could direct it, and she came to the lake in time to see a boat with sails set getting beyond the eastern shore of the island. Flecks of red like the kerchief-bound heads of Canadians glimmered against the white. No other visible thing moved on Lake Huron.

It might not be Madame Cadotte's boat. Marie sat on the rocks, watching eastward and westward until she lost it, and nothing else appeared on the void. A wind which she had not noticed in her rapid journey made indigo stripes across the water. There was a low roar as of little falls. Though white-fringed rollers ran before the wind, some clouds made flat, moving islands of their shadows. Overhead the light dazzled.

Moving from rock to rock, Marie waited along the beach. Jaded, and dragging her limb, she came to a remembered bluff. Some impulse of the wild things among which she had lived drove her to a hole under the bluff. It was necessary to descend among fragments of rock, and to stoop down to find it. She carried with her such moss as offered, and crept through a tunnel which let her into a high cavern. Water trickled from above through the place. She made herself a divan of the moss in the driest spot, lying recklessly at length, her head on her arm, hidden from the light of day.

The life of the woods and the hissing of the lake were shut out. Her consciousness extended only as far as the water trickling down her cell. Scarcely a glimmer of light came through the tunnel, for its mouth was sunk below the beach. Marie turned once in the afternoon, and changed the arm on which she lay.. Time's divisions were lost; she had come upon the eternal now. Yet so much is the spirit in the body's keeping that her stupor passed to sleep, and she lay in that sweet death until forced to a numb resurrection. "Nothing matters," said Marie when she roused.

The lake was a sea of glass and fire, and the hush of summer night was already in the woods. The Detroit Indians might have crossed from Michilimackinac and scattered themselves in search over the island. Dew dampened her hair and the soles of her moccasins. The rapid fluttering of scarcely seen bats grazed her cheek. She kept repeating with dull conviction, "Nothing matters now."

Wawatam was not at the lodges when this limping figure arrived about moonrise. Noko and George were squatted in amiable silence by the kettle, watching a fragrant yellow fire lick its sides. Odors of venison and herbs came to Marie's nostrils. She had not eaten since morning, and, creeping to the outdoor hearth, she sat down with her family, laying her staff beside her.

This was the hour when Noko told Chippewa legends; but she did not speak a word. Some older story-teller was busy with Marie. George waited only for his supper. When Marie sat down in the night camp she never had the degraded feeling of herding with barbarians. These good creatures were her household. She often dipped out the mess for Noko, and restrained George's animal greediness. Clean birch platters were kept in readiness, and she had for herself a knife and spoon which Wawatam bought at the fort. The others preferred to use their fingers. To-night the grandmother filled Marie's bowl from the general dish, and brought her knife and spoon. George was left to gulp unrestrained except when Noko hit him on the back to keep him from choking. Marie sat and looked at the fire, where beautiful embers crumbled, and ate her food without tasting it. The moon was white and large. It threw shadows of the Indian woman and George, and the dish between them, and a fainter shadow of Marie, across the smoldering log.

Those usual inmates of northern lodges, the silent dogs, were lacking in Wawatam's camp. None of them were running about the island, on account of Marie's abhorrence. They were not like the bluff, loud-mouthed mastiffs with which French children played, but uncanny, wolfish things, never seeking a caress, and springing voiceless out of thickets. Wawatam kept his dogs in another camp. They could find their wild living in the woods, whether led by a master or their instincts.

Marie crept into her lodge and dropped its flap. She took off her blanket gown, and put on another in which she slept, and combed and freshly plaited her hair. She had a pillow on her bed, a thing Noko despised. It was made, though, only of the dried needles of sweet pine sewn into a piece of coarse linen. Beside the high mattress was spread a skin on which she stood. Noko's bed was at the opposite arc of the lodge. No moonlight came through the mats, but a glimmer from the hole at the top rested on her head. Marie took her crucifix, which hung from a rib in the sloping wall, and lay down in her bed, holding it, and uttering no prayer but the dumb one of misery. She watched the poles intersecting the fragment of dark blue sky at the top of the lodge, tilting her head back on its pillow. Her knee felt stiff.

"This must be what the priest calls immortality," whispered Marie. "You cannot die."

She turned on her hard mattress, and resolved: "I will bathe in the lake early, while the water is cold. That will drive this strange feeling away."

She heard Wawatam in the camp, giving a string of fish to his grandmother. He had been out all the afternoon in his canoe. His returning without Indian followers was a dull satisfaction to her. Yet when a whiter pallor than the moon's showed between the lodge-poles, she put on her moccasins in haste to escape from camp, took her clothes and the thick linen towel which was kept for her use alone, and limped off toward the natural arch of rock. The dewy tents still swam in uncertain darkness. The sweet-scented earth gave back the old joy of morning to Marie. Crumpled mist arose, floating, and letting itself be wound slowly aloft. There was a steep descent to the lake underneath the stone arch, where a long avalanche had once fallen. Marie let herself down this rough stair to her bath. The limpid expanse of water increased the light. She could see as far as the well-known trees in front of Henry's deserted camp; but she turned her back on that place, and stripped for the plunge. Nothing was abroad to see her but the morning star. Her feet shuddered in the shallow water. She waded out and knelt, throwing herself forward and turning with a splash. The blue drippings of a glacier could be no colder. Streaming from crown to heel, her body the color of a rose, she ran behind a rock covered with pine shrubs, and polished her flesh to marble firmness. It was a delight to feel the blood palpitate against her very garments when she was clothed, and to climb the height like a giantess. The bruise on her knee felt this revival.

"Nothing ails me," exulted Marie aloud to the stirring birds; "I can plunge where Indian women dare not."

A family of mushrooms, their white, fleshy umbrellas half furled, waited beside her path, and she gathered every one. They would have to be skinned and salted, and soaked all day; but by night they could be wrapped in deer-meat with a husk of clay over that, and put under the coals to gather all the venison's juices. She was proud to feel an interest in the food-supply of the camp. "But if I had found them when monsieur was here," said Marie; and she stood still, her face changing.

The camp-fire lifted its delicate blue shaft straight to the zenith. George was helping Noko broil fish on some stones, and a bowl of sagamité was set out for the morning meal.

Wawatam had put on his best dress. The beaver robe which he wore only at councils was gathered around him and thrown over one arm like a Roman toga, showing the feather-work of his leggings and the rich embroidery of his tunic. He paraded himself across the plateau as Marie entered camp, though through all his dignity the childlike savage betrayed a gauntness and anxiety of visage. She busied herself with the mushrooms. The amenities of civilized life he never imitated; but Marie usually said good day to him, and he stopped beside her aggressively. Wawatam despised mushrooms as food for men. The red lines in his face expressed disdain of such employment as he said:

"Put on your best dress."

Marie was startled.

"Do you hold a council on the island?"

"No. Go to L'Arbre Croche."

"I do not want to go to L'Arbre Croche to-day. It was but last month that I confessed."

"Father Jonois will marry you."

"Father Jonois marry me? He cannot."

"He will."

"But no priest can be a husband."

"Myself," said Wawatam, slapping his breast; "I am the husband."

Marie threw her braids behind her shoulders, and restrained him by a sidewise turn of the eye.

"I will not go to L'Arbre Croche with the chief."

Her barbaric guardian did not know what abhorrence maids lavish on undesired suitors.

In one instant he changed from her friend on whom she depended, and to whom she deferred, into a detestable pursuer. More than that, he robbed her of what he was before; and there was no other man on earth to take care of her. Wawatam, like the wolf-boy, saw his new shape himself, and he accused her in a guttural snarl.

"You would go with my English brother to L'Arbre Croche. You would be wife to him."

"I would not!" Her whole body flashed at Wawatam. "I would not be a wife at all. And you who have neither fasted nor prayed since eating man's flesh—do you think that Father Jonois would give the sacrament of marriage to you?"

Frontier priests were obliged to make the conditions of religion as easy as they dared for their wild flock; but he knew she was right. Father Jonois would not give him the sacrament of marriage until he had done penance for that sin detested in the committing. It was very hard to be a Chippewa chief and a baptized Christian, the brother, moreover, of an adopted Englishman, when that Englishman was doubtless his supplanter.

Wawatam said nothing more, and after his breakfast went into his lodge. At the untrammeled Chippewa breakfast the chief sat on a mat outside his family circle. When Marie was hanging the blankets of her lodge to air, she saw him in his hunting-buckskins going down toward the bay. The subdued determination of his stride denoted that he was seeking his spiritual counselor.

George hesitated between Marie and the chief, his dull mind apprehending some change in his playmate, as well as an altered temper in Wawatam. He followed his adopted father at a distance, hoping to share the voyage to L'Arbre Croche, yet loath to give up his daily haunts on the island. Wawatam saw him and beckoned to him. The weak one of the household, making this dumb plea for companionship, was a comfort under the circumstances.

Marie brought wood for the grandmother. When Noko had no heavy labor she sat cross-legged on a mat, busying herself with the needlework of Indian women. Sometimes she trudged to the edge of the island, digging roots in the woods. Usually, however, she spent her leisure soaking in the sunlight while she sang in a monotonous whine, with the rising and falling abruptness of barbaric music, the songs of the Chippewas. When one touched Noko from without she responded shrewdly; but she knew the dignity of reticence and solitude. Marie was not afraid of being questioned by her.

When enough sticks were accumulated near the log which made their chimney-back, Marie went farther into the woods. Early morning was gone when she stood beside the rift in the island, though here it was twilight at noon. A drift of aged leaves had blown from the north for many a winter, and partly filled this crack in the island's surface. Its scar extended as far as the eye could follow, and its moss-clothed sides went mysteriously down into earth's darkness. Marie once descended within the gap, and caught her foot in an angle of the rocks below. Such gigantic lips in the ground's face were a strange spectacle. They threatened to yawn and snap a curious gazer in.

Marie walked along the verge to a place narrow enough for her to leap across. Not far beyond the rift stood a white birch like a marble temple. Its central pillar was massive, and delicate arches spread a drapery of foliage far and wide. There was not such another birch-tree on the island. The high ground on which it stood fell abruptly to a hollow at one side. Marie descended into this little valley, and knelt before the vision under the roots of the tree: a cavern of rock tufted with fern and velvet lichen; the most beautiful grotto that ever enshrined an image. It struck the sight like a miracle. The mighty birch flourished overhead, its bank of turf roofing this glittering cell. Nor was the image lacking. It stood on a shelf of the rock, a small plaster Virgin, which had been given to her by the priest for her chapel in the wilderness. Marie's last offering, some withered flowers in a basket of scented grass, stood on the cavern floor. The pitiful image, weather-stained by its western exposure, lost its immobility and swam before her eyes as she remembered the roving child who put that basket there. Her own hands, clasped upon her beads, were strange and far-away members—the hands of a girl that lived last week without any knowledge of pain, and vanished. Her features took a wan tint from the dimness of that holy place, and her mouth trembled at beginning a personal invocation.

"O Mother of God, take this feeling away from me. Why has it come upon me? I have tried to be a good girl. Here is my dear staff, that I lay down as an offering to thee. Ever-blessed, I have such sinful love for this staff that I slept with it laid across my breast."

Marie covered her face with both hands, the rosary dangling from her fingers, and leaned forward until her braided hair lay upon the ground. "I will say that he is a heretic, he is a heretic, he is a heretic—but, O Mother Immaculate, he is the gentlest man I ever saw in my life! I shall never see him again—but give him to me—" she threw herself backward, breaking through mediation, and tearing at heaven itself with uplifted hands and a cry as strong as the throes of birth, "O God, give him to me—you must—I shall die!"

The tiny image on the shelf, the rustling birch,

and the woods around her, were gone, and she was in infinite space wrestling with the master passion of the world, and learning that invisible things only are of account in this life. The human instinct of hiding passion kept her terrible weeping silent. And presently, exhausted by this prayer of anguish, and daring to look no more at the immaculate image, she fled limping from her chapel, and lay down beside the rift.

On the opposite bank of the chasm a phœbe-bird alighted, turning its head inquisitively and considering her limp figure. It took its joy on the island untouched by any human anguish.

"I used to be like that," thought Marie, as the bird darted away. She felt deserted by companions, who found her no longer of their kind.

Her denial of love, her panting journeys and manual labor to get rid of it, were ended as soon as that prayer to Almighty God burst from her soul. He knew what had happened to her. The saints and her mother knew. There was no use fighting it any longer. She was to live or die by this unconquerable force. Once Marie had wanted to be a saint, but now she greedily desired to be a happy woman. And this was a strange thing: that one should come, and look, and possess. She had seen officers from the fort in their scarlet coats without giving them a second glance. They were objects on a landscape.

Marie stared across the rift as if her eyes could penetrate woods and water-mists to the Sault. That light which falls on the spot where one's beloved stands, leaving the rest of the world in twilight, and hallows his country, giving it the sanctity of a shrine, now rested there. She did not know the world had come to her until it went away. To be where he was seemed the only good. With rapture she saw again the hopeless passion in Henry's eyes when he left her.

"You are mine," whispered Marie through space to the secret ear of that other soul who must harken. Her hands and feet were cold, her muscles were knotted, her face was white with the stress of this secret cry, "Come back to me! You must come back. My life is gone out of me. There is something the matter with the island. It has changed. You are the island to me now."

She let her face slip over the edge of the rift, where cool, dark moss could send up its breath to her, and the rock give her palpitating temple a reminding touch. The woods calmed her, their grays and greens and interlacing density of stems, and their whisper of a secret which has lasted from the foundation of the world, replacing her fever with a kind of beatitude. Power to project herself into the future was gone. Love is itself eternity. She took no interest in what might happen. The one fact of the universe was present with her. That primal instinct of young creatures to believe in and make a religion of the human being they love is one of the best and saddest traits of humanity.

A chill grew in the air. Marie felt it, but she no longer resisted the warfare made against us by inanimate things.

"Why did I hide myself from him the last day he spent on the island?" she asked herself, finding no answer. "And why did I laugh at that poor Pani woman? It is her turn to laugh at me now. But I would rather die by fire than let it be seen in my face."

Days and months must pass, and a message for which she could not help looking might never come from him. She would go to confession with concealment in her soul. "I cannot endure it," said Marie, sitting up in the darkening twilight. Then she remembered the chief's sudden proposal to marry her at L'Arbre Croche that morning. Father Jonois could forbid it; but who would teach her how to bear her invisible bereavement? She felt sorry for the chief with a tenderness which was not in her before she came to her knees at the tree.

A drop of rain fell on Marie's forehead. The white birch showed its marble limbs against gathering blackness. The east wind came on with a roar, bending little trees, and Marie knew that the lake looked as she had often seen it in a rainstorm, a dark yellow green, seeming to have sulphur in its depths; and that the sky above it descended in vertical strata, becoming one with it. In other times she would have run the intervening distance to see the lake during this disturbance, dashing out to a cliff, wet and bright-eyed.

The woods grew dark with a steady downpour, and on the churning strait zigzag tracks and curvings, such as currents leave on an ice-field, could be seen, changing as flaws of wind veered here and there. The air was raw; and when night came, autumn descended on the midsummer island. It was so chill that the eye suspected frozen spray upon the pebbles, and the white cliffs had a wintry look under beating rain. At midnight the blast was roaring against all the leaves in the uplands, and the pines tuned themselves to that high song they sing when the wind blows ice-laden from Labrador. It seemed impossible that summer could return, and incredible that she was there, huddling her million blooms, and cowering under this whip of the northeast. The change in the weather was a period set to life which had gone before it. Nothing could be again exactly as it had been before this chill came on the world. The icy breath was pure, but it blew the glamour off the island.

Nearly a week of squaw-winter crowded itself into the heart of June. All day a drizzle

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"BUT NO PRIEST CAN BE A HUSBAND."

fell, and gray clouds dragged on the water or tore themselves against headlands. The strait was a flume, hissing toward the head of Lake Michigan. Discomfited birds sat in shelter, calling sometimes to one another with a note like the cricket's. In the night the complaints of wild things could be heard.

Wawatam and George stayed at the fort, leaving the women of the camp to live on such food as had been accumulated. On the sixth day a slate-colored sky, cold and smooth, spread over the Great Turtle, unable to dull the new tints he had acquired. For the frost spirit had breathed fire, and hints of splendor appeared on masses of trees. Life warmed itself gradually, coming out of eclipse. Eastern islands, miles distant, showed their blue bars. In one place a boat's hull appeared, masts and sails lost in falling mist. In another a spot like a sun-dog shone on the water in the midst of opaque dullness, or it became a plate of copper moving across the lake. The clouds broke about sunset, and a mountain stood one third the height of the eastern sky. At the top a volcano of color burst out. The crater was a wide lap of fire. Rosy fog, changing its tints and pallors every minute, glorified all the northern world.

Across the iridescent pink water, and magnified by luminous air, came a procession of Indian canoes, avoiding the opposite sand-spit, and beaching themselves in the bay. Always superstitious of life on the island, the ascending savages saw, though they said nothing to one another about, those brands of autumn color on a summer world. Noko's fire blazed, but she was somewhere in the woods, having felt the vigor of breaking up a winter camp revive within her after the east storm.

Marie sat alone in the lodge in her dress of gull-feathers. She had worn it during the wet days. Her braids hung over her bosom, touching the dejected face on each side, a fuzz of curling ends following their outlines with the distending effect of light. She was changed and deep-eyed. The winter week had ripened her. Marie had looked into that abyss of unaccomplished evil which sometimes appals saints in themselves. She who had laughed at the prayer against murder wished the chief would die. After prayers, and in her sleep, and at waking, that recurring potentiality still thrust itself into her mind—"Something may happen to the chief to-day." During the wet week there was nothing to do. She sat and moved the search-light of thought over her relations to the two men, Englishman and Chippewa. It was not hard for Marie to divine the chief's claiming her to Henry. She was Wawatam's squaw, whom gratitude forbade Henry ever to see again. She could appeal to Father Jonois; but the chief had fraternal claims upon her which must trouble her as long as he lived. It really seemed best that he should die. His dying would not bring her love back to her, but it would lift from her the responsibility for his unhappiness. Noko and George would be readily enough adopted by other members of the tribe. Then

she could enter some sisterhood, and one of her penances would be for wishing that this very convenient thing would happen. Yet as often as it recurred to her she was full of terror at herself. The chief had made her the queen of his island world. No lonesomest and loftiest soul has kept itself from lapping edges with and being worked upon by the power or weakness of fleshly housed neighbors. Invisible lines mesh and restrain, or draw and distort, every one of us. The selfish and brutal break through, but fine and tender natures own the responsibility and endure the bondage as their part in the redemption of the world.

Once during the storm Marie had gone to the height above Henry's camp. She could not bring herself to descend into the amphitheater. The darkness of winter was lapped up in its glacial greenness. She saw her chair of rock; the wind had torn the moss cushions away, and heaped them on the place where he had sat at her feet. There was a story in the tribe of an Indian girl who had flung herself from a rock on the south cliff because her lover went away and never returned. Marie had laughed at that story. "I did not then know," she muttered, looking at the deserted lodge. Its mats dripped with slow, creeping rain. The seasons would pass over it, dropping it piecemeal. "I will never come here again," she gasped, and ran through the pine woods.

While this mysterious force worked in her she lay on her bed of nights in a waking trance, silent and nerveless, yet calling with compelling might to the man who had left her. The blood of her French ancestry — wine and fire which have sparkled and burned through centuries among the slower nations — made her swiftly a woman. She was the ghost-flower, sprung tall and lucent, a white flame of passion, in a night. "I would rather die because I cannot have him," thought Marie, "than never to have seen him at all."

The arriving multitude of Indians swarmed upon the plateau before Marie knew they were on the island. Strange warriors appeared among the Chippewas. The aboriginal visage, evasive and demon-like, was multiplied many times in the crowd. Totems unknown to her were tattooed on naked breasts and arms, while nearly all the dignitaries of the tribe stalked into view. Squaws carrying children on their backs, and having in their faces either the hopelessness of drudgery or the broad-cheeked look of honest beasts, defiled in silent rows behind their masters.

The hideous medicine-man was there, with moose-horns bound on his head, and his skin glistening with decorations as the moving body of a snake glistens. Marie looked away from him, and saw Wawatam coming to the lodges. She hid herself at the head of her bed, pulling one of her blanket gowns over her. He called to her in Chippewa, and also to his grandmother; but after stooping a moment at the lodge door, went away, evidently satisfied that the lodge was vacant. When Marie ventured to look out again, George crossed that triangle of the plateau which the opened flap described. He had the jocund leer of a tipsy faun, or any soulless animal made to take brandy in its food with astonishing and uplifting results. The pink of his skin was inflamed to higher color. Little hairs, long grown about his masculine chops, showed themselves with a new tendency to bristle. His hair stood in separate shocks. His pinafore trousers were greatly damaged, and it was evident that no one had driven George to water during the entire week.

"Father Jonois will hold the chief to account for this," thought Marie. She noticed the chief's changed look. Wawatam had been the most human convert of Father Jonois's flock. The cunning of barbarism was returning to his face. An unhappy Indian had not the resources of an unhappy European. Marie felt responsible for it. So mixed are our good and evil that she closed her eyes and made speechless appeal to heaven for the Chippewa she had been wishing dead. Wawatam was wary and expectant; he watched the borders of the camp. "He is afraid the priest will come and find him dealing with the medicine-man," whispered Marie.

She had never witnessed any of her Chippewa family's heathen rites. Like her, they knelt before the chancel rail in L'Arbre Croche, or bore the discipline of the missionary when he made his round of the islands. One solemn council she had seen, after the great chief Pontiac's war-token was first sent through the Northwest. Appeals of orators then rang among the trees. The sun shone on burnished bodies and arm-bands, and robes of beaver trailed the grass as majestic fellows trod back and forth in the passion of eloquence. This was to be a very different rite. The medicine-man stood with a wand in his hand, and his assistants measured and marked ground. Young Indians ran to cut saplings. Marie crept to the lodge door and drew the flap down, lest prying little Indian boys should seek her out, or their mothers try to make the lodge their refuge; and watched the whole plateau in front of her while she held the mat. Directly across that space walked Henry with three Canadian boatmen at his heels. He was in the midst of the busy tribe before they saw him. Then their yell of exultation reverberated from island to island, and shook itself to silence far away in the east.

(To be concluded.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

FROM THE PLASTER.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

"LITTLE NELL," FROM A GROUP "DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL," BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

BALCONY STORIES.

"ONE OF US."

AT the first glance one might have been inclined to doubt; but at the second, anybody would have recognized her — that is, with a little mental rehabilitation: the bright little rouge spots in the hollow of her cheek, the eyebrows well accentuated with paint, the thin lips rose-tinted, and the dull, straight hair frizzed and curled and twisted and turned by that consummate rascal and artist, the official beautifier and rectifier of stage humanity, Robert, the opera *coiffeur*. Who in the world knows better than he the gulf between the real and the ideal, the limitations between the natural and the romantic?

Yes, one could see her, in that time-honored thin silk dress of hers stiffened into brocade by buckram underneath; the high, low-necked waist, hiding any evidences of breast, if there were such evidences to hide, and bringing the long neck into such faulty prominence; and the sleeves, crisp puffs of tulle divided by bands of red velvet, through which the poor lean arm runs like a wire, stringing them together like beads. Yes, it was she, the whilom Dugazon of the opera troupe. Not that she ever was a Dugazon, but that was what her voice once aspired to be: a Dugazon *manquée* would better describe her.

What a ghost! But they always appeared like mere evaporations of real women. For what woman of flesh and blood can seriously maintain through life the rôle of sham attendant on sham sensations, and play public celebrant of other women's loves, and lovers singing, or rather saying, nothing more enlivening than: "Oh, madame!" and "Ah, madame!" and "*Quelle ivresse!*" or "*Quelle horreur!*" or, in recitative, detailing whatever dreary platitudes and inanities the librettist and Heaven connive to put upon the tongues of confidantes and attendants?

Looking at her — how it came over one! The music, the lights, the scene; the fat soprano confiding to her the fact of the "amour extrême" she bears for the tenor, to which she, the Dugazon, does not even try to listen, her eyes wandering listlessly over the audience. The calorous secret out, and in her possession, how she stumbles over her train to the back of the stage, there to pose in abject patience and awkwardness, while the gallant barytone, touching his sword, and flinging his cape over his shoulder, defies the world and the tenor, who is just recovering from his "ut de poitrine" behind the scenes.

She was talking to me all the time, apologizing for the intrusion, explaining her mission, which involved a short story of her life, as women's intrusions and missions usually do. But my thoughts, also as usual, distracted me from listening, as so often they have distracted me from following what was perhaps more profitable.

The composer, of course, wastes no music upon her; flinging to her only an occasional recitative in two notes, but always ending in a reef of a scale, trill, or roulade, for her to wreck her voice on before the audience. The *chef d'orchestre*, if he is charitable, starts her off with a contribution from his own lusty lungs, and then she — oh, her voice is always thinner and more osseous than her arms, and her smile no more graceful than her train!

As well think of the simulated trees, waterfalls, and châteaux leaving the stage, as the Dugazon! One always imagines them singing on into dimness, dustiness, unsteadiness, and uselessness, until, like any other piece of stage property, they would at last be put aside and simply left there at the end of some season — there seems to be a superstition against selling or burning useless and dilapidated stage property. As it came to me, the idea was not an impossibility. The last representation of the season is over. She, tired beyond judgment — haply, beyond feeling — by her tireless rôle, sinks on a chair to rest in her dressing-room; sinks, further, to sleep. She has no maid. The troupe, hurrying away to France on the special train waiting not half a dozen blocks away, forget her — the insignificant are so easily forgotten! The porter, more tired, perhaps, than any one of the beautiful ideal world about him, and savoring already in advance the good onion-flavored *grillade* awaiting him at home, locks up everything fast and tight: the tighter and faster for the good fortnight's vacation he has promised himself.

No doubt if the old opera-house were ever cleaned out, just such a heap of stiff wire-strung bones would be found, in some such hole as the Dugazon's dressing-room, desiccating away in its last costume — perhaps in that very cos-

DRAWN BY KENYON COX. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"TO POSE IN ABJECT PATIENCE AND AWKWARDNESS."

tume of *Inez;* and if one were venturesome enough to pass Allhallowe'en there, the spirit of those bones might be seen availing itself of the privilege of unasperged corpses to roam. Not singing, not talking — it is an anachronism to say that ghosts talk: their medium of communication must be pure thought; and one should be able to see their thoughts working, just as one sees the working of the digestive organs in the clear viscera of transparent animalculæ. The hard thing of it is that ghosts are chained to the same scenes that chained their bodies, and when they sleep-walk, so to speak, it must be through phases of former existence. What a nightmare for them to go over once again the lived and done, the suffered and finished! What a comfort to wake up and find one's self dead, well dead!

I could have continued and put the whole opera troupe in "costume de ghost," but I think it was the woman's eyes that drew me back to her face and her story. She had a sensible face, now that I observed her naturally, as it were; and her hands,—how I have agonized over those hands on the stage! — all knuckles and exaggerated veins, clutching her dress as she sang, or, petrified, outstretched to *Leonore's* "Pourquoi ces larmes?"—her hands were the hands of an honest, hard-working woman who buckrams her own skirts, and at need could scrub her own floor. Her face (my description following my wandering glance)—her face was careworn, almost to desuetude; not dissipation-worn, as, alas! the faces of the more gifted ladies of opera troupes too often are. There was no fattening in it of pastry, truffles, and

bonbons; upon it none of the tracery left by nightly champagne tides and ripples; and consequently her figure, under her plain dress, had not that for display which the world has conventioned to call charms. Where a window-cord would hardly have sufficed to girdle *Leonore*, a necklace would have served her. She had not beauty enough to fear the flattering dangers of masculine snares and temptations,— or there may have been other reasons,— but as a wife — there was something about her that guaranteed it — she would have blossomed love and children as a fig-tree does figs.

In truth, she was just talking about children. The first part of her story had passed: her birthplace, education, situation; and now she was saying:

"I have always had the temptation, but I have always resisted it. Now,"— with a blush at her excuse,— "it may be your spring weather, your birds, your flowers, your sky — and your children in the streets. The longing came over me yesterday: I thought of it on the stage, I thought of it afterward — it was better than sleeping; and this morning"— her eyes moistened, she breathed excitedly — "I was determined. I gave up, I made inquiry, I was sent to you. Would it be possible? Would there be any place" ("any rôle," she said first) "in any of your asylums, in any of your charitable institutions, for me? I would ask nothing but my clothes and food, and very little of that; the recompense would be the children — the little girl children," with a smile — can you imagine the smile of a woman dreaming of children that might be? "Think! Never to have held a child in my arms more than a moment, never to have felt a child's arms about my neck! Never to have known a child! Born on a stage, my mother born on a stage!" Ah, there were tragic possibilities in that voice and movement! "Pardon, madam. You see how I repeat. And you must be very wearied hearing about me. But I could be their nurse and their servant. I would bathe and dress them, play with them, teach them their prayers; and when they are sick they would see no difference. They would not know but what their mother was there!"

Oh, she had her program all prepared; one could see that.

"And I would sing to them — no! no!" with a quick gesture, "nothing from the stage; little songs and lullabys I have picked up traveling around, and," hesitating, "little things I have composed myself — little things that I thought children would like to hear some day."

What did she not unconsciously throw into those last words! "I dream of it," she pursued, talking with as little regard to me as on the stage she sang to the prima donna. "Their little arms, their little faces, their little lips! And in an asylum there would be so many of them! When they cried and were in trouble I would take them in my lap, and I would say to them, with all sorts of tenderness —" She had arranged that in her program, too — all the minutiæ of what she would say to them in their distress. But women are that way. When once they begin to love, their hearts are magnifying-lenses for them to feel through. "And my heart hungers to commence right here, now, at once! It seems to me I cannot wait. Ah, madam, no more stage, no more opera!" speaking quickly, feverishly. "As I said, it may be your beautiful spring, your flowers, your birds, and your numbers of children. I have always loved that place most where there are most children; and you have more children here than I ever saw anywhere. Children are so beautiful! It is strange, is it not, when you consider my life and my rearing?"

Her life, her rearing, how interesting they must have been! What a pity I had not listened more attentively!

"They say you have much to do with asylums here."

Evidently, when rôles do not exist in life for certain characters, God has to create them. And so I had to create a rôle in an asylum for my friend, for so she became from the instant she spoke of children as she did. It was the poorest and neediest of asylums; and the poor little orphaned wretches — but it is better not to speak of them. How can God ever expect to rear children without their mothers!

But the rôle I craved to create for my friend was far different — some good, honest bourgeois interior, where lips are coarse and cheeks are ruddy, and where life is composed of real scenes, set to the real music of life, the homely successes and failures, and loves and hates, and embraces and tears, that fill out the orchestra of the heart; where romance and poetry abound *au naturel;* and where — yes, where children grow as thick as nature permits — the domestic interior of the opera porter, for instance, or the clockmaker over the way. But what a loss the orphan-asylum would have suffered, and the dreary lacking there would have been in the lives of the children! For there must have been moments in the lives of the children in that asylum when they felt, awake, as they felt in their sleep when they dreamed their mothers were about them.

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE LITTLE CONVENT GIRL.

SHE was coming down on the boat from Cincinnati, the little convent girl. Two sisters had brought her aboard. They gave her in charge of the captain, got her a state-room, saw that the new little trunk was put in it, hung the new little satchel up on the wall, showed her how to bolt the door at night, shook hands with her for good-by (good-bys have really no significance for sisters), and left her there. After a while the bells all rang, and the boat, in the awkward elephantine fashion of boats, got into midstream. The chambermaid found her sitting on the chair in the state-room where the sisters had left her, and showed her how to sit on a chair in the saloon. And there she sat until the captain came and hunted her up for supper. She could not do anything of herself; she had to be initiated into everything by some one else.

She was known on the boat only as "the little convent girl." Her name, of course, was registered in the clerk's office, but on a steamboat no one thinks of consulting the clerk's ledger. It is always the little widow, the fat madam, the tall colonel, the parson, etc. The captain, who pronounced by the letter, always called her the little con*vent* girl. She was the beau-ideal of the little convent girl. She never raised

her eyes except when spoken to. Of course she never spoke first, even to the chambermaid, and when she did speak it was in the wee, shy, furtive voice one might imagine a just-budding violet to have; and she walked with such soft, easy, carefully calculated steps that one naturally felt the penalties that must have secured them—penalties dictated by a black code of deportment.

She was dressed in deep mourning. Her black straw hat was trimmed with stiff new crape, and her stiff new bombazine dress had crape collar and cuffs. She wore her hair in two long plaits fastened around her head tight and fast. Her hair had a strong inclination to curl, but that had been taken out of it as austerely as the noise out of her footfalls. Her hair was as black as her dress; her eyes, when one saw them, seemed blacker than either, on account of the bluishness of the white surrounding the pupil. Her eyelashes were almost as thick as the black veil which the sisters had fastened around her hat with an extra pin the very last thing before leaving. She had a round little face, and a tiny pointed chin; her mouth was slightly protuberant from the teeth, over which she tried to keep her lips well shut, the effort giving them a pathetic little forced expression. Her complexion was sallow, a pale sallow, the complexion of a brunette bleached in darkened rooms. The only color about her was a blue taffeta ribbon from which a large silver medal of the Virgin hung over the place where a breastpin should have been. She was so little, so little, although she was eighteen, as the sisters told the captain; otherwise they would not have permitted her to travel all the way to New Orleans alone.

Unless the captain or the clerk remembered to fetch her out in front, she would sit all day in the cabin, in the same place, crocheting lace, her spool of thread and box of patterns in her lap, on the handkerchief spread to save her new dress. Never leaning back—oh, no! always straight and stiff, as if the conventual back board were there within call. She would eat only convent fare at first, notwithstanding the importunities of the waiters, and the jocularities of the captain, and particularly of the clerk. Every one knows the fund of humor possessed by a steamboat clerk, and what a field for display the table at meal-times affords. On Friday she fasted rigidly, and she never began to eat, nor finished, without a little Latin movement of the lips and a sign of the cross. And always at six o'clock of the evening she remembered the angelus, although there was no church bell to remind her of it.

She was in mourning for her father, the sisters told the captain, and she was going to New Orleans to her mother. She had not seen her mother since she was an infant, on account of some disagreement between the parents, in consequence of which the father had brought her to Cincinnati and placed her in the convent. There she had been for twelve years, only going to her father for vacations and holidays. So long as the father lived he would never let the child have any communication with her mother. Now that he was dead all that was changed, and the first thing the girl herself wanted to do was to go to her mother.

WATCHING A LANDING.

The mother superior had arranged it all with the mother of the girl, who was to come personally to the boat in New Orleans, and receive her child from the captain, presenting a letter from the mother superior, a facsimile of which the sisters gave the captain.

It is a long voyage from Cincinnati to New

Orleans, the rivers doing their best to make it interminable, embroidering themselves *ad libitum* all over the country. Every five miles, and sometimes oftener, the boat would stop to put off or take on freight, if not both. The little convent girl, sitting in the cabin, had her terrible frights at first from the hideous noises attendant on these landings — the whistles, the ringings of the bells, the running to and fro, the shouting. Every time she thought it was shipwreck, death, judgment, purgatory; and her sins! her sins! She would drop her crochet, and clutch her prayer-beads from her pocket, and relax the constraint over her lips, which would go to rattling off prayers with the velocity of a relaxed windlass. That was at first, before the captain took to fetching her out in front to see the boat make a landing. Then she got to liking it so much that she would stay all day just where the captain put her, going inside only for her meals. She forgot herself at times so much that she would draw her chair a little closer to the railing, and put up her veil, actually, to see better. No one ever usurped her place, quite in front, or intruded upon her either with word or look; for every one learned to know her shyness, and began to feel a personal interest in her, and all wanted the little convent girl to see everything that she possibly could.

And it was worth seeing — the balancing and *chasséeing* and waltzing of the cumbersome old boat to make a landing. It seemed to be always attended with the difficulty and the improbability of a new enterprise; and the relief when it did sidle up anywhere within rope's-throw of the spot aimed at! And the roustabout throwing the rope from the perilous end of the dangling gang-plank! And the dangling roustabouts hanging like drops of water from it — dropping sometimes twenty feet to the land, and not infrequently into the river itself. And then what a rolling of barrels, and shouldering of sacks, and singing of Jim Crow songs, and pacing of Jim Crow steps; and black skins glistening through torn shirts, and white teeth gleaming through red lips, and laughing, and talking and — bewildering! entrancing! Surely the little convent girl in her convent walls never dreamed of so much unpunished noise and movement in the world!

The first time she heard the mate — it must have been like the first time woman ever heard man — curse and swear, she turned pale, and ran quickly, quickly into the saloon, and — came out again? No, indeed! not with all the soul she had to save, and all the other sins on her conscience. She shook her head resolutely, and was not seen in her chair on deck again until the captain not only reassured her, but guaranteed his reassurance. And after that, whenever the boat was about to make a landing, the mate would first glance up to the guards, and if the little convent girl were sitting there he would change his invective to sarcasm, and politely request the colored gentlemen not to hurry themselves — on no account whatever; to take their time about shoving out the plank; to send the rope ashore by post-office — write him when it got there; begging them not to strain their backs; calling them mister, colonel, major, general, prince, and your royal highness, which was vastly amusing. At night, however, or when the little convent girl was not there, language flowed in its natural curve, the mate swearing like a pagan to make up for lost time.

The captain forgot himself one day: it was when the boat ran aground in the most unexpected manner and place, and he went to work to express his opinion, as only steamboat captains can, of the pilot, mate, engineer, crew, boat, river, country, and the world in general, ringing the bell, first to back, then to head, shouting himself hoarser than his own whistle — when he chanced to see the little black figure hurrying through the chaos on the deck; and the captain stuck as fast aground in midstream as the boat had done.

In the evening the little convent girl would be taken on the upper deck, and there was such confusion, going up, in keeping the black skirts down over the stiff white petticoats; and, coming down, such blushing when suspicion would cross the unprepared face that a rim of white stocking might be visible; and the thin feet, laced so tightly in the glossy new leather boots, would cling to each successive round as if they could never, never make another venture; and then one boot would (there is but that word) hesitate out, and feel and feel around, and have such a pause of helpless agony as if indeed the next step must have been wilfully removed, or was nowhere to be found on the wide, wide earth.

It was a miracle that the pilot ever got her up into the pilot-house; but pilots have a lonely time, and do not hesitate even at miracles when there is a chance for company. He would place a box for her to climb to the tall bench behind the wheel, and he would arrange the cushions, and open a window here to let in air, and shut one there to cut off a draft, as if there could be no tenderer consideration in life for him than her comfort. And he would talk of the river to her, explain the chart, pointing out eddies, whirlpools, shoals, depths, new beds, old beds, cut-offs, caving banks, and making banks, as exquisitely and respectfully as if she had been the River Commission.

It was his opinion that there was as great a river as the Mississippi flowing directly under it — an underself of a river, as much a coun-

terpart of the other as the second story of a house is of the first; in fact, he said they were navigating through the upper story. Whirlpools were holes in the floor of the upper river, so to speak; eddies were rifts and cracks. And deep under the earth, hurrying toward the subterranean stream, were other streams, small and great, but all deep, hurrying to and from that great mother-stream underneath, just as the small and great overground streams hurry to and from their mother Mississippi. It was almost more than the little convent girl could take in: at least such was the expression of her eyes; for they opened as all eyes have to open at pilot stories. And he knew as much of astronomy as he did of hydrology, could call the stars by name, and define the shapes of the constellations; and she, who had studied astronomy at the convent, was charmed to find that it was all true what she had learned. It was in the pilot-house, one night, that she forgot herself for the first time in her life, and stayed up until after nine o'clock at night. Although she appeared almost intoxicated at the wild pleasure, she was immediately overwhelmed at the wickedness of it, and observed much more rigidity of conduct thereafter. The engineer, the boiler-men, the firemen, the stokers, they all knew when the little convent girl was up in the pilot-house: the speaking-tube became so mild and gentle.

With all the delays of river and boat, however, there is an end to the journey from Cincinnati to New Orleans. The latter city, which at one time to the impatient seemed at the terminus of the never, began, all of a sudden, one day to make its nearingness felt; and from that period every other interest paled before the interest in the immanence of arrival into port, and the whole boat was seized with a panic of preparation, the little convent girl with the others. Although so immaculate was she in person and effects that she might have been struck with a landing, as some good people might be struck with death, at any moment without fear of results, her trunk was packed and repacked, her satchel arranged and rearranged, and, the last day, her hair was brushed and plaited and smoothed over and over again until the very last glimmer of a curl disappeared. Her dress was whisked, as if for microscopic inspection; her face was washed; and her finger-nails were scrubbed with the hard convent nail-brush, until the disciplined little tips ached with a pristine soreness. And still there were hours to wait, and still the boat added up delays. But she arrived at last, after all, with not more than the usual and expected difference between the actual and the advertised time of arrival.

There was extra blowing and extra ringing, shouting, commanding, rushing up the gangway and rushing down the gangway. The clerks, sitting behind tables on the first deck, were plied, in the twinkling of an eye, with estimates, receipts, charges, countercharges, claims, reclaims, demands, questions, accusations, threats, all at topmost voices. None but steamboat clerks could have stood it. And there were throngs composed of individuals every one of whom wanted to see the captain first and at once; and those who could not get to him shouted over the heads of the others; and as usual he lost his temper and politeness, and began to do what he termed "hustle."

"Captain! Captain!" a voice called him to where a hand plucked his sleeve, and a letter was thrust toward him. "The cross, and the name of the convent." He recognized the envelop of the mother superior. He read the duplicate of the letter given by the sisters. He looked at the woman — the mother — casually, then again and again.

The little convent girl saw him coming, leading some one toward her. She rose. The captain took her hand first, before the other greeting. "Good-by, my dear," he said. He tried to add something else, but seemed undetermined what. "Be a good little girl —" It was evidently all he could think of. Nodding to the woman behind him, he turned on his heel, and left.

One of the deck-hands was sent to fetch her trunk. He walked out behind them, through the cabin, and the crowd on deck, down the stairs, and out the gangway. The little convent girl and her mother went with hands tightly clasped. She did not turn her eyes to the right or left, or once (what all passengers do) look backward at the boat which, however slowly, had carried her surely over dangers that she wot not of. All looked at her as she passed. All wanted to say good-by to the little convent girl, to see the mother who had been deprived of her so long. Some expressed surprise in a whistle; some in other ways. All exclaimed audibly, or to themselves, "Colored!"

It takes about a month to make the round trip from New Orleans to Cincinnati and back, counting five days' stoppage in New Orleans. It was a month to a day when the steamboat came puffing and blowing up to the wharf again, like a stout dowager after too long a walk; and the same scene of confusion was enacted, as it had been enacted twelve times a year at almost the same wharf for twenty years; and the same calm, a death calmness by contrast, followed as usual the next morning.

The decks were quiet and clean; one cargo had just been delivered, part of another stood ready on the levee to be shipped. The captain was there waiting for his business to begin, the clerk was in his office getting his books ready,

the voice of the mate could be heard below, mustering the old crew out and a new crew in; for if steamboat crews have a single principle,—and there are those who deny them any,—it is never to ship twice in succession on the same boat. It was too early yet for any but roustabouts, marketers, and church-goers; so early that even the river was still partly mist-covered; only in places could the swift, dark current be seen rolling swiftly along.

"Captain!" A hand plucked at his elbow, as if not confident that the mere calling would secure attention. The captain turned. The mother of the little convent girl stood there, and she held the little convent girl by the hand. "I have brought her to see you," the woman said. "You were so kind—and she is so quiet, so still, all the time, I thought it would do her a pleasure."

She spoke with an accent, and with embarrassment; otherwise one would have said that she was bold and assured enough.

"She don't go nowhere, she don't do nothing but make her crochet and her prayers, so I thought I would bring her for a little visit of 'How d' ye do' to you."

There was, perhaps, some inflection in the woman's voice that might have made known, or at least awakened, the suspicion of some latent hope or intention, had the captain's ear been fine enough to detect it. There might have been something in the little convent girl's face, had his eye been more sensitive,—a trifle paler, maybe, the lips a little tighter drawn, the blue ribbon a shade faded. He may have noticed that, but— And the visit of "How d' ye do" came to an end.

They walked down the stairway, the woman in front, the little convent girl—her hand released to shake hands with the captain—following, across the bared deck, out to the gangway, to the middle of it. No one was looking, no one saw more than a flutter of white petticoats, a show of white stockings, as the little convent girl went under the water.

The roustabout dived, as the roustabouts always do, after the drowning, even at the risk of their good-for-nothing lives. The mate himself jumped overboard; but she had gone down in a whirlpool. Perhaps, as the pilot had told her whirlpools always did, it may have carried her through to the underground river, to that vast, hidden, dark Mississippi that flows beneath the one we see; for her body was never seen again.

Grace King.

BREATHING MOVEMENTS AS A CURE.

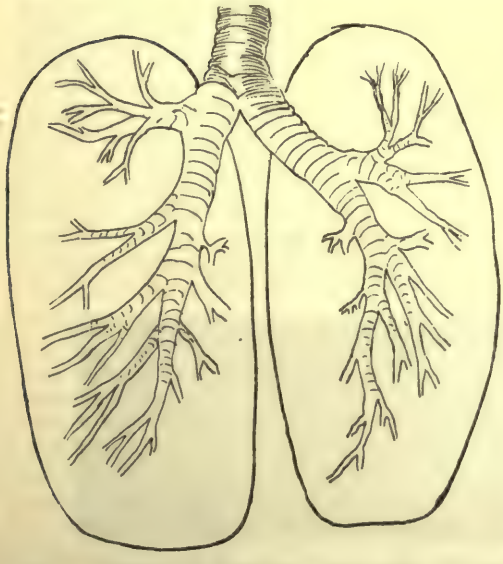


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE DOWNWARD DISTRIBUTION OF THE AIR-TUBES IN THE LUNGS.

BREATHING being such a common, and apparently such a normal, process, it seems strange that it should have any share in the production of disease, and that any one should advise people how to carry on this function properly. Yet familiar and vital as this operation is, there is sufficient proof to show that imperfect breathing, or lack of knowledge how fully to expand the chest and lungs, is a most fruitful source of disease, and is partly responsible for a large share of the deaths which annually occur from pulmonary consumption.

The lungs are conical in form, and are inclosed in a beehive-shaped cavity called the chest, the sides of which are composed of ribs, muscles, and skin, the floor consisting of a broad, movable, and elastic membrane called the diaphragm, and the sharp-pointed roof is covered principally by muscles and skin. The upper end of each lung, which is situated immediately beneath its respective shoulder, is called its apex, and we shall see that this part bears a most important relation to diseases of the pulmonary organs. From this brief description it will be seen that at the summit of the chest the lungs are inclosed in a bony casement which is more or less rigid, while at the base they are free and unrestricted in their movements. It must not be overlooked, however, that the bony wall of the chest is sufficiently yielding to adapt itself to almost any size of the lungs, no matter whether large or small. This is well shown in

the chests of those who, like singers or gymnasts, expand their lungs through systematic training; or in those whose lungs are augmented by breathing the attenuated atmosphere of elevated regions. The Quichua Indians, who

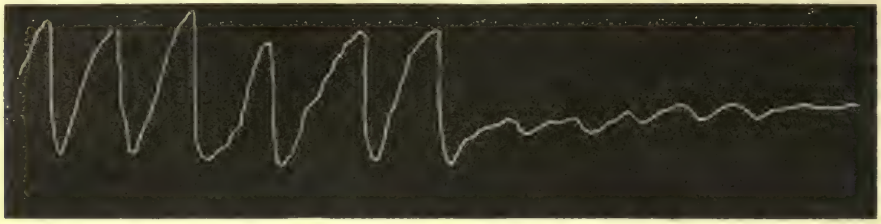


FIG. 2. TRACING FROM THE CHEST OF AN INDIAN FEMALE. LEFT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW ABDOMINAL TRACINGS. RIGHT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW COSTAL TRACINGS.

constantly live on, and respire the rarefied air of, the lofty plains of Peru, acquire chests which are out of all proportion to the remainder of their bodies. It has also been noted that the air-cells of their lungs are both more numerous and capacious than they are in people who live near the sea-level. On the other hand, disuse of parts of the lungs results in flatness of the chest, while disease of these organs is liable to be followed by a more pronounced depression and deformity of the chest-walls.

The arrangement of the air-tubes also plays an important part in the production of diseases in the lungs. From Figure 1 it will be seen that these are divided in such a way as to conduct the air principally in a downward direction toward the base of the lungs, and that therefore the lower part of the chest is filled first with air, and the upper part last or not at all, except during a full inspiration. This partial filling of the lungs is also due to another cause. It has recently been experimentally proved by Professor Mosso of Turin, Italy, that we possess nearly one fourth more breathing-space in our lungs than is actually needed to carry on the processes of life. This, of course, may be regarded as a very wise provision of nature to meet

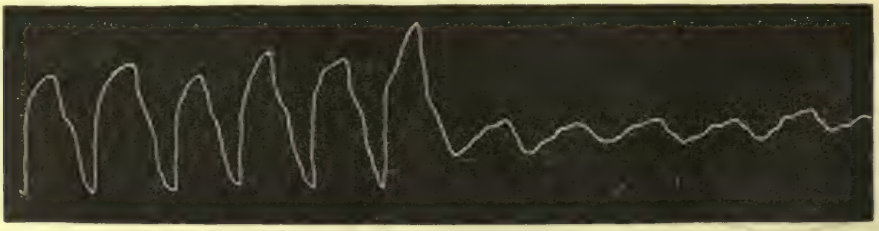


FIG. 3. TRACING FROM THE CHEST OF A CIVILIZED MALE. LEFT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW ABDOMINAL TRACINGS. RIGHT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW COSTAL TRACINGS.

certain exigencies of life, as when, for example, in pneumonia, bronchitis, etc., a portion of lung surface is impaired, or when, in ascending high elevations, larger air-space is required to breathe the rarefied atmosphere; but, on the other hand, it is also evident that under ordinary conditions of life near the sea-level, the lavish supply of lung material is a source of great danger to its possessor. If, for instance, the air capacity of the lungs exactly equaled the air demands of the body, it is quite obvious that the whole lung surface would be actively engaged in supplying this want, and the lungs would in consequence be thoroughly inflated; but if three fourths of the lung space can perform the work of the whole, then one fourth remains more or less idle, and that part of the lung which remains idle is precisely that section which, as we have seen, is least readily inflated or supplied with air, viz., the upper part, or apex; and this part, in accordance with the well-known physiological law that exercise gives strength, becomes weaker, while the active or lower part becomes stronger.

There are here, then, three causes which conspire to deprive the upper portions of the lungs of that activity which is necessary for their normal maintenance and development: (1) The greater rigidity of the summit of the chest; (2) the downward direction of the bronchial tubes; and (3) the redundant size of the lungs. It must be said, however, in reference to the extraordinary size of our lungs, that this is not a wise provision of nature to guard against the accidents of disease, etc., as will be seen hereafter, but is due to the fact that as such they have been transmitted to us from our savage ancestors, who, in consequence of their active outdoor pursuits of hunting, fishing, etc., required a larger lung surface to satisfy the greater oxygen demands of their bodies than we do who follow the sedentary and quieter callings of a higher civilization. In this connection it is of great interest to observe that our

North American Indians, so long as they are permitted to roam at will over large territories of land, are comparatively free from pulmonary consumption, but so soon as they are confined closely on reservations, become indolent and lazy (by having their necessary wants provided), and fall an easy prey to this disease.

Notwithstanding the greater flexibility of the lower part of the lungs, it is a well-known fact that the breathing movements of the civilized female differ markedly from those of the male, inasmuch as they are more prominent in the upper than in the lower part of the chest. In other words, the civilized female breathes chiefly with the upper and the male with the lower part of the lungs. The former is called the costal, and the latter the diaphragmatic or abdominal, type of breathing.

These two types were first observed by the eminent Dutch physician Boerhaave as long ago as 1744, not only among adults, but even in children before they were a year old. By Walshe, Gibson, and others the costal type is believed to be due principally to the wearing of tight clothing; while others, among whom was Hutchinson, denied this, and held that it existed in virtue of influences incidental to the female sex alone, which interfere with the freedom of the diaphragmatic, or abdominal, movements.

It will be seen that both of these theories maintain that the costal type in the female is developed in consequence of a restriction of the abdominal breathing movements, but the data on which they are based leave us in doubt concerning the true cause of this type of breathing. It occurred to me, therefore, that an observation on the respiratory movements of females of a wild race, who had never been subjected to the constriction produced by civilized dress, would materially assist in solving this disputed problem; and through the kindness of the directresses of the Lincoln Institution, a school for the education and training of Indian girls in this city (Philadelphia), I was permitted to investigate the chest movements of the inmates of that institution. This was done by means of a pneumograph, an instrument which writes the movements of the chest on the paper covering of a revolving cylinder, inspiration being marked by a downward tracing, and expiration by an upward tracing.

In this manner I examined the movements of eighty-one chests, and in each case took an abdominal and a costal tracing. While all these girls were Indians, most of them had white blood in their veins, and their ages ranged from ten to twenty years. Thus there were thirty-three full-blooded Indians, five one fourth, thirty-five one half, and two were three fourths white. Seventy-five showed a decided abdominal type of breathing, three a costal type, and three in which both were about even. Those who showed a costal type, or a divergence from the abdominal type, came from the more civilized tribes, like the Mohawks and Chippewas, and were either one half or three fourths white, while in no single instance did a full-blooded Indian girl possess this type of breathing.

In Figure 2 will be found a tracing which

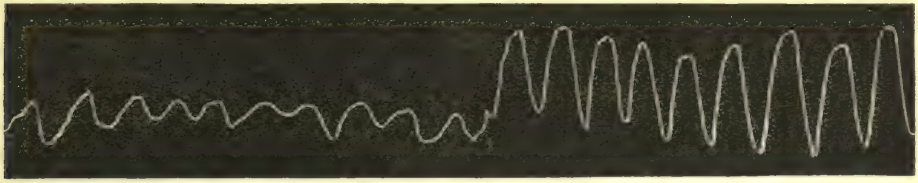


FIG. 4. TRACING FROM THE CHEST OF A CIVILIZED FEMALE. LEFT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW ABDOMINAL TRACINGS. RIGHT-HAND PORTIONS SHOW COSTAL TRACINGS.

is characteristic of the abdominal type as compared with the costal type of breathing among these Indian girls. The abdominal tracing, which is shown in the first half of the diagram, was in each case taken first, and the costal tracing, which is shown in the latter half, was taken afterward.

When this tracing is compared with that which is obtained from the chest of the civilized male (Figure 3), no practical difference is observed between them. I think, then, it obviously follows that, so far as the Indian is concerned, the abdominal is the original type of respiration in both male and female, and that the costal type of the civilized female, a tracing of which is shown in Figure 4, is developed through the constricting influence of dress around the abdomen. In other words, the respiratory movements of the female chest have been markedly modified by this influence, and by no other, during the transition period from savage to civilized life. They have, in part, been completely reversed, the abdominal type of the Indian becoming the costal type of the civilized female. This is well shown in the greater prominence of the costal movements in those girls who were either one half or three fourths white, and hence were dominated to a greater or less extent by the influence of civilized

blood. While these tracings were being taken, an incident occurred which demonstrated that abdominal constriction can readily modify the movements of the chest during respiration. At my first visit to the school I obtained an exceptionally well-developed costal breathing from a full-blooded Indian girl. I concluded to repeat this observation at my next visit, and then found that, contrary to my instructions concerning loose clothing, etc., this girl had on my first visit worn three tight belts around her abdomen. After these were removed, she gave the abdominal type of breathing which is characteristic of nearly all the Indian girls. I have also succeeded in producing a modification in the chest movements of the civilized male similar to that which was observed in this Indian girl, by placing a broad band around the abdomen sufficiently tight to interfere with the motion of the diaphragm. It is also true, on the other hand, that the costal type of breathing is much less pronounced, or may be absent, or may even revert to the abdominal type, in those civilized women who never wore corsets, or practised tight lacing of any kind. This I verified repeatedly with the pneumograph in the few individuals of this class which I found during the time my investigation was carried on.

Now when we connect the facts which have just been shown to be true — viz., that the original type of breathing in both the male and female sex is abdominal, and that the costal type of breathing in the civilized woman has been developed through the indirect influence of abdominal constriction producing greater motion in the upper part of the lungs — with the well-known law that exercise gives strength to an organ, it becomes a matter of much interest to find out whether the civilized woman is as liable to those diseases which are disposed to attack the apex of the lung, if there are any such, as is the male. This may be determined by the inquiry whether the male or female sex is more liable to pulmonary consumption; for it is the universal experience of the medical profession that in by far the largest number of cases the beginnings of consumption take place at the apex of either lung. How, therefore, does the female mortality stand in relation to this disease? Do more men than women die of this disease, or the reverse?

It is commonly believed that more females than males fall victims to pulmonary consumption; but from a large mass of statistics pertaining to all the principal cities of Europe and America, as well as to more than six thousand cases of consumption culled from hospital and private practice in these countries, I found that with a very few exceptions the male is far more liable to this disease than the female sex.[1]

These results are certainly contrary to those which are derived by reasoning from the apparent relation which exists here between cause and effect. For by leaving out of consideration the fact that the upper part of the female chest moves more freely during respiration than that of the male sex, there is very little to be found in her condition to account for her greater immunity. She has almost everything else against her in this respect. She is the weaker of the two sexes, leads a sedentary and quiet life, is engaged in indoor occupations, is subjected to the harmful influence of impure air, and is thus constantly exposed to causes which are believed to give rise to the disease, as is well attested by the male becoming notoriously liable to it when he is brought in contact with the same surroundings. Even when they are employed side by side in the same occupation, the male appears to be more prone to it than the female. Thus we learn from the report of the Rhode Island Board of Health for 1884 that the number of deaths which occurred among the two sexes from consumption in various occupations during a period of twenty-five years, when proportioned to the number employed in each occupation, was as follows: Male nurses, one in forty-two; female nurses, one in one hundred; male teachers, one in nine; female teachers, one in twenty-nine; male cigar-makers, one in thirteen; female cigar-makers, one in fifty-one; male operatives, one in forty-four; female operatives, one in seventy-six; tailors, one in eleven; tailoresses, one in thirty-one. Moreover, it must not be overlooked that the female has a smaller lung capacity than the male, which is an additional proof that it is not a large breathing-surface which secures protection against pulmonary consumption.

The facts which have been brought out in considering this subject make two things very clear to the reader: First, that the female, by clothing herself in accordance with the requirements of a certain fashion, interferes with the movements of the lower part of her lungs, and thereby cultivates greater expansion in the costal region of her chest, and overcomes the natural inactivity which originally existed here, and which still exists in the chest of the male. Second, that the female is less liable to pulmonary consumption than the male sex. Now if we have greater practical interest in one than in another question, it is as to the relation which obtains between these two circumstances. Does the expansion of the apex which is brought about through the influence of dress inciden-

1 "Female Dress as a Determining Factor in Pulmonary Consumption." By Thomas J. Mays, M. D. "Medical News" (Philadelphia), January 7, 1888.

tally protect the former against the ravages of consumption, or is there a casual connection between the two? Whichever may be true, their association is so intimate and so constant that, if they do not stand together as cause and effect, they point out to us that expansion of the apex of the lung is one of the important means of averting pulmonary consumption. This comes with special emphasis when it is known that, as a rule, all who suffer from consumption also suffer from defective apex expansion.

So much, then, about those conditions in the lungs which are instrumental in bringing on or in avoiding consumption. When we come to look for conditions outside of the body which operate in one or the other direction, we find that the breathing of impure air is generally regarded as one of the most formidable causes of the disease. Numerous plans and methods have been devised and proposed for improving the ventilation of our dwellings, hospitals, and workshops; volumes upon volumes have been written on the harmful effects of breathing bad air; and fresh country and mountain air has come to be regarded as a certain guarantee against this disease. These, like many other popular notions, contain a germ of truth, but actually are delusive, inasmuch as they exaggerate the effects of a small evil, and afford a false sense of security against the real danger. I desire it to be thoroughly understood, however, that I do not in the least underrate the value of fresh, wholesome air; but while it may be true that, on the whole, country people enjoy greater freedom from consumption than city people, though this is by no means proved, I am convinced that the purity of the atmosphere plays only a very small part in bringing about the result. If I am allowed to make a homely hypothetical proposition, I will state that if two healthy persons who breathe the same quantity of air, and who are equally well off so far as heredity, food, clothing, warmth, comfort, etc., are concerned, were both enjoined to maintain a sitting position with stooped shoulders and sluggish breathing for a certain length of time, one inside of a house and the other outside in the open air, there is no reason for believing that the one inside would fall a victim to consumption any earlier than the one on the outside.

If it were true that this disease is the result of breathing a vitiated atmosphere, how can we account for the fact that the inhabitants of Iceland, Lapland, and of other cold countries, who live in dwellings which are notoriously wanting in ventilation, are practically free from this disease? Of the Icelanders, Mr. Warnford Lock, who is very familiar with these people, and who speaks their language, says[1] that their life is "one long exposure to the elements, and during the night they live in dwellings devoid of ventilation, and which, if not buried beneath the earth, are built of turf, and often become grass-grown, a very bad feature being the excessive stuffiness of the common living- and sleeping-rooms, when, owing to the absence of fires, the greatest possible crowding and plugging are necessary in order to maintain a tolerable degree of warmth." Yet Dr. Cullimore says[2] "that consumption in Iceland is never native, but is always, when it does occur, imported from abroad, and but seldom extends to the second generation." And how, on the other hand, can we, on the score of impure air, account for the wide-spread prevalence of consumption among those people who inhabit the tropical regions of the globe, and who enjoy an uninterrupted reveling in pure, fresh air, both by day and by night, in winter and in summer?

One fact which lends color to the belief that pure air is such an essential element in checking the ravages of consumption is found in the diminished liability to consumption of those who live in elevated or mountainous regions. Why, it may be asked, are mountain climates, as a rule, so free from consumption? Is it because the atmosphere is pure and free from poisonous germs? This is hardly probable, for if the purity of the atmosphere played such a prominent part, why are the Icelanders, who, as we have just seen, nightly reek in a most filthy air, or the dwellers along the Nile, who, according to Mr. B. Phillips, live "in huts where the pure air has neither ingress nor egress, except through a small hole near the ground," so free from this disease? Is it due to the general absence of humidity? I think not, since Bogota, the capital of the United States of Colombia, located on the Andes, near the equator, and at an elevation of over 9000 feet, is said to be entirely exempt from this disease, though dampness prevails to a large degree.

There is much reason for believing that this immunity in high altitudes is chiefly, if not wholly, due to a rarefied condition of the atmosphere. Dr. Dennison of Colorado estimates that at an elevation of 6000 feet the surface of the body is relieved of nearly 7000 pounds pressure. When such an enormous weight is lifted from the body its interior must also be markedly affected. This is shown by the respiration being quickened from ten to fifteen breaths per minute, by the pulse being accelerated from fifteen to twenty beats per minute, by evaporation from the skin and lungs being

1 "The Home of the Eddas." S. Low. 1879.

2 "Consumption as a Contagious Disease." Baillière, Tindal & Cox. London, 1880.

increased, and by the chest capacity becoming greatly augmented.

Another reason why the number of respirations increase when a mountain ascent is made becomes clear when we consider that at the sea-level a cubic foot of dry air contains about 130 grains of oxygen, while at an elevation of 6000 feet it contains only about 106 grains,—nearly one fourth less than the lungs are accustomed to breathe near the sea-level,—and therefore in order to supply the wonted amount of oxygen to the body the respirations become deeper and more frequent. From all accounts it is probable, however, that the breathing is hurried only during the early period of such exposure, and that as the lungs expand, and the air penetrates into lung-tissue little used before, the respirations sink closer to their former frequency.

On account of the superfluous lung surface with which we have seen that man is blest, it is quite evident that he does not sustain a great deal of injury from such a deprivation of oxygen; for by throwing his whole lung capacity into activity he is enabled to extract the requisite amount of oxygen from an attenuated atmosphere of this kind. And herein lies at least a part of the secret why so many consumptives, and others with weak lungs, derive such great benefit from a mountain climate. As has already been stated, the lung-apex is habitually inactive in those who have a tendency to consumption; hence, when the body is immersed in a highly rarefied atmosphere, every available space in the chest is brought into action to furnish the necessary amount of oxygen, the apex is forced out of its lethargic state, and its air-cells are inflated, and if the products of the disease are not dispersed, the lungs are kept more permeable, and the malady is at least forced into abeyance.

This view is also confirmed by those who have had large experience in the climatic treatment of consumption. Thus, Ruedi reports "that of 600 consumptives under his care at Davos, expansion of the chest took place in 584." Dr. Lindsay in his interesting book[1] states that "Davos does not cure consumption by its sunshine, or the purity and dryness of its air (although these conditions undoubtedly coöperate in the beneficial effect), but mainly by the rarefaction of its air, which stimulates respiratory activity, promotes healthy expansion and soundness of tissue in the lungs, and hence aids them to resist the spread of morbid deposits."

From all that has been offered in the foregoing pages I think it is evident that proper development and expansion of the lungs by means of well-regulated breathing must be regarded as of the greatest value in the prevention and in the treatment of the inactive stages of pulmonary consumption. Much has been said and written on the subject of artificially inflating the chest, and of bringing into activity that upper part of the lungs which naturally tends to become idle. As a rule it may be said, however, that the more simple the method, the more effective and practical will be the results which flow from it. Among the many exercises which are recommended for this purpose, the following movements are very valuable. The arms, being used as levers, are swung backward as far as possible on a level with the shoulders during each inspiration, and brought together in front on the same level during each expiration. Or the hands are brought together above the head while inspiring, and gradually brought down alongside the body while expiring. A deep breath must be taken with each inspiration, and held until the arms are gradually moved forward, or downward, or longer, in order to make both methods fully operative.

Another very serviceable chest exercise is to take a deep inspiration, and, during expiration, in a loud voice count or sing as long as possible. A male person with a good chest capacity can count up to sixty or eighty, while in a female, even with good lungs, this power is somewhat reduced. Practice of this sort will slowly develop the lungs, and the increased ability to count longer is a measure of the improvement going on within the chest. Or, again, the taking of six or eight full and deep breaths in succession every hour during the day, either while sitting at work, or while walking out in the open air, will have a very beneficial effect.

The breathing of compressed and rarefied air is attracting wide attention at the present time in connection with the prevention and the treatment of pulmonary consumption, and is another mode wherewith the chest capacity can be decidedly improved. When air is breathed in this manner, there is felt during each inspiration a gentle distention of the whole chest, while during expiration a feeling of emptiness is experienced. Waldenburg, to whom we owe this system of chest ventilation, states that in this way from fifty to two hundred and fifty cubic inches more air can be inhaled than during ordinary breathing.

Consumption is not a disease which originates in a day, but it is the outgrowth of morbid habits and agencies which may even antedate the birth of the individual. Defective breathing is one of these habits, and its pernicious prevalence is more wide-spread than is generally supposed. From close attention to this subject for many years, I believe

[1] "Climatic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption," p. 62. 1888.

that our clerks, telegraph-operators, tailors, shoemakers, jewelers, etc., and the many flat-chested and round-shouldered people in other walks of life, never, under ordinary circumstances, fully inflate the upper part of their lungs. One of the pressing indications, therefore, in the prevention of pulmonary consumption lies in the correction of this chest deformity, and I feel that the good which may be accomplished in this direction by following the simple means suggested in the foregoing pages cannot be overestimated. It must be understood, however, that these exercises are to be applied with energy and constancy. They must be continued until their accumulated effects become a part of the very nature of the breathing movement itself, after which a habit of deep breathing becomes established which goes on independently of any extra effort of will-power.

Thomas J. Mays.

FARMER ELI'S VACATION.

"IT don't seem as if we 'd really got round to it, does it, father?" asked Mrs. Pike.

The west was paling, and the August insects stirred the air with their crooning chirp. Eli and his wife sat together on the washing-bench outside the back door, waiting for the milk to cool before it should be strained. She was a large, comfortable woman, with an unlined face and smooth, fine auburn hair; he was spare and somewhat bent, with curly iron-gray locks, growing thin, and crow's-feet about his deep-set gray eyes. He had been smoking the pipe of twilight contentment, but now he took it out and laid it on the bench beside him, uncrossing his legs and straightening himself with the air of a man to whom it falls, after long pondering, to take some decisive step.

"No; it don't seem as if 't was goin' to happen," he owned. "It looked pretty dark to me all last week. It 's a good deal of an undertakin', come to think it all over. I dunno 's I care about goin'."

"Why, father! After you 've thought about it so many years, and Sereno 's got the tents strapped up, and all! You must be crazy!"

"Well," said the farmer, gently, as he rose and went to carry the milk-pails into the pantry, calling coaxingly, as he did so, "Kitty! kitty! You had your milk. Don't you joggle now!" For one eager tabby rose on her hind legs in purring haste, and hit her nose against the foaming saucer.

Mrs. Pike came ponderously to her feet, and followed with the heavy, swaying motion of one grown fleshy and rheumatic. She was not in the least concerned about Eli's change of mood. He was a gentle soul, and she had always been able to guide him in paths of her own choosing. Moreover, the present undertaking was one involving his own good fortune, and she meant to tolerate no foolish scruples which might interfere with its result. For Eli, though he had lived all his life within thirty miles of the ocean, had never seen it, and ever since his boyhood he had cherished one darling plan: some day he would go to the shore and camp out there for a week. This, in his starved imagination, was like a dream of the Acropolis to an artist stricken blind, or as mountain outlines to the dweller in a lonely plain. But the years had flitted past, and the dream never seemed nearer completion. There were always planting, haying, and harvesting to be considered, and though he was fairly prosperous, excursions were foreign to his simple habit of life. But at last his wife had stepped into the van, and organized an expedition, with all the valor of a Sir Francis Drake.

"Now, don't you say one word, father," she had said. "We 're goin' down to the beach, Sereno and Hattie and you and me, and we 're goin' to camp out. It 'll do us all good."

For days before the date of the excursion Eli had been solemn and tremulous, as with joy; but now, on the eve of the great event, he shrank back from it with an undefined notion that it was like death, and that he was not prepared. Next morning, however, when they all rose and took their early breakfast, preparatory to starting at five, he showed no sign of indecision, and even went about his outdoor tasks with an alacrity calculated, as his wife approvingly remarked, to "for'ard the v'y'ge." He had at last begun to see his way clear, and he looked well satisfied when his daughter Hattie and Sereno, her husband, drove into the yard in a wagon cheerfully suggestive of a wandering life. The tents and a small hair trunk were stored in the back, and the horse's pail swung below.

"Well, father," called Hattie, her rosy face like a flower under the large shade-hat she had trimmed for the occasion, "guess we 're goin' to have a good day."

He nodded from the window where he was patiently holding his head high and under-

going strangulation, while his wife, breathing huskily with haste and importance, put on his stock.

"You come in, Hattie, and help pack the doughnuts into that lard-pail on the table," she called. "I guess you 'll have to take two pails. They ain't very big."

At length the two teams were ready, and Eli mounted to his place, where he looked very slender beside his towering mate. The hired man stood leaning on the pump, chewing a bit of straw, and the cats rubbed against his legs, with tails like banners; they were all impressed by a sense of the unusual.

"Well, good-by, Luke," Mrs. Pike called, over her shoulder; and Eli gave the man a solemn nod, gathered up the reins, and drove out of the yard. Just outside the gate he pulled up.

"Whoa!" he called, and Luke lounged forward. "Don't you forget them cats! Get up, Doll!" And this time they were gone.

For the first ten miles of the way, familiar in being the road to market, Eli was placidly cheerful. The sense that he was going to do some strange deed, to step into an unknown country, dropped away from him, and he chatted, in his intermittent, serious way, of the crops and the lay of the land.

"Pretty bad job up along here, ain't it, father?" called Sereno, as they passed a sterile pasture which two plodding men and a yoke of oxen were redeeming from its rocky fetters.

"There 's a good deal of pastur' in some places that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together," returned Eli; and then he was silent, his eyes fixed on Doll's eloquent ears, his mouth working a little. For this progress through a less desirable stratum of life caused him to cast a backward glance over his own smooth, middle-aged road.

"We 've prospered, ain't we, Maria?" he said at last; and his wife, unconsciously following his thoughts, in the manner of those who have lived long together, stroked her black silk visite, and answered, with a well-satisfied nod:

"I guess we ain't got no cause to complain."

The roadside was parched under an August sun; tansy was dust-covered, and ferns had grown ragged and gray. The jogging horses left behind their lazy feet a suffocating cloud.

"My land!" said Mrs. Pike, "if that ain't goldenrod! I do believe it comes earlier every year, or else the seasons are changin'. See them elderberries! Ain't they purple! You just remember that bush, and when we go back, we 'll fill some pails. I dunno when I 've made elderberry wine."

Like her husband, she was vaguely excited; she began to feel as if life would be all holidays. At noon they stopped under the shadow of an elm-tree which, from its foothold in a field, completely arched the road, and there they ate a lunch of pie and doughnuts, while the horses, freed from their headstalls, placidly munched a generous feed of oats near by. Hattie and her mother accepted this picnicking with an air of apologetic amusement, and when one or two passers-by looked at them, they smiled a little at vacancy, with the air of wishing it understood that they were by no means accustomed to such irregularities.

"I guess they think we 're gipsies," said Hattie, as one carriage rolled past.

"Well, they need n't trouble themselves," returned her mother, rising with difficulty to brush the crumbs from her capacious lap. "I guess I 've got as good an extension-table at home as any of 'em."

But Eli ate sparingly, and with a preoccupied and solemn look.

"Land, father!" said his wife, "you ain't eat no more 'n a bird!" And he answered:

"I guess I 'll go over to that well and get a drink of water. I drink more 'n I eat when I ain't workin'." But when he came back, carefully bearing a tin pail brimming with cool, clear water, his face expressed strong disapprobation, and he smacked his lips scornfully.

"Dreadful flat water!" he said. "Tastes as if it come out o' the cistern." But the others could find no fault with it, and Sereno drained the pail.

"Pretty good I call it," he said, and Mrs. Pike rejoined:

"You always was pretty particular about water, father."

But Eli still shook his head, and ejaculated "Brackish, brackish!" as he began to put the bit in Doll's patient mouth. He was thinking, with a passion of loyalty, of the clear, ice-cold water at home, which had never been shut out by a pump from the purifying airs of heaven, but lay where the splashing bucket and chain broke every day the image of fern and moss. His throat grew parched and dry with longing. When they were within three miles of the sea, it seemed to them that they could taste the saltness of the incoming breeze; the road was ankle deep in dust; the garden flowers were glaring in their brightness. It was a new world. And when at last they emerged from the marsh-bordered road upon a ridge of sand, and turned a sudden corner, Mrs. Pike faced her husband in triumph.

"There, father!" she cried. "There 't is!"

But Eli's eyes were fixed on the dash-board in front of him. He looked pale.

"Why, father," said she, impatiently, "ain't you goin' to look? It 's the sea!"

"Yes, yes," said Eli, quietly; "byme-by. I 'm goin' to put the horses up fust."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Pike; and as they drew up on the sandy tract where Sereno had previously arranged a place for their tents, she added almost fretfully, turning to Hattie, "I dunno what 's come over your father. There 's the water, and he won't even cast his eyes at it."

But Hattie understood her father, by some intuition of love, though not of likeness.

"Don't you bother him, ma," she said. "He 'll make up his mind to it pretty soon. Here, let 's lift out these little things, while they 're unharnessin', and then they can get at the tents."

Mrs. Pike's mind was diverted by the exigencies of labor, and she said no more; but after the horses had been put up at a neighboring house, and Sereno, red-faced with exertion, had superintended the tent-raising, Hattie slipped her arm through her father's, and led him away.

"Come, pa," she said in a whisper; "le' 's you and me climb over on them rocks."

Eli went, and when they had picked their way over sand and pools to a headland where the water thundered below, and salt spray dashed up in mist to their feet, he turned and looked at the sea. He faced it as a soul might face Almighty Greatness, only to be stricken blind thereafter; for his eyes filled painfully with slow, hot tears. Hattie did not look at him, but after a while she shouted in his ear, above the outcry of the surf:

"Here, pa, take my handkerchief. I don't know how 't is about you, but this spray gets in my eyes."

Eli took it obediently, but he did not speak; he only looked at the sea. The two sat there, chilled and content, until six o'clock, when Mrs. Pike came calling to them from the beach with dramatic shouts of:

"Supper 's ready! Sereno 's built a burn-fire, and I 've made some tea!" Then they slowly made their way back to the tents, and sat down to the evening meal. Sereno was content, and Mrs. Pike bustling and triumphant; the mere act of preparing food had made her feel at home.

"Well, father, what think?" she asked, smiling exuberantly as she passed him his mug of tea. "Does it come up to what you expected?"

Eli turned upon her his mild, dazed eyes.

"I guess it does," he said gently.

That night they sat upon the shore while the moon rose and laid in the water her majestic pathway of light. Eli was the last to leave the rocks, and he lay down on his hard couch in the tent without speaking.

"I would n't say much to father," whispered Hattie to her mother, as they parted for the night. "He feels it a good deal."

"Well, I s'pose he is some tired," said Mrs. Pike, acquiescing, after a brief look of surprise. "It 's a good deal of a jaunt, but I dunno but I feel paid a'ready. Should you take your hairpins out, Hattie?"

She slept soundly and vocally, but her husband did not close his eyes. He looked, though he could see nothing, through the opening in the tent in the direction where lay the sea, solemnly clamorous, eternally responsive to some infinite whisper from without his world. The tension of the hour was almost more than he could bear; he longed for morning in sharp suspense, with a faint hope that the light might bring relief. Just as the stars faded and one luminous line penciled the east, he rose, smoothed his hair, and stepped softly out upon the beach. There he saw two shadowy figures, Sereno and Hattie. She hurried forward to meet him.

"You goin' to see the sunrise, too, father?" she asked. "I made Sereno come. He 's awful mad at being waked up."

Eli grasped her arm.

"Hattie," he said in a whisper, "don't you tell. I just come out to see how 't was here before I go. I 'm goin' home — I 'm goin' *now!*"

"Why, father!" said Hattie; but she peered more closely into his face, and her tone changed. "All right," she added cheerfully. "Sereno 'll go and harness up."

"No; I 'm goin' to walk."

"But, father —"

"I don't mean to break up your stayin' here, nor your mother's. You tell her how 't was. I 'm goin' to walk."

Hattie turned and whispered to her husband a moment. Then she took her father's hand.

"I 'll slip into the tent and put you up something for your breakfast and luncheon," she said. "Sereno 's gone to harness; for, pa, you must take one horse, and you can send Luke back with it Friday, so 's we can get the things home. What do we want of two horses down here at two and ninepence a day? I guess I know."

So Eli yielded; but before his wife appeared he had turned his back on the sea, where the rose of dawn was fast unfolding. As he jogged homeward, the dusty roadsides bloomed with flowers of paradise, and the insects' dry chirp was as the song of angels. He drove into the yard just at the turning of the day, when the fragrant smoke of country fires curls cheerily upward in promise of the evening meal.

"What 's bu'sted?" asked Luke, swinging himself down from his load of fodder-corn, and beginning to unharness Doll.

"Oh, nothin'," said Eli, leaping from the wagon as if twenty years had been taken from his bones. "I guess I 'm too old for such jaunts. I hope you did n' forget them cats."

Alice Brown.

THE FAMINE IN EASTERN RUSSIA.[1]

RELIEF WORK OF THE YOUNGER TOLSTOY.

IN Moscow it was decided that I should accompany Lyeff Lvovitch, the second son of Count Tolstoy, on his return to eastern Samara. And at the count's headquarters, in Ryazan, it was further decided that one of his most efficient helpers, a young nobleman named Paul Birukoff, should go with us. As we started on an intensely cold morning early in March, 1892, Count Tolstoy said to me, "Where shall we meet next — perhaps in Sweden or beyond the Mississippi?" Off we sped in two sleighs over the desolate snow-steppes toward the railway station of Klekotki. On our way we met an *oboz*[2] of more than one hundred horses coming from the railway station with fuel and victuals for Count Tolstoy's work of relief.

It was late in the afternoon when the train, belated several hours as usual, finally arrived. We pushed our way into a third-class car (Count Tolstoy and his followers usually travel third class), bringing with us, according to Russian fashion, most of our luggage. Owing to the great distances and the slowness of the trains, Russians usually carry pillows, blankets, different kinds of food, and, above all, a tea-set, buying on the train only hot water. In consequence of this custom, all possible and impossible places in the cars are crowded with luggage and parcels of various kinds and dimensions. The cars are built after the American fashion; but in the third class, with regard to heating and cleanliness, there is yet room for improvement. My companions uttered no sound of complaint, but I found it hard to endure the smells and vermin, and the presence of diseased muzhiks. Often I had to go out on the platform because of nausea. Birukoff, who was provided with antiseptics and bandages, busied himself every day with washing and dressing the wounds of the muzhiks, and with encouraging them. One of the blessings of the famine was the general absence of intoxicated persons; the first one I observed was a priest.

Some of the passengers made themselves comfortable beds for the night, but I could not sleep. The muzhiks seemed to be able to sleep in all possible and impossible positions. During the night a prison-car filled with Siberian convicts was attached to our train. Its small windows were provided with iron grating. On each platform stood two gendarmes in gray uniforms, with rifles on their shoulders, a large revolver, and a sword hanging by the side. Once I got a glimpse through the double doors, and observed comely maiden faces among the crowd of rough and shaggy muzhik heads. One of my traveling companions also observed young women among the prisoners. It is not unusual for young girls and even children to be banished to Siberia for religious or political reasons. I know personally a young Russian lady who became an "apostate" from the Greek Church, and escaped banishment to Siberia only by secretly leaving the country. Among the third-class passengers were, besides Russians proper, Mordvinians, Tcheremiss, Tatars, and Bashkirs. The Tatars made a very favorable impression by their cleanliness and politeness. "They are real gentlemen," the young count said, adding that they were the most sober and honest people in all Russia, and that consequently they were usually employed in posts of trust. "The Bashkirs are also good people," the count added; but I found later on that they were slyer and more cunning than the Tatars. Both these peoples are Mohammedans. The Mordvinians and Tcheremiss, who from time immemorial have had their homes in the forest regions of Kazan and neighboring provinces, belong to the Finnish tribes. They are nominally orthodox, but in reality pagans, still secretly sacrificing to the spirits of the forest. Their white caftans, made of coarse homespun woolen cloth, and their olive faces, black mustaches, and dark Mongolian eyes, gave them a very picturesque appearance. All these tribes, together with the Vobyaks and the Tchuvashi, who likewise occupy the same regions, have the reputation of being industrious, sober, and honest. These Mohammedan and half-pagan tribes stand on a very high level with regard to morals.

The second night that we spent on the train I could not get a moment's sleep. Besides the heat and the polluted air, there were a number of suspicious individuals in the car who kept me awake. Thieving on the trains was common. The train was more and more belated. At some stations we had to stop for hours because — as it was stated — of the transportation of victuals to the famine-stricken provinces.

[1] See also "With Tolstoy in the Russian Famine," THE CENTURY for June.

[2] Train of sledges or wagons.

Everywhere were to be seen crowds of emaciated men, women, and children, covered with rags, the traditional bag of coarse sackcloth thrown over their shoulders, and begging in piteous tones for bread. At certain places they were ushered on board the train in large crowds, to be sent to other places.

The third night of travel I was so tired that nothing could keep me awake. At five in the morning the count awoke me and told me to hurry out to see the Volga Bridge. After another hour's journey we arrived at the city of Samara. Situated on the elevated eastern shore of the Volga, at the mouth of the Samara river, its public buildings and churches give it an impressive look. Not very long ago it was destroyed by fire, but was soon rebuilt, and it counts at present a little more than 100,000 inhabitants. Having business to attend to, we stopped a day in Samara. The city was teeming with muzhiks walking about begging for bread during the day, and spending the night in hovels and cellars. Among these poor people spotted typhus, black smallpox, and scurvy were making terrible havoc. It is significant that the rich, with only a few exceptions, contributed nothing to relieve the distress, but fled to Paris and Nice. Private benevolence was supplied mainly by foreigners,[1] of whom two were Germans, Mr. Koenitzer and Mr. Wakano. The former daily fed fifty and the latter one hundred peasants; Mr. Besant, an Englishman, with means received from Great Britain, daily gave two meals to four hundred paupers. Among the Russians it was mainly sectarian people who aided the starving. A Molokan lady, a widow, quietly did much work among the poor, according to her means. Out in the province it was likewise mostly with foreign money that private relief was carried on. The English Friends distributed through their representatives much help, and supported Prince Dolgorukoff's sanitary expedition to eastern Samara; while the means for supporting the young Count L. L. Tolstoy's extensive work came mainly from foreign countries, and mostly from America.

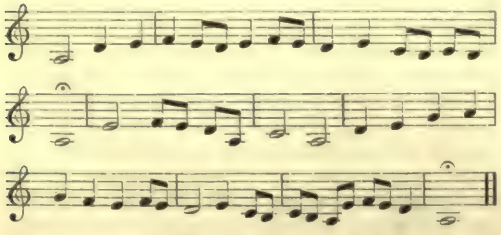
During our day in Samara we unexpectedly met the governor of the province in a private family. He was dressed in a splendid uniform braided with gold; his figure was tall and symmetrical, his air magnificent; and he talked much and well.

That night my friends compelled me to sleep in the only bed in the room, the count himself sleeping on a thick blanket on the floor, and Birukoff on a small sofa. At one o'clock we were on our feet, drank several glasses of tea, wrapped our furs about us, and drove to the railway station, where we found all as quiet as death. In the spacious second-class waiting-room a dim gas-light revealed a quarter of an acre of flooring covered with men, women, and children snoring in all keys, between immense piles of traveling-effects. Loaded with our parcels, we picked our way to an unoccupied spot. The count, who had gone to buy tickets and send an express-telegram to his headquarters after horses, returned to tell us that the train was belated seven hours, whereupon, with stoic calm, he spread his cloak on the floor and went to sleep. After a cup of tea, we followed his example. At nine o'clock we were informed that the train would not come before noon, which proved to be two o'clock. The cold was 30° below zero Réaumur when we left the city of Samara by the Orenburg train, which was to take us to eastern Samara. On the way over the barren snow-steppes we saw large numbers of begging muzhiks. A priest on the train told us that in his village, with a population of 1600, there was only one horse left, all the rest having been killed, or having died from hunger. It was dusk when we arrived at Bagatoye, where we left the train. Here we found that one of our boxes containing canned goods had been stolen. The count also found his express-telegram, sent twenty hours previous from Samara, not yet despatched.

We now had to send to the nearest village for horses and conveyances. From the plateau where the railway station was situated a vast view opened over the endless steppes eastward. No trees were seen except on the shores of the Samara river below, and a small grove near the horizon. It was dark when our conveyances arrived—two *sani*, to each of which were harnessed two small shaggy horses, one before the other. We soon sped along the snow-steppes, the small animals galloping all the time to the jingle of the large bells on their harness-bows. The stars twinkled in the cold winter night, and, as we drove along, the count told me many an interesting tale of the nomadic tribes roaming about on these steppes in former times, and of their heroic struggles for independence. About midnight we stopped in a village, and put up in the *izba* of a muzhik, an acquaintance of the count. He seemed to be unusually clever, and his izba was provided with a flooring of planks, and showed a higher degree of cleanliness than usual. After supping on tea and rye bread, we went to sleep on thick blankets spread on the floor, the lamp hanging from the ceiling over our heads, and burning all night. In the morning our hostess poured water over our hands, a custom of Russian hospitality.

[1] This was not the case everywhere. In an article in THE CENTURY for June, I mentioned many Russian families and individuals who were giving time and money to relief work.

After breakfasting on tea and bread we continued our way over the steppes, which grew more undulating as we journeyed toward the Ural Mountains. At one village there was a fortnightly bazaar, or fair. I have never seen such a desolate fair. In a yard were a number of horses more like bags filled with bones than living animals. They were sold, at about $1.50 each, to Bashkirs and Tatars to be killed and eaten. Orthodox muzhiks would starve rather than eat horseflesh, which is considered "unclean." Better-fed horses were for sale by *kulaks*, at unreasonable prices. An hour's ride brought us to the village of Petrovka, where the count has his headquarters in a small one-storied izba with one room partitioned into three small apartments, one serving as sleeping-room, another as entry, reception-room, and kitchen, and constantly crowded with muzhiks seeking help, and the third as dining-room, parlor, and office. We had scarcely time to get into the house before it was besieged by a large number of people. Immediately the young count went to work, and during the months I spent with him he allowed himself few hours of rest either night or day.

We arrived on a Saturday evening. Sunday morning Birukoff and I, on invitation, went to the Molokan meeting. Their place of worship was a roomy izba, which was crowded with about a hundred and fifty persons, the women and children sitting near the door, the men in front. They had been informed of our coming, and showed us much deference. Their general appearance indicated a higher degree of intelligence and polish than the average orthodox muzhiks. After we had taken our seats, the congregation joined in singing a peculiar chant. The text was taken from a chapter in the New Testament, which the leader read sentence by sentence, and which was sung afterward by the whole congregation. The melody was a kind of round after the pattern of the antique church canon, with the same motive running through a series of improvised variations suited to the words of the text. The motive of the melody was somewhat as follows:

Through it all there was a wild and weird strain, and, as in all Russian songs, the minor key predominated, with sad and impressive effect. After the singing, one of the elders read from Matthew the parable of the ten virgins and of the talents, making a few practical remarks on each verse. Then several of the elders offered short comments on the text. Many of the muzhiks had been far advanced in life before they learned to read the Bible.

On March 21 the count and his assistant, Mr. Berger, started early for the famine-stricken villages. I visited several of the count's free kitchens, the bakery, and the provision magazines, and found everything in excellent order. The free kitchens were established on the same plan as those of Count Tolstoy in Ryazan. Deputations from villages far away arrived to appeal to the count for help, all of them having the impress of hunger and misery. When the count and his helper came home, they told of terrible ravages of the spotted typhus, scurvy, and other diseases caused by the famine.

From my diary the following record of events on March 24 is condensed: At six o'clock the church bells called the orthodox muzhiks to early service. It being Lent, early mass is held every day. Men, women, and children came in single file to the village church. When I came from the izba where I lodged to the count's headquarters, they were already besieged by a host of poor people. In most cases their timid manner showed that they were not professional beggars, who are known by their stereotyped prayers and blessings. Here are sample appeals: "Our food is all gone—long ago; we are starving. Help us!" "My wife and my children are sick, and I have got nothing to give them. Help us with a little tea and sugar, and something for *kasha* and soup!" "We have a horse and a cow, which are starving, and we are so sorry to lose them now that spring is so near. Help us with a little fodder!" A little girl was led up to the count, her trembling voice choked with tears as, when pressed to speak, she said, "Mother died last night, and I have nothing for my little brothers and sisters."

When the first throng had been sent away, we sat down to breakfast. Before we had finished there came new petitioners, among them Bashkirs and Tatars. They had come from great distances, and told of terrible misery in their villages from starvation and pestilence. "Our own provisions," they said, "were out long ago. What we have from the Government is insufficient to keep us alive. Almost all our cattle have succumbed. Our sick and our little ones are dying a slow death from want of suitable nourishment."

The horse was harnessed, and I and another went to a neighboring village to investigate sanitary conditions. We came first to a row of clay huts resembling the adobe huts in New Mexico, only much poorer. Many of their flat

roofs were buried under snow-drifts, through which smoke from *kisyak* (fuel made of dried manure and straw) curled through an aperture in the snow.

Through an opening in the snow-drift we gained admission. A dim light was supplied by a small window before which a hole was dug in the drift. Heavy breathing and moaning from the top of the oven in the corner told of sickness and suffering. When our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we observed a middle-aged, emaciated woman lying on the oven afflicted with spotted typhus. She gave only incoherent answers to our questions. Before the oven sat a middle-aged man, dressed in a shirt of dirty sackcloth, with a rope around his waist. His uncombed hair covered his forehead, and a pair of glassy, sunken eyes met our look with an expression of despair. A little boy five years old lay on a wooden bench, covered with rags, and suffering from hunger and scurvy. There was no furniture except two wooden benches and a small rough table on the earthen floor.

"Have you any cattle?" "No; we had two cows, but we have had to kill them." "Any fuel?" "Only what we get from our neighbors." "Any food?" In answer to this question the man brought a hardened piece of black rye bread, all they had left from what they had received from the Government.

In another hut we found four persons: an old man of about seventy, a woman of about forty whose face was dreadfully scored with disease, and two emaciated children lying sick on the oven, dying the slow death of starvation. The father having been cut off by the spotted typhus, the old grandfather had come to take care of the mother and the children. It was the same story: no cattle, no fuel, two loaves of bread, a few peas in a wooden bowl.

In a third hut, considerably larger than the former, we found a calf, two sheep, and five persons, of whom two were lying ill with spotted typhus, the others suffering from scurvy. We visited several other huts in which the same misery was found with variations, such as a dying mother surrounded by a number of children, whose father had been cut off by the fever. I went to one of the free kitchens established by the count in the village, The guests were coming to dinner, each carrying a wooden bowl and spoon. On entering, most of them crossed themselves. When about fifty had taken their places at long tables, they arose and sang the table prayer, the first part a prayer to "God's mother," the second part extracts from the Lord's Prayer, and the last part a prayer for "the great Gosudar" (the Czar) and his numerous family. Then they sat down to a meal of bread, pea-soup, and *kasha* (boiled buckwheat). The village presented a desolate appearance. Besides the clay huts, there were rows of sheds, the straw roofs of which had been pulled down and used as fodder or fuel, the naked wooden frames, interlaced with branches of willow, giving the whole the appearance of nests of magpies. On our way home we passed a number of horses, miserable skeletons, plucking a few rotten straws here and there from thatch which had been pulled from the roofs.

On our return to Petrovka I was introduced to Prince Dolgorukoff, who had arrived during the night at the head of a sanitary expedition consisting of two physicians, two surgeons, and six sisters of charity. This expedition was in part supported by English Friends, who rendered noble aid in the famine-stricken provinces. The young prince, with his expedition, took dinner and supper with the count. The room was small, but the good feeling made it sufficient. We ate with wooden spoons out of the same dish, a large wooden bowl standing in the middle of the table. The dinner consisted of *stschi* (soup of cabbage and meat), meat, and kasha. The supper consisted of bread and butter and tea. It was late when I returned to my "room," a small corner behind the oven in an izba which was swarming with vermin and otherwise sickening. These obstacles and the scenes of the day kept me from sleeping. The little lamp burning in front of the saints in the outer room spread a dim light, and through a crack in the board partition of my corner I could see an ugly saint looking at me with one eye. My host and hostess were snoring on top of the warm oven. I lighted the lamp and tried to read; then I tired myself in vain fighting the insects, and with the morning fresh air and light at last fell asleep. I learned afterward why no effort was made to rid the cottages of the ordinary sleeping-room vermin, which they call *klop*. My host at another place said to me: "Klop are healthy; they purge the blood."

On Saturday morning, March 27, a small good-natured muzhik arrived to take me to the village of Petrovka, where Birukoff had his headquarters. To the small sleigh was harnessed a shaggy and bony little horse. The wind was against us, and when we reached the steppe it was almost impossible to keep our eyes open in face of the drifting snow. The storm was so heavy that I could hardly see the horse in front of the sleigh. Having come up on a divide between two rivers, the horse could hardly walk against the wind. In the valley below we lost our way. The poor animal stumbled about, and at last was unable to move. The driver began to beat the poor creature, only the head and back of which were visible. It trembled, and turned its head to look at us. I called to the driver to stop the beating, and then jumped out and began to unharness the horse.

With the reins tied round the belly of the animal, and a rope tied about its feet, we at last pulled the little horse to where the drifts were harder. After several experiences of this kind the horse showed signs of exhaustion, and it seemed probable that we should have to spend the night on the steppe. At last we reached an elevation, where we found the road, which we were able to follow to our destination. Having passed a number of izbas with the roofs partly or entirely pulled down, we came to a small two-storied wooden house, where my friend Birukoff had his headquarters. I found a calf in a corner near the door, a number of muzhiks standing further in, and a woman sitting by the oven with a little child in her arms. After about half an hour Birukoff came home, tired and hungry. A late dinner was served, consisting of *pakhlobka* (soup of water, potatoes, grits, and mushrooms), kasha, and black rye bread. Birukoff, like his master Count Tolstoy, is a vegetarian, and was served with the fare issued at the free kitchens. While eating, a number of poor people seeking help congregated in the outer room. Having heard their cases and written down their names, we sent them away; then we went to a meeting to be held with a committee concerning a new free eating-room for the village. The members of this committee made a very favorable impression both by their appearance and their way of speaking. When I was introduced they all arose, and in chorus thanked me for my aid, asking me at the same time to convey their thanks to friends in foreign countries who had sent gifts through me. In the course of this meeting it was shown that many people had died directly of hunger. It was also shown that some families used considerable quantities of clay in their bread, of which I obtained samples. On coming from the meeting, a large crowd of people gathered to see "the first foreigner who had visited their village." I had become used to being an object of curiosity, as I thought on account of my Lapp dress; but in private my companion said to me: "The peasant women say, 'He is not dressed as a Christian, nor does he talk a Christian language [we spoke German]; therefore he must be *tchyort* [the devil]!'"

Next morning, at early mass in the village church, I saw many poor people in ragged sheepskin coats who were deformed by disease, and emaciated beyond anything I had hitherto seen. Among the pale little children were some extraordinarily beautiful faces. In a corner I observed some poor women hiding morsels of bread and other eatables in different places, believing, as I have been informed, that thereby they would escape famine and other evils.

During the day there were several funerals of children and grown people who had died of hunger and typhus. The ceremony was performed in the church. First came a number of muzhiks, each carrying a little wooden box under his arm. Then there came groups of muzhiks, with uncovered heads, carrying the remains of grown persons in unpainted coffins made of coarse boards. I took kodak pictures of one of these groups as it left the church.

Soon after my visit to Petrovka the following incident took place: One day Birukoff visited the house of a well-to-do farmer in the village. There he met the village priest. The farmer set out tea and vodka. B. did not drink vodka, but the priest drank one glass after another. Then he began making allusions to strangers coming to those parts, spoiling the people with gratuitous food, and giving the orthodox people a bad example by not going to church, and so forth. "Speak out plainly what you mean," said B. "I mean that you and the rest are heathen, because you don't go to church and don't read God's word," answered the priest. "Have you a Bible?" B. asked. "Yes." "Where?" "In the church on the desk." "Yes, I know that; and there it lies. You do not read it, either you or your people. What good does your Bible do in the church? Neither your own life nor that of your people shows any of the fruits of the gospel." And B. took his New Testament out of his pocket, and read to the priest from the Sermon on the Mount and from other passages. Then the priest got into a rage, and took the New Testament lying on the table, and said: "Is it such fruits the gospel bears, then?" and he threw the book out of doors!

Early in April warm weather came suddenly, and the hot sun changed the village streets into canals flowing with dirty green water. Standing on an elevation, I saw vapors like smoke ascending from piles of refuse from people and animals, which is not placed on the land, but in midsummer is made into winter fuel. On one heap an emaciated dog lay outstretched in the sun; on another crows were scratching and croaking. From wells filled with the green water from the street peasant women fetched water for drinking and for other household purposes. Long rows of begging muzhiks in rags came wading through the dirt. Now and then one of the physicians belonging to Prince Dolgorukoff's expedition would ride by on horseback, or one of our "sisters of charity," wearing high boots, would be seen wading through the mud, holding up her skirts with one hand and carrying a basket of medicine or food for the sick with the other.

These sisters do not belong to any religious order; they are of prominent families and are

DRAWN BY JOHAN TIREN.

AN "OBOZ," OR TRAIN OF SLEDGES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

highly educated. These representatives of young Russia make great sacrifices in order to help their suffering fellow-men as the most natural thing in the world. I accompanied one of them on her tour of charity. Our first visit was to one of the temporary hospitals for spotted typhus. Over the door a paper was fastened with the inscription: "Entrance forbidden! Contagious diseases." A few men and women were waiting outside to hear about their sick relatives. Within we saw a row of beds along two of the walls of the room, accommodating about thirty patients, lying in different stages of the fearful spotted typhus. Short breathing, sighing, and moaning, mingled with exclamations and the babble of the delirious, met the ear. From the hospital we went to houses where there were sick people. In one part of the village we entered izbas with earthen floors, where water had entered, making the floor like a puddle of clay. Naturally we found sick persons there. On our way home we visited a physician who was lying in an izba ill with the spotted typhus. In some villages fifty per cent. of the population were sick in bed. Within a few days the doctors reported 351 cases of sickness (155 of spotted typhus) in two villages. Prince Dolgorukoff found one family with nine members, all of whom were lying sick. Besides the above-mentioned doctor, two of our "sisters" fell ill with the spotted typhus.

One morning, when I came to the count's headquarters, I found one of the serving-women crying bitterly. She had put her husband's sheepskin coat in the heated oven to destroy the vermin; but the oven was too hot, and the coat was destroyed. When her husband dis-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

STREET IN THE VILLAGE OF PETROVKA, SAMARA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

A MEAL AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE YOUNGER COUNT TOLSTOY, SHOWING MR. BERGER, THE COUNT'S HELPER; THE STAROSTA; BIRUKOFF; COUNT TOLSTOY. THE GROUP ARE NAMED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

covered what had been done, he beat her, and she was afraid to go home. I presented him with a new sheepskin coat on condition that he should not beat his wife.

One day the count received a couple of sacks, containing different articles of apparel, sent by ladies in Moscow. It was a sight to see how eagerly peasant women and girls sought these garments, and with what an air of satisfaction they returned to their homes.

One morning a poor woman came, and with tears threw herself on her knees before the count. After he had helped her to rise she took from her sheepskin cloak a long rag with a bow-knot at one end; this was untied, and found to contain a tattered and dirty piece of paper, which proved to be a ruble bill. She told the following story: "I am a widow from the village, . . . and have a small plot of land. My cow and my sheep having died from starvation, and we ourselves being threatened with the same fate, my only son went to Uralsk, where he got work. After several weeks of labor he sent me this ruble to buy sowing-seed. I tied it in a rag and went to buy the seed, but on the way I lost the rag, which was afterward recovered. A calf had chewed the knot containing the ruble. Then I went to the magistrates and asked them what to do. They sent me to your Grace." The count took her one-ruble bill and gave her a five-ruble note instead, and besides helped her in other ways.

In a village out on the steppes I met a young muzhik who, besides knowing how to read and write, had a knowledge of geography and history. In speaking about America, and the aid it had sent for the starving, he said, with tears in his eyes, "I love the republic." He was born in Siberia, where he had received instruction from exiles; and it is more than probable that he will some day be sent back to Siberia. During the present régime it is almost a crime for a muzhik to acquire more knowledge than the class to which he belongs. "Peasants you have been, and peasants you will continue to be," declared the present Czar in a speech to the people immediately after his coronation. Shortly after he signed an ukase in which it is ordered that "the measure of instruction shall be in proportion to the rank and means of the person having children to educate." This principle is also carried out in

practice. In Saratoff and other places the boards of education have passed resolutions to the effect that "instruction in schools shall be restricted to protect the children of well-to-do people from the children of the poor, or of people with limited means." The zemstvo schools, established under the reign of Alexander II., have, during the reign of his son, been little by little suppressed, until through an imperial ukase of May 16, 1891, all public schools were placed in the hands of the clergy.

I visited some of the schools in the villages. Instead of geographical maps and counting- and spelling-tables, which formerly were to be seen hanging on the walls, I saw pictures of saints, with a picture of "the most high family" of the Czar in the most prominent place behind the teacher's desk. Only children very desirous to learn are taught how to read.

The muzhiks do not understand the connection between uncleanliness and disease. But if you talk to them of the connection between famine or "the sickness" and the worship of the saints, they will cross themselves and ask the Lord to have mercy upon them. In order to avert these evils, they think the thing to do is to undertake "cross processions" out into the fields, and similar means, to conciliate God and his saints; and if this does not help, to conjure the evil powers, for which purpose professional sorcerers are kept, sometimes by entire villages. If this is of no avail, then there is nothing to do but to be resigned to the inevitable. That the authorities should have any share in such views seems impossible, but young people were forbidden to play in the streets or in the fields while the famine and the fever continued, in order not to offend the Deity. For the same reason parents were forbidden to give their children Jewish names, or to have anything to do with sectarians, the barbarous persecution of whom was said to be considered, not only by ignorant and fanatical priests, but by the very highest officials of the empire, as a pleasing act in the eyes of the Lord.

In order to get a correct understanding of how the peasants have been reduced to their present hopeless state, it is not sufficient to know that there has been a series of bad crops. The land is impoverished, and often the peasants sell their manure for many years ahead at ridiculously low prices. It has been shown that the recent droughts were caused by the cutting down of the forests. When it rains, floods wash away the black soil, making the land as barren as a desert. A few estate-owners, who irrigate their land and carry on agriculture on a rational plan, have had good crops during these bad years. The intelligent and thrifty Mennonites, who likewise cultivate the soil in a rational way, also have had good crops, and none among them has suffered from famine. This alone is enough to prove that the terrible famine was *not* caused merely by the last failures of crops. When we consider the cruel way in which the authorities extort enormous taxes from the poor people, it is no wonder that the peasants live constantly on the verge of famine. I have myself seen the tax-gatherer take the cow of a poor widow because her taxes had not been paid. Informed of his coming, I went to the izba of the widow, and found her in the yard with her arm about the neck of her only cow. The tax-gatherers frequently have the muzhiks beaten with rods until they promise to produce money in some way or other for the payment of taxes. A prominent Russian lawyer told me of a newly invented (as yet not patented) "beating-machine." The use of this machine has many advantages over that of the knout and the rods. Among other things, there is no danger of the machine's feeling any forbidden sympathy with the victims, and the force of the blows can be regulated according to the strength of the patient and the will of the representatives of the Government. These cruel extortions on the part of the officers of the Government seem to breed the same heartless rapacity among the people. It is not only the nobles, but merchants, *kulaks*, and upstarts of different kinds who oppress the peasants. Most of the loans are taken in January, February, and March: in January because the taxes are then gathered; in February and March because then the provisions of the peasants run short, and all kinds of eata-

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

A FUNERAL IN PETROVKA, SAMARA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

DRAWN BY JOHAN TIREN. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

A FUNERAL IN SAMARA. (BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

bles used by peasants go up in price until they reach the climax in April. From April the peasants begin to earn a little, and the loans diminish until August. After that they rise again, because, after the crops have been gathered, the peasants begin to pay their debts with their harvest, so that they themselves soon are without provisions, and must take loans again. Sometimes the interest charged on peasant loans amounts to 300 per cent.

Shortly after our arrival in eastern Samara, news came from St. Petersburg that the count would receive a number of car-loads of American flour from the steamer *Indiana*, which had arrived in Libau. The warm weather I have described threatened to cut off for a number of weeks all communication with the railroad. This would have been disastrous, since the count, depending upon the arrival of this flour, had increased the number of free kitchens to nearly 200, besides establishing a number of depots for the distribution of victuals, so as to be able to feed daily about 20,000 who were in danger of starving. At last, on the 3d of April, notice came from the nearest railway station that part of the flour had arrived. Forthwith the count's helper, Mr. Berger, hurried away to the place to make arrangements for transporting it, if possible. Happily, at this juncture there occurred a few cold nights in succession, stopping the floods, and making it possible to transport the flour during the night.

After two days and a half the first transport of the American flour arrived. When the long procession of carts was seen coming over the steppes, the young count's face fairly beamed. The muzhiks crowded together, and were overjoyed at sight of the flour; but most of them had no idea of America, or where it might be. One muzhik said to me, as he looked at the pile of flour-sacks, "America must be a very rich *barin!*" Perhaps one out of a hundred has a faint idea of a country somewhere far, far away called America. We opened one of the sacks; the muzhiks crowded about us to look at the flour and taste it. Their faces beamed with delight, and a general murmur of exultation was heard. Within a few days the six car-loads of American flour were transported to the count's headquarters and his different depots, and thus he was enabled to carry out his plan of daily feeding 20,000 of the most destitute.

The snow was still lying deep on the steppes when the count, his helper, and I, on the afternoon of April 15 (Russian Good Friday), started to visit a large farm which Mr. X. rents from the Government. On the opposite side of the little river Matcha we saw the roofs of a

group of houses buried in snow. Not a single face met our eyes. Approaching nearer, we observed a large number of horses and cattle about the houses looking for stalks of hay in the melting snow. Our host gave us a cordial welcome. We were told that the large number of horses were kept for making kumiss, half a hundred invalids coming to the farm in summer time for the "kumiss treatment." On the bare spots between the snow we found groups of miserable-looking cattle trying to find something to eat. In the evening people went to church in the next village, the service being continued till after midnight on Easter eve. During Easter night the orthodox muzhiks, in some places, go to the graveyards with food and vodka for the dead. Easter morning dawned clear and beautiful, and the traditional Russian Easter salutation, "Christ is arisen!" and the reply, "He is risen indeed!" were exchanged. This form of salutation is used during forty days after Easter, not only when persons meet, but in letters, at the top of certain documents, and when persons drink to each other's health. Besides the Tatars and Bashkirs, who reminded us that we were on the borders of Asia, there was at the farm another Asiatic, "Herr Feltvebel," a camel, on whose back we made short trips out on the steppe. "Herr Feltvebel" treated us to an extra amusement when, with Mr. X. on his back, he lay down on a bare spot and refused to rise again and continue wading through the snow.

The spring was late, but the time for sowing had come, and the peasants had neither seed for sowing nor horses for plowing. In the public storehouses there was seed provided by the Government equal to a third of the wants of the peasants. The poor muzhiks sent to the authorities to inquire about it, but received no reply. In their despair they went to the count and asked for help. At first he had no means, but soon he received a considerable sum of money from America and elsewhere, through his mother. At once he and his helpers, procuring seed and horses, worked night and day, and within a few days about 200 of the poorest muzhiks were aided.

Many of the peasants left their homes in order to find work, which was not easy, there being only a few who could afford to hire laborers.

It was decided that, as soon as the traffic on the Volga opened, I should go to southern Samara and Saratoff in order to make arrangements for establishing free eating-rooms for the sick and convalescent. The time of my departure had come. The last evening of my stay in Petrovka I made farewell visits. On my way home I saw a poor muzhik with a shaggy little horse plowing his plot of land with a primitive plow made entirely of wood. I was afterward told that several peasants had pawned all their tools for money to pay the taxes, or to buy food for their families.

When I left eastern Samara in May, young Count Tolstoy was still busy feeding about 20,000 people every day, and, besides, helping the poor people in many other ways. He continued the work almost all of that summer. He received, later on, twelve additional car-loads of American flour, through the committee in St. Petersburg.

The governor of Samara had sent out a physician to examine into the sanitary conditions. On his return journey I got the doctor's permission to accompany him. We arranged to meet

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY J. HELLAWELL.

OXEN ON MR. X.'S FARM. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.)

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

THE CAMEL ON MR. X.'S FARM. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.)

the next day at a village seven miles from our headquarters, where I found him enjoying a four-hour dinner with a government official. When they came out, in high spirits, they took seats in the official's carriage, and I followed in our tarantass. After eight miles of fast driving we stopped at the house of a priest, who invited the company to tea and wine. Finally the doctor and the official kissed each other three times, according to the Russian fashion, and we started on our drive of over thirty miles to the railroad, the doctor plying the driver with vodka so that we should not be too late for the train. Being very weary, I gave the doctor a ten-ruble bill to pay for my first-class ticket, which was to be six or seven rubles. When the train came the doctor said my ticket was all right. On the train I again composed myself for rest, but when the conductor appeared I overheard the doctor say to him, "This gentleman is sent from America with bread for the starving, and should have free passage." The conductor assented, and passed on. At Sania the doctor returned only my change, keeping the ticket-money for himself. He had asked me to get some of the American gifts sent to him for his work among the poor. I had felt inclined to recommend him, but of course changed my mind.

It will probably never fully come to light how many died from the famine and its immediate consequences during the terrible winter of 1892. But if we take into consideration the fact that mortality in Russia, taking the average figures for the whole empire, amounts to 36 in each 1000,—*i. e.*, 1000 per cent. more than what is considered the normal rate,—and among the country population in central Russia is 62 in each 1000; and that the mortality in the German Volga provinces, during the winter of 1892, amounted to five times the usual number, or about 200 in each 1000, it may be believed that the mortality among the thirty-five millions of famine-stricken subjects of Russia during the year 1892 was something frightful. Count L. N. Tolstoy, in his report of his work of benevolence in Ryazan during last summer, says:

> In districts with good crops there have been three deaths against four births, whereas in districts with bad crops there have been five births against seven deaths. In 1892 the mortality in the district of Epiphan was 69 per cent., in the district of Bogoroditsk 112 per cent., in the district of Yephremovsk 116 per cent., greater than in common years.

The emaciated muzhik still sits in his cold izba, without warm clothes, without fuel, without suitable food, or he wanders about with a bag thrown over his shoulder begging bread for himself and his family. The muzhik boy still stands at the door shivering from cold and hunger, big tears dropping from his cheeks. Tolstoy and his friends are weary, and the representatives of the Government are telling the world that the muzhiks are happy. Persons who try to ameliorate the condition of the masses are suspected persons, and are lucky if they do not see the inside of a prison, or even Siberia.

Jonas Stadling.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA—KAMAKURA.

YOKOHAMA, September 1, 1886.

. . . NATURALLY we have again been wandering in Tokio; I don't know that we have seen anything more, as we should certainly do if we had any energy in the heat. It is more natural to fritter away time in little things. Besides, there is a general feeling of discouragement accompanying the continuance of cholera; and this is an unseasonable moment. Theaters are closed; people are away. If I had to give an account of my time, I could not make it up. I know that I went to see an engraver on wood; that he showed me his work, or his way of working, of which I knew a little; that he made me drink some cherry-blossom tea, pretty to look at and of unseizable flavor; that he took me to see some of his work printed; that I climbed up a ladder, somewhere into a hot room, where a man, naked but for his loin-cloth, sat slapping pieces of paper with a big brush upon the block previously touched with color; and that the dexterity with which he fitted the paper in proper place, so that the colors should not overlap, was as simple and primitive as his dress.

Then I went to see the painter whose drawings had been engraved. I can't explain just why the arrangement of his courtyard seemed what I might have expected, and yet I still keep that impression without having noticed anything but the heat — the heat and the sun — the heat accumulated in this big dreary city of innumerable little houses.

We explained at the door our request, and after a few moments we were told that the painter, though he was ill, would see us. We entered, and sat awhile, during which interval a boy pupil, occupied in copying sketches of the master, looked at us surreptitiously through a circular opening in the partition that made him a room.

Our artist came in and sat down, evidently an ill man, and offered us the inevitable tea, and showed us his methods of preparation for the colored wood blocks, and got down examples from the great pile of rolls and bundles of papers and drawings that filled one side of the room, among which I noticed many fragments of illustrated English or American newspapers. And we dared not intrude any further, and departed — just as the conversation had turned toward European art — with gifts of drawings from him and promise of exchange.

No; what we have really done is again to call at shops and begin over again the pursuit of bric-à-brac. It is so impossible to believe that we can find nothing in all the accumulation of all these shops. But even if it be so, the manner of hunting is an amusement, as is the mere seeing of all this stuff in its own home; and the little attentions of the dealer, the being in a house with the privileges of tea and smoking, and a lazy war of attack and defense; and the slow drawing out of pieces from bags and boxes, so that time, the great enemy, is put in the wrong. And then, what one is not expected to buy or look at is quite as good. I know of one place to which I have returned to look out of the *shoji* screens into the garden, where there is a big pottery statue of Kwannon. I don't intend to get it or to bargain about it, but I intend to buy other things under its influence: perhaps the *daimio* seats that we use in our visit, or the lanterns that light us when we stay late, whose oil will have to be emptied if they are sold. And there are places where things are for sale to people versed in Chinese ways

FROM A WATER-COLOR BY JOHN LA FARGE.

THE GREAT STATUE OF BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.

of thinking, but where amateurs on the wing like ourselves are not encouraged, and that is certainly seductive. Still, I am afraid that we shall miss a great deal that we wish to see, because of this dawdling in shops.

And yet there is no sadness following these visits, such as has come upon us when we have gone to see some of the modern workers. From them we depart with no more hope. It is like some puzzles, like the having listened to an argument which you know is based on some inaccuracy that you cannot at the moment detect. This about the better, the new perfect work, if I can call it perfect, means only high finish and equal care. But the individual pieces are less and less individual; there is no more *surprise*. The means or methods are being carried further and *beyond*, so that one asks one's self, "Then why these methods at all?" The *style* of this finer modern work is poorer, no longer connected with the greater design, as if ambition was going into method and value of material. Just how far this is owing to us I cannot tell, but the market is largely European, and what is done has a vague appearance of looking less and less out of place among our works, and has, as I said before, less and less suggestion of individuality. None of it would ever give one the slight shock of an exception, none of it would have the appearance which we know of our own best work, the *feeling* that we are not going to see more of it. This statement applies to the best work; the more common work is merely a degradation, the using of some part of the methods: just enough to sell it, and to meet some easily defined immediate commercial needs. I saw the beginnings years ago, and I can remember one of our great New York dealers marking on his samples the colors that pleased most of his buyers, who themselves again were to place the goods in Oshkosh or Third Avenue. All other colors or patterns were tabooed in his instructions to the makers in Japan. This was the rude mechanism of the change, the coming down to the worst public taste, which must be that of the greatest number at any given time; for commerce in such matters is of the moment: the sale of the wooden nutmeg, good enough until used. Have I not seen through the enormous West any amount of the worst stained glass, all derived from what I made myself, some years ago, as a step toward a development of greater richness and delicacy in the "art of glass"? And my rivalry of precious stones had come to this ignoble end and caricature. The commercial man, or the semi-professional man whom we call the architect, must continually ask for something poorer, something to meet the advancing flood of clients and purchasers, something more easily placed anywhere, at random, without trouble or responsibility, and reflecting the public — as it is more easy to fit in a common tile than the most beautiful Persian one — in the average of buildings made themselves to meet the same common demand. And so with all applied beauty; the degradation is always liable to occur.

Japan is an exceptional place for studying these changes; we can see them gradually evolved — all as if by vivisection of some morbid anatomy. The study of these diseases and infections of art at home is attended with moral distress and intellectual disgust, because we are all in part responsible; but here we can see it disinterestedly, and speculate dispassionately upon the degradation of good things resulting from the demands of business.

Were it quite in the line of what you expect to-day from me, I might make out for you the lines of the old scheme of civilization under which former work was done. The feudal organization of Japan divided the country into provinces of distinct habits and modes of work — more or less isolated, partly by want of easy or general communication, partly by the political interests of their rulers and of the main government, partly by the permanence of the provincial feeling which prevented the inhabitant of one place moving to another to find occupation and employment. The rule of the idea of the family, which is still great in Japan, kept things in the same order, preserved all traditions, and at the same time offered opportunities, by adoption, to individuals who might increase or keep up the family reputation or influence. Here, too, I suppose, is the basis of a certain dignity and personal independence in the manners of the people which runs in with their courtesy. Every one must have known what was expected of him, and have felt quite free after that duty paid. Within this courtesy that I see all about me, I feel something of what we might call democratic, for want of a better name. I recognize it in the manner of the subordinate, who takes an apparently personal interest in things, after his duty of politeness and obedience is paid. And though there was no absolute caste as we understand it, except in such a case as that of the Eta, the lines of life were strictly laid out, until the new laws which have made things open more or less to all. With these changes, with disturbances of fortune, with the loss of power and of income on the part of the small rulers, with a country all laid out now in "prefectures," with the necessarily increasing power of "bureaucracy," the whole tone of individual life must change, must become less independent in any one thing, more independent apparently in general — must flatten out, if I may so express it. And the artisan will have to follow

the course of trade and its fluctuations until some general level has been established — some general level of manufactures, I mean, for there is no general level possible in art. Something will happen which will resemble the ways of France, where art still exists, but where things have been so managed that any artist out of the general level has had a very bad time of it — the whole live forces of the nation, in trade and "bureaucracy," being against his living easily any life of his own. When the forces of traditional taste and skill and habits of industry now existing in Japan shall have been organized anew, Japan, like France, will have undoubtedly a great part to play in industrial trade.

Art may live or may not in the future here; nothing of what has been done elsewhere to grow it or foster it has made it stronger. It has always come by the grace of God, to be helped when it is here, or choked out; but no gardener has ever seen its seed. Some of my friends in Japan are plunged in a movement to save what there is of the past in art, to keep its traditions, to keep teaching in the old ways, without direct opposition to what may be good in the new. They see around them the breaking up of what has been fine, and the new influences producing nothing, not even bad imitations of Europe. I know too little upon what their hopes are based, but O——, who is in the "tendency," sails with us for America and Europe, and I may find out more through him. Meanwhile he is to inquire with Professor F—— into the education of the artist and artisan with us, and to see "how we do it." I am deeply interested in their undertaking, perhaps the most remarkable of all similar inquiries — if honestly conducted. But I see vague visions of distorted values, of commercial authorities looked upon as artistic, of the same difficulties for instance that I might meet if I wished now to make an official report, not to the public or to government, — that is always easy, — but to myself, who have no special interest in being misled, of the methods of art and industry that have been and exist in the East.

. . . Three days are wasted. I do scarcely any work, and there comes to me, as a punishment, a feeling of the littleness of a great deal here, coming, I think, from the actual smallness of many details — of the sizes of the little houses, of the little gardens, of the frail materials, of the set manners.

. . . To-morrow we shall go to something great, to the great statue, the "Daibutsŭ," at Kamakura, and perhaps we may even push as far as Enoshima, but I doubt it. It will be our last day, as we shall sail the following morning for Kobe. As I run along the streets of Tokio in the afternoon, with the feeling that I have tried to set down, of things having narrowed as they become familiar, comes the excited melancholy of departure, and this same ugliness and prettiness has a new value as I look upon it for the last time. I sit in the little tea-house near the station, waiting for A——, and drink the "powdered tea," which tastes better than ever, as a stirrup-cup. And I do not resent the familiarity of a big Chinaman, proud of his English, and of national superiority here in size and commercial value, who addresses me and seeks to find out whether I too have a commercial value. My answers puzzle him, and he leaves me uncertain as to quantities, and walks off with the impudent majesty of his fellows among this smaller and less commercial race.

. . . At dinner I see at the table near me a Japanese gentleman, not very young, dining with his wife and another lady, who, I am told, is a well-known *geisha*. This information I receive from my more or less trusty courier, who also gives me some confused intimation that this gentleman had participated in the murder of Richardson, the Englishman, many years ago, under the old régime, for which murder somebody else was decapitated. The wife is correct and immovable, the geisha animated, with a great deal of color and charm. A German or Russian sits at another table, heavy, diplomatic, thick-bearded; the geisha recognizes him, rises, goes over to his table, and bends very low before him, almost kneeling, then speaks courteously and animatedly, as if in compliment, to which the diplomat without turning his head says a word or two distantly. Then the geisha bends again down to the table, and walks respectfully backward, and then swings back into her seat. I am amused by this complete inversion of our own habits, and am reminded of the manners and assiduous attentions of our men at the theaters when they call on the indifferent fair. I see, too, that the points of attack and defense must be different.

The heat was still intense even in the night, within fifty yards of the sea; we went down to the quay and hired a boat with man and boy to drift out into the hazy moonlight. The boy did the main part of the work; we lay in the boat, seeing nothing but this little body, and the flapping of its garments, and everything else a vague space of lightened shadow. We rowed or sculled far away, came near to a shore where there was a tea-house, for women opened its closed sides and, revealed by their lanterns, came down and called to us. But we pulled off, and later, in a far-off ocean with no shore nor sky, came across a little summer-house built on piles, through which the volume of the sea pressed and recoiled. Nothing could be more abandoned, more improbable. There was nothing in sight. Had we entered the little pavilion, and moored our boat or let it float away,

we might have felt as if out in the distant sea. We were the center of a globe of pearl; no edges nor outlines of anything visible, except a faint circular light above, from which the pearly color flowed tremulously, and a few wrinkles of silver and dark below; no sound but a gentle sway of water. And we came home, having had the sense of the possibility of intense isolation in a fairyland of twilight.

At Sea, off Idsu, September 3.—We sailed this morning on the French steamer. It is now quite late in the afternoon. The Pacific keeps its blue under us, and a blue sea haze separates us from the violets and greens of the mountains of the shore, behind which the light is slowly sinking. All is gentle and soothing; but our captain says that he is not sure, and that "*hors d'Idzu nous aurons la houle du Pacifique.*" While waiting for this long angry roll, I shall tell you about yesterday, of which there was little—for we had undertaken too much.

We left rather too late, and drove a good way in the foggy morning, passing much culture, and under many trees, of all which I remember little. It was late when we stopped to breakfast at the little inn from which we were to be taken by kuruma, first to the big statue of Buddha, then wherever we might have time to go. We left the place, and reached the hollow between hills where the statue dwells, after passing through a curious deep cutting right through the rocks, which marks some old approach to the former city: for these hollows and fields were once covered by a great city, the city of Kamakura, the city of Yoritomo, and the great statue now out of doors was once in a temple of that city. Places are shown you in the dells: this was where was once the mansion of such a hero, here was that of the administrators of the military rule in the fifteenth century, here stood the palace where, with his two hundred and eighty last followers, such a one retired to perform harakiri, and perish in the flames, when overwhelming forces had captured the great city which was once the other capital of Japan. Trees and ordinary culture cover these spaces now.

And here was the temple. Sixty-three pillars supported its roof, and many of their bases are still there. But a great inundation from the sea, now some miles distant, destroyed the temple and its adjacent buildings. This happened as far back as the end of the fifteenth century, and the temple has not been rebuilt. The desire of Yoritomo to see the great statue made during his lifetime was not granted; but one of his waiting-ladies, after his death, collected the necessary funds, and it appears to have been cast in 1252 by Ōno Go-rō-ye-mon. I know nothing about him, but if he be the artist, it is pleasant to record his name. The image is made of bronze cast in pieces brazed together and finished with the chisel. It is nearly fifty feet high as it sits; and if these parts help you to its size, learn that its eyes, for instance, are four feet long, the length across its lap from knee to knee is thirty-five feet, and the circumference of the thumb is fully three feet. But these measures, though they show a large scale and great size, do not indicate a proportion, as we should understand it. The whole modeling is for effect, and the means and methods of the modeling are simple and elementary. Like all work done on archaic principles, the main accentuations are overstated, and saved in their relations by great subtleties in the large surfaces. It is emphatically modeled for a colossus; it is *not a little thing made big*, like our modern colossal statues; it *has always been big*, and would be so if reduced to life-size.

We saw it first from the side through trees, as we ran rapidly to the front, where are a temple gate, and a long courtyard still in order, that leads up to the statue. From the side one can see how it bends over, and rough as it is from behind, the impression of something real was strong as its gray form moved through the openings of the trees. The photographs must long have made you know it, and they also show the great base and the immense temple ornaments that stand upon it at the feet of the statue. They show also the little lodge at the side, where the priest in attendance lives, and gives information, and sells photographs and takes them, and generally acts as showman. We took many photographs from new points of view, and we even removed the thatch of a penthouse so as to get nearer and under the statue to the side; and I painted also, more to get the curious gray and violet tone of the bronze than to make a faithful drawing, for that seemed impossible in the approaching afternoon. We did not know how long a time we had spent lingering about it. The clouds had begun to open, and a faint autumnal light filled the little hollow, which has only small trees, and no imposing monuments like the great Cryptomeria, which alone might seem fit to grow about here. All, on the contrary, was gentle and small—the lines of the hills, the trees, the garden plants about us: we might have been anywhere. Perhaps it is just as well; the whole impression comes from the statue, with the only objection or detraction that we can get near enough to it to see the mechanism, the means and details of its expression. An accident, the breaking of its prison temple by a great cataclysm of nature, a great wave of the sea coming far inland and destroying the great building, has given to the statue something that it

could never have had to the physical eye — in the degree it has now. Now, freed from its shrine, the figure sits in contemplation of entire nature, the whole open world that we feel about us, or its symbols — the landscape, the hills, the trees and fields, the sky and its depths, the sunshine playing before the eyes of the seated figure, the air in which dance all the things that live in air, from the birds that fly, to the atoms of dust, and the drifting leaves and blossoms, the confusion or the peace of the elements, the snow in crystals, and the rain in drops. All this world of ours, which to the contemplative mind is but a figurative fragment of the universe, lies before the mental gaze of the Buddha. Unwinking, without change of direction, he looks forever; his will is forever subdued and held beneath him, as his fingers pressed together indicate his freedom from all the disturbances of that past of being which is subject to time and change, and his cognition, undisturbed, envelops and images the universe in final contemplation.

Astounding success of the artist in what he has really done, for there is no trace of means: the sum of realism is so slight, the conventional has so great a part; each detail is almost more of an ornament than of a representation. One almost believes that the result may be partly accidental: that, as one cannot fathom the reason of the expressiveness of a countenance, or of the influence of a few musical notes, even though one knows the mechanism, so it seems difficult to grant that there was once a choice in the other mind that caused it, that there were once many paths opened before it.

And still more do I believe that the accident of the great tempest has given a yet more patent and subtle meaning to the entire figure. Once upon a time its details, indeed, if not its entirety, must have looked more delicate in the reflected light of the temple building, when the upper part of the figure was bathed in mysterious gloomy light, while the lower glittered in answer to the openings of the doors. But could anything ever have rivaled the undecidedness of this background of veiled sky and shifting blue, which makes one believe at times that the figure soon must move? As one looks longer and longer at it, with everything around it gently changing, and the shadows shifting upon its surface, the tension of expectation rises to anxiety. The trees rustle and wave behind it, and the light dances up and down the green boughs with the wind; it must move — but there is no change, and it shall sit forever.

As we left, and I walked down the long pavement in front of the statue, in the early autumn sunshine and the rising freshness of the wind, I turned again and again, each time with the realization that the statue was still sitting, until we turned out of sight, a vague unreasonable sense of having left it alone accompanying me until other, different, light and gay impressions broke the influence and allowed me to think of what I had seen as a work of art, such as I could understand and decompose — and, if I wished, make also.

And we lunched at Hase, near by, and from the comfortable inn could see on the gray hill above the temple of Kwannon, and its red buildings and balustrades. After a very long lunch, we walked up to the temple, and from the platform in front looked toward the afternoon sea right before us, and the plain of Kamakura. Then we entered, and were taken in behind the great screen doors to a narrow but high place — lighted only from the little entrance — wherein stood right by us and over us, a standing figure of the divinity, all golden in the dark. It is over thirty feet high, and whether it be great art or not, — for the darkness was too great to judge of form, — the glitter of a smile of gold far up above our heads, in the obscurity of the roof, was an impression that, even so near to the great statue out of doors, remains distinct. It was late afternoon; we dared look at no more statues, nor at relics of warriors of Kamakura, and started for the beach, partly with the hope of seeing Fuji behind us. But all was veiled in the sky; we walked along the beach, our kurumas dragging with us, and crossed a little stream, and while A—— bathed in and thereby took possession of the Pacific, I walked up the sand-hills toward the little village at the end of the strand. As I came near it, an unfortunate distorted being, scarred with some leprous disease, plunged toward me in the twilight from some vague opening in the hills, and begged piteously, following me afterward with a thankful wail of "O Danna San! Danna San! Danna San," that I hear yet. We reëntered our kurumas and drove in triumph to the inn of the little village. I say in triumph: *I* drove in triumph, observed of all observers — I had my usual costume and was clothed. A——, rather than wait to get dry, rode along with only a partial covering of *yukatta*, and attracted no attention. Had he had nothing on at all, he would have been still more in keeping with many of our neighbors. Night was falling, nothing more could be done, and we got back to our carriage and horses, and drove back in the warm darkness to Yokohama. And I close as we begin to feel the roll, "*la houle du Pacifique*."

John La Farge.

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE ART.

WITH EXAMPLES FROM THE CHICAGO EXHIBIT.

PAINTING BY KISHI CHIKUDO.

TIGRESS.

THE recent tendency of Japan to return to conservative ideals marks a most healthy reaction from the policy of imitation to that of self-development. Art, the most sensitive barometer of Oriental culture, was the first national interest to plant itself on this new platform. After the fall of the shogunate and of native patronage in 1868, the masters starved; only the poorer workmen found employment in cheap production for the foreign market. Along with brick and stucco architecture, French clocks, and crimson carpets, it was deemed necessary to import Italian painters and sculptors to educate a new generation of "civilized artists." For nearly a decade large classes of young men trained in crayon drawing from Greek casts, in oil studies of models with blurry drapery, and in marble Madonnas, were turned loose upon a wondering community to perpetrate travesties of European salons. It became a disgrace to exhibit a sign of "barbarous" Oriental feeling.

CARVING IN IVORY BY ICHIKAWA KOMEI.

GODDESS KWANNON.

Meanwhile a lucrative trade had sprung up in the exportation of antiques and modern decorated wares. Japanese art became a "craze" in the West; and its signal triumphs in European and American expositions were already working a revolution in our theories of decoration. But by 1882 the old school of designers had for the most part died off without heirs, and the plundered stock of antique models was well nigh exhausted. The lull in foreign demand due to manifest deterioration perplexed the exporters. Now came the chance of the new men who had been graduated in Venuses and Italian shepherds to take the place of the masters of centuries, and to render the nation solid service. Then was it suddenly found that the fair image of Japanese creative design had been stuffed with sawdust. Those of the proud masters of

CARVING IN IVORY BY ASAHI HATSU.

BOY WITH A DOVE.

Italian art who did not despise the "inferior" work of decoration could, indeed, paint beautiful portraits of black-eyed tea-house girls languidly lolling with gauzy blue veils thrown over their bosoms; but how to adapt Renaissance arabesques to the surfaces of fans, teapots, and lacquered trays was to them an insoluble conundrum. What the West seemed to want was the very birthright which they had sold.

In this emergency the Government acted with exemplary decision. Abolishing the foreign art school as an expensive luxury, it appointed a commission to report upon the feasibility of introducing Japanese drawing into the public schools, which by this time were reveling in lead-pencil copy-books filled with outlines of such inspiring objects as goblets, student-lamps, and English barnyards. One obstacle was the lack of teachers blessed with a spark of native esthetic attainment. An immediate conservation of remaining Japanese talent into a central normal institute was seen to be imperative. A second obstacle was the bitter hostility of the ultraconservatives who wished to dominate the new movement by chaining it to the stake of modern Chinese esthetic canons. It required four years of aggressive discussion to overcome the patchwork alliance of two

extreme parties who agreed only in this, that no policy of self-development was desirable or feasible. But by the close of 1888 the Department of Education opened the first native Fine Arts Academy, to which were gathered as instructors the few progressive masters who still survived in the arts of painting, sculpture, metal-chasing, bronze-casting, lacquering, etc., and from whom enthusiastic classes of young men, selected from hundreds by competitive examination, now hastened to learn the respective traditions before they should die out. The Government, upon imperial patronage, founded a national museum for the preservation and study of important relics, intrusted commissions for public works to the professors of the new school, and granted to artists pecuniary prizes with honorary titles. Of special moment was the appointment of the progressive leaders as judges of the national exhibitions.

The significance of the Japanese department of the World's Fair at Chicago lies in the fact that here for the first time has the policy of self-development in modern Oriental art an opportunity of justifying itself by results, however immature. By its promoters were the Government plans for this exhibition drafted and superintended; by its professors and pupils were the most important of the detached works and all of the decorations executed; and through its influence has the prevailing character of native and original design been throughout stimulated. It is well understood by the authorities that Japan's future position in the world's art cannot be established by throwing away her special gifts of pure and delicate design, in the quixotic desire to compete with France and America in the field of realistic oil-painting. Neither can she fall back listlessly upon the fame of her past achievements. She must grapple with living problems. She assumes that in her art courses sap enough for new possibilities. While at Vienna, at Paris, and at Philadelphia her triumphs were largely in her loan collections of antiques and in modern replicas, at Chicago for the first time has she deliberately dared to be original, and to ask the world's favor for her contemporary art on its own merits.

Candor compels one first of all to say that to Mr. Kakuzo Okakura, the director of the Fine Arts Academy, more than to any other one man, is the credit for this wonderful Japanese exhibit due. The wise touch of his advice is everywhere felt, from the architectural casket which reproduces the interesting proportions and decorations of the Biodoin temple at Uji, founded in the eleventh century, to the new departures in shape and glaze of the humblest pottery. In paintings the display is small but choice, the severity of the native juries having apparently exceeded that which has been deprecated in our own. The landscape by Hashimoto Gaho, chief professor of the academy, and undoubtedly Japan's greatest living artist; the summer landscape by Kumagaye Naohiko, of the school of Bunrin; the very original procession of Ogata Gekko; the group of fowls on a cart, in snow, by Watanabe Seitei; and the tigress by Kishi Chikudo, the grandson of Japan's most celebrated animal-painter, Ganku, are among the most noteworthy. In sculpture, the ape watching an eagle, by Takamura Kowun, the leading professor of wood-carving; the statuette of the Buddhist divinity Kwannon, the largest ivory carving ever made in Japan, by the famous Ichikawa Komei; and the splendid bronze relief of the goddess Benten by the great caster of the art school, Okazaki Sessei, appear to carry off the honors. In lacquer, said to be the finest work of the last forty years, is a book-shelf executed by the master Shirayama Fukumatsu; while in faience, cloisonné, woven pictures, and printed velvets, the technical qualities of former work have been decidedly surpassed. That Japanese art is dead no one can now assert.

The head of the tigress and the bronze Benten, here reproduced, are worthy of special remark, being very noble specimens of the work of the new movement. Chikudo, who has already won the highest honors in national exhibitions, here adds supreme luster to the fame of his noted family by a thoroughly original work, the power of which, reached through delicacy of technic, renders it a marvel of Japanese realism. Having painted for this exhibition four tigers which he successively destroyed as unsatisfactory, Chikudo at length produced this at the price, it is said, of temporary mental derangement, his prolonged absorption in his conception having induced the illusion that he was himself a tiger. Of the Benten it must be said that its extreme beauty and its richness of line render it the most notable contribution to sculpture of recent years. Okazaki has here far surpassed in originality and purity of design all previous efforts. Taking the simpler bronze reliefs of the Nara school of the seventh century as his starting-point, he has invested them with a wealth of line structure suggested by the Tosa religious painters of the thirteenth, fusing both elements into a splendid original impression of the "Goddess of Music," so perfectly in accord with the laws of low relief in bronze as to make this work the Japanese analogue of the purest period of the corresponding fifteenth-century Italian art. From this height seems to be descried a limitless horizon for the future of Japanese art.

Ernest Francisco Fenollosa.

BRONZE RELIEF BY OKAZAKI SESSEI.

BENTEN, THE JAPANESE GODDESS OF MUSIC.

A SWEDISH ETCHER.

(ANDERS ZORN.)

FIVE water-colors painted by Mr. Anders Zorn, and exhibited at the World's Fair in Paris in 1889, won him a first medal and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and in the same year a large painting in oils gained him a gold medal at the Salon. Another of his pictures, bought by the French government, hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery; several more are owned in Paris by Faure, the famous singer, who is an experienced collector of works of art; and certain Parisian critics have called Mr. Zorn the founder of a school of painting, although, while confessing that he can himself perceive that he has had followers, he protests that he is "a very old-fashioned person indeed," who does not give himself names or "go in for public favor," being quite satisfied if his brother artists call him a good painter. We can thus understand that Mr. Zorn is justified in saying that he is known in Europe as a painter (in England especially as a painter in water-colors), and that etching and carving are only his "diversions."

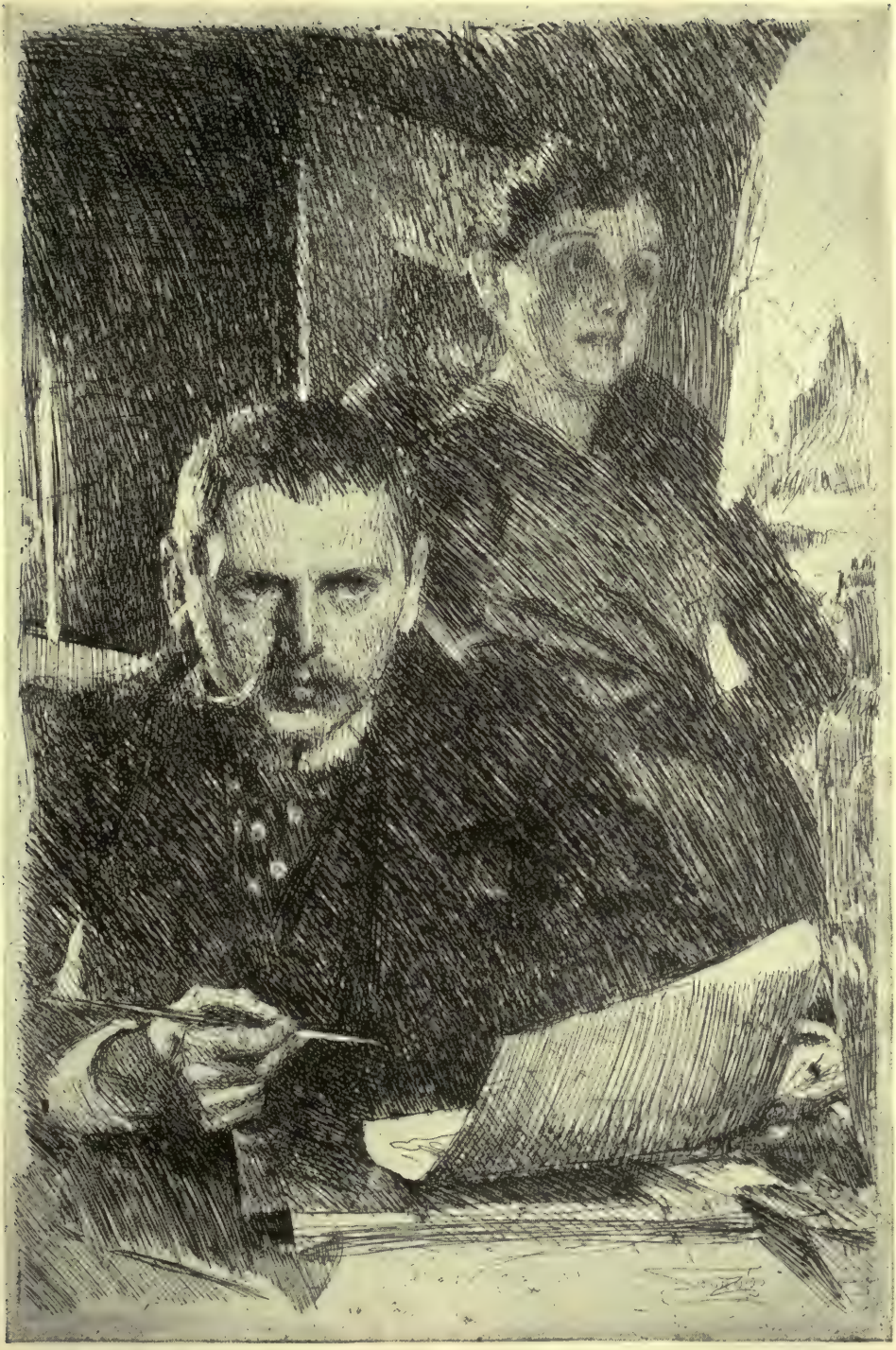
It is simply of these diversions that I have now to speak. Mr. Zorn's pictures are not yet familiar to home-keeping New-Yorkers, and I am no wiser with regard to them than the rest of my fellow-citizens. A number of them are, indeed, included in the Swedish collection at Chicago, but they were not shown while he tarried briefly in New York last spring. Only a group of etchings, four of which are herewith reproduced, and a little bust of his grandmother, carved in birch-wood, then testified to the skill and individuality of this leader among the artists of modern Sweden.

It is pleasant, of course, to be able to speak of the whole work of an artist whom one is introducing to a new public. But, on the other hand, there are disadvantages in having a large subject when what I may call one's printed canvas cannot be correspondingly wide. If I had here to comment on Mr. Zorn's paintings and water-colors, there might be little space left for mention of his etchings; and diversions though he sees fit to call them, they are works of very serious excellence, of vivid personality and singular force, well worthy of separate and special praise.

Mr. Zorn was born in Mora, in the province of Dalarne, in the central part of Sweden, thirty-three years ago. His parents were peasants, but some kindly friend gained admittance for him to a school in a small neighboring town. Later he was sent to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm, where he remained three years, working chiefly in water-colors. "I was always an opponent," he says, "disliking to be controlled. I would hoist myself up on the window-sills so that no one could interfere with me. But somehow I began to get pupils, and I made a few portraits in water-color, and thus earned a little money during the year, so that in 1881 I could make my first trip abroad. I had done military service for one month before this; and I had sold my first picture, a small aquarelle, when I was sixteen. On going abroad, I spent two weeks in London and two in Paris, and then went to Spain. I spent a winter in Seville and Cadiz, painting gipsies and little girls, in water-color only. Between 1882 and 1885 I had a studio in London. In 1883 I went to Madrid to paint the nobility, and then returned to London. I had a certain amount of success in Spain, and some one in Madrid wrote my biography. In 1885 I went back to Sweden and married. After that I traveled for two years, giving the summers to Sweden and spending some time in Constantinople, Algiers, and Spain."

During all these years Mr. Zorn painted in water-colors only. He began to use oils in 1887, when he passed two months in the south of England, not knowing whether to stay there or to return to Spain. His first painting, a large one called "A Fisherman," was exhibited at the Paris Salon of next year, and was bought by the French government. In 1889 Mr. Zorn was sent by an English gentleman to paint the children of a friend in Paris, and since then he has made Paris his home. His first commission for a portrait in oils was to paint Antoine Proust, the French Minister of Fine Arts. He has also painted Coquelin, and among his most important pictures of other kinds he rates the large one called "Out of Doors," showing women bathing on the shore, which was exhibited at the Salon of 1889, and which, as I have said, received a gold medal.

Most of Mr. Zorn's paintings have been sold in Paris, and all through private channels, a fact which probably explains why we have not yet seen any of them in New-York. Here the picture-dealer's offices are almost indispensable if a young foreign painter is to appear



ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

ZORN AND HIS WIFE.

among us; and with picture-dealers Mr. Zorn will have nothing to do. In 1882, he says, when he visited London for the first time, he offered a water-color to a dealer; and after first declaring that he did not buy pictures, this gentleman offered him "fifteen dollars for a three-hundred-dollar aquarelle. I swore then," he relates, "never to enter the door of a dealer again." Many painters must have made similar vows in their youth. Mr. Zorn has been unusually fortunate in the power to keep his unbroken.

When the time came for Swedish artists to think of the Chicago Fair, Mr. Zorn was appointed their chief commissioner. He expects to remain in this country until November at least, and to paint his next Salon picture here. Let us hope that he will think better of us, from the artist's point of view, than he thinks of our English cousins. In spite of the success which he won among them as an aquarellist, "I did not care," he explains, "for their taste in art. They are in every way too heavy. Of all Europeans they are the most lacking in artistic taste. They do not feel the real art impulse. Art with them is a question of fashion. Their interest in it is only for the sake of good form. They go through a gallery paying more attention to the catalogue than to what is on the walls. Their catalogues are filled with quotations from Ruskin and Shakspere." I do not think that in this country an interest in art is thought a matter of good form. Sometimes it may be a matter of intellectual "pose," but even affectation of this sort is better than the degradation of art to the service of fashion. And most of the interest in art which Americans exhibit — whether to Mr. Zorn it seems large or small in amount, intelligent or unintelligent in quality — is, I beg him to believe, a matter of simple and serious feeling, or, at the very least, of genuine aspiration toward a kind of knowledge and emotion which, while not really possessed, is recognized as a most desirable possession.

And now it is time to say a word about the way in which Mr. Zorn has diverted himself with his etching-needle.

Contrary to the belief of the uninitiated, etching is the freest of point-processes, for the wax through which the needle merely cuts, without even scratching the plate beneath, offers less resistance to the hand than paper offers to the airiest pencil or pen. The greater an artist's freedom of hand, the greater, of course, is his chance to express himself in a distinctively personal way; and therefore personality, individuality, distinctiveness, is the first quality we look for in an etching. If we do not find it, we wonder why the artist cared to use the needle at all. But, on the other hand, an artist born to use the needle displays it in so vivid a way that a collection of etchings by master-hands has a variety unequaled in a collection of drawings done in any other way. Look from one of Whistler's fragile, dainty Venetian views, wrought as with a tracery of spider-webs, to one of Rembrandt's simply, incisively drawn landscapes, or one of Méryon's nervous, definite studies of old Paris, or one of Millet's pastoral scenes, done with a few broad, succinct lines in what I may almost call a sort of artistic shorthand. These will suffice to show how plainly an artist may put himself into his etchings — how plainly, indeed, he must put himself there if they are to be valuable; and each additional print by any other capable hand will have almost as conspicuous a personality.

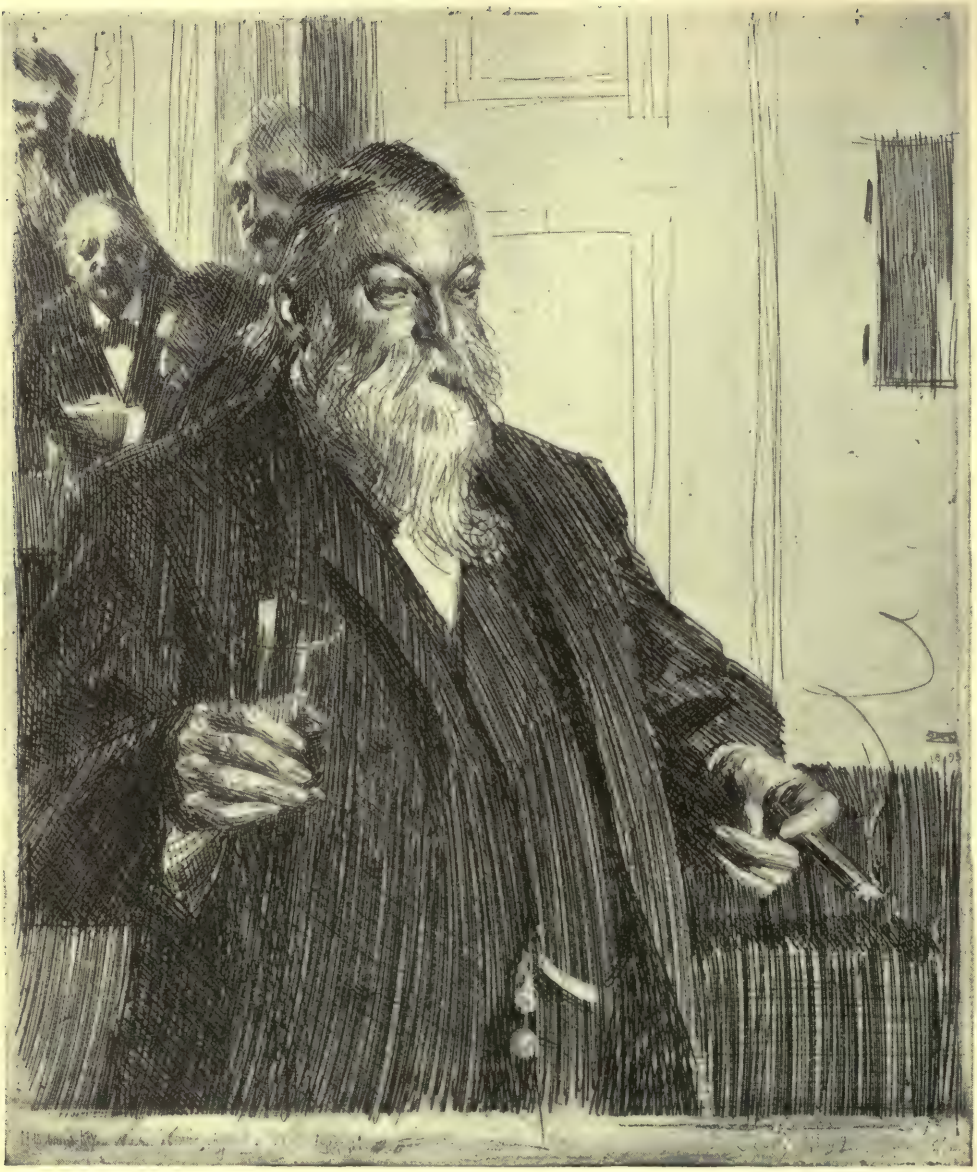
Near the extreme end of the range of the art in one direction — at the opposite pole to the subtile delicacies of a Whistler — I should put Mr. Zorn's bold, spirited, swiftly executed yet completely satisfying works. Compare, if you can, his portrait of Renan with Whistler's famous "Violoncellist," for no more instructive contrast could be studied. The figure of the violoncellist is merely indicated with a few swift lines; but the head is fully elaborated with an incomparable minuteness and refinement of touch. The more closely it is examined, the more complete and finished it appears, and the more beautiful its workmanship. We delight to study these lines for their own sake, they are so logically and harmoniously and delicately laid. We marvel how they could have been drawn; but we do not marvel that, with their aid, a beautiful, impressive head could be wrought.

Very different is the impression produced by such a figure as Mr. Zorn's "Renan." Here we do not wonder how any one could execute the lines, so much as how, with lines like these and with no more of them, so truthful, complete, and striking an effect could be produced. Mr. Whistler's method, in his violoncellist's head, attracts us in the sense that it delights the merely sensuous eye, and also satisfies the criticizing faculty by its lovely logic. Zorn's method attracts us in the sense that, while seeming hasty and almost illogical, it proves itself magnificently adequate, and therefore skilful and artful in the highest sense.

An ignorant eye may think that it must be harder to use the needle like Whistler than like Zorn. But the difficulty is as great in the one case as in the other. It would be foolish to compare the two kinds of work for the sake of trying to decide which is better. But I have a reason for contrasting them. Speedy, broad, audacious-looking work in painting is apt to be thought good to-day just because of its

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

OLGA B.



ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

"THE TOAST IN THE IDUN."

boldness, but similar work with the needle is apt to be undervalued as mere sketching which "any one could do." In both cases the inexperienced need to be told that the result is the main thing, not the method; that delicate, detailed work is worthless unless it has deeper merits, and that speedy, succinct work is good only when it really tells us all that we need to be told—when it is synthetic, not empty; when it is wisely bold, not merely reckless; when it is truly broad, not simply slipshod. One should not admire Whistler's "Violoncellist" for its refinement and finish only, but for its combination of these qualities with vigor, truth, and poetry. One should not admire Zorn's "Renan" because the facts it gives were so swiftly set down and so vigorously emphasized, but because, with this bold brevity of speech, he has managed to tell us so much and in so clear and convincing a way. His portrait of Renan is not a sketch, simple though its language is. It is a thorough study. It portrays the man, in soul and body, as fully and forcibly as any portrait without color could. It is neither to

its credit nor its discredit that, as Mr. Zorn tells us, it was done in one short sitting. The fact has biographical and critical, but no purely artistic, significance. Mr. Zorn wanted to record his impression of Renan. He could hardly have done it better had he been three months about it, and his result would be no more wonderful, as a work of art, had it been finished in three minutes. Its true value is intrinsic — resides in the impression made upon the observer desirous of knowing how Renan looked.

Yet we like, of course, to know just how so fine a piece of work was done. It was done in Renan's study in Paris, in April, 1892. "His friends," says Mr. Zorn, "came and asked me to make an etching of him. He arranged for the sitting. He was very ill, but I sat studying him for a little while, then took the plate and drew him. I asked him if it was a characteristic pose, and he replied, 'No; I very seldom sit like this.' But his wife came in and said, 'You have caught him to perfection. It is himself. When he is not watched he is always like that.' She was really touched by it. Afterward his son, who is an artist, came and expressed his feeling about it. He was very much touched indeed. I agreed with him to paint Renan when I should come back from Sweden, but he died two months after. He wrote me a most charming letter. He very seldom wrote a letter: his wife wrote for him. His letter to me is very poetical."

If, my reader, you know the poetry which resided in Renan's soul, you will be glad of this new portrait of that corporeal frame which, under the hand of less keen-sighted artists, has often seemed its almost grotesquely unfitting envelop. Here, I think, we can read signs not only of the forceful mind, but also of the idealistic temperament of the great scholar, although not so well, of course, in our reproduction as in the etching itself. No reproduction of an etching can render all its impressiveness. The mere translation of the etched lines into lines of another quality must work harm; and, moreover, as is the case with all our other reproductions, the size of the original has been much reduced, while the work of a sensitive artist is always done with a very nice regard to questions of scale.

"The Idun" (Goddess of Youth) is the name of a scientific and artistic society in Stockholm. A painting by Zorn, called "The Toast in The Idun," and showing its secretary and founder Wieselgren, Nordenskjöld, and Professors Key, Waern, and Hildebrand, was presented to the association on its thirtieth jubilee, but is now owned by the Swedish government, and hangs at this moment among the Swedish pictures at Chicago. From it Mr. Zorn made the etching

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN.

ERNEST RENAN.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM THE ORIGINAL CARVING IN BIRCH-WOOD (SIX INCHES HIGH) BY ZORN.

THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE ARTIST.

which we show. Here he has not worked in just the same way as in the "Renan," but his handling is even more interesting when one studies how its seemingly reckless strokes result in an effect of so much completeness and force.

Interest of this same sort, however, is still more strongly felt when we look at the portrait of the artist and his wife in their studio. Examined close at hand, in the large etching itself, these quick, bold, slanting strokes hardly seem to have definite meaning. They do not follow the contours and accommodate themselves to the modeling of the various parts of the subject as do the lines of etchers who care greatly for obvious logic and grace of handling. Yet, viewed at the proper distance, each is found to be full of most accurate purpose. The forms of the figures and accessories define and round themselves with astonishing truth and force; everything holds its proper place in the composition; atmosphere and light are beautifully rendered; and for dramatic vividness, for expression of character, few etched portraits I have ever seen can compare with these.

When one studies close at hand the apparently meaningless broad touches in a picture by Velasquez, and then, standing back, sees how marvelously they fall into place as ren-

derings of things which could not be more truthfully, or half so forcibly, rendered by any amount of careful elaboration, one learns to appreciate that truly synthetic kind of painting which may be called interpretation rather than representation. And just so it is when we study this etching of Mr. Zorn's. Mere boldness, mere dash, the mere omission of details, can never give results like these. They imply that the artist has so keenly felt and so thoroughly understood every quality of his subject, that while laying masses or lines as they do not show themselves in nature and, taken separately, do not even seem to translate anything in nature, he can, nevertheless, so lay them that when some degree of distance blends them together, the subject reveals itself with a particularly convincing veracity. Such work, I say, is interpretative work; and an artist cannot interpret truly if he sees superficially or works recklessly. He must be master of his subject, and master also of the subtilest resources of his art.

A ball-room scene, showing a brightly lighted room opening out beyond a darker one, and two figures in the foreground, waltzing half in the light and half in the shadow, is another surprising instance of seemingly rash but most intelligently calculated workmanship; and it is also remarkable for the expression of rhythmic movement in the figures. A portrait of Faure, singing to his own accompaniment on the pianoforte, is less dashingly handled, but not less strong and interesting. Different again is the portrait of Olga B. (which is reproduced on page 585), and especially attractive because it shows — what the others might leave in doubt — that this very virile etcher has, upon occasion, a keen feeling for beauty. His hand can, indeed, be very delicate, and his spirit very poetic, as may be read in a large etching called "A Fisherman" (done from his picture in the Luxembourg Gallery).

I wish that it had been possible to reproduce this for my readers; also a small half-length portrait of a middle-aged woman wrapped in furs, which has all the dramatic intensity of a Rembrandt etching; and also another, more airily treated, but with a quite delicious spirit, grace, and humor, where a prettily audacious young woman tilts up her little nose to watch the smoke from her cigarette. But to reveal the full range of Mr. Zorn's talent one would have to show each and all of his works. His mind seems able to put itself into artistic sympathy with subjects of every kind, and his hand is equally versatile and always in nicest accord with the character of his theme and his feeling about it. Still, to me, his boldest, bravest, most incisive etchings seem the most interesting, because the most characteristic, the most individual, the most unlike those of other etchers.

"I began to etch," he says, "in 1883, in London. Mr. Haig was a friend of mine, and he showed me something of the process. I had not been stimulated by the English etchers. I etched Haig's portrait among the first things that I did. I took up the art merely as an amusement, and worked at it only at odd times, instead of sitting at home or going about for entertainment. Instead of photographing a picture as a souvenir, I etched it. I etch directly on the plate from nature, and generally do but one biting. I very rarely have more than one sitting. The result is thus more harmonious; all my best things have been done in one sitting. I can do an etching from nature, like the portrait of myself and my wife, in three hours. This was retouched with a graver a couple of times. I never use anything but the graver to retouch a line; I never use the dry-point, and am almost alone in this."

With regard to the little bust of his grandmother, carved in birch-wood, Mr. Zorn says: "I have painted my grandmother a great many times, and the pictures have always been sold, so I made this little carving as something to keep. From beginning to end it was carved from nature and with carvers' tools. My grandmother," he adds, "is very picturesque"; but this we do not need to be told, nor that there were probably other reasons why her grandson wished to have a portrait of her; nor again, that this bust probably is a portrait in the fullest, exactest sense of the word. It is a delightful thing in subject as in execution. Every detail of the sweet, strong old peasant face is lovingly rendered, and yet one thinks most not of details or even of features, but of the soul behind them.

Although Mr. Zorn has practised art in so many forms, and has tried so many kinds of subjects, he says that first of all he considers himself a portrait-painter. I hope that we shall be able to judge him as a painter of portraits if we get to Chicago; but meanwhile his great talent as an interpreter of the human face and form can be well appreciated from his etchings alone. The boldest and most spirited of them are, I repeat, my favorites. I think he will agree with me when I say that, if you know the "Renan," the "Toast," and the studio group, you know the best of Zorn in so far as needle and acid can show it. And I am sure you will agree with me that thus a new figure, of a most interesting and impressive kind, has been added to the list of your friends in art.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

MR. JONES'S EXPERIMENT.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

THE PROPOSAL.

MR. F. MANDEVILLE JONES was slowly recovering from a fever which had relented only after the doctors had given him up, and his friends had begun to enumerate his good qualities; and in the seclusion of the sick-room he reflected long and seriously upon the life which he had been about to submit, as a closed record, for judgment.

With keen introspection he sought out the flaws in his character, analyzing the motives of action, testing principles, and criticizing the method and result of all his life. He was a bachelor of mature age and comfortable fortune, a fairly successful lawyer, of good social position, correct habits, and genial nature—in short, a gentleman of parts, and a most acceptable member of society. Thus, at least, he was rated by the world, and thus, in his casual moments of self-examination, he had been accustomed to regard himself. But now, solemnized by the recent near approach of death, and with new clearness of vision, he

studied the being that he had been, and knew himself for what he really was—a dishonest man; that is, conventional and insincere. He reviewed with impartial scrutiny his social relations, and was forced to admit that he had not spoken and lived the truth—the real truth of his conscience. Day by day he had politely lied, courteously repressed his real feeling, and amiably concurred in that which he knew to be false, until deception had become the unconscious habit of his life; and brooding over this unwelcome fact, he so magnified his fault that it assumed the proportions of a deadly sin, from which he must find deliverance at any cost. He resolved that with the return of strength he would enter upon a new life. He would in all things, and at all hazards, be simply true to himself and to the obvious principles of rectitude.

He realized that the duty to which he had resolved to devote himself would be exacting and difficult; but to shirk it for that reason would be unworthy of him regenerate. And again and again, during the long period of his convalescence, he renewed his resolution, and rehearsed the glories of his certain victory over the sins of duplicity, until he became an enthusiast, or perhaps a monomaniac, on the subject of truth as a rule of conduct, and longed for the field of action. Yet with all his zeal he intended to be reasonable. He would not gratuitously affront society by noisy declamation, or assert himself inopportunely or unchallenged. He would not give way to unworthy impulses simply because they were real; but, on the other hand, he would not blink the truth according to his conscience, however unwelcome, whenever he should properly be put in evidence.

After careful consideration of his physical condition and rate of improvement, he was confident that by the opening of the new year, then close at hand, he would have quite regained his strength and be ready to resume his place in the social world; and he would then resolutely take up the task of honest living.

The eventful day arrived, and Mr. Jones sallied forth with two great resolutions; whereof the major has been sufficiently indicated, and the minor may be guessed when it is known that he bent his steps toward the home of Miss Stella Van Riper. Mr. Jones belonged to that class of bachelors known as eligible. For some years he had preserved his autonomy without apparent reason; and recent meditations upon the duty of man, and the exceptional qualities of Miss Van Riper, having shown him the error of his way, he had resolved to lose no time in gaining the right path, which he fondly hoped to do by means of a frank declaration to this lady of the exact state of his feelings, in which, of course, he would state the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

He was received on this occasion with that cordiality which Miss Van Riper always manifested toward gentlemen whose calls were frequent enough to indicate a probable purpose, and with, perhaps, a certain superadded warmth due to her considerable interest in him, and consequent joy over his restoration to health and her society. After an hour of preliminary conversation, beginning with a recital by him of the interesting features of his recent illness, continued by the enumeration of similar cases, and ending with a polite but not extravagant avowal of the pleasures experienced in the renewal of their friendly intercourse, Mr. Jones found himself at the brink of opportunity, and poised for the fateful plunge.

Miss Van Riper, with a woman's quick perception of great moments, assumed the attitude of genuine and yet not painful surprise, with the right hand somewhat conspicuous and easily tangible. She had done this before, but never when she felt so sure of her emergency. Mr. Jones, having mentally renewed his vow of absolute sincerity in all things, thus proceeded:

"Miss Van Riper, I desire to speak with you upon a personal subject of great, and I trust mutual, interest; and at the outset let me assure you that I shall permit no enthusiasm or fervor or habit of hyperbole to carry me beyond the limits of exact truth and perfect sincerity; for I am resolved that simple honesty shall be henceforth my constant rule of action. You cannot have failed to observe that marked preference which I have shown of late years for your society. Indeed, I am conscious that at sundry times I have given you more or less explicit assurances of my special regard. Doubtless some of these may have been accentuated by the too common tendency to an extravagant laudation of your sex, and should be qualified by that consideration; but however that may be, the main fact of personal esteem remains."

Here he hesitated, and Miss Van Riper, being restrained by no vow, remarked that he had always been very polite, but she had never dreamed that—that he had not been just the same to the other girls.

"No," he continued; "there was a difference. While it is true that with the careless duplicity which is the unfortunate habit of my sex, and once was mine, I have given similar assurances to other ladies, they were not so fully warranted by the fact; and I now regret and ought perhaps to recall them; whereas with you I am constrained to reinforce such

"HALF A BOTTLE LATER."

former suggestions. Miss Van Riper, I have critically examined the state of my emotions; and though I have at times doubted, and have somewhat distrusted my own judgment, I am satisfied, upon a full, and, I trust, impartial, review of all the evidence, that I love you. I do not say that I adore you, or worship your footprints, or even that I love you as I had never thought to love, or as no woman was ever loved before; for I am convinced that such protestations are in most cases — and would probably be in the present — extreme and misleading. I could, indeed, find it easy to make them now, in the excitement of my emotions, and to think them true; but reason teaches me, and candor compels me to admit, that such passionate avowals should not be wholly credited. I feel that you are essential to my happiness. In this I may, of course, be mistaken; and you will therefore regard this as but the expression of a personal opinion upon the subject. As for myself, I give you no assurance of exceptional merits. There is always danger that an individual may be disqualified, either by undue vanity or by excessive modesty, to pass upon his own value. I can only say that the disposition of persons in polite society is to conceal or repress the baser elements of character, and to exhibit to the best advantage the more attractive qualities,—a fact which should not be overlooked in forming our estimates of each other; and with this caution I must leave you to your own conclusions, as I am left to mine."

By this time Miss Van Riper's face was a study. She was old enough, and sufficiently self-possessed, to appreciate the reasonableness of Mr. Jones's propositions, and felt, too, that his case ought not to be prejudiced by his extraordinary candor; but she had long looked

forward to this moment, and had well-matured ideas as to the proprieties of the occasion — none of which had been regarded. Her right hand was still free. She clasped it with the left,— feeling that something was due from somebody,— and wondered whether at this point she ought to treat his remarks as complete. She hesitated, and Mr. Jones, perceiving that he had omitted something, asked her to be his wife; and she, with downcast eyes and averted conscience, told him she was so surprised — that it was all so new and strange — that she really had hardly thought of marriage — and was he sure that he would always love her just the same? He replied that he had asked himself that question, and that while he could not honestly assure her that it was absolutely certain, he felt the greatest confidence in the stability of his affection.

It had been well for Miss Van Riper had she been content with this guarded statement of the case; but how could maiden heart surrender to a preamble and set of resolutions! She would make some effort to secure her rights; and she began by being *so* surprised that he should think her beautiful. This surprise, having really no inducement in fact, was most unfortunate. He had chosen her with his eyes open and without the aid of any optical illusion, partly because of a certain maturity, which corresponded well with his own, but which in most ladies postdates the heyday of youth and beauty; and in spite of his vow, he was terribly tried by this uncalled-for remark, and especially because he knew that in the days of his duplicity he had indulged in sundry conventional compliments which might have misled her even to the extent indicated by her expression of surprise. But he was fairly challenged, and the great principle of his new life was at stake. He was tempted for a moment to compromise by some general observation that mere beauty had never been the chief inspiration of his love; but in her eyes he read a larger expectation, and he must answer it. So he told her kindly, but firmly, that he had not intended to imply, nor could he honestly permit her to assume, that her beauty, though entirely satisfactory to him, was of that transcendent quality to compel especial and exclusive homage; and trusted that he would not be misunderstood if in his desire to be entirely frank he took occasion to correct any false impression which he might inadvertently have given her on this subject. Then she supposed, with tears in her voice, that since he was not very sure of his love, and considered her such a fright, he must have some other reason for wishing to marry her; and she was sure she could n't imagine what it was unless he wanted her fortune — and she wished she had n't a dollar, so she did. Now nothing could have been more absurd and unjust than this suggestion, and Mr. Jones hastened to assure her that her suspicion — if indeed she really entertained it — was wholly unfounded; that her appearance was really most attractive to him, and that as to her fortune, while he could not honestly assert that he had not considered it, yet he sincerely believed that it had not influenced him to any appreciable extent. But it was too late. She who had long held herself in readiness to reward the love of some honest man, in the face of this fine opportunity found her purpose paralyzed by the blow to her vanity, and she did what most women would have done under the same exasperation. Mr. Jones withdrew, sadly conscious that he had deserved a better fate, and went to his club.

It was the first time he had been there since his recovery, and the cheery greetings of several friends almost persuaded him for the moment that he had something left to live for. Here he found a note, which had been awaiting him some days, inviting him to dine that evening with his old friend Mrs. Axminster, and to meet a few other old friends. This gave him a pang; for he remembered that Miss Van Riper had spoken of this dinner as an engagement for the evening, and he was in no mood to appear again, so soon, in the presence of one who had so cruelly misjudged him. True, he felt a momentary impulse to go, and be feverishly brilliant, and stun her with reckless gaiety; but he knew well enough that this suggestion had come to him out of some novel or drama, and not from his real feeling — and this was sufficient. He had fought a good fight that day for downright honesty, and though sorely wounded, he was still loyal to the cause; and so he at once despatched to Mrs. Axminster, not a mere formal regret, but a note in which — as may hereafter appear — he set forth fully and frankly the reasons which impelled him to decline her kind invitation.

He had hardly done this when he was approached by a friend who requested him to sign the application of a certain Mr. Plush for membership in the club. He hesitated. He had frequently given his indorsement to such applications, and sometimes in behalf of applicants less worthy; but that was before his sense of responsibility had been awakened. He felt that he could not conscientiously vouch for this man as possessed of all the qualifications which, in his judgment, such a club ought to require; and so he declined to sign, and, disdaining subterfuge, candidly explained that he could not cordially recommend the applicant as a gentleman worthy of admission. Of course his words were promptly, and more than fully, reported by the indignant friend to

the aspersed candidate, who, with singular obtuseness, failed to appreciate Mr. Jones's conscientious scruples, and incontinently charged him with malice, hypocrisy, and sundry other sins of the litany.

If now we recur to the note which had been sent to Mrs. Axminster, and follow it into her hands, we shall find that estimable lady in a state of perturbation hardly to be expected, and which will require a little explanation.

Mrs. Axminster was a widow of mature age, whose buoyant spirits and persistent charms had long excited the envy of her juniors. During the few years of her widowhood she had been conspicuous as an example of the sanitary effect of well-modulated grief. She bloomed in weeds as if they nurtured her; and she had kept her heart as fresh as her complexion — a result due in part, it may be, to the fact that the late Mr. Axminster had never drawn largely upon her store of sentiment.

Her return to fashionable society was an event of great importance, especially as it was freely said that she was about to bestow her hand upon one of her many admirers, generally conceded to be the identical Mr. Plush already mentioned as a candidate for other honors.

This rumor had reached her ears, and was not altogether unwelcome. She was content that society should regard her as a flower still fresh and fair enough to pluck, and did not seriously resent the insinuation that she might, possibly, be overcome by the pleadings of some favored suitor; but she regarded the more specific details of the rumor with apprehension, since in fact Mr. Plush, although attentive enough to give color to the report, had not as yet culminated, and since, moreover, she had definitely decided against him in advance, and felt the rank injustice to other admirers of an unfounded rumor of this discouraging nature. And this is not surprising. No woman exposed to the danger of a second husband desires to have the risk unfairly diminished; and in the present instance Mrs. Axminster was especially annoyed, because she had fully determined, upon a careful review of her possible suitors, that in case Mr. Jones should reciprocate, as seemed extremely probable, the marked preference of which she was conscious, and should attempt to over-persuade her, he should have a fair chance. While she had, as a matter of extra precaution, denied to certain other possible candidates the rumor of her engagement, she had been prevented by Mr. Jones's long illness from reassuring him on this point, and felt keenly the wrong which had been done him. Indeed, she had at once diagnosed his disease as a bitter disappointment with typhoid complications, and regretted that the usages of her world forbade her to offer the only specific; and upon his recovery she had planned a little dinner, and invited him, with the secret purpose of convincing him, by all delicate and seemly methods, of the prematurity of his despair.

It was therefore with more than ordinary anxiety that she awaited his long-delayed response, and with peculiar interest that she read his note, which ran thus:

MY DEAR MRS. AXMINSTER: I have but just found your kind invitation at the club, and hasten to reply, regretting the embarrassment which the delay may have caused you. With thanks for the kindness which prompted it, I must yet decline the invitation. In saying this, I feel that it is due to our long friendship, the memory of which is very dear to me, that I reject the artifice too frequently employed on such occasions, and tell you frankly that to be of your party this evening would necessitate my meeting conventionally a lady — whom I need not name — with whom my present relations are such as would render the occasion extremely painful to me, and possibly unpleasant to her. I trust I do not seem by this to imply any censure; I simply mean that I lack the fortitude to turn so soon from the grave of my slain hope and face the slayer — alas! still so dear to me — and the gay world in which she moves. Very sincerely yours,

F. MANDEVILLE JONES.

Now, when Mrs. Axminster read this note she was ignorant of Mr. Jones's morning call on Miss Van Riper and the disaster thereof, and of the fact that Mr. Jones had been apprised of the invitation to that lady; and of course, reading his words in the dim light of what she knew, and the full glare of what she believed, about his state of feeling, she could hardly doubt that the lady to whom he referred, whom he would necessarily meet in coming to her house, and who had slain his hope, was — herself. The fact is that Mr. Jones had for some years been on the best of terms with Mrs. Axminster. Before her husband's death her house had been to him one of those quasi homes in which bachelors rejoice; and even at that time he had felt it his privilege to respond sympathetically to that yearning for sentiment which possessed her, and to some extent influenced her manner and prompted the expression of her feelings; and during the period of her seclusion as a widow he had been one of the few excepted from the ban, and had not felt it his duty to repress any natural sympathy, or belittle the esteem in which he held her. Indeed, the temptation to a man of the world — as he then was — to give full measure of devotion to any charming woman who seems to like it is clear and distinct, and Mr. Jones was not at that stage of his development superior to it; so it is not

surprising that she should have regarded his homage as more especial and exclusive than it really was. This is one of the mistakes commonly made by women who know themselves, but believe men to be honest.

But there was no time for speculation, even if there were room for it. It was already afternoon, and Mr. Jones must be saved from his error, and that right speedily; and with a palpitating heart and a blush that startled her into thoughts of long ago, she hastily penned these lines:

> MY DEAR MR. JONES: It is all a mistake. There is no reason why you should not meet the lady in question as usual; and she will be very much disappointed if you do not come.
>
> IRENE.

This note, which was quickly despatched to Mr. Jones, transformed that melancholy person as if by magic; for of course he read between the lines that Miss Van Riper had already repented of her hasty action, and had made a confidante of her dear friend Mrs. Axminster, who therefore fully understood his trouble and sought to relieve it. "Dear, good Mrs. Axminster!" thought he. "What a kindly old soul she is! I 'll adopt her as a mother."

The filial quality of his new affection was due to the fact that she was a few years his senior, a fact which, on the other hand, had given to her feeling no maternal character—so much does the point of view control the deference paid to age.

At the appointed hour Mr. Jones appeared, radiant with joy, and eager for the penitential word or glance which surely awaited him; but he was disappointed to find Miss Van Riper surrounded by other guests, and apparently indifferent to his presence. He had no difficulty, however, in getting a moment apart with his beaming hostess, and, pressing her hands with unmistakable fervor, he called her an angel and vowed that he owed her the happiness of his life. She called him a foolish boy, to be so easily discouraged, and the next moment whispered to her dearest friend that she had at last consented to become Mrs. Jones, but wished nothing said about it at present; and within five minutes her dearest friend had enjoined the same secrecy upon the other ladies present, including the astounded Miss Van Riper; and before dinner was announced the gentlemen had severally been pledged to the same silence.

Now it was most natural, from the hostess's point of view, that Mr. Jones escorted her to the table and occupied the place of honor, and most extraordinary, from his point of view, that Miss Van Riper was placed at the other end of the table and next to Mr. Plush, concerning whom his candid opinion has been already recorded; and quite clear from their respective points of view that Mr. Jones was the most shameless villain of the age—poor Mr. Jones, whose only aim it was to be perfectly honest and sincere! In fact, so profound was this conviction, that when Mr. Plush inquired of Miss Van Riper whether, in her opinion, their hostess had secured full value for herself in the transaction referred to, she replied, with some intensity, that she regarded Mr. Jones as a minus-nonentity—an estimate which Mr. Plush facetiously characterized as excessively high.

The hour wore on right merrily, with laugh and jest and tinkling table-talk, and now and then a sly allusion, closely veiled, to a certain recent social event; and yet Mr. Jones was not supremely happy. He was watching Miss Van Riper, alert to catch the tender glance that should assure him of her yielding heart, and she seemed never to see him. True, it might have been her maiden modesty, the half shame of her conscious passion, that hid her tell-tale eyes from him; it might have been some proper feminine instinct that prompted her to hang upon the words of that inferior Mr. Plush as if he were an oracle: nevertheless, he wished it otherwise, and grew uneasy. It was not enough that his hostess, in all the effulgence of her joy, beamed full-orbed upon him; he never felt her beams, but gazed disconsolate upon the cold and distant star. At last, perplexed and desperate, he turned to Mrs. Axminster, and said in a low and anxious tone, "It cannot be—you must have deceived yourself—I see no sign of feeling," and she replied, "Hush, dear! Be patient! I must play the hostess now." Strangely enough, there was something in her words, or perhaps in the fond glance that accompanied them, which disturbed him; and when, a moment later, she quietly directed his attention to the couple opposite, and remarked in a confidential undertone that she believed that Stella Van Riper was engaged, or as good as engaged, to Mr. Plush, he looked at her in amazement, which slowly settled into a sort of stupor in which his dizzy mind was vaguely conscious of some horrible mistake. He tried to think what it was; but the lady on his right insisted on telling him about some people of his name she had met last summer, and had to be satisfied upon the question of relationship. He endeavored to recall the exact words of his note to Mrs. Axminster, and her reply; and the gentleman just beyond that lady insisted that he favor the table with the story of his interview with the colored evangelist. He strove to remember whether in either note the name of the lady in question had been mentioned,

and had just reached a sickening conclusion in the negative and begun to shiver with apprehension of the possible truth, when the company arose and the ladies withdrew.

Then with the cigars came the opportunity for a moment's calm reflection; and closing his ears to the lively sallies of his companions, he swiftly reviewed the incidents of the day, and reached the conclusion that by the unrestrained exercise of simple honesty he had forever estranged the woman he loved, and become ridiculously involved with the woman he had intended to adopt as a mother.

But was he really engaged? He now saw clearly enough that his foolishly frank note to Mrs. Axminster had been construed by that excellent person as a note of despair, evoked by the rumor of her engagement to another, and he could hardly doubt that her reply was intended as a gracious acceptance of his implied devotion; but such a correspondence — so indefinite, and founded upon a misunderstanding — could never be held to constitute a contract. The more he reflected upon it, the more comfortably certain he felt that in spite of appearances he was really not engaged — until he happened to recall the genial atmosphere of the meeting with his hostess, and how he held her hands, and called her an angel, and told her how happy she had made him; and then he felt clammy, and yearned for the fool-killer. Clearly, there was nothing left him but to linger this evening, and by another frank avowal, and a more explicit statement of his experience with Miss Van Riper, explain his conduct and set matters right. It would be disagreeable. He was not a man of lively imagination, but he could easily anticipate that. Still, it must be done, and at once.

Having reached this conclusion, he felt somewhat relieved, and was about to resume his functions as a social being, when the Rev. Mr. Surplice, his old friend and pastor, drew him aside, and, claiming the privilege of his office, and his long friendship for both parties, warmly congratulated him upon his engagement, adding that he had already taken the same liberty with dear Mrs. Axminster, and had been deeply touched by her frank expression of the happiness she felt in at last yielding to the impulse of her affections. Mr. Jones gasped; but even here his presence of mind did not utterly fail him. He inquired of his reverend torturer when he had first heard of the affair, and whether he thought the rumor had reached others; and was informed that Mrs. Axminster had told Mrs. Surplice just before dinner — in confidence; that Mrs. Surplice had told him, and that he, from his general knowledge of that good lady's facility in imparting information of such matters, had no doubt that all the ladies in the party now possessed the secret, and several of the gentlemen had already indicated to him some knowledge of the situation; and indeed, he, the speaker, saw no reason to conceal an event so worthy to be known, and so certain to delight the many dear friends of both parties. Mr. Jones did not respond as an irrepressibly happy man would have done, and he felt distinctly less inclined to linger, and have that understanding with Mrs. Axminster.

What could he do! The gentlemen were now quitting the table to rejoin the ladies. He could hardly remain alone in the dining-room, and in the drawing-room, alas! what might befall! He thought of suicide, flight, insanity, and the various other avenues of escape from trouble, and had about concluded that the only happy issue out of all his tribulation would be to awake and find that he had mistaken a harmless prancing nightmare for a real hungry lion looking for Jones, when he found himself in the other room and face to face with Miss Van Riper. She flushed angrily, and would have avoided him; but in an agony of despair he pressed forward and said to her: "May I not speak with you? I did not know — a terrible mistake —" he paused. Her mild blue eye, in which until this day he had never seen an unpropitious gleam, now pierced him cruelly; and slowly, steadily, distinctly she replied, "Mr. Jones, the catalogue of your mistakes is becoming tiresome;" and before he could rally she had passed away on the arm of the objectionable Mr. Plush, who was smiling a cruel smile. From that moment his case grew steadily worse. The coldness of Miss Van Riper froze his marrow, and the frank partiality of his hostess quite unnerved him. He dared not go, and he feared to stay. The moment when he should be left alone with the charming widow, and driven to explanation, appeared to him more dreadful than the day of judgment, and seemed to approach more rapidly than to the doomed criminal comes the hour of execution; and when, one by one, the guests had taken leave, and the fair object of his apprehension turned to him and sweetly said: "At last, Mandeville, we are alone," he thought, "How happy are the dead — wherever they are!" and then silently renewing his vow of utter frankness at all hazards, he spoke:

"Mrs. Axminster, I desire, or rather I am compelled, to be perfectly candid with you —"

Here we must draw the veil, not meaning thereby to imply that there was anything in the interview which might not properly be told, but simply because Mr. Jones, who has kindly and frankly given us the true story of his experience up to this point, in the hope that it would be repeated as a warning to others,

here drew the veil himself; and no amount of persuasion, nor even the threat of supplying the omission out of the writer's imagination, could induce him to furnish the details. He says that even as there are moments in a man's experience to which the world is not entitled, so there are centuries which a man has the right to forget if possible — and that this was one of them. Of course his computation of time must be regarded as inaccurate; but the situation, so far as revealed, indicates that he may have had at least a most uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and that there might be sufficient reason why even so candid a man might desire to withhold the particulars from a cold and merely curious world. So we must be content to take up the narrative where he did, a little later in the evening, when, haggard and wan-eyed, he paused a moment on the pavement just outside the door, and assured himself in a feeble voice that he had only tried to be honest, and then mechanically took his way toward the club. At the same moment Mrs. Axminster, tearfully furious, was engaged in writing notes to her confidantes of the evening, informing them that for reasons quite sufficient, based as they were upon conduct unbecoming a gentleman, she had forever terminated the particular relations of which they had been advised, and hoped that no reference would be made to them — which of course secured a wide publicity for her unfortunate affair with the recreant Jones, and a general denunciation of that unhappy monster.

Arrived at the club, he took his seat in the café, and told a waiter to bring him a pony of brandy. Having tossed off this, he ordered a four-in-hand of the same. He was now looking wild, and a sort of hilarity, forced and unnatural, began to manifest itself.

About half a bottle later, the gentleman who had asked him to sign the application of Mr. Plush came in, and at sight of Mr. Jones walked up to him with some emphasis, and said that he had been thinking over Mr. Jones's action in that matter, and had resolved to demand an explanation of the aspersions cast upon his friend; adding that Mr. Plush also would avail himself of the first convenient opportunity to exact specifications of the serious charge which had been made against him. By this time the guiding star of his new life glimmered but faintly through a vinous mist; and rising, with difficulty, he grasped the hand of the astonished speaker, and in thick but fervent tones declared that Mr. Plush was all right, — a perfect gentleman, — and that he longed to encounter the man who doubted it — and insisted on ringing for something to Plush's health; but very soon his mollified companion detected in poor Jones's tangled cerebration signs which alarmed him, and, calling for a carriage, took him home and summoned his physician. The brain-fever which followed quite puzzled the doctor, who was loath to believe that a dinner-party, and a glass or two after it, could have produced such dire results; but Jones, on regaining his senses, evinced no surprise. He quietly resumed his place as a lawyer and citizen, and after a time reappeared in society, where he was kindly received; for it was generally conceded, after the unscientific manner of the parlor world, that the brain-fever must have been coming on for a day or two before it was recognized, and fully accounted for the exceptions to his unusually conventional behavior. Indeed, Miss Van Riper herself was led to take this view of it; and when, some months later, he recurred to the subject still near his heart, in terms which are usually considered passionate and wildly extravagant, and in which the protestations of his unique and eternal love vied with rhapsodies over her peerless beauty, she was convinced that his reason was fully restored, and said she did n't see how they could be married before autumn.

And so Mr. Jones survived his experiment of a day; and whether much the worse for it can hardly be known, though it is said that he shows at times a disposition to be cynical which rather surprises his friends. For instance, he sometimes says that in social matters honesty is not an exact science.

James Sager Norton.

THE POET.

VOICE of the wind, of singing brook and bird,
Dawn's message white and midnight's word —
These secrets all belong
Unto his song.

For nature to the poet's heart alone
Makes her mysterious meanings known: —
He is her voice and her
Interpreter!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP.

EMERSON, AGASSIZ, LOWELL, AND OTHERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Wise and polite,—and if I drew
Their several portraits, you would own
Chaucer had no such worthy crew,
Nor Boccace in Decameron.
—EMERSON, "The Adirondacs."

IN the days when the great wilderness in northern New-York, now generally known as the Adirondack region, was still little known, its only visitors being a few landscape-painters and sportsmen, I, then being of the former, became so deeply attracted to this almost undisturbed primeval forest that every summer drew me back to it; and during a short residence in Cambridge, my reports, and perhaps my enthusiasm, so impressed those with whom I was thrown into contact that on one of my returns I led back a company from the circle which had its center under the shadow of old Harvard. The first expedition included Lowell and several common friends, and was rather an exploration and verification of my reports than a serious undertaking, but was important, as it led to the formation of a club whose purpose was the recurrence of its members, for a short time each summer, to the undiluted influence of the great mother, Nature. We went from the Saranac waters down the Raquette, camping on Tupper's Lake, and then up Bog River to the sources of the Raquette, and so back to our point of departure.

The report of this trial trip was so satisfactory that I was requested to take the direction of a more important expedition the year following; and the company included Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, Dr. Jeffries Wyman (that rare scientific genius, taken from his labors too soon for the honor of our country, if not for his own), Dr. Estes Howe, John Holmes (the brother of Oliver Wendell), Judge Hoar, Horatio Woodman, Amos Binney, and myself, Lowell being of course the leading spirit. It was decided to establish a camp at some central point of the forest, each member enjoying the freedom of the country, having his own guide and boat, and exploring on his own account or remaining at headquarters at pleasure. I went some days ahead of the company, and located the camp at Follansbee Pond, a lake of the Raquette chain, out of the track of hunters or chance tourists, but where game was still plentiful and good fishing not far away; for our main sustenance was to be what nature sent us.

The journey of the company, a few days later, gave rise to an incident which has often been incorrectly told, and which, as a curious comment on human fame, deserves to be told again. The coming of the party was of course made known along the track it would follow, and at Keeseville, where the common roads then ended, the town was agog to see the "philosophers," as they were at once collectively called. But neither Emerson nor Lowell was known, Agassiz being the only celebrity to that world, owing to his having recently refused the offer by the Emperor of France of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris and a senatorship, with a large salary, he preferring to devote himself to science and America. The selectmen of the town waited on the visitors early the morning after their arrival, to pay their respects, they said, but really to see a man who had no regard for money and distinction. They were received formally, the spokesman bringing a copy of a periodical which contained a portrait of Agassiz, which he produced and carefully compared with the lineaments of the professor until he had satisfied himself of the authenticity of the individual, when he addressed his followers with, "Yes, it 's him!" and they then proceeded to shake hands with him, the rest of the party being ignored.

Follansbee was then a rare and beautiful piece of untouched nature, a *cul-de-sac* to be visited only for itself, for it was divided from the highway, the Raquette, by a marsh of several miles of weary navigating, shut in by the hills on all sides but that by which we entered, the forest still unscarred, and the tall white pines standing in files along the lake shores and up over the ridges, not a scar of ax or fire being visible as we searched the shore for a fitting spot to make our vacation lodging-place. Many things are requisite for a good camping-ground, and to fix one is a thing to be learned. First and indispensable is a spring of good water near by; then a dry and elevated plateau wooded with "hard wood,"—beeches, birch, and maple, —with level ground for the camp, free from the tangle of undergrowth which makes the fir thicket impenetrable; then a smooth sandy beach on which the boats may be drawn at night, and which may be approached without danger from the rocks, and on which loading or unloading is easy. Ours was one of the best I have ever seen—at the head of the lake, with beach, spring, and maple grove. Two of the hugest

maples I ever saw formed the upper roof of our shelter and the supports to the camp walls. Here we placed our ridge-pole, laid our roof of bark of firs (stripped from trees far away in the forest, not to disfigure our dwelling-place with stripped and dying trees), cut an open path to the lake-side, and then left our house to the naiads and dryads, and hurried back to meet our guests at Martin's Landing.

A generation has gone by since that unique meet, and of those who were at it only Judge Hoar, John Holmes, and I survive. The voices of that merry assemblage of "wise and polite" vacation-keepers come to us from the land of dreams; the echoes they wakened in the wild-wood give place to the tender and tearful evocation of poetic memory; they and their summering have passed into the traditions of the later camp-fires, where the guides tell of the "Philosophers' Camp," of the very location of which they have lost the knowledge. But Emerson, the philosopher whose genius was fittest to the temple in which we all worshiped, its high priest and oracle, has left his history of the meeting in a poem, "The Adirondacs. A Journal. Dedicated to my fellow-travellers in August, 1858," and to which my prose may serve as commentary, to be written before I have done with the memory. I, the youngest, the steward of that memorable company, the master of the hunt, the insect preserved in the amber of the poet's verse,

> Our guide 's guide, and Commodore,
> Crusoe, Crusader, Pius Æneas,

purpose to frame, even if in a poor way, this picture of a gathering unique in the history of vacations; this record, which is to those who know and love unsophisticated Nature the most curiously truthful and interesting existing revelation of her aspect, seen for the first time with a mind trained to the finest shades of impression and reflection—the most Homeric and Hellenic of all nature-poems ever written.

This was not the solitude of Walden Pond, where isolation kept in the sound of a dinner-horn, and where no bird, leaf, or tree was ignorant of the daily footfall of idlers and curious, but a virgin forest, where the crack of our rifles reached no other human ear, and where the carelessly wandering foot found no path to lead it back to camp, and the inexpert, once out of hearing of camp-call or out of sight of the water, was in imminent danger of having his bones picked by the wolves that listened dismayed to the sounds of our unaccustomed invasion. This was "the forest primeval." Hardly a trace of it now exists as we then knew it. The lumberer, the reckless sportsman with his camp-fires and his more reckless and careless guide, the ax and the fire, have left no large expanse of virgin forest in all the Adirondack region, and every year effaces the original aspect of it more completely. Then there were no song-birds, companions of mankind; no familiar sound of the paternal fields greeted the wise men of the East: but the weird laugh of the loon, the scream of the osprey or the gray eagle, and of the minor featherlings, the friendly Canada jay or the chickadee, only greeted us.

I had done all I could to induce Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes to join the party, but the latter was too closely identified with the Hub in all his mental operations to care for unhumanized nature, and Longfellow was too strongly attached to the conditions of completely civilized life to enjoy roughing it in flannels and sleeping on fir boughs. The company of his great-brained friends was a temptation at times, I think; but he hated killing animals, had no interest in fishing, and was too settled in his habits to enjoy so great a change. Possibly he was decided in his refusal by Emerson's purchase of a rifle. "Is it true that Emerson is going to take a gun?" he asked me. "Yes," I replied. "Then I shall not go," he said; "somebody will be shot."

Emerson's record plunges *in medias res.* He gives a line to Champlain:

> Thence, in strong country carts, rode up the forks
> Of the Ausable stream, intent to reach
> The Adirondac lakes. At Martin's Beach
> We chose our boats, each man a boat and guide,—
> Ten men, ten guides, our company all told.

But here I must correct my evangelist. I was Agassiz's guide, and rowed my own boat, sharing with the guides whatever work there was for all. I could not have kept in proper subordination so large a company of men, collected from all parts of the woods, though with all the care in selection possible under the circumstances, if I had not been ready to do my share of any work I called on them for. I not only rowed my own boat, but carried my own ax and rifle, and the boat when necessary. From one cause I missed, to my infinite regret, the hearing of Emerson's first impressions of the forest. I had been building a new boat for the occasion, and it lacked several hours' work when the company started up the lakes at midday, I only following toward sunset, and overtaking them at midnight at the "Indian Carry," then a mere pathway through dense pine groves, with a lumberer's hut at each end. A violent rain-storm greeted our entry into the wilderness, and I arrived after the company were dried and had eaten, myself drenched like a water-rat.

Emerson wrote out his "Adirondacs" after

he had returned to Concord, and it is curious to see in what a Greek way he condensed and idealized his impressions, forgetting all details which interfered with symmetry.

Next morn we swept with oars the Saranac,
With skies of benediction, to Round Lake,
Where all the sacred mountains drew around us,
Tahawus, Seaward,[1] MacIntyre, Baldhead,
And other Titans without muse or name.
Pleased with these grand companions, we glide on,
Instead of flowers, crowned with a wreath of hills.
We made our distance wider, boat from boat,
As each would hear the oracle alone.
By the bright morn the gay flotilla slid
Through files of flags that gleamed like bayonets,
Through gold-moth-haunted beds of pickerel-flower,
Through scented banks of lilies white and gold,
Where the deer feeds at night, the teal by day.
On through the Upper Saranac, and up
Père Raquette stream, to a small tortuous pass
Winding through grassy shallows in and out,
Two creeping miles of rushes, pads, and sponge,
To Follansbee Water and the Lake of Loons.

The poet has painted his picture with the grouping of an artist's imagination. The drenching day of arrival, the night of discomfort at the hut on the "carry," and the "carry" itself, the journey through the "Spectacle Ponds," a curious and most picturesque part of the second day, with the row down the charming stream that forms the waterway to the Raquette proper—all are dismissed as useless detail, while the "two creeping miles" of the marshy outlet of Follansbee, up which we had to pole and push, are remembered through Agassiz's discovery there of a fresh-water sponge till then unknown. But to Emerson, as to most men who are receptive to Nature's message, the forest was the overpowering fact.

We climb the bank,
And in the twilight of the forest noon
Wield the first axe these echoes ever heard.

The "twilight of the forest noon" is the most concentrated expression of the one dominant sentiment of a poetic mind on first entering this eternal silence and shadow. His catalogue of trees is in error:

The wood was sovran with centennial trees—
Oak, cedar, maple, poplar, beech, and fir,
Linden and spruce.

There is no oak, linden, or poplar in these forests. He had passed them in the Ausable valley on his way up, and probably forgot their exact habitat. But the impression of the first night clung to him with all its detail. No modern man knew the "great god Pan" as Emerson knew him,—not even Keats,—and the falling asleep in the arms of the universal mother, whose dearest child Pan was, must have left its influence on him long after he had recorded the poetic version of the experience.

"Welcome!" the wood-god murmured through the leaves,—
"Welcome, though late, unknowing, yet known to me."
Evening drew on; stars peeped through maple-boughs,
Which o'erhung, *like a cloud*,[2] our camping-fire.
Decayed millennial trunks, like moonlight flecks,
Lit with phosphoric crumbs[3] the forest floor.

Lowell named the camping-place "Camp Maple," from the huge maples under which we had pitched our house of bark; but tradition has long known it as the "Philosophers' Camp," though, like Troy, its site is unknown to all the subsequent generations of guides, and I doubt if in all the Adirondack country there is a man except my old guide, Steve Martin, who could point out the place where it stood.

To me the forest was familiar. I knew it as a boy charged with sophomorical sentiment, casting about to find what inspiration I ought to borrow from nature; and I had plowed the field too often to find any genuine crop on it. I had passed months painting in the glades, had wandered and boated in the forest and on the streams till I felt the points of the compass in the dark, and knew its material fact as I knew my bedroom; but I had come to look on it as one does on one of those curious shells which some insects cast, and which keep the form from which the life has escaped. It was to me empty; it no longer lured me with any emotion beyond that of quiet, the charm of Lethe, the fascination of an almost complete negation of intellectual existence, and absolute rest. I was therefore profoundly interested in Emerson's first impressions, and we were much together. I rowed him into the innermost recesses of Follansbee Water, and would, at his request, sometimes land him in a solitary part of the lake-shore, and leave him to his emotions or studies. We had no post, and letters neither came nor went, and so probably none record the moment's mood; but well I remember how he marveled at the completeness of the circle of life in the forest. He examined the guides, and me as one of them, with the interest of a discoverer of a new race. Me he had known in another phase of existence—at the club, in

[1] Mount Seward, south of the Saranacs, the common name being repudiated by Emerson.

[2] This is a singularly faithful expression of the appearance of the massive foliage of those lofty trees lighted by the camp-fires beneath.

[3] The decayed tree-trunks, falling into ruin, often looked like glow-worms in the dark of night, their phosphorescence being frequently brilliant.

the multitude, one of the atoms of the social whole. To find me ax in hand, ready for the elementary functions of a savage life,—to fell the trees, to kill the deer, or catch the trout, and at need to cook them,—in this to him new phenomenon of a rounded and self-sufficient individuality, waiting for and waited on by no one, he received a conception of life which had the same attraction in its completeness and roundness that a larger and fully organized existence would have had. It was a form of independence which he had never realized before, and he paid it the respect of a new discovery. He had become weary of the social completeness as a study, it seemed to me; it was too large and exacting. But now he found a man who could be taken up as a specimen, and studied as an individual, as Agassiz would have studied a fossil; and all this was new.

Emerson, as I read him, had no self-sufficiency. He lived and felt with the minimum of personal color, reflecting nature and man; and the study of the guide, the savage man thrown out of society like a chip from a log under the ax of the chopper, returning to the status of pure individuality,—men such as our guides were,—aroused in the philosopher the enthusiasm of a new fact. He often spoke of it, and watched the men as a naturalist does the animals he classifies. I remember Longfellow's once saying of Emerson that he used his friends as he did lemons — when he could squeeze nothing more from them, he threw them away; but this, while in one sense true, does Emerson a radical injustice. He had no vanity, no self-importance; truth and philosophy were so supreme in their hold on him that neither himself nor any other self was worth so much as the solution of a problem in life. To get this solution he was willing to squeeze himself like a lemon, if need were; and why should he be otherwise disposed to his neighbor? There are others who knew Emerson better than I did or could, and possibly Longfellow did, though that observation makes me doubt that there was any real sympathy between them. But what seems to me the truth is that Emerson instinctively divided men into two classes, with one of which he formed personal attachments which, though tranquil and undemonstrative as was his nature, were lasting; in the other he simply found his objects of study, problems to be solved and their solutions recorded. There was the least conceivable self-assertion in him; he was the best listener a genuine thinker, or one whom he thought to be such, ever had; and always seemed to prefer to listen rather than to talk, to observe and study rather than to discourse. So he did not say much before Nature; he took in her influences as the earth takes the rain. He was minutely interested in seeing how the old guides reversed the tendencies of civilization: how when they went to sleep on the ground they put on their coats, but took them off when they got up; wore their hats in camp, but went on the lake bareheaded.

The entire absorption of his personality in the subject-matter of study was childlike; he left no cranny of novelty unsearched. I remember that one Sunday morning when the state of the larder made it necessary for the guides to get a deer, Emerson was more disposed for quiet meditation, having at that time no interest in the hunt; so I took him in my boat, and while those of the company whose habits did not interfere with the enjoyment of the chase on Sunday went to the watching-posts with the guides, we sought the remotest nook of the lake-shore. It was a magnificent morning, and in the silence of the forest the baying of the hounds, as they took the scent on the hills above us and followed the deer in his doublings and evasions, filled the air, and the echoes redoubled the music. When the deer are in good condition, as in August, they generally take a long run before they come to water, and we heard the dogs sweeping round over the hills at the further end of the lake, and coming back, ranging to and fro, till the expectancy and the new sensation grew in effect on Emerson, and he could resist no longer. "Let us go after the deer!" he exclaimed, and though, having come out for meditation, we had no gun with us, we were soon flying down the lake from our remotest corner to where the baying led to the shore. But we were too late: Lowell had already killed the deer before we got there.

It was interesting to see how Emerson grew into the camp life. As at first he had refused to carry a rifle, and decided to take one only for uniformity, so in the early days of our forest residence he declined to take any part in the hunting or fishing: but we had not been long in camp before he caught the temper of the occasion, and began to desire to kill his deer. Luck failed him in the drives in which he took part, the deer always coming in to some other watcher, and we decided to try night-hunting; *i. e.*, stealing up to the deer as they browse in the pads along the shallow water, carrying in the bow of the boat a light which blinds the animal, the lantern throwing all its light forward and the hunter sitting invisible in the shadow. This manner of hunting is possible only on very dark nights, and was resorted to only when venison was needed and the drive had failed. If the man who paddles the boat is dexterous, the deer can be ap-

proached to within a few yards without being alarmed; but in the darkness it is very difficult for those not accustomed to the appearance of the animal to distinguish him from the rocks or shrubs around, for in the intent examination of the strange phenomenon of the light he remains motionless, except that now and then he will beat the water with his hoofs to drive away the flies. We took the best guide at the paddle, Emerson taking the firing-seat behind the lamp, and I in the middle with my rifle, ready in case he missed his shot.

We went down the lake to the large bay at the left of the outlet, now noted on the map of the State survey as "Agassiz Bay," which is a mistake, for we named this "Osprey Bay," from the osprey nest in one of its tall pines, the bay opposite the camp at the south end of the lake being named in honor of Agassiz. The shore is an alternation of stretches of sandy beach where the white pond-lily thrives, and offers food for the deer, and rocky points separate the beaches as if by screens, so that any movement in one of the little bays is not visible in another. There is something weird in silently gliding along a spectral diorama of irrecognizable landscape, with rocks and trees slipping by like phantasms; for the motion of the boat is not distinguishable, and the only sound is the occasional grating of the rushes on the bottom of the boat. It is, in fact, the most exciting form of deer-hunting for certain temperaments, and the poet was strongly impressed. The practised ear of the guide soon caught the sound of the footfall of a deer making his way down to the shore, and he turned the glare of the lamp on the beach, moving directly on him till he was within twenty yards. The signal to fire was given and repeated, but Emerson could distinguish nothing. "Shoot!" finally whispered the guide in the faintest breath. "Shoot!" I repeated nearer. But the deer was invisible to him, and we drifted to a boat's length from him before the animal took fright, and bolted for the woods, undisturbed by a hasty shot I sent after him, and we heard his triumphant whistle and gallop dying away in the forest depths. Emerson was stupefied. We rounded the next point, and found a deer already on the feeding-ground, to repeat the experience. The deer stood broadside to him, in full view, in the shallow water; but straining his vision to the utmost, he could distinguish nothing like a deer, and when we had got so near that the same result was imminent, I fired, and the buck fell dead. "Well," said Emerson, "if that was a deer, I shall fire at the first square thing I see"; but we saw no more that night. He records the impression:

> Or, later yet, beneath a lighted jack,
> In the boat's bows, a silent night-hunter
> Stealing with paddle to the feeding-grounds
> Of the red deer, to aim at a square mist.
> Hark to that muffled roar! A tree in the woods
> Is fallen: but hush! it has not scared the buck,
> Who stands astonished at the meteor light,
> Then turns to bound away,— is it too late?

Each disappointment, however, plunged him more deeply into the excitement of the chase, and he was most anxious to kill his deer before he went home, unable to resist the contagion of the passion for it. He said to me one day, "I must kill a deer before we go home, even if the guide has to hold him by the tail." At that season of the year, when the deer are in their short coat, the body sinks at once if shot in the deep water; and on overtaking the quarry in the lake, if the deerslayer was not sure of his shot, the guide used to run the boat alongside of it, and catch it by the tail, when the shot became a sure one. As we hunted only when we needed the meat, we did not risk the loss of the deer, and when a poor shot held the gun, the quarry was caught by the tail and killed in this unsportsmanlike way. That survival of the earliest passion of the primitive man, the passion of the chase, overcame even the philosophic mind of Emerson, once exposed to the original influences, and he recognized his ancestral bent. Few of us who live an active life fail to be attracted by this first of all occupations of the yet uncivilized man. Emerson never had the gratification of his desire; the deer never came to him on the drive, and his repetition of the night-hunt was no more successful.

The starry magnificence of those nights, with their pure mountain air, was another source of delight hardly to be imagined by those who have not known it by experience. There seemed to be more stars visible than anywhere else I had ever been, and we were often out on the lake till near midnight;

> Or, in the evening twilight's latest red,
> Beholding the procession of the pines,—

a curious phenomenon, now, with the ravages of fire and ax, become a thing of the past. The tall white pines, which when full grown rise from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, towering nearly half their height above the mass of deciduous trees, and beyond the protection which the solid forest gives against the dominant west winds, acquire a leaning to the east; and as they grew in long lines along the shores, or followed the rocky ridges up the mountain sides, they seemed to be gigantic human beings moving in procession to the east. I had, the year before, painted a picture of the subject, and Emerson had been struck by it at the Athenæum exhibition; and when we were established in camp, almost the first thing

he asked to see was the "procession of the pines"; and our last evening on the lake was spent together watching the glow dying out behind a noble line of the marching pines on the shore of Follansbee Water.

In memory of that summer, and the intimacy of camp life which strips the man of all disguises, Emerson seems to me to be magnified with the lapse of time, as Mont Blanc towers above his fellows with distance. For Lowell I had a passionate personal attachment to which death and time have only given a twilight glory; for Agassiz I had the feeling which all had who came under the magic of his colossal individuality — the myriad-minded one to whom nothing came amiss or unfamiliar, and who had a facet for every man he came in contact with. His inexhaustible *bonhomie* won even the guides to a personal fealty they showed no other of our band; his wide science gave us continual lectures on all the elements of nature — no plant, no insect, no quadruped hiding its secret from him. The lessons he taught us of the leaves of the pine, and of the vicissitudes of the Laurentian range, in one of whose hollows we lay; the way he drew new facts from the lake, and knew them when he saw them, as though he had set his seal on them before they were known; the daily dissection of the fish, the deer, the mice (for which he had brought his traps) were studies in which we were his assistants and pupils. All this made being with him not only "a liberal education," but perpetual sunshine and good fortune. When we went out, I at the oars and he at the dredge or insect-net, or examining the plants by the marsh-side, his spirit was a perpetual spring of science. When he and Wyman entered on the discussion of a scientific subject (and they always worked together), science seemed as easy as versification when Lowell was in the mood, and all sat around inhaling wisdom with the mountain air. Nothing could have been, to any man with the scientific bent, more intensely interesting than the academy of two of the greatest scientists of their day. Wyman's was a gentle, womanlike nature, modest to a fault, utterly absorbed in his science, and free from a shadow of pretension. He was held by many to be the greater scientist, but the personality of Agassiz towered over every other about him, and won all suffrages for the day. But, looking back across the gulf which hides all the details of life, the eternal absence which forgets personal qualities, the calm, platonic serenity of Emerson stands out from all our company as a crystallization of impersonal and universal humanity; no vexation, no mishap could disturb his philosophy, or rob him of its lesson.

At our dinners, the semblance of which life will never offer me again, the gods sent their best accompaniments and influences — health, appetite, wit, and poetry, with good digestion.

> Our foaming ale we drank from hunters' pans —
> Ale, and a sup of wine. Our steward gave
> Venison and trout, potatoes, beans, wheat-bread.
> All ate like abbots, and, if any missed
> Their wonted convenance, cheerly hid the loss
> With hunter's appetite and peals of mirth.

Lowell was the Magnus Apollo of the camp. His Castalian humor, his unceasing play of wit and erudition,— poetry and the best of the poets always on tap at the table,— all know them who knew him well, though not many as I did; but when he sat on one side of the table, and Judge Hoar (the most pyrotechnical wit I have ever known) and he were matching table-talk, with Emerson and Agassiz to sit as umpires and revive the vein as it menaced to flag, Holmes and Estes Howe not silent in the well-matched contest, the forest echoed with such laughter as no club ever knew, and the owls came in the trees overhead to wonder. These were symposia to which fortune has invited few men, and which no one invited could ever forget.

The magical quality of the forest is that of oblivion of all that is left in the busy world — of past trouble and coming care. The steeds that brought us in had no place behind for black care. We lived, as Emerson says,

> Lords of this realm,
> Bounded by dawn and sunset, and the day
> Rounded by hours where each outdid the last
> In miracles of pomp, we must be proud,
> As if associates of the sylvan gods.
> We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,
> So pure the Alpine element we breathed,
> So light, so lofty pictures came and went.

At sunrise the guides and we who had cares of the camp were afoot; fires were refreshed, bathers went out, and a boat went to look at the set lines for trout. Breakfast was at eight. Then we practised firing at a mark, a few rounds each, the scientists dissected their specimens, and the guides did the "house-work." I made a study as a memorial of the event — the morning hour in the camp: Agassiz and Wyman on one side dissecting a trout, with the assistance of Howe and Holmes; on the other, the firing party, Lowell, Judge Hoar, and the rest of us, except Emerson, who professed to be neither rifleman nor anatomist, but with a pilgrim's staff in hand took a place alone and between the two groups, with an intentional symbolism of his position in the world. Then if venison was wanted, we set the hunt, or those who chose to wander did so, explored the streams and woods around, botanized, hunted specimens, or fished.

> Ask you, how went the hours?
> All day we swept the lake, searched every cove,

North from Camp Maple, south to Osprey Bay,
Watching when the loud dogs should drive in deer,
Or whipping its rough surface for a trout;
Or, bathers, diving from the rock at noon;
Challenging Echo by our guns and cries;
Or listening to the laughter of the loon.
. . . . . .

Our heroes tried their rifles at a mark,
Six rods, sixteen, twenty, or forty-five;
Sometimes their wits at sally and retort,
With laughter sudden as the crack of rifle;
Or parties scaled the near acclivities,
Competing seekers of a rumored lake,
Whose unauthenticated waves we named
Lake Probability,— our carbuncle,
Long sought, not found.

Two doctors in the camp
Dissected the slain deer, weighed the trout's brain,
Captured the lizard, salamander, shrew,
Crab, mice, snail, dragon-fly, minnow, and moth;
Insatiate skill in water or in air
Waved the scoop-net, and nothing came amiss;
The while, one leaden pot of alcohol
Gave an impartial tomb to all the kinds.
Not less the ambitious botanist sought plants—
Orchis and gentian, fern and long whip-scirpus,
Rosy polygonum, lake-margin's pride,
Hypnum and hydnum, mushroom, sponge, and moss,
Or harebell nodding in the gorge of falls.

A pleasant life it was: there was no prevention of debtor or creditor, no due-bills or trouble of business; all had put affairs by for a certain time, and day by day the Lethean silence lured us deeper into its magic recesses. The outside world was but a dream. No visitor intruded on our presence. We ate a deer every day, and the venison was such as no king ever tasted, and our lake furnished trout in perfection. The larder was always provided; not often was the drive without its deer, and if by chance two were killed in one day, we killed none the next, for we tolerated no waste or wanton killing, and the osprey, the eagle, and the loon had in us friends. The effect of this life alike on the physical and mental constitution was such as only experience can estimate. It was wonderful to see how the healing of the mighty mother cured the ailments we brought with us. It was nothing new to me, but to the newcomers it was like enchantment. Agassiz came suffering from rheumatism and overwork, but four days sufficed to restore him to his normal condition. The dust that the turmoil of civilization throws into the mental mechanism was no longer allowed to wear or weary; life and all its problems came out in a much less complex light, and the conditions of existence seemed simplified. Why should men be anxious for more, when with little we fared so well, or were so easily provided? No complication of this problem was forced on the mind, which was left in this so facile solution of it that it seemed to clear the future of all its difficulties. We seemed to have got back into a not too greatly changed Eden, whose imperious ties to the outer world were hidden for the day in the waters and woods that lay between us and it. We had at last come to the state where what each man was and had made of himself was the real measure of his relation to the world, and the universal mother took us all on the same terms, the worst prodigal reckoned as good as he who had endured guiltlessly his temptation, the worst violator of her laws with the least sinner.

So fast will Nature acclimate her sons,
Though late returning to her pristine ways.
Off soundings, seamen do not suffer cold;
And in the forest, delicate clerks, unbrowned,
Sleep on the fragrant brush, as on down-beds.
Up with the dawn, they fancied the light air
That circled freshly in their forest dress
Made them to boys again. Happier that they
Slipped off their pack of duties, leagues behind,
At the first mounting of the giant stairs.
No placard on these rocks warned to the polls,
No door-bell heralded a visitor,
No courier waits, no letter came or went,
Nothing was ploughed, or reaped, or bought, or sold.
The frost might glitter, it would blight no crop;
The falling rain would spoil no holiday.
We were made freemen of the forest laws,
All dressed, like Nature, fit for her own ends,
Essaying nothing she cannot perform.

I have quoted enough to show how fully Emerson caught, in his first experience, the spirit of the woods: not morbidly, like Shelley, nor with the air of calling all the world to see how solitary he was, which seems to me so much to impair the genuineness of Thoreau's experience in the barn-door backwoods in which he acted the recluse. Thoreau was a modern realist with a morose and uncompanionable Genius always in attendance; his was a pinchbeck royalty with a lunch-basket from his father's farm hardly hidden behind his throne. He saw minutely, as all short-sighted people do; Emerson in his single interview with a true and uncontaminated Nature saw all the relations between her and not merely one individuality, narrow or large, but all humanity. The ancient Greek in him found the algebraic formula of existence, the absolute ideal of man and the law of his relation to nature. He saw "hypnum and hydnum," but put them down as details in a foreground. What filled his canvas was manhood. He measured and specialized nature with reference to a completed and ideal type in which nature was fulfilled, and he bowed to the backwoodsman.

Your rank is all reversed. Let men of cloth
Bow to the stalwart churls in overalls:
They are the doctors of the wilderness,
And we the low-prized laymen.

If the experience was unique, it was sufficient, and other summers had been only repetitions; his epic of the wilderness may be made more picturesque by another telling, but not more complete. When he has told Nature's message he gives by implication something beyond the interpretation of it as rendered in thought, the recognition of what it does with humanity. Taking man in the simple and complete type, to which he does full honor, as he had reverenced nature, beyond this and that there stands always the higher and ultimate nature, the aspiring and suffering humanity. There is no conflict; only when all has been said for the woods and the backwoodsman, he points to another humanity and nature beyond.

And presently the sky is changed; O world!
What pictures and what harmonies are thine!
The clouds are rich and dark, the air serene,
So like the soul of me, what if 't were me?
A melancholy better than all mirth.
Comes the sweet sadness at the retrospect,
Or at the foresight of obscurer years?
. . . . . .
And, that no day of life may lack romance,
The spiritual stars rise nightly, shedding down
A private beam into each several heart.
. . . . . .
Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights
Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home.

In the midst of this hymn to nature, it was one of the supreme achievements of the mechanical mind of man which furnished the text for his loudest pæan. Some of the members of the company, in their wanderings outside our realm, had met a traveler with the news of the laying of the first transatlantic cable, and came back to camp with the great news.

One held a printed journal, waving high,
Caught from a late-arriving traveler,
Big with great news, and shouted the report
For which the world had waited, now firm fact,
Of the wire-cable laid beneath the sea,
And landed on our coast, and pulsating
With ductile fire. Loud, exulting cries
From boat to boat, and to the echoes round,
Greet the glad miracle.

Emerson is, we say, cold. Perhaps in the day when Swinburne's bacchanals heat the public ear he may be so. There is no passion now generally recognized except the personal; but in that serener sphere where Plato breathed, the nature of Emerson is too much at home to be yet widely understood in its passion. How Greek is this passionate outburst at the new revolt of the human mind against its limitations, this clapping of hands at the Promethean unloosing! And Promethean passion was his: it quickened his blood with every human footstep upward, it kindled the light of his calm eyes anew with every indignity offered humanity; not only the slavery of the black and the barbarian made his anger burn, but the slavery of civilization and self-imposed wrong made his soul heavy.

And people have the idea of comparing him with the burly brute Carlyle! As well Apollo with a jotun! "Deficient in form and polish"? Well, the ages had not yet furnished the material to cut this diamond to its faceted formality; there is neither the form of Sophocles nor the fluency of Plato, but it was further from Homer to Plato than from Chaucer to Emerson. Then see the Greek again in his instinctive impersonation of the forces of nature — "Chronos and Tellus who were before Jove":

A spasm throbbing through the pedestals
Of Alp and Andes, isle and continent,
Urging astonished Chaos with a thrill
To be a brain, or serve the brain of man.
The lightning has run masterless too long;
He must to school and learn his verb and noun,
And teach his nimbleness to earn his wage,
Spelling with guided tongue man's messages
Shot through the weltering pit of the salt sea.

But our paradise was no Eden. The world that played bo-peep with us across the mountains came for us when the play-spell was over; this summer dream, unique in the record of poesy, melted like a cloud-castle into its original elements, and Emerson was one of the first to turn back to the sterner use of time.

The holidays were fruitful, but must end;
One August evening had a cooler breath;
Into each mind intruding duties crept;
Under the cinders burned the fires of home;
Nay, letters found us in our paradise:
So in the gladness of the new event
We struck our camp and left the happy hills.

The lake became for a time a place of pilgrimage. To visit the Philosophers' Camp was one of the items of an Adirondack trip. Out of the meeting grew the Adirondack Club.

We planned
That we should build, hard by, a spacious lodge,
And how we should come hither with our sons
Hereafter.

And the permanent meeting-place was fixed at Ampersand Pond, to which in time the tradi-

tion of the Philosophers' Camp was attached. The club expired when the war broke out.

Twenty-five years elapsed before I returned to Follansbee Water. The *genius loci*, dryad or hamadryad, had there been one, would have found it as hard to recognize me as I found it hard to find Camp Maple. I had the same guide, Steve Martin, a gray-headed man, the worse for a life of hardship, which, I find, does not always harden; but we found with great difficulty the landing and the choked-up spring. A half-reforested clearing spread round the spot where our "ten scholars" used to lie, and a tangled thicket of raspberry-bushes, lady's-willow, birch saplings, and tall grass made walking almost impossible. We found a huge rock that had been a landmark, but this and the spring alone were to be distinguished. The careless tourists had cut all the hard wood away, and let the fires in, and the whole forest round had been burned, and was succeeded by thickets of undergrowth. The great maples and the tall white pines had gone from the entire vicinity, and a vulgar new forest was on its way; the trees that used to line the lake-shore had fallen into the lake, their roots being burned away; and not the slightest feature remained of the grove where wit and wisdom held tournament a generation before. All was ashes and ruin. I

> felt like one who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted.

Nor was the lake less changed in outward appearance. Every fit camping-ground on the shore had been occupied in succession, and the camp-fires allowed to spread into the forest until the whole shore had been denuded of its fringe of hoary trees. The "procession of the pines" had gone by forever; only here and there a dead trunk was standing, among them that up which Lowell's guide climbed to the osprey's nest to get an egg for Agassiz. Speculating manufacturers had built a dam across the Raquette and flooded all the bottom-land, killing the trees over a large tract; wretched dolts had put pickerel into the Raquette waters, and the trout had become exterminated in every stream to which the ravenous fish had access.

It was well that the charm once broken, the desecration begun, it should be complete. The memories sacred to the few survivors can never be quickened by this ruin, and to the rest of the world it does not matter. Emerson has embalmed it; that is enough. In some Eastern countries it is the custom to break the bowl from which an honored guest has drunk; nature has done this service to Follansbee Water.

W. J. Stillman.

A SISTER OF SAINTS.

HER name was Gilberte Pascal. She was a woman who did nothing remarkable two centuries ago.

She was born in 1620 at Clermont, in Auvergne, where her father was a man of high position. When she was seven years old her mother died, leaving in her care a baby brother and a smaller baby sister, whose names the world was to hear one day — Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal. A few years later the family moved to Paris — the brilliant Paris of Richelieu's time. Gilberte is represented as a beautiful and accomplished as well as a capable girl. When she was twenty another move was made to Rouen, where shortly afterward she married Florin Perier, and went back to Clermont to live. He seems to have been a worthy man, and "worthy" means uninteresting, whatever the dictionaries say.

Gilberte and her husband, like the other members of the family, adopted the austere Jansenist idea of life, but not, like Blaise and Jacqueline, to the extent of absolute renouncement of the world: they abjured the trimmings of it — society, and ribbons for the children, and such things. Later, in 1661, we find Gilberte again living in Paris, where she died in 1687, having outlived her husband and two sons, as well as the gifted brother and sister, the story of whose lives she wrote. That is all, and it is not very interesting.

Gilberte does not belong in history, but, having a distinguished brother and sister who do, she tags in after, because she is one of the family. Being there, she serves as a convenient example of a wide phase of human experience, or, more exactly, one phase of her life illustrates a wide phase of human experience — the back-action of lives of definite aim and attainment on lives — more especially women's lives — which stand near them.

One saint or one genius in a family generally gives the other members of it plenty to do. Gilberte Pascal had three such on her hands; for Jacqueline was a saint, and Blaise was both a saint and a genius, and that makes three. The brother and sister are old acquaintances. Master hands have sketched the story of their lives, and the picture of that brilliant seventeenth-century France of which they formed a part has been painted again and again. All this need not be reproduced here. It is enough for our purpose to recall, in passing, that religious movement which swept the lives of Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal into its current.

Jansenism challenged the attention of men as a reform movement. Its followers sought, without forfeiting their position as loving and obedient children of the Church, to bring back their wandering parent into the true theological path marked out by St. Augustine, from which she had strayed. Claiming Augustine as authority, Jansenism emphasized the doctrine of necessity rather than free will, of faith rather than works, of grace rather than merit, of election rather than free redemption, thus antagonizing the reigning Jesuitism, which emphasized the opposing doctrines. But Jansenism stood for something more than theological reform. It demanded of its followers a life of intense religious devotion, and of a purity and unworldliness so stern and inflexible as to offer a vivid contrast to the more pliable moral system of the Jesuits.

The man through whom this thought won its first great victories was not the quiet Dutch scholar whose name it bears, but his French fellow-student, Duvergier de Hauranne, Abbé of Saint-Cyran, the magic of whose influence over men Richelieu is said to have feared. It was he who drew into the movement Arnauld, Lemaistre de Sacy, Singlin; it was he whom Angélique Arnauld sought as spiritual adviser for her convent at Port Royal, the reform of which had been her life-work; and thus the connection was established between this band of men and the Port Royal sisterhood. Jansenism crystallized about Port Royal, so that the name of the little convent came, in the end, to stand for the whole Jansenist movement — its theology, its mode of life, its method of education.

It was after Saint-Cyran's death, when Jansenism was in full swing, and fighting for its life, that Jacqueline Pascal joined the sisterhood, Blaise the "recluses," of Port Royal. Let us glance for a moment at these two vivid and interesting personalities, and the general drift of their lives; only "drift" is not the word: you might as well speak of the "drift" of two arrows shot full force from the bow.

Blaise Pascal seems to have been an intellect and a soul with just enough body to hold them, and that so uncomfortably that they moved out before long, to find, it is to be hoped, better quarters across the river. We think of the early part of his life as a passionate pressing toward the mark of scientific attainment, genius urging him on; and of the latter part of it as a still more passionate pressing toward the mark of spiritual attainment, conscience goading him on. Having once surrendered himself to the guidance of Port Royal, he threw aside, as alike worthless, scientific ambition, bodily comfort, and human affection, holding them to be hindrances to his pursuit of that absolute holiness of soul which had become his ideal. It was "this one thing I do" with him, from that time on to the end.

The latter half of Jacqueline's life-story corresponds to that of her brother. There is the same absorption in the attainment of the same ideal. But there was this difference between them, that the renouncement of the world seemed to cost her no struggle. When the call to what she believed the higher life came to her, she threw away, as indifferently as though they had been broken toys, all the social and literary possibilities of a beautiful and brilliant girlhood, pushed aside as fast as she could the hands that tried to hold her back, and sought the seclusion and privations of Port Royal with eager joy. The convent annals tell us that she became "a perfect nun."

Close beside these lives, so consecrated in purpose, so eager in spirit, that of Gilberte flowed quietly on. There was nothing about her to suggest the arrow shot full force from the bow. There was nothing of "this one thing I do" about her life. Like many — most — women's lives, it consisted of a series of adjustments to the needs and claims of those about her, this much-loved brother and sister among them.

They pursued their high ideal at a sacrifice, but the sacrifice was not all their own. Gilberte paid part of the price of their spiritual attainment. Take the story of their lives, which she has told so simply, tenderly, and proudly, and read here and there between the lines. There is many a suggestion of payment made by her for their achievement — a few pennies at a time, maybe, but the sum total could hardly have been small.

Jacqueline, then twenty-two years old, had determined to enter Port Royal, but was deterred by her father's command from taking the step immediately. During the interval, while she remained in the world under protest, she went to stay for a time with Gilberte in Auvergne. She was straining every nerve to win the prize of her high calling. The end was high, and the effort heroic; but, from an unsanctified point of view, what an uncomfortable

visitor this enthusiastic young would-be nun must have been! She allowed herself next to nothing to eat, and, being a delicate girl, fasting did not agree with her. The only room for her in the crowded house was one without a fire, and she not only refused to have anything done to make her comfortable in it, but even to go near the fire at meal-times. The number of burnt candles told the tale of constant vigils. She left the house only to go to church and on errands of charity. She shut herself up in her own room, into which none intruded. If Gilberte had anything to tell her, it must be told at table or on the way to church. "Not that she forbade me or any one else to enter her room," writes Gilberte, "nor that she refused to listen, but that we saw whenever her thoughts were called off in order to talk on subjects not absolutely necessary, it evidently tried and wearied her so much that we tried to avoid giving her the annoyance." In sickness she came to the front. Several of the children had violent illnesses,—the Perier children seem to have had some faculty in that line,—and she nursed them while they needed her. "During this time I was often indisposed, and she would stay with me all day without showing the least restlessness. . . . She was always very affable," writes Gilberte.

The whole tone of this narrative is one of loving admiration for superior goodness. Her own feelings Gilberte does not find worth mentioning, except once, where she speaks of her anxiety over the freezing and starving process. But is not there a good deal written between the lines, which may be read by any sympathetic woman who cares to try? Must it not have been a little hard on Gilberte, with her real mother-heart, to have had her idolized little sister adopt just that method of saving her soul? Do we not know, as well as though we were told, that she shivered and starved sympathetically all that winter? She quietly accepted the fact that the every-day interests of her life must not intrude themselves within the walls of her sister's room. From the point of view of both sisters that exclusion was perfectly right; but—but—she had a very human heart of her own, as I make it out, and a human heart feels rather hungry under such conditions. How many days of "affable" and patient companionship in sickness—companionship withdrawn as soon as the sickness had passed—would it take to equal in heart value one hour of spontaneous companionship, given simply because her own was wanted in return? How much starlight is equivalent to an open fire?

Three years later the father died, and Jacqueline was free to seek that retirement in Port Royal for which she longed. Blaise could not bear to have her leave him,—this was before his own final conversion,—but go she must and would, and Gilberte must soften the blow to him as much as possible. Jacqueline did not dare to say farewell to her brother. Gilberte writes, describing her departure:

> I told her for him what words of tenderness he had spoken, and after that we both retired. Though I consented with all my heart to what my sister was doing, because I thought it was for her highest good, the greatness of her resolution astonished and occupied my mind so much that I could not sleep all night.
>
> At seven o'clock the next morning, when I saw that my sister was not up, I concluded that she was no longer sleeping, and feared she might be ill. Accordingly, I went to her bed, where I found her still fast asleep. The noise I made awoke her; she asked me what time it was. I told her, and having inquired how she was, and if she had slept well, she said she was very well, and had slept excellently.
>
> So she rose, dressed, and went away, doing this, as everything else, with a tranquillity and equanimity inconceivable. We said no adieu, for fear of breaking down. I only turned aside when I saw her ready to go.

Gilberte is unconscious that she is anything in this picture but a bit of background for the figure of Jacqueline to stand out against. As a matter of fact, she is central. For she has the hardest of it in this farewell. It costs Jacqueline something to leave the brother and sister whom she loves; but, after all, there is a distant look in her eyes, and she is impatient to be gone. Is not her girlhood's dream at last to be realized? Can the runner entering the race be absorbed in thoughts of those left behind at the starting-point? But to Gilberte, left behind, absorbed in the thought of the bright young life going from her, there is just the emptiness and the ache to be borne as best they may. Even yet the story between the lines is not fully told. Gilberte must stand between Blaise and Jacqueline in this hour—and why? Is it not, at bottom, because she was a shade less dear to both than they were to each other? Jacqueline dared not see her brother. Blaise must be spared in his sorrow for the sister "who was assuredly the person whom he loved best in all the world." Did she then, or ever, mind taking the second place, and think she would like to try the first, just for a change? Her quiet words give no hint of it. She played second fiddle with perfect grace.

Gilberte's biographical sketch of her sister ends with the swinging to of the convent gate between them. We, too, take leave of Jacqueline there, and turn back to the brother whose life-story Gilberte tells through to the end. It was a life which grew even more intense toward its close. Let come what would of phys-

ical weakness and pain, Pascal took not an hour's respite from the task of self-annihilation to which he had set himself, until, when he was only thirty-nine years old, death brought its enforced rest. Gilberte was near him during these final months, and her account of them suggests a number of small payments made by her for his victories over the flesh. It was no sinecure, the care of this astonishing invalid, who never stopped trying to make himself more uncomfortable than his illness already made him, or to square the lives about him to his ideal.

Here are some sick-room notes: He could hardly eat anything, and they took great pains to procure him delicacies, but he never said, "That is good"; and when they served him something new, if any one asked him afterward if he had liked it, he answered, "You ought to have told me beforehand, for I must confess that I did n't notice." This because he had trained himself not to taste what he ate, lest he should by chance enjoy it.

His belief that the life of poverty was the only Christian life gave him an especial tenderness toward the poor, and led him to give all that he could, and a good deal that he could not, to help them; and for four years he labored with Gilberte to induce her to consecrate both herself and her children to their service. She objected, naturally enough, that such a course would interfere with her domestic duties. He refused to accept the excuse. It simply showed her lack of good will; it was quite possible to arrange such things in such a way that they should not interfere with domestic duties. She suggested trying to find some means by which the needs of the poor could be provided for in some more general way. No, that would not do either; they were not called to that sort of general service, but to the daily service of the individual.

His ideal in regard to purity was no less exacting. "I even was afraid," writes poor Gilberte, "because he found fault with things I said, which I thought perfectly innocent, and in which he made me see faults which I should never have seen without his admonitions. He could not suffer the caresses which I received from my children, and told me that I ought to break them of the habit, for it could only harm them, and that there were a thousand other ways in which tenderness could be shown."

It was part of Pascal's religion not to allow himself to have any attachment for any one, and to prevent any one from having it for him, regarding all human attachments as a wrong to God. "As I did not know that," writes Gilberte, "I was utterly surprised at the rebuffs which he gave me sometimes, and I told my sister, complaining that my brother did not love me, and that it seemed to me as though I troubled him, even when I rendered him the most loving services in his infirmities." Jacqueline assured her that it was not so, and, soon after, an occasion arising in which she needed his help, he responded in such a manner that she could not doubt his love. "So that I attributed to the fretfulness of his sickness the cold manner with which he received the attentions I paid him, trying to divert him, and this enigma was only explained to me on the very day of his death." When the news came to them both of Jacqueline's death, and "he saw me in constant grief for this loss which I felt so keenly," writes Gilberte, "he was angry, and told me that was not right, and that one ought not to have such feelings about the death of the just."

In his last distressing illness, when Gilberte was caring for him at her home, he insisted on having added to the household some poor sick man who should be cared for exactly as he was. Gilberte sent immediately to the curé, to request that the desired "pauvre malade" be forwarded without delay; but, fortunately for her overfull hands, there was none in condition to be moved. Then Pascal insisted on her sending him to the Home for Incurables; but, fortunately for her loving heart, neither was he in condition to be moved, so that plan fell through also, and he was obliged to put up with dying where he was, in all the comfort which her constant and tender care could give him.

All that Gilberte wants to do is to make us realize how good, how very, very good her brother was. "See how near heaven he was," she seems to say; "*I* could n't begin to get up there." Her admiration was not so far out, either. Pascal went down into the valley of the shadow of death with his colors flying. Still, in all this recital, there is an undertone, and I think the undertone says something like this: It says that if she made nice chicken broth for Blaise, she would have liked him to know the difference between it and soapsuds. It says that she wanted to please him in the matter of serving the poor, but that honestly she could n't. He did n't understand about household matters; she wished he would n't be angry about it. It says that she was puzzled and troubled about that ideal of purity which she was always unconsciously offending; but I think it does *not* say that the children's caresses were vetoed. It says that when she had tried her level best to minister to him in some suffering, or divert him in some tedious hour, to be treated as though she had hindered, not helped, was hard to bear, even though she learned later that he had acted from religious motives. It says that, much as she admired his Christian

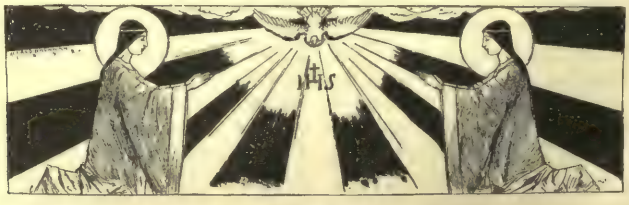
resignation when Jacqueline died, it would have been acceptable to her if he had cried a little with her instead of telling her to stop crying. It says that, deeply as she reverenced that utter absorption in things of the soul which left her standing outside, none the less did she feel cold standing outside. How could it be otherwise? The man of genius and spiritual vision who lay dying there was still her baby brother, whom her mother's death had placed in her child arms, to have and to hold from that day forward.

Not that I think Gilberte Pascal was an unhappy woman, or was badly treated by this brother and sister. On the contrary, they cared much for "ma fidèle," as they called her; and thought of her, wrote to her, turned to her in any emergency as a matter of course. The pain which came to her through them could hardly be called their fault. It was inevitable, their conception of the higher life being just what it was, and their striving after it being as intense and exclusive as it was.

But good-by to Gilberte. She has served her purpose if she has brought into the foreground for a moment that army of women whom she typifies, whose lives have formed the indispensable background of the world's achievement. It is a great army, and very varied in its make-up. Some of the happiest women in the world have belonged to it — women whose service has been made a joy by the love and appreciation which have greeted it; and there are many others who would choose to be here even though they are keenly conscious of the cost, and many more whose lives have been one long hunger. The women of this army have worked in the odds and ends department. They have had to make the countless, tiresome, scrappy little sacrifices which some great sacrifice, made by one near to them, has brought in its wake. They have followed on to pick up the loose ends left flying by the lives of definite purpose and achievement, as they hurried forward. They have made the conditions right for the worker to perform his task. They have had the weapon ready for the hand that needed it, and the pillow ready for the head that needed it. They have done *so* much, waiting around to see what they would be wanted for next. They have been the left-behind ones. When genius has soared away from earth, they have stayed to clear up after it, and to see that it was not pulled down again by petty, practical complications. When sainthood has heard the command to go out from the old home life and follow some remote ideal, and has obeyed, they have been left with the added home-work on their hands, and the added loneliness in their hearts. When heroism has gone to the battle-field, their portion has been the strain of suspense, without the inspiration of struggle. When crucifixion has been the end, they have stood beside the cross, feeling the pain as their own, unable to see that vision in the soul of the sufferer which to him might make the pain seem worth while — "martyrs by the pang without the palm."

In former days, the lives of definite achievement to which these others have been the companion pictures, not on exhibition, have been largely those of men. But in our own day the call comes to woman after woman, "Be definite, be definite, and evermore be definite"; and woman after woman, hearing it, turns her back on a life of aimlessness and waiting, and takes up some definite work. It is one of the finest phases of the mighty, many-sided woman movement of our age. Now, there is no fear but these lives will have increasing recognition and honor; but what about those other lives which they necessitate? They have had scant recognition in the past. Will our own time do better by them? Will it realize, while it admires the pictures on exhibition, that the companion pictures, not on exhibition, are often masterpieces too? Will it give a place of honor all their own to its Gilberte Pascals?

Marion Libby.



BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XXV.

THE days that followed were very dear to Dorothy. She had given herself wholly to Philip in that first meeting of the lips, which seemed to make all things straight, and straight forever. She had her reserves with him, but she had no doubts. She knew now that she had been his, and only his, from the beginning. She thought of Jasper, as she now saw him, with a shudder, and made up to Philip in her heart, if not in the outward expressions she allowed herself, for every kindly impulse toward Jasper she had known.

For the contumely which she seemed to herself to have heaped on Philip in believing him in the wrong in the question between him and Jasper, she could find no proper penance. But the purity, the instinctive morality, the pitiless, colorless sense of right which Jasper feared and admired in her, saw in this silence of Philip's, which had gone so near to cost them each other, a nobility beyond praise. Philip laughed at this when she told him of it in the long interchange of confidences which filled the afternoon, after he had spoken and had taken his answer from her. She liked to have him laugh; but she said that however wicked and wrong and dangerous it was to have kept that silence, it was fine, and she would not have had him speak — especially when he saw that she doubted him — even if—

"Even if—?" queried Philip, with the rising inflection of impudence.

She looked at him for a moment in affectionate musing. He reached from the other end of the sofa, where they were sitting, and took her hand. "No," she said, as her eyes filled spontaneously with happy tears; "I should never have forgiven you if you had let it go so far as *that!*"

She began to abuse his foibles to win her way back to her reserves. She said it would n't do to spoil him too much. He had spoiled himself enough already. It was no wonder that she had been a long time making up her mind to accept such a reckless, careless, extravagant, haphazard lover.

"Oh, come!" cried Philip. "There was nothing haphazard about my love. I wished sometimes that there might be."

"There 's something haphazard about a young man who buys three ponies when he can't possibly use more than one."

"Not when one of them is for a young lady who chooses to take a view of things, after the purchase of ponies, which makes it impossible to ask her to ride one of them."

Dorothy blushed. "Oh!"

He made her agree to use one of the ponies as her own; and when he had taken himself off to the "Snow Find," having first given his orders about the pony at the stables, where he had left the animal after he had ceased to see Dorothy, she sent word to the livery-stable people that she should want to ride in the morning, early. She caught sight of Ernfield's boy passing the house on his way to the stables, and despatched the message by him.

"Be'n gittin' good news, Miss Maurice?" inquired Fred, as he laid a hand on the phaëton she had come from the house to stop.

She saw that he recognized the happiness in her face; and she liked Fred well enough, and felt safe enough with him to say, "Yes, Fred — very." But she admonished herself that this public expression of her happiness would n't do; and she asked Fred about Dr. Ernfield.

"Oh, Doc 's all broke up lately," said the boy. "*I* do' know what 's the matter of him. He use n't to be like that. He don't seem to have his old git up an' git any more, Doc don't. Here I be'n drivin' round to tell our patients that we can't come to-day. We 're laid up, we are; and that 's the way it goes."

Dorothy 's heart went out to Ernfield in a pity which took a new edge from her own fortune. She asked Fred, while she smiled at his invariable air of proprietorship in Ernfield, to tell the doctor that she was coming to see him next day, if he would let her. She felt as if her love somehow consecrated her to all the suffering and failure and misfortune everywhere. She felt as if she must be worthy of her bliss; it must teach her to look out, not in. There was a fresh force in the world; it was created anew. It seemed to her that her whole life must be an outgiving of the great spiritual truth which had descended upon her. Her one word, of which she had learned the meaning for the first time to-day, seemed to ex-

plain so much, to make so much perplexity smooth, to melt so much doubt and trouble, to make foolish so much striving. The joy which knocked at her heart, and seemed to beat there sometimes as if it would burst its gates, was not a thing of which either she or Philip should take all the good. It was for everybody; only, she thought, they should not know what blessed them. And in the morning, as a beginning, she took her ride.

It was a good ride. She seemed to find herself in it, and these early, sunny morning hours, in which she fled along the mesa alone, in a sweet abandonment to the joy of the motion, of the morning, and of the inward tumult of her thoughts, remained always in her memory as moments a little better than speech could report. Even Philip she never told of this ride.

They took many rides together, however, in the valley, and among the mountains, and up the mountains; and the compensatory law of nature by which the work of the world is continued in the face of an engagement enabled the usual output of ore to be taken from the "Snow Find" daily, with little assistance from Philip. Cutter was one of Nature's assistants in this, and the lovers recognized together his unfailing goodness. Philip went back and told her about their life together at Piñon. He said affectionately that Cutter was an awful ass, and the best fellow in the world. He should be sorry when he grew less an ass, because he might be less entirely the best fellow. He said, moreover, he was afraid that the West was teaching him something; he feared he was acquiring sense about some things; he could see his affectations dropping away from him one by one.

And then he told her about Cutter's affair with Elsa Berrian, and Dorothy compassionated him tenderly. She wished every one they liked to be engaged, to be happy in their love. She said hard things of Elsa, but she professed to be sure that she and Cutter would understand each other, finally, as *they* had. Surely they had suffered enough from misunderstandings, but all had fallen out well with them. Philip ridiculed her optimism; and then he asked her if she was quite sure that even they were beyond the reach of the accidents of fate. They would sometimes feign themselves lost to each other for the pleasure of surprising their happiness afresh; but something in Philip's voice made her turn upon him quickly.

"Why? *Is* there something? Have you heard from your brother? What is it, Philip?" She laid a gentle hand on his arm.

They were riding on the pine-covered mesa. Philip denied to himself the ache and the foreboding out of which he had spoken, as he held aside a bough to let her pass.

"Nothing," he said. "Why should there be anything?"

"I don't know. Everything makes me afraid. It was never so until — until I had this to lose. It seems to me every little while as if something must happen. Perhaps we are too happy." She sighed, and Philip laughed down the wasteful use of a present happiness as an object for the threats of destiny.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that no two people were ever happy enough before to excite the jealousy of the evil-minded fates?" And he added that the fates were still kept so busy on the Atlantic seaboard that they had n't had time yet to come West and grow up with the country. "They may be wrecking the happiness of some loving pair in Connecticut, or Massachusetts, or New York at this moment. In fact, it 's likely. But they have n't time for Colorado. Business is too brisk where they are."

She laughed, and Philip proposed a gallop. He was willing to be rid of his own thoughts.

Dorothy liked to make him see how she had come to be such a goose about the proportion of his guilt in the affair with Jasper. It involved accusations on both sides, and, on the whole, they liked the security with which they might now accuse each other as well as anything. She asserted that her idea about that affair was not merely the natural conclusion, but that she should think the same thing again.

"Oh, come!" cried Philip. "Not quite!"

"I don't know," said Dorothy, judicially. "You see what I went on. I was sure you were a hasty, hot-tempered, sensitive, high-strung, harum-scarum young man," she said, smiling at him, "and I knew your brother for a gentleman of judgment. You must remember that he had never given me any reason to doubt his honesty or his — his virtues. They were n't romantic, like the vices of some other people I could name, but they were solid. At least they seemed so. I believed in them, at any rate; I suppose I 'esteemed' them. Is n't that the word?"

"You took good care not to esteem *my* virtues, I observe."

"Did I?" quizzed Dorothy. "I had n't noticed. Were they about?"

"They were n't estimable."

"I 'm sure I did n't esteem them."

"I believe you. You were busy."

"Yes," she said, with a little arch lift of her eyelid; "loving them."

They had been climbing the hill which Margaret and Ernfield had once climbed. He caught her hand to his lips.

It was easy to answer such expressions — of which, however, she was very frugal — in the manner allotted to them, and to find the mo-

ment's happiness which they should produce to the normal lover; but it was impossible to keep this content. And when he was away from her, in the face of every reason for joy, he was blankly miserable. Cutter, who was the first to whom he told the news of his engagement, and who rejoiced in it as became a friend, noticed his moodiness, as Vertner and Ernfield did, also, after a time; and they twitted or gibed him after their several fashions, until Cutter saw it was serious, and set himself to help him, if he could. But Philip repulsed him almost rudely.

In the long nights he thought he must tell her; but when he saw her radiant face again, it was seen to be impossible and absurd. No; he had bought his happiness with a price. If the price was high, the more reason for not risking it by suffering foolish qualms to tempt him to the revelation which hung always on his lips. He thought sometimes that she must read his secret in his eyes. How could it be that a man should lose the power to face himself in the defenseless moments of solitude, and fail to show it in his countenance?

He could still make it seem right — what he had done — as it touched Jasper. Nay; it sometimes seemed as finely, as excellently, right as it had seemed in the moment which had persuaded him to the wrongful silence he was now committed to. But as it lived in the same world with Dorothy it was a foul and unspeakable thing; it was to the full the wrong, or more than the wrong, it could have seemed to his old rectitude, if it had approached him in its naked guise, with no question of Jasper, of vengeance, of wrong for wrong, or of the love for which he had done it. This love was now good and sweet to him only as he could find a purity of impulse in himself answerable to the purity of hers; to his inmost core he felt soiled by what he had done. Her very caresses were a shame to him. He thought how she must start away from him if she knew.

In these moods he framed a dozen passionate confessions in which he told her that he was a scoundrel beneath the least of her kindnesses; he said that he had her love on false pretenses; that she should know him — all of him — to know how unworthy he was. He said in these confessions which were never made that he would go away; that they would not meet again; and that — at this point a crazy pang of jealousy would intrude, and he would remember that he could not leave her to Jasper. He knew that she now despised Jasper. Yet this seemed possible or even probable.

In the midst of this harassment of mind small things gave him pleasure. It was with a strange joy, for example, that he arranged the details of borrowing, on the security of the "Little Cipher," the sum which Maurice owed Jasper. He transacted the business, giving him the money that was to deliver Maurice from Jasper, and to place Dorothy forever beyond him, with a pleasure hardly diminished by the sense that he was at the same time giving the final sanction to his deed, and making retreat impossible.

He recognized, with a start, as he stood by the banker's counter, the feeling which he had accused in his father. His own perception of the unwisdom, the wrong, of reprisal upon Jasper, he had played utterly false, and he found himself rejoicing in having done so. He knew now the exultation his father had felt in squaring himself with Jasper. Still more clearly, but sadly, he saw how his father had been led to cast back in his face his own seeming ingratitude.

Ah, if he could only get at his father, they might understand each other now. His father was the one person to whom he could fancy himself telling his story unreservedly, if he could only find him and reconcile himself to him. He did not believe he would be the surer that his plea for Jasper had been the false one it would now more than ever seem, though he thought of this. What came to him was that his father was the one man who could wholly know the goaded mind in which it had come to him that he *could* not let Jasper win his love from him, too.

The thought made the discovery of his father's whereabouts even more than the immediate necessity it had been for the past two months. He enjoyed the reflection that Jasper would now be indirectly furnishing him with the money for lack of which he had hitherto failed to find him. He said to himself that he would start soon — at once; and then he recalled that he had promised himself to remain in Maverick until Jasper's return. If Jasper should ever come to know what he had done, he did not wish to give it to him to say that he had dodged away. He wished to face him. He was not ashamed of what he had done — not, at least, before Jasper.

He did not find his feeling about it, even as it touched Dorothy, continuous. There were odd lapses in it, followed by quick returns of remorse. It would die away from him, in good hours, when they talked together, and grow a callous lump which he was conscious of carrying about in his bosom as a burden; but he was not constantly sure of its meaning. At these times his willingness to enjoy the nearest pleasure, his liking for the comfortable, the agreeable arrangement, minded him to keep it out of his sight, if he could, and forget it. Surely he had a right to his hardly won bliss; and if he had not, no one was likely to be benefited by any foolish asceti-

cism about it, unless, indeed, Jasper, whose enjoyment of his brother's incapacity to taste the joy he had snatched from him, being imagined, helped Philip to forget manfully.

They sometimes talked of Jasper to make sure of their possession of each other; they even indulged a wonder why he did not return, though, in their hearts, neither wished his return. They felt instinctively that his return would set a period to their present state; their next state might be better or worse, but it would not be the same. The first days of betrothal come but once, and they hedged them jealously from the world. Dorothy would not let him make their engagement known beyond the little company of their friends, and made him pledge each of them to secrecy, for a time yet. She said she knew it must come; she would have to be congratulated; she would have to see her engagement take its place among the gossip of the town, in the news of the day: but she was not ready for that yet. It was only one degree from having to feel, as she knew she would be made to feel, that a marriage was just a marriage — an interesting public function, surrounded by the usual circumstance of ushers, orange flowers, white silk, carriages, subdued whispers, rapturous comment, Lohengrin, and all the rest of it. She might as well be a statistic, and have done with it. She admitted that their marriage would be in the census; but she was willing to postpone her sense of its civic importance.

Sometimes in their rides long silences would fall, and perhaps they communicated with each other most fully in these. But they liked to speak of the time when a little turn, one way or the other, might have lost them to each other, as it seemed.

Dorothy would not admit that any chance could have been strong enough really to keep them apart; upon which Philip asked her what she said to the chance which she had given herself to accept Jasper.

"Suppose I had n't come along? Suppose Vertner had n't let on what an extra-abused fellow I was? It 's even betting what answer he would have got."

"Well, he has n't come back for it," suggested Dorothy.

"No; but if he had?"

"I gave myself a week," she said demurely.

"Do you mean that you gave me a week? Take care! I sha'n't believe that you were spending *all* your time disliking my part in the row with Jasper."

"Oh, you may believe what you like," she rejoined, flicking her horse with the quirt Philip had given her.

But, at another time, when they were sitting before the fire in her own home, she told him that it was really he who had gone nearest to make the impossibility of their not coming together possible. What did he say to the extreme folly of telling a young woman he loved her, and asking her in the same moment to understand that the fact was n't to count? To be sure, he had suddenly thought better of this absurdity. It was a great point that he *had* thought better of it. But why?

A sick feeling stole over Philip as he parried this question, so obvious, so just, for the dozenth time, with a weary joke. It reappeared with the haunting effect of a threat. Must this ghost always stand at his elbow? Might he not better tell her the whole story of his temptation and his fall, and throw himself on her mercy, and her belief in him?

But he remembered Maurice, who would be so far too much involved in anything he might try to say. He could not wound the faith in her father, which he had given so much to preserve. He wished that Maurice would at least take the action which was now a matter of days, and which could not be much longer postponed. And he wished Jasper would return. There came a point in all threatening discomforts where all his thoughts and desires about them resolved themselves into a single longing to have done with them.

When he and Maurice met in Dorothy's presence, now, they avoided each other's eye. Philip felt degraded by their common secret. He saw that he must tell Dorothy what he had done if the present situation did not come to an end soon of itself.

XXVI.

MARGARET clung to her husband, as Jasper left them and took the path back into the woods. She looked wistfully into his eyes. "Tell me it is n't true!" she whispered huskily. "Say that he is wrong! He would say his worst. I know that. O James, tell me that it is n't true!"

Deed was silent. He watched Jasper's form slowly disappearing among the pines, in the twilight, with blazing eyes. He took his breath shortly.

"True?" he asked from his absorption. He stroked her head absently. "What true, dear? Scoundrel!" he muttered.

"What he said — that you — you — ?"

"That I pledged bonds left with me in trust to raise money to pay Philip? Yes; it 's true," he said, clenching his hands, and staring over her head at the point where Jasper had vanished among the trees. He was less than half conscious of making the confession, which he had considered so often and painfully; but at her shrinking from him he knew that he had told her, and that he was alone with her know-

ledge of him. "Do you object?" he asked abruptly.

The soreness of his spirit spoke. Every nerve in him ached from the interview which he had just cut short fiercely with a word.

She could have comforted him, without a backward look on the story Jasper had told, and he would have blessed her; and, later, he would have humbled himself before her with the truth. At that moment the hand of pure kindness must have been a pain, and the probe, even in the hands of love, was torture. "Do you object?" he repeated, as she did not answer.

"Object?" she cried. "O my husband!"

She saw that he was in the mood when he must be hard with the person nearest him. She had just seen him tormented beyond endurance. She meant to be gentle, to be tolerant; but she could not be silent.

"I see," exclaimed Deed. "You need n't say it. Well, the law objects, too. You are in excellent company."

"O James, how should I care for that! You were in the right. I believe it. I only ask you to say it, and I will believe you. Can't you see that I can't bear to think you in the wrong?"

"Ah, yes," he exclaimed sadly. "You care too much for the right to bear to think that."

"That is true," she said simply. "I don't think you could want me to deny that, James, though you say it as if it were an accusation. You mean that I care for that first, and then for you. I care for you as you *are* right, *the* right. Can't you see how it 's all the same thing? You have become my right. O James, did n't I take you for that in marrying you?"

"Reserving your own definitions," said Deed, bitterly.

"I don't define," she murmured entreatingly; "I only ask you to say."

"And I can't say. Nothing that I could say could make what I have done seem right to your ideas of right. You would be forced to condemn just as I should be eternally forced to do it, in the same situation. It 's temperament; it 's character!" he cried miserably.

The twilight had deepened during the brief minutes in which Jasper had told his father that he knew the secret of the hypothecation of Iron Silver stock at Leadville, and had given him his choice between retreat from the sale to Snell, and an immediate publication of the facts of the hypothecation in the newspapers. He had taken his scornful answer away with him into the dusk. The darkness was now falling about them, touched only by the last reluctances of the day, which the reflected glimmer from the white hills detained vaguely still.

"Yes, yes," assented Margaret; "I know. But what can matter if we love each other — if we trust each other?"

"Trust, Margaret! Did you trust me when I sold the ranch away from this fellow? Would you trust me, now, if I were to tell you how I used this mining stock out of a need of the same kind? I am made that way, Margaret. I could n't have helped doing it any more than you can help loathing it now," he repeated.

"I don't loathe it," she said patiently. "I am sorry — sorry. What you say about the other — yes, I see, now, that I was wrong, or unhappy, or — I don't know what — in my way of asking you not to do that. Perhaps I shall never be able to find words or ways — whatever it is with which other women explain such things," she went on, with a little note of humility in her voice which touched Deed indescribably, and caused him to take her hand in his in a quick pressure as she stole it gently, almost timidly, toward him. "But, James," she continued quickly, "we were not married then. I am your wife now. That has changed everything. I can't judge you. I am part of you. If you have done what — what he said, the error, the sin, if there is any, is mine, too. Let us help each other about it, James. Tell me, how was it?"

The moon stole an edge above the summit of Monk's Head, etching the dusky outline of the mountain against its peeping disk. The light kindled along the snowy flanks of the opposite hills, and ran tremulously into the black depths of the cañon beyond. He told her of the means by which he had paid Philip, as they stood in the broadening glow.

"But you meant to do no wrong," she said as he finished.

"Oh, meant!" he exclaimed. "Do you think they will care at Leadville what I meant to do?"

"Perhaps not," she said; "but I care. If it had not been for the chance of this snow, which might have happened to any one, you would have sold the 'Lady Bountiful' to those people at Burro Peak, and no one would have been the worse for what you did." She said this stoutly, as much by way of trying to believe it for herself as to comfort him. But her conscience forced her to add immediately, "But it was an awful mistake — it was — it was not right, was it, James?" She looked up into his eyes, questioning him doubtfully, as if she had never known days in which problems like this were decided with instinctive confidence within her own breast.

"No, Margaret; no. It was like other things — a muddle of right and wrong, I suppose; but certainly not right. Perhaps I might say for what I did that it would n't be fair to judge it in the gross. But that 's the best I could say.

I did it because I had to, Margaret. I did n't *mean* one thing or the other, as you call it. The position in which Philip placed me was intolerable. I changed it; I righted it. God knows with what show of justice." He turned away. They stood for a moment silent. Then he said: "Does it not seem my destiny, Margaret dear, to hurt you, and always at the tenderest point? I seem to have to do the things which must wound you deepest, and then to have to hurt you deeper by wickedly trying to make you pay for my error through your sensitiveness to it. From the hour that I borrowed money at Leadville on those bonds which did n't belong to me I have been ashamed to face myself; what I did has seemed to debase me deeper and deeper every day. I have hated myself. I have wished to tell you. But when you question my act, ever so gently, I must make you suffer for my pain about it. It is because I know the things I do for what they are that I can't bear your sure eyes on them. If I believed myself as much in the right as I am always ready to say I am, I could not shrink from your brave judgments."

"O James, it is n't for me to judge. But, don't you see, dear — what you say gives me courage to ask — that —" she hesitated.

"What, Margaret?" he asked gently.

"That — that all you have done — all that you have been led to do since Jasper turned false, is all of one piece, really?"

"No," said Deed, gravely; "I don't see that."

"But I do! O James," she cried, "what you did to Jasper was wrong — wrong from the beginning!"

Deed frowned heavily. "Margaret! I thought you —" He bit his lip.

"That I said I was mistaken in that? In the way I chose to make you feel what I felt — yes. But in my feeling about it — oh, no, no, I was right; and if in nothing else, then right in my instinct that it was wrong for *you!* Poor James! It has been wrong, has it not?" She slipped her hand within his arm. He dropped the arm, and looked away toward the gilded white hills. But she went on, undaunted. "We have tried to cover it up in our happiness, these last few weeks. But it 's true; and I see now — I 'm sure that you see now — that we must face it. Do you think I don't understand how, having done what you did with Jasper, what you did with Philip had to follow? It was that I feared for you — all the endless consequences, all the suffering, all the remorse, all the snarl of wrong. I feared them for *you*, James, because I knew you — because —" her hand stole into his, and this time he held it fast — "I loved you; and because I saw, oh, so clearly, how it would all be worse for you than for another man — how you would make it worse, because you would be trying always to burst your way through the misery; and because you would suffer more than other men from your failure, and — and your wounds. It was that that forced me to ask you not to do it; and it 's that that makes me ask you now, James, to *undo* it. Don't speak! Don't say you won't or can't. You can, James, and you *must!* Can you wish to be subject forever to such attacks? Jasper has to make them. They are in his nature; and they are part of the sure result of what you did," she said bravely. She was launched now, and did not care what she said. "What you did to right yourself with Philip was wrong, of course; but it was not the first nor the chief wrong." She caressed his shoulder vaguely with the arm she ran about his neck. "Whatever you did, it all came from the other. It could n't have happened if the other had n't. And we must go back to that. I see now that we have been mistaken in pretending to each other that that question is dead, and all its consequences buried. It can never die, James, until we face it together, and do what we still can." He turned and looked into her pleading face. "It lives between Jasper and you, and will always live until we have the courage to give up our wrongful right; it lives between Philip and you, and perhaps that is past help, — perhaps that is to be our punishment, — but worse, much worse, it lives between *us*, James; and we shall never be happy until it is dead and out of sight. Oh, I have been thinking while we have been standing here! I have been seeing, more than ever before, how different we are, how hard it will be, always, for us to understand each other, to make allowance, to remember that we love each other, and to keep that uppermost. But I have become sure that never, for either of us, is there to be peace until this is made right."

Deed drew her to him, and folded her in his arms. "My wise, good Margaret!" he said. "My gentle, sweet, just girl! You said a little while ago that I was your right — that you had taken me for that. But you see, now, how I could never be that. My right is personal, whimsical, fantastic, brutal, selfish. I construct it myself. I take it habitually, as if it were the one right in the world, and as if it might not be the wrong of a dozen other people. It is you who must be my right for the future; and I will obey it humbly. Your right is certain because it is *not* yours — because it is the right of others. I will do what you say, Margaret."

He bent and kissed her. Margaret touched her eyes hastily with her handkerchief. "And will you — will you restore the ranch to Jasper? Will you give him back his share?"

Deed's brow knit darkly. "My girl, my girl,"

he exclaimed in sadness, "you don't know what you ask!"

"But you would do that, surely. You would not hesitate now, would you, for any feeling of—of—"

Deed shook his head bitterly. "Is it a light feeling? Do you think I could do it? O Margaret, you don't *think!*" An inflection of reproach stole into his voice.

Her ear did not fail to note it. But she said: "I do! I do! It is because I think—and for you—that I beg it of you."

Her husband bit his lip. "It's preposterous, Margaret. Ask something reasonable. Would you have me humble myself before Jasper, *now*, after all that has passed—after to-day? Would you have me go to him,—his father,—confess that I have been in the wrong from the beginning, and beg his permission to restore, to give back, what I stole from him? I should be lying. I don't believe him in the right; I believe him terribly in the wrong. But, besides, see what he must think—that I do it in fear of his vile threat! Could you really wish that humiliation for me, Margaret? I don't believe it."

"No; we must wait, I see. We must make the other right. Then this will come right of itself. You must go back," she said. "You must find your way to Leadville the moment this snow releases us, and restore what you have borrowed."

"Borrowed? Do you think it is by that word they will know what I did at Leadville? It will be a harsher word, Margaret—a word with a penalty."

"Well, then," returned she, with a simplicity which at once appalled and enchanted him, "you must go back and make it right on those terms."

He stared at her fascinated. "I will!" he said at last.

"I don't mean to urge you to anything your own judgment does n't approve," she said, temporizing, as even a strong woman must before consequences which are to be wrought out beyond her sight in the man's world.

"No, no! It has been in my own mind a long time. I would have done it gladly long ago if I could have got out of this prison, and could have believed that I had a right to commit you to what must follow. I must have my own respect back again, Margaret. You are right. I will go to Leadville as soon as we can get away from this place, if Jasper does not contrive that I shall go earlier. And I will take the consequences."

"And then—" She looked up into his eyes confidently, joyfully.

"You mean Jasper?" he asked, frowning.

She nodded. He shook his head.

XXVII.

BEATRICE folded Margaret in her arms, and kissed her repeatedly, and took off her cloak, and asked her where she had been, when Deed brought her to the house one evening a week later. She said that Ned was down-town, and Mr. Deed was not to think of going on by the nine o'clock train to Leadville. She was charmed to keep Margaret while he went on; but he must stay, too, for the night, at least. Ned would be back soon, and he was so anxious to see him.

As she spoke Beatrice glanced from one to the other. In Margaret's face she thought she saw some of what she had expected—a development, a softening, an effect like that which photographers get from the process they call "toning." It was not merely that usual, though indescribable difference which distinguishes the matron, however recent, from the maid; Margaret had changed almost in proportion to the area she had offered for change, almost in proportion to what Beatrice had always called to herself her "unmarriageableness." What she saw made her retract silently some things she had said to Vertner, but still left her wondering. Had Margaret contrived to attune herself to her husband, or had he, feeling the sacrifice she had made in coming to him, at last, after what had happened, made the history of his sex memorable by shaping himself to her? Did they get along? That was what she asked herself. She had decided that they did (Deed's face looked strangely sad and worn; but that was, no doubt, the other matter) as she intercepted his answer to a glance from Margaret in the pause which fell at her hospitable entreaty; and yet— She went back to her old feeling that the difference between them was too irreconcilable, and that Margaret, of all persons, was the last to be able to reconcile it (it was always the woman who had to play that part in a marriage, and when the woman was wrong it was hopeless). She said, as these thoughts passed through her mind, that they had been greatly concerned lately when no one heard from them.

Deed said yes, they had been snowed up. They had been unable to get out; they had feared their friends would be anxious. He gave this explanation like a lesson learned by rote. He was conscious that people would be curious; it was necessary to supply an explanation for current use, and the simpler it was, and the sooner made, the better. Margaret glanced quickly at him as he spoke.

He would not take off his overcoat in response to Beatrice's entreaties, and in a few moments rose, and made his farewell. Margaret followed him into the hallway. She threw her arms about his neck.

"O James," she begged, through the lump that hung in her throat, "are we doing right? Or—no; of course we are doing right—but do you think—"

"Margaret!" exclaimed he, reproachfully. He took down her hands, and gazed into her eyes by the dim light of the hall-lamp, under which they stood. "It is n't you who persuade me to falter, is it?"

"No, no. But it is so easy to persuade. It is you who have to act—to suffer. Perhaps I am wrong. Oh, think!"

"I have thought," he said soberly, "You are right. We are both right. We cannot do otherwise. Tell me, dearest," he whispered, stooping to her, "can we?" Their eyes confronted in a look in which each seemed to search the other's soul.

She turned away choking. "Go! go!" she cried in a stifled voice. She caught him to her, and kissed him once, twice, and held him to her in a ravenous embrace, from which it seemed she would never let him go. Then suddenly she pushed him away, and, putting her hands to her face, ran into the room where Beatrice awaited her.

It was finally because she was ashamed of her cowardice that she forced herself to look over the "Maverick Sentinel" the next morning. She glanced at the head-lines with a cowering heart; and when she found nothing in them beyond the usual budget of snow-slides, murder trials, Washington gossip, European war-clouds, local news, mining and cattle notes, booms, and rumors of booms, she began to search again incredulously. Could it be that Jasper had held his hand? She asked Vertner, in as steady a voice as she could command,—they were at breakfast,—if Mr. Jasper Deed was in town.

"No," said Vertner. "Want to see him?" He smiled over at her, unscrupulously. She shook her head, without smiling. "No," he repeated; "he is n't in town, and it 's even up when he will be. He was going to be back in a week when he started,—that was the word he left,—and there was plenty to call him back. But it 's nearer ten days, and no one 's heard anything of him. I *did* think some of organizing a search expedition to go and find him one of these days when business was slack, but, come to talk to the fellows in town about it, there seemed to be a general agreement that *they* had n't lost Jasper Deed. I did n't know as I had myself, so I let it drop. But if you want to see him—" he offered, with twinkling eyes.

"No, no," she said. And then she told him—there could be no harm if she did not tell his errand—of the visit he had paid them at Mineral Springs. Vertner pricked up his ears at the first words, and, at the end of her recital, was leaning forward with his face supported between his hands, listening in unconscious absorption. As she finished, he emitted a little whistle.

"What a fellow!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "*What* a fellow! Snow so deep the drummers did n't try to get out, you say? Pass blocked! Everything battened down for the winter! Drifts, probably, until you could n't rest. And that fellow fought his way over into the Springs and saw Deed! My! my! but there was a rustler lost to the honest paths of speculation when that remarkable young man went into the business of being a confounded scoundrel! Like to have him in partnership with me for a year with his claws cut. Would n't we make this old Centennial State hum! But what 's become of him? That 's what I want to know. I believe I *shall* have to go after him, now. We can't leave a man with all that sand to die in a snow-drift. Come to think of it, there might be a chance to reform him if we could meet in a snow-drift—he underneath, and I on top—with a whisky-flask. It would be a pretty triumph, leading him home captive, warranted kind and gentle, and trained to go in harness. What a scoundrel! I 'm afraid he made Deed unhappy," he said suddenly.

Vertner had executed a circumscribed war-dance in their bedroom when Beatrice had told him of Deed's safety, on his return the night before. He had said that Deed was a fraud not to wait; and then had said that he should start for Leadville in the morning to hunt him up. He had something to tell him. But, in the morning, when Beatrice asked him if she should pack his bag, he told her that he had decided not to go—not to-day, anyway. Deed would probably find out at Leadville for himself what he had to tell him, and it would be all the better.

Margaret's eyes filled with tears alarmingly at his suggestion, and he shied hastily away from it, and asked her if she would n't go with them on a little picnic they had arranged for that day. They were all going to the Iron Mine. Oh, yes; certainly she would go. But there was no question about it. Margaret protested. It seemed wicked to be enjoying herself, or even to permit herself the color of enjoyment, while Deed was away from her on such an errand. But Beatrice's assurance to Vertner that she would go, and the "talking to" which Beatrice gave her when he had left them, silenced her.

She was full of her own thoughts as she prepared for the long drive to the Iron Mine; and they were not all of Deed in Leadville.

She must meet people since she had come

back. Some of those she had known during her earlier stay were sure to be of the picnic party. She must bear to guess the comment that had gone on in her absence from the looks she would receive. Ah, well, she did not care. There were other things to think of. Yet she caught herself wondering if Dr. Ernfield would be riding with them to Iron Mine. She had not dared to ask Beatrice who was going; she had not even asked how he was, though she wished much to know.

She recalled the occurrences of her former stay in Maverick, one by one. Some of them — the days of courtship, for example, when Deed and she had seen each other daily, in perfect love and confidence — were sweet recollections. But others crowded these out. The morning when she had so nearly sacrificed his love for her to save him from himself, and had failed; the desolate days which followed, — Ernfield, her flight, her happy flight from this house to which she had come back again, — these were haunting memories.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining with that effect of never having shone before, mingled with the sober purpose of going on shining just so forever, which Colorado knows, and which all December picnics should arrange for. The fact that the entire sum of the gray, or doubtful, or lowering days in the course of a Colorado year would not make up a fortnight, mysteriously seems not to dull the edge of one's pleasure in each new sun-soaked day. Dorothy was saying something like this to Philip as they rode out together to meet the party. Vertner had brought Philip the news of his father's arrival in town, and had had hard work, as he told Beatrice afterward, to restrain him from following Deed to Leadville, forthwith. It was only by representing the case to Dorothy that he had succeeded in keeping him for the picnic, he told his wife. He did not mean that he had told Dorothy anything; he had merely indicated to her the propriety of his remaining, and he had remained.

Philip rode by Dorothy's side with a happy smile on his lips. His heart stirred joyously in time to the hoof-beats of their horses. To know that his father was found, to know that he must by this have learned that he had a loyal son, was cause enough for throwing up one's hat, and to turn his own trouble idle and foolish. As they rode, Dorothy would occasionally look across the space between their horses and smile with him; and at these times a gleam of intelligence, of sympathy, would light in her eyes, which seemed to double his happiness. His head swam with it. He would not talk, and Dorothy also kept silence; but when their eyes met, Philip thought how, with every look, she endeared herself more to him, and how she must make her way into his father's heart. How his father would like her! She should make up for many things to him. She should be a daughter to him, not in the conventional sense, but truly. He fancied her replacing Jasper in his father's heart; he imagined her atoning for that loss, in so far as any one could. He knew that must always remain an unhealed sorrow, an incurable bitterness; but she could console it.

When he met Margaret, for the first time, a few moments later, he seemed to see something in her face which told him that his father must already be as happy as the love of woman could make him. He had had his one glimpse of her on the staircase of the hotel at Leadville, as she was leaving it, a bride; but her face had been veiled. He saw instantly that she was good. She was such a woman as he could fancy his father caring for. He saw why he had married her. These perceptions passed through his mind rapidly as he flung himself from his horse, and took her hand warmly.

Margaret had imagined this meeting. She supposed she must speak to him; but she had intended to make it a formal matter. She could not believe him as much at fault as her husband did; but his attitude bound her, she felt, and she must be the more careful since he was not by. Poor Margaret! Her judiciousness was always a failure. It was not less so in this case, for Philip's warmth disarmed her, and with the whole party halted and looking on she could not treat him with obvious coldness. She could only say to herself that, at least, it was not Jasper. Even her husband could not feel Philip to be as much to blame as his brother. And, before she knew it, a wave of tenderness for Philip came over her, like the tenderness she had felt toward him when Deed, for so different a reason, had left her before. He was at least his son. She had not yet found courage to glance at him. She wondered if he looked like *him*. She made herself glance down into his honest eyes, and suddenly believed in him. He *was* like his father; his eyes were particularly like his. She returned his hand-clasp.

"I have hoped we should meet," he said.

"Yes," she murmured breathlessly.

"Will you tell me how my father is? You can't know how anxious we have been about him — about you."

"He 's not well. He has been — he has been troubled. You knew that he had gone on to Leadville?"

"Yes, yes. But he is coming back?"

"Soon, I hope." She lowered her eyes.

"Only soon. Then I must run up. I had hoped he would be back to-morrow. Vertner assured me that he would."

"Oh, don't do that!" she exclaimed hastily.

"Don't?" He hesitated. "You mean —

No; I suppose father has n't forgiven me," he said gloomily. Then, with recovered buoyancy, "But that 's almost part of his fineness, is n't it? If I had done what he supposes, he *ought* to hate me. But does he still — or, no, I ought n't to ask that; it is n't fair; perhaps I ought not even to have spoken to you; but I saw you. I could n't help it. You can't think what finding father again is to me — to all of us. It 's mixed up with so many things. But it does n't need to be mixed up with anything to make me glad. He 's not like every father, quite, you know; he 's not been at all like other fathers in his goodness to me. And he 's such a *man!*"

The tone in which he said it sent a thrill leaping through her pulses, and it was hard for her not to shout what she answered a moment later, in an agitated whisper, struggling to control herself.

"I know your father," she said. She took a hand from her rein, and offered it to him, in a torrent of feeling for which she could find no words. He caught the hand in a grasp that hurt her as he wrung it.

"I believe you do," he said almost reverently.

The cavalcade had passed them as they paused together. She touched her horse and, with a single glance at him, started in pursuit of the party at a gallop. Philip joined Dorothy, and they cantered on slowly after the company together, talking of what had happened.

They caught up with the others in the gorge making into the hills outside the town — the gorge through which Margaret and Ernfield had once ridden on their way to the neighboring summit. Cutter, Beatrice, Vertner, Ernfield, and Mrs. Felton were among the group in advance. Margaret, who had rejoined the company before them, they perceived riding by Vertner's side. Every one save Margaret and Ernfield appeared in a festival mood; and shouts and laughter echoed from wall to wall of the gulch, and floated up into the still, keen air, like a kind of offering to the perfection of the day. Ernfield was with Beatrice, far in advance, and they saw him stoop to her in quiet talk. Beatrice would sometimes turn in her saddle, and laugh gaily at something Cutter and Mrs. Felton, who seemed to be having a pleasant time together, would call out from behind. But at these times Ernfield did not turn. Philip guessed that he was willing to avoid Margaret's eye, and Margaret, for her part, kept in the rear with Vertner. Ernfield had joined the van of the cavalcade after it was in motion, and they had not encountered yet. Both were willing to postpone the meeting.

The gulch narrowed presently, and forced them out of its bottom to a narrow path along the ledge which hung above it. Opposite them a gash in the hill, the effusion of a mass of green earth upon the rocky slope, an abandoned cabin, told the familiar story of failure, the little daily tragedy of disappointment. The memory of another mine, which was always with Philip now, but had seemed to leave him in the happy hours since he had known his father to be found, returned upon him with a fresh pain. It was a richer mine of which he was thinking. He had been about to say to himself more fortunate. But was it fortunate? If he could choose, would it not be his wish, now, that the ore-bearing vein in the "Little Cipher" might never have been opened? He could not wish that it should give out now; his future had been wagered on it. But what would he not have given to know that he had dreamed the assay, the exploration of the mine, the fingering of the ore in his own hands? He wished heartily that he had never leased the mine to the Ryans, who must go blundering about and snatch a fortune out of the bowels of the earth, to show his conscience the way to the hell in which it now lived.

"Poor fellows!" said Dorothy, looking across at the deserted mine, as they rode slowly along the path in single file. "What work, what hopes, they must have put into that mine! It is hard, is n't it, to think that where one succeeds a thousand must fail. It must be so, I suppose; but what a price for the success!"

"Do you mean that these men — the men who worked that mine — and others like them all over Colorado, and elsewhere, really pay for the lucky fellow's good fortune?" asked Philip, turning in his saddle (he was riding in advance) to look back at her. "That 's a hard thought for the lucky fellow, is n't it?"

"Oh, no, Philip; I did n't mean that." She saw what he was thinking of, and hesitated a moment before trying to say just what she did mean. "It 's Nature that pays. I suppose we must think that. The men will feel that they have played against Nature and lost; and that is right, too, no doubt. Some must lose; the chances are infinitely in favor of loss. Every one knows that who sinks a shaft or digs a tunnel, I fancy. And then some must win. That is natural. The men who fail don't grudge the successes. I think they like to know of them. It is a comfort to them to know that there *is* some success somewhere. But it lays a great responsibility on the successful ones, does n't it?"

"Yes," said Philip.

They rode on in silence. The hoofs of their horses seemed to make a loud voice as they struck on the rocky path. The others had been moving more rapidly while they talked, and

the hoof-beats of the animals in advance, as they died away, seemed to leave them more solitary in this lonely path between the hills than if a party had not been within hail.

"Philip," she said softly, not guessing his thoughts.

"Yes."

"Was n't it fortunate — Mr. Cutter and I were talking of it the other day — that it was the 'Little Cipher' which turned out so rich?"

"Why?" asked Philip, turning suddenly to face her again.

"Why, only think if it had been the 'Pay Ore,' and you had been obliged to give it up to your brother, after — after all that has happened, and after your making it a success. Fancy your having to think that all the work you had given to your own mine had come to nothing; and the same work in his had brought him a fortune. Fancy your having to know that *you* had done it for *him*. Why, Philip, when I think of your being forced to go to him in the face of all the wrong and suffering and insult he has heaped on you, and having to say — b-r-r-r!" She shuddered prettily.

It had come. He felt now as if he had paltered and doubted and hesitated to his shame. How could he have believed that she would not find a forgiveness in that heavenly sympathy for the means by which he had won her? These gentle words — the first in comment on that bitter situation which had found their way to any lips — were like dew in a thirsty land to him. She must know. He would not wrong her by another moment's shameful silence. His secret choked him. Their love seemed worthless while it remained between them.

"It *would* have been an odious position," he said, with an effort at lightness. "Perhaps a man might be forgiven for shirking it."

"You mean he might send some one else to tell him?"

"No; I suppose I was thinking that he might do nothing at all."

"Wait, and let his brother find out, do you mean?"

"Well, yes; something like that."

"But that would only be postponing it. His brother would be sure to learn of it sooner or later. And then he would have his silence to accuse him of. If one had a brother like Jasper, I don't think one would like to give him an accusation — even an accusation like that, where no real wrong would have been done him. Do you?"

"I think I should let him find out," said Philip. He was speaking with his head half turned toward her, and with one hand resting on his pony's flank behind the saddle. This kept his body swaying with the animal's forward stride. The others came into sight for a moment at a bend in the road, and vanished again. They probably thought to do the lovers a kindness in leaving them to themselves. "Even suppose he never found out?" he pursued after a moment, as he turned and leaned forward to adjust the pony's forelock, which had not been properly smoothed under the head-strap.

"But I can't imagine that. His brother would hear. He would know that the strike had been made in his mine."

"He might n't know which was his. You can imagine that, surely."

Something in his voice startled her. "Why, Philip — but what do you mean?"

They had emerged upon a vast open green upland, and their horses by a common impulse changed their pace to a canter. The others were visible now, far in advance, upon the road winding as far as the eye could reach between the grassy acres of the park. They cantered along side by side in the sunlight, taking the pure air of the table-land on their faces.

The interval gave Philip time. But he could not think. Her smiling face, as she glanced toward him in their buoyant flight, daunted him. Would she smile so when he had told her? He was suddenly afraid to speak.

But as the animals fell into a walk, "Suppose his brother did n't know," he repeated; and this time she was sure of the strange inflection.

She stared at him. "It would be an awful temptation," she said under her breath. She gazed thoughtfully into his eyes. He dropped them.

"Yes," he said.

He kept his eyes upon the moving roadway. He felt her glance upon him. She was reading him. He knew it. Would she never break the silence? Then at his side he heard a low moan — not like Dorothy's voice — a moan of perception and reproach and heartbreaking grief.

"Oh!" she murmured desolately. "Oh-h-h!" The wail trembled from between her trembling lips; it seemed torn from her soul. She paled. He saw her sway in her saddle, and stretched out a quick hand to stay her fall. She waved him off brokenly. "No, no! Don't, please!"

"Dorothy —" he began.

She commanded herself, and looked into his eyes again with a look of love and longing and despair, with a face of sorrow and indignation, and with scorn and pity, which shook his heart.

"How could you!" she cried in a stifled voice, through the tears that began to come. "How *could* you!"

"It was for you," he said.

"For *me!* O Philip, don't say it!"

"But for whom else, for what else? You can't

think that I would do it only for money, for revenge! It was for you — only for you."

"And you think that makes it better! Oh, what can you have imagined me! How little — little you have understood me. Better — O Philip!" she choked.

"It was a question between losing you and doing it. I did it. It was wrong, it was wicked, it was base, if you like. You may think what you will of it. I don't defend it. But I did it for you. And I would do it again."

"Don't!" she cried again, shrinking away from him. "Oh, no one could accuse you as you accuse yourself. Knowing this — this thing that you have let yourself do to be all you say, how — O Philip, *how* could you stain our — our love with it! I don't know what you mean. How could it have been? Did I make you do this?" she cried suddenly. She stretched out her hand toward him. "Was it my folly or vanity, in letting Jasper go on, that forced you to it — that seemed to give this a reason?" Philip shook his head. "Oh, no, no! Of course it could n't have been that. But why —" She stopped short. "What difference can it make? It 's done — it 's done! And for me — for our love! Oh, how could you hope that any happiness could be bought with such wrong? Can't you see how it soils and degrades and shames every moment that we have ever had with each other? Can't you see how it must kill me to think that we have come by all that has seemed so sweet and precious and good through a fraud — through a trick?"

"No," said Philip, stoutly; "I don't see that. I won't see it. If we really love each other, *that* counts. But nothing else counts. I can make this right. I have taken, I can restore." He said it, though he knew otherwise. "Why, Dorothy, no one knows. And no one can ever know. I see that you look on me as a common robber. But it 's not so. They were both my mines. Jasper sent me money to work a claim for him. The money went into the common fund. I don't know which of the two mines it was used for. I shall never know. When I began to work with his money, I said to myself that I should look upon the 'Little Cipher' as his. But both still belonged to me. I did all the work on them. They existed only through the work I directed upon them. Jasper never thought anything of his chances at Piñon. It was like giving a man $500 to place on a horse for you, or to buy a lottery-ticket with. And I thought so little of the chances, one way or the other, after the first month, that I swear to you it was never in my thoughts which claim was his, and which was mine. Legally they were both mine. In fact, they *were* both mine, not only for all practical purposes, but actually. For Jasper had never *bought* anything from me. He had given me some money to expend in working a claim." Dorothy opened her mouth, but he went on with a gesture, "Yes; I know. It 's true. Don't suppose I shirked the truth for a moment. The difference is no difference. In my conscience Jasper was the owner of the 'Little Cipher' and all that might come from it. He is so yet. I don't dispute it. It has never been present in my mind in any other way since the temptation to keep silence, and let him take the other for his, came upon me. Since you must judge me, it is fair that you should know how it has been with me. If it is worse to have done what I did knowingly, I tell you freely that I did it in the face of the knowledge that not all the deeds and registrations and formal evidence of ownership in the world could make Jasper more the owner of the 'Little Cipher' than he was through my word to myself. I know it; but I did it — I must n't tell you why or how — for you." His voice dropped, and as their horses went slowly along, he leaned over, and took the hand she had let fall by her side. "Does that count for nothing with you, Dorothy?"

She had been listening to him wearily, wonderingly, hoping against hope that he could excuse himself, that he could make the obvious wrong seem right. But at this she started as if waking herself from a sleep, and answered: "Oh, for too much! Too much!" She released her hand quietly. Philip felt a shock go through him. "Every word you say makes it a more impossible thing for *you* to have done, Philip. And to do it, above all, in the name of our love! You had an opportunity such as comes to a man in a thousand. You could have been strong; you could have turned from that awful temptation, and I should have loved you for it as women have loved heroes and martyrs. I understand the temptation. It was cruel; even leaving all this miserable thought of me out of it, it was horribly cruel. I said how it would seem very hard to do right in such a case. That was my first thought. But, O Philip, can you think that it makes it easier for me to think you have failed — to know that it was hard? Because the right is hard, the wrong is not good, is it? And surely the right is dearer for being difficult. Any man might have resisted if it had not been bitter to be strong. Only such a man as I have believed you could be great enough for the noble thing that was open to you."

"Stop! Stop!" he cried, in pain.

"No; let me speak now, please. The truth is better. O Philip," she cried, "when I think of you with those two mines in your possession, with the knowledge that one of them held a fortune, and that the other was a mere opening in the ground; and when I think of you with the

other knowledge that the one that held a fortune was your brother's, for your conscience, and the empty one, still only for your conscience, belonged to you, and that no one knew this — *no one!*"—she drew a deep breath—"when I think of that, and remember that that brother had wronged you to the death; that he had made it seem right to rob him by robbing you; that he had driven your father to desperation, and brought you to poverty; when I think of all those things, and see the splendid, generous, heroic right you might have done, and have to know that you chose to do *this*—oh, if I could have died before I knew it!"

A convulsive sob escaped her. She pressed her cheeks rapidly and repeatedly with her handkerchief. When she looked at him again it was with streaming eyes. "Say you were not in your right mind, that you did it in error! Say anything rather than leave me to believe what I must! It *was n't* you! O Philip! Was not the man I have known you for too proud? Would he not have seen how the very security with which he might take, and keep silence, forced him to hold his hand? And would he not have felt, proudly, that every one's ignorance of his duty, and the infinite delicacy that ignorance forced upon him—yes, that the mere thread which bound must be stronger for him than the strongest bond, because it bound him to himself? O Philip, say you did not do it!"

"I can't! I can't!" he cried. "It 's true!"

She gazed at him with eyes of unspeakable reproach; and he dropped the eyes he had fixed upon hers while she spoke with the fascination of a criminal who hears his sentence. The party in advance had almost disappeared. The wide plain, hemmed in by hills, seemed a world in which he and she alone existed.

She checked her horse, and held out her hand. "Good-by, then."

"Good-by?" he exclaimed, stupefied.

"Did you think we could go on?" she asked sadly. "Did you think it could all be as it was? No; it is ended for us. Good-by," she repeated. The tears fell from her eyes in a rain, but there was no relenting in her face. "Give me my ring," she said dully.

He stared. "Dorothy," he burst out, "you can't! You won't!"

"I must."

"I have wronged Jasper. I confess it. Nothing that he has done excuses it. It makes it worse. I own it. But I can right that. I will. Dorothy, surely—surely this need not touch us!"

"Oh, what do I care for Jasper?" she cried in misery. "It is for you I care, and you have lost yourself to me. It is n't the wrong to him! It is the wrong to yourself, to me, to all that we—to all that has been. Oh, is it for me to show you such a thing? You have murdered our love. All the atonements in the world can't change that."

She buried her face in her hands. Her horse stamped an impatient foot, and swung his head free of the rein.

"You despise me, you hate me; I see *that*," exclaimed Philip. "But you sha'n't throw me off. You sha'n't raise me to such a happiness as you have let me know to cast me back. You should have thought of that before you stretched out your hand to lift me up. You should have known that I am not made of the stuff that bears. I can't bear this. I won't. Dorothy, girl,"—his voice fell to the note of tenderness,—"I can't do without you. You have taught me not to be able to do without you. You won't do this thing. Oh, my God, could I live and know that you were lost to me—and lost through Jasper? Have you thought of that? Can you think that I could bear to know that, after all that has gone and passed, it is Jasper who parts us? You see how it can't be."

"Give me my ring, please," she said, not coldly or hardly, but resolutely.

He tore it from his finger. "As you wish," he said with blazing eyes. And then, with cold courtesy, "You won't want me to go on with you. I will wait here until I see you with the rest."

"O Philip!" she trembled. She reached out her hand.

He would not see it. He leaned forward and gave her the reins she had allowed to slip from her. He lifted his sombrero.

"Good-by," he said coldly.

She gave one glance at him. Her mouth twitched pitifully. Then she struck the pony a sharp blow with her quirt. The beast leaped forward.

Philip watched her steadfastly until she had melted into the dust-cloud which indicated the position of the picnic party. He knit his brow upon his straining eyes, and bit his lip fiercely as he gazed. When he had seen the last of her he whirled his horse, and dug his spurs into the animal's flanks with a wild sob of pain.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

QUATRAINS.

I. PROBLEM.

SO closely knit are mind and brain,
Such web and woof are soul and clay,
How is it, being rent in twain,
One part shall live, and one decay?

II. A HINT FROM HERRICK.

No slightest golden rhyme he wrote
That held not something men must quote;
Thus by design or chance did he
Drop anchors to posterity.

III. HOSPITALITY.

When friends are at your hearthside met,
Sweet courtesy has done its most
If you have made each guest forget
That he is not the host.

IV. POINTS OF VIEW.

Bonnet in hand, obsequious and discreet,
The butcher that served Shakspere with his meat
Doubtless esteemed him little, as a man
Who knew not how the market-prices ran.

V. KISMET.

A glance, a word—and joy or pain
Befalls; what was no more shall be.
How slight the links are in the chain
That binds us to our destiny!

VI. QUITS.

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There 's many another inn in town.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AT NIAGARA.

I.

THERE at the chasm's edge behold her lean
Trembling as, 'neath the charm,
A wild bird lifts no wing to 'scape from harm;
Her very soul drawn to the glittering, green,
Smooth, lustrous, awful, lovely curve of peril;
While far below the bending sea of beryl
Thunder and tumult — whence a billowy spray
Enclouds the day.

II.

What dream is hers? No dream hath wrought that spell!
The long waves rise and sink;
Pity that virgin soul on passion's brink,
Confronting Fate,— swift, unescapable,—
Fate, which of nature is the intent and core,
And dark and strong as the steep river's pour,
Cruel as love, and wild as love's first kiss!
Ah, God! the abyss!

R. W. Gilder.

THE REDEMPTIONER.[1]

A STORY IN THREE SCENES.

PROLOGUE.

THE stories we write are most of them love-stories; but in the lives of men there are also many stories that are not love-stories: some, truly, that are hate-stories. The main incident of the one I am about to tell, I found floating down from the eighteenth century on the stream of Maryland tradition. It serves to present some of our forefathers, not as they seem in patriotic orations and reverent family traditions, but as they appear to a student of the writings and prints of their own age.

SCENE I.

THE time was a warm autumn day in the year 1751. The place was a plantation on the Maryland shore of the Potomac. A planter of about thirty years of age, clad in buckskin short-clothes, sat smoking his pipe, after his noonday meal, in the wide entry that ran through his double log house from the south side to the north, the house being of the sort called alliteratively "two pens and a passage." The planter's wife sat over against him, on the other side of the passage, carding home-grown cotton-wool with hand-cards. He had placed his shuck-bottom chair so as to see down the long reach to the eastward, where the widening Potomac spread itself between low-lying banks, with never a brown hill to break the low horizon line. Every now and again he took his cob pipe from his mouth, and scanned the distant water wistfully.

"I know what you 're looking for, Mr. Browne," said his wife, as she reversed her hand-cards, and rubbed the carded cotton between the smooth backs of the two implements, to make it into a roll for spinning. "You 're looking to see the *Nancy Jane* come sailing into the river one of these days."

"That 's just what I 'm looking after," he answered.

"Why should you care?" she said. "You don't expect her to fetch you a new bonnet, and a hoop-skirt seven feet wide." She laughed merrily at her own speech, which,

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after all, was but a trifling exaggeration of the width of a hoop-skirt in that time.

Sanford Browne did not laugh, but took his pipe from his mouth, and stood up a moment, straining his sight once more against the distant horizon, where the green-blue water of the wide estuary melted into the blue-green of the sky with hardly a line of demarcation. Then he sat down and took a dry tobacco leaf lying on a stool beside him, and crushed it to powder by first chafing it between his open hands and then grinding it in the palm of his left hand, rubbing it with the thumb of his right in a mortar-and-pestle fashion.

"I 've a good deal more reason to look for the *Nancy Jane* than you have, Judy. I wrote my factor, you know, to find some trace of my father and mother, or of my sister Susan, if it took the half of my tobacco crop. I hope he 'll find them this time." Saying this, he filled his cob pipe with the powdered tobacco, and then rose and walked into the large western room of the house, which served for kitchen and dining-room. It was also the weaving-room, and the great heavy-beamed loom stood in the corner. At the farther end was the vast, smoke-blackened stone fireplace, with two large, rude andirons and a swinging crane. A skillet and a gridiron stood against the jamb on one side, a hoe for baking hoecakes, and a little wrought-iron trivet, were in order on the other. The breakfast fire had burned out; only the great back-log, hoary with gray ashes, lay slumbering at the back of the fireplace. The planter poked the drift of ashes between the andirons with a green oak stick, until he saw a live coal shining red in the gray about it. This he rolled out upon the hearth, and then took it between thumb and finger and deposited it within the bowl of his pipe by a deft motion, which gave it no time to burn him.

Having got his pipe a-going, he strolled back into the wide passage, and scanned the horizon once more. Judith Browne did not like to see her husband in this mood. She knew well how vain every exercise of her wifely arts of diversion would prove when he once fell into this train of black thoughts; but she could not refrain from essaying the hopeless task by holding up her apron of homespun cloth full of cotton rolls, pretty in their whiteness and roundness and softness, meantime coquettishly turning her still girlish head on one side, and saying: "Now, Mr. Browne, why don't you praise my cotton? Did you ever see better carding than that?"

The young planter took a roll of the cotton in his hands, holding it gingerly, and essaying absent-mindedly to yield to his wife's mood. Just at that moment Sanford Browne the younger, a boy of about eight years of age, came round the corner of the house and stood in front of his father, with his feet wide apart, feeling among the miscellanies in the bottom of his pocket for a periwinkle shell.

"How would you like to have him spirited away by a crimp, Judy?" demanded the husband, replacing the cotton, and pointing to the lad.

"I should just die, dear," said Judy Browne, in a low voice.

"That 's what happened to my mother, I suppose," said Browne. "I hope she died; it would be too bad to think that she had to live all these twenty-two years imagining all sorts of things about her lost little boy. I remember her, Judy, the day I saw her last. I went out of a side street into Fleet street, and then I grew curious and went on out through Temple Bar into the road they call the Strand. I did not know how far I had gone from the city until I heard the great bell of St.-Martin's-in-the-Fields chiming at five o'clock. I turned toward the city again, but stopped along the way to look at the noblemen's houses. Somehow, at last I got into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and could not tell which way to go. Just then a sea-captain came up to me, and, pretending to know me, told me he would fetch me to my father. I went with him, and he got me into a boat and so down to his ship below the Bridge. The ship was already taking aboard a lot of kids and free-willers out of the cook-houses, where some of them had been shut up for weeks. I cried and begged for my father, but the captain only kicked and cuffed me. It was a long and wretched voyage, as I have told you often. I was brought here and sold to work with negroes and convicts. I don't so much mind the beatings I got, or the hard living, but to think of all my mother has suffered, and that I shall never see her or my father again! If I ever lay eyes on that Captain Lewis, he will go to the devil before he has time to say any prayers."

"I 'd like to shoot him," said the boy, in sympathy with his father's mood. "I 'll kill him when I get big enough, pappy." And he went off to seek the bow and arrow given him by an Indian who lingered in the region once occupied by his tribe.

"Never mind," said the wife, stroking her husband's arm; "you are getting rich now, and your hard times are over."

"Yes; but everybody will always remember that I was a bought redemptioner, and your folks will hardly ever forgive you for marrying me."

"Oh, yes, they will some day. If you keep on as lucky as you are, I shall live in a bigger house than any of them, and drive to church behind six horses. That 'll make a great differ-

ence. If the *Nancy Jane* fetches me a London bonnet and a wide, wide petticoat such as the Princess Augusta wears, so that I can brush against the pews on both sides with my silk frock when I go down the aisle, my folks will already begin to think that Sanford Browne is somebody," and she made little motions of vanity as she fancied her entrance into Duck Creek parish church on the Sunday after the arrival of the tobacco ship, arrayed in imitation of the Princess of Wales, the news of whose recent widowhood had not yet reached Judy Browne.

"There comes the *Nancy Jane* now," called the boy from the dooryard, pointing to a sloop on the other side of the wide estuary, bowling in with topsail and jib furled, and her rusty mainsail bellying under pressure of a wind dead aft.

"That 's not the *Nancy Jane*," said the father; "only a sloop. But I don't know whose. Oh, yes; it must be that Yankee peddler back again. There 's his codfish ensign at his masthead. He 's making for the other side now, but he 'll come over here to sell his rum and kickshaws before he goes out."

"Hello, Mr. Browne!" It was a voice coming from the river in front of the house. The owner of the voice was concealed by some bushes at the margin of the water.

"Hello!" answered Browne to the invisible caller. "Is that you, Mr. Wickford?"

"I 've got some letters for you, Mr. Browne," came back from the water. "The *Nancy Jane* ran in on the east wind this morning before daylight, and anchored in the little oyster-bay below Manley's. She brings news that the Prince of Wales died last spring. I happened to come past there this morning, and I brought some things Captain Jackson had for you. I reckon there 's something pretty here for Mrs. Browne, too. Send one of your boys down."

"I 'll come myself," said Browne, going down the bank, followed eagerly by the little Sanford, who had also his interest in the arrival of the parcels from London. There came after them presently a lithe young negro boy of fifteen, not yet two years out of Africa. He was clad in nothing but his native blackness, which was deemed sufficient for a half-grown negro in that day. Mrs. Browne had sent black Jocko after the others with orders to bring up her things "without waiting for the gentlemen to get done talking."

But the gentlemen did not talk very long. The neighbor was desirous of getting on to have the first telling of the news about the death of Prince Frederick, and Mr. Browne was impatient to open the packet from his factor.

"Good-by, Mr. Wickford. Come down and see us some time, and bring all your family," he called as the neighbor's canoe shot away in answer to the lusty paddle-strokes of his men.

"I reckon we 'll come, sir," answered the receding neighbor. "My wife 'll want to see what Mrs. Browne got from London. Tell Mrs. Browne we 're afraid she 'll be too fine to know her neighbors when she puts on her new bonnet."

The last words of this neighborly chaff were shouted over a wide sheet of water, and Sanford Browne, half-way up the bank, made no reply, but went back to his chair in the passage, and opened his packet. Kid that he had been, Browne had contrived to learn to read and write from a convict bought for a schoolmaster by the planter to whom Browne had been sold. This lettered rogue took pity on the kidnapped child, and gave him lessons on nights and Sunday, because he was well born and not willing to sink to the condition of the servants about him.

Browne found his factor's letter occupied at the outset with an account of the tobacco market and congratulations on the high price obtained for the last year's crop. Then the factor proceeded to give a bill of sales and then a list of things purchased for Browne and his family, with the price set down for the hoop-skirt and the new bonnet and the silk frock, as well as for a cocked hat and dress periwig necessary to Sanford Browne's increasing dignity, and some things for the little Sanford. Browne studied each successive page of the letter in hope of finding a word on the subject in which he was most deeply interested, stopping reluctantly now and then to look up when his wife would break in with:

"Mr. Browne! Mr. Browne! won't you just look this way a minute? Is n't this fine?"

"Yes, Judy; it surely is," he would say absently, keeping his thumb on the place in the factor's letter, and resuming his reading as soon as possible, without having any definite idea of what Mrs. Judith had been showing him.

On the very last page he found these words:

I have made most diligent searche for your family as you required butt I have not discovered muche that will be to your satisfaction. I send you, Sir, a coppie of certain things sette down in the Parish Register of St. Clement Danes, wch I thoughte most like to be of interest to you. Bye these you will discover that Walter Sanford Browne was born the 27 daye of the moneth of Febuarie 1721—wch will no doubt give you exacte knowledge of your owne age. The father and mother of Walter Sanford Browne bore the names Walter and Susan respectively wch is a fact that will not be indifferent to you I suppose. I finde that Walter Browne aforesd, who is sette down a scrivener, was married at this same church of St. Clements on the 22 daye of Marche in the

year 1720 to Anne Sanford of the same parish. Theire daughter Susan was borne in Aprill 1725, as you will see by this transcripte made by the clarke of the parish. The clarke cannot discover any further mencion of this familie nor of the name of Sanford in this register downe to this present time, from wch he deems it is to be inferred that sd. Walter Browne long since removed out of that parish, in particular as the present wardens and sidesmen of the parish afresd do not know any man of that name now residente there. It is a probabilitie that yr. father has removed to one of the plantations. I have made public advertisement in the Gazettes for your father or any neare kinsman but w'out any successe whatsoever.

There followed a memorandum of pounds, shillings, and pence paid to the "clarke" of the parish of St. Clement Danes, of money paid for advertisements in the gazettes, and of expenses incurred in further searches made by a solicitor. That was all — the end of hope to Sanford Browne. He went into the sitting-room, and put the factor's letter into a little clothes-press that stood beside the chimney, and then strode out into the air, giving no heed to Judith, who had gone up the stairs at the side of the passage, and come down again wearing a hideous pannier petticoat under her new frock. She guessed her husband's disappointment, and, though she longed for a word of admiration, or at least of wondering attention, for her square-rigged petticoat, she thought best to be content with the excited prattle of her maid, a young bond-servant bought off the *Nancy Jane* the year before.

"Here, Jocko," said Browne, standing in front of his house and calling to the Adamite negro lad, "you go and call Bob, and get the sloop ready. I 'm going down to the ship."

"Get sloop, massa?" said the negro, speaking English with difficulty. "Massa say sloop?"

Sanford Browne looked at the black figure, inquiringly. It was not often that poor, cringing Jocko ventured to question him. "Yes, sloop," he said with an emphasis born of his irritating disappointment.

"Much great big wind blow — blow, right up river. Tack, tack all day," muttered the black boy, timidly.

"You 're right," said the planter, who had not observed that the strong wind would be dead ahead all the way to the anchorage. "Tell Bob to put the canoe in the water." And then to himself: "The negro is no fool."

"Bob, Bob, massa him want can-noo go see great big ship mighty quick."

"Come, Sanford; you may go too," said the planter to his son. "We 'll carry the fowling-piece: there 'll be ducks on the water."

SCENE II.

THE time is the same day, and the place the deck of the *Nancy Jane*, at anchor. The captain is giving orders to the cook: "I want a good bowl of bumbo set here on deck against the planters come aboard." Then turning to the mate: "Have the decks squeegeed clean, an' everything shipshape. Put the rogues in as good garb as you can. You 'll find a few wigs in a box in my cabin. Put these on the likeliest, and make 'em say they 're mechanics, or merchants' clerks, and housemaids. Tell 'em if they don't put out a good foot and get off our hands soon, we 'll tie 'em up and make 'em understand that it 's better to lie to a planter than to stick on shipboard too long. Make the women clean themselves up and look tidy like ancient housemaids, and don't allow any nonsense. Tell 'em if they swear or quarrel while the planters are aboard they 'll get a cat-o'-nine-tails well laid on. We 've got to make 'em more afraid of the ship than they are of the plantations."

The convicts were in the course of an hour or two ranged up against the bulwarks forward, and they were with much effort sufficiently browbeaten to bring them into some kind of order.

"They 're a sorry lot of Newgate birds," said the captain to the mate. "I 'm afraid we 'll have a time of it before we change 'em off for merchantable tobacco. Here, you Cappy," he said to one of the older convicts. "Look here! Don't you tell anybody to-day that you 're a seaman. They 'll swear you are a pirate, and that you 'll be off with one of their country sloops, and go a-blackbearding it down the coast. You 're to be a schoolmaster to-day."

"I can't read much, and I can't hardly write a word," said the man, a burly fellow of about sixty, whose heavy jaws and low brows would look brutal in spite of the brand-new periwig put on him that very morning to make him salable.

"That don't matter," said the captain. "You 're schoolmaster enough for a tobacco country. You can navigate a ship by the sun and compass, and that 's education enough. If you go and let it out that you 're a sailor, I 'll — well, you 've been a captain or mate, and you know devilish well what I 'll do with you. I 'll serve you as you have served many a poor devil in your time."

Then, catching sound of a quarrel between two of the women, the captain called the mate and said: "Give both of the wenches a touch off with your rope's-end. Don't black their eyes or hit 'em about the face, but let 'em just taste the knot once over the shoulders to keep 'em

peaceable. Be in haste or they 'll scratch one another's eyes."

The mate proceeded to salute the two women with a sharp blow apiece of the knotted rope, and thus changed their rising fury into sullenness.

Planters came and went during the forenoon, and cross-questioned the convicts, threatening to make it hard for them if they did not tell the truth. The visitors drank the captain's bumbo, but the convicts were slow of sale. Some of the planters announced their intention not to buy any more convicts, meaning for the future to purchase only free-willers, or bond-servants voluntarily selling themselves, and some had made up their minds not to buy any more Christian servants at all, but to stock their places with blacks.

It was mid-afternoon when Sanford Browne arrived in his dugout, propelled against a head wind and heavy seas by Bob, the white redemptioner, and Jocko, the negro boy. The planter himself sat astern steering, with little Sanford crouched between his knees. Leaving the two servants in the canoe, the planter and his son went aboard the ship, while the convicts crowded against the guard-rail to get a look at the naked figure of Jocko, his black skin being a novel sight to their English eyes.

There was recognition between the captain of the *Nancy Jane*, who had sailed to the Potomac for many years, and Sanford Browne. While the two stood in conversation by the bowl of strong rum punch, little Sanford strolled about the deck, shyly scrutinizing the faces of the convicts and being scrutinized by them. The women tried to talk with him, but their rather battered countenances frightened the boy, and he slipped away. At last he planted himself before old Cappy, whose bronzed face under a new powdered wig produced a curious effect.

"Where did you come from?" demanded the child, with awakened curiosity.

The would-be schoolmaster started at this question, gazed a moment at the child, and said, "God!" between his teeth.

"Lawr! 'e 's one uv yer scholars, Cappy," said one of the women, in derision. "Ye 'll be a-l'arnin' 'im lots uv words 'e ain't never 'eerd uv afore. Yer givin' the young un a prime lesson in swearin' to begin."

But Cappy made no reply. He only looked more eagerly at the child, and wiped his brow with his sleeve, disarranging his periwig in doing so. Then, changing the form of his exclamation but not its meaning, he muttered, "The devil!"

"W'atever 's the matter?" said the woman. "You 're fetchin' in God an' the devil both. Is the young un one uv yer long-lost brothers, Cappy?"

"What 's your name?" demanded Cappy of the boy, without heeding the woman's gabble.

"Sanford Browne."

The perspiration stood in beads on the man's forehead, and the veins were visibly distended. "Looks like as if he had n't got any bigger in more 'n twenty years," he soliloquized. Then he said to the boy in an eager whisper, for his voice was dry and husky, "What 's yer pappy's name, lad?"

"He 's Sanford Browne, too. That 's him a-talking to Captain Jackson at t' other end of the ship. He was stole when he was a little boy by a mean old captain, and brought over here and sold just like you folks," and the lad made the remark general by looking around him. "He 's got rich now, and he 's got more 'n a thousand acres of land," said the little Sanford, boastfully, thinking perhaps that his father's success might encourage the woebegone set before him. "But I reckon that mean old captain 'll ketch it if pappy ever sets eyes on to him," he added.

"Lawr! now w'atever 's the matter uv you, Cappy?" put in the woman again. "A body 'd think you must 'a' been that very cap'n yer own self."

The man turned fiercely upon the garrulous woman, and seized her throat with his left hand, while he threatened her with a clenched fist and growled like a wild beast. "Another word of that, Poll, and I 'll knock the life out of you."

Poll gave a little shriek, which brought the mate on the scene with his threatening rope's-end, and restored Cappy to a sort of self-control, though with a strange eagerness of terror his eyes followed the frightened lad as he retreated toward his father.

The planter, after discussing with Captain Jackson the death of the Prince of Wales in the preceding March, was explaining to the captain that he did not mean to buy any more white servants. The blacks were better, and were good property, while the black children added to a planter's estate. White servants gave you trouble, and in four or seven years at most their time expired, and you had to break in new ones. But still, if he could pick up a fellow that would know how to sail his sloop in a pinch, he might buy.

"There 's one, now," said Captain Jackson; "that chap leaning on the capstan; he 's been a captain, I believe."

"How 'd they come to convict a captain?" demanded the planter, laughing. "We planters have always thought that all captains were allowed to steal a little."

"They must n't steal from their owners," said Captain Jackson, good-naturedly. "Passengers and shippers we do clip a little when we can, but that old fool must have tried to get something out of the owners of the ship. He 's too old to run away now, or cut up any more deviltry. Go and talk with him."

"What 's his bob-wig for?"

"Oh, that 's some of my mate's nonsense. He thought planters would n't want to buy a seaman, so he rigged the old captain up like a schoolmaster, and told him to say that he had always taught arithmetic. He 'll tell you he 's a schoolmaster, according to the mate's commands; but he is n't. He 's been a ship's captain, I believe, and he helped me take observations on the voyage, and he seemed to know the river when he got in last night."

There ensued some talk as to how many hogsheads of tobacco the convict was worth, and then Browne went forward to inspect the man and question him.

"What 's your name?" said the planter.

"James Palmer," said Cappy, with his head down.

"Lawr!" muttered Polly under her breath.

"What 's your business?"

"Schoolmaster."

"Come, don't lie to me," said Browne. "You are a sailor, or a captain maybe."

This set the old fellow to trembling visibly, and Polly again said "Lawr!" loud enough for him to hear it and give her one fierce glance that quieted her.

"Who said I was a sailor, sir?"

"Captain Jackson."

"That 's because you want a sailor," stammered the convict. "Mighty little I ever knew about a ship till I got aboard this thing. Captain would 'a' told you I was a carpenter or a preacher if he thought that was what you wanted."

The man spoke gaspingly, and a dim sense of having known him began to make its way into the mind of the planter. He was going to ask him where he had taught school, but all at once a rush of memories crowded his mind, and a strange suspicion came to him. He stood silent and staring at the convict half a minute. Then he walked around him, examining him from this side and that.

"Let me see your left hand, you villain," he muttered, approaching the man.

The convict had kept his left hand shoved down under his belt. He shook now as with an ague, and made no motion.

"Out with it!" cried the planter.

Slowly the old man drew out his hand, showing that one joint of the little finger was gone.

"You liar!" said the planter, at the same time pulling the bob-wig from the convict's head, and flinging it on the deck. "Your name is not James Palmer, but Jim Lewis, Captain Jim Lewis of the *Red Rose*—'Black Jim,' as everybody called you behind your back!"

Here Poll broke out again with "Lawr!" while Sanford Browne paused, fairly choked with emotion. Then he began again in a low voice:

"You thought I would n't know you. I 've been watching out for you these ten years, to send you to hell with my own hands! You robbed my poor mother of her boy." The wretch cowered beneath the planter's gaze, and essayed to deny his identity, but his voice died in his throat. Browne at length turned on his heel, and strode rapidly toward the captain.

"I 'll take him at the price you fixed," he called out as he advanced.

The captain wondered what gold-mine Browne had discovered in Cappy to make him so eager to accept the first price named. He for his part was equally eager to be rid of a convict whom he regarded as rather a dangerous man, so he said promptly, "He belongs to you," and shook hands according to the custom in "closing a bargain."

A moment later Black Jim Lewis, having regained his wits, rushed up to the captain entreating hoarsely not to be sold to Browne. "Now don't let him have me, Captain Jackson; for God's sake, don't now! He 's my enemy. He 'll beat me and starve me to death. I 'm one of your own kind; I 'm a sea-captain, and it 's a shame for you, a sea-captain too, to sell me to a man that hates me and only wants to make me miserable. I 'm ruinated anyhow, and you ought to take some pity on me."

This plea for a freemasonry among sea-captains had influence with the captain of the *Nancy Jane*. But he said, "W'y, Jim Lewis, I 've sold you to the best master in the province of Maryland. You don't know when you 're well off. Mr. Browne feeds his people well, and he never beats 'em bad like the rest."

"I tell you, he 'll flay me alive, that man will! You 'd better shoot me dead and put me out of misery."

While the wretch was making this appeal, Browne was silently engaged in emptying the priming of his flint-lock fowling-piece, picking open the tube, and then filling the pan with fresh powder from the horn at his side. When he had closed the pan, he struck the stock of the gun one or two blows to shake the powder well down into place, that the gun might not miss fire. Then turning to the captain, he said, "A bargain is a bargain."

Then to the convict he said: "Black Jim Lewis, you belong to me. Get into that boat, or it 'll be worse for you," and he slowly raised the snaphance with his thumb on the hammer.

Lewis had visibly aged in ten minutes. With trembling steps he walked to the ship's side, and clambered over the bulwarks into the dugout. The boy followed, and then the master took his seat in the stern, with his flint-lock fowling-piece within reach.

"My dead body 'll float down here past the *Nancy Jane*," said Jim Lewis to the captain; "and I 'll ha'nt your ship forever—see if I don't!" He half rose up, and waved his hand threateningly as he said this in a hoarse, sepulchral voice.

"Mr. Browne," interposed the captain of the *Nancy Jane*, as the lifted canoe-paddles were ready to dip into the water, "don't be too hard on the old captain. You see how old and shaken he is. You 'll show moderation, now, won't you?"

"I 'll care for him," answered Browne, unbendingly. "Away with the canoe! Good-by, captain. My tobacco will be ready for you."

And Poll, the convict, as she leaned over the rail and watched the fast-receding canoe pitching up and down on the seas, said, "Lawr!"

SCENE III.

THE time is the late afternoon of the same day, and the place is again Sanford Browne's plantation.

Judith Browne, having exhausted her experiments on the frock, the bonnet, and the hoop-petticoat bought for her in London and sent like the proverbial pig in a poke, had taken to watching the Yankee peddling-sloop, which, having lain for an hour at Patterson's on the Virginia shore, was now heading for the Browne place. It was pretty to see the sloop heel over under a beam wind and shoot steadily forward, while the waves dashed fair against her weather side and splashed the water from time to time to the top of her free-board. It was a pleasant sight to mark her approach by the gradual increase in her size and the growing distinctness with which the details of her rigging could be made out. At length, when her bow appeared to Judith Browne to be driving so straight on the bank that nothing could prevent the vessel going ashore, Captain Perkins called to his only man, standing at the helm, "Hard down!" and the sloop swung her nose into the waves, and gracefully rounded head into the wind just in time to lie close under the bank, rocking fore and aft like a duck. As soon as she had swung into the wind enough for her sail to flap, the captain called to the boy who was the third member of the crew to let go the halyards; and as the sail ran rattling down, the captain heaved the anchor at the bow with his own hands. Then a plank was run out, a line made fast forward, and Perkins climbed the bank and greeted Mrs. Browne. His manner combined strangely the heartiness of the seaman with the sinuous deference of the peddler. His speech was that which one hears only in the most up-country New England regions and among London small shopkeepers. The uttering of his vowel sounds taper end first greatly amused his customers in the Chesapeake regions, while their abrupt clipping of both vowels and liquids was equally curious to Perkins, who regarded all people outside of New England as natives to be treated with condescending kindness alike for Christian and for business reasons, and as people who were even liable to surprise him by the possession of some rudimentary virtues in spite of their unlucky outlandishness.

"Glad to see yeh again, Mis' Braown," he said when he reached the top of the bank. "Where 's Mr. Braown?"

"He 's gone down to the *Nancy Jane*. Won't you come in, Captain Perkins? Come in and sit down awhile."

"Wal, yes. And how 's your little gal?" Seeing a dubious look on Mrs. Browne's face, he said: "Or is it a boy, now? I call at so many houses I git confused. Fine child, I remember."

"The lad 's gone off with his father," said Judith, giving Perkins a seat in the passage.

After more preliminary talk the peddler got to his main point, that he had lots of nice notions and things this year cheaper 'n they could be had in London. All the folks agreed that his things were "cheaper, considerin' quality, Mis' Braown, than you could git 'em in London."

Judith knew by experience that his things were neither very good nor very cheap, but her only chance in life to know anything of the delights of shopping lay in the coming of peddling-sloops. One might order a frock, a bonnet, or a petticoat from London, but one must wait nearly a year till the tobacco ship returned to get what had been sent for. It was better to be cheated a little in order to get the pleasure of making up her mind and then changing it, of fancying herself possessor now of this and now of that, and finally getting what she liked best after having had the usufruct of the whole stock. She was soon examining the goods that Perkins's boy had brought up to her—fancy things for herself and young Sanford, and coarse cloth for her servants. She concluded nothing about staple trading till her husband should return; for prices were to be fixed on the corn and bacon which must be paid in exchange. But there were articles that she craved, and of which she preferred not to speak to her husband, for a while at least, and these she paid for from her little

hoard of pieces of eight, or Spanish dollars. The change she made in fractions of these coins — actual quarters of dollars cut like pieces of pie. These were tested in Perkins's little money-scales. Less than a quarter of a dollar was usually disregarded in the South; and as for Perkins, he never seemed to have any fractional silver to give back in change, but always proposed some little article that he would put in at cost just to fill up at the value of a piece of eight.

PADDLING with the wind, Sanford Browne's cedar canoe made good speed, and as the sun was setting and the wind falling it glided past the Yankee sloop into shoal water farther up, where its inmates disembarked, and beached their craft.

Sanford Browne walked rapidly up the bank, followed by his son, the servants, and the old convict. He approached Perkins and greeted him, but in a manner not cordial and hardly courteous. He looked at Judith so severely that she fancied him offended with her. She reflected quickly that he could not have known anything of her surreptitious trading with the peddler. Uriah Perkins concluded that a storm was brewing between husband and wife, and found it necessary to return to the sloop to make her fast astern, against the turn of the tide and the veering of the wind.

When Perkins had disappeared, Sanford Browne pointed to the convict and said slowly and with fierceness:

"Judy, that 's the man. That 's Black Jim Lewis, that stole me away from home and sold me for a redemptioner. Jocko, go fetch the manacles."

Judith stood speechless. It was a guiding maxim with her that women should not meddle with men's business, and it was an article of faith that whatever her husband did was right. She sympathized with his resentment against the man who had kidnapped him. But the sight of the terror-stricken face of the cowardly brute smote her woman's heart with pity as the manacles were put on the convict's wrists.

"See that he does n't get away," said Browne to Bob.

"He can't pound his corn with them things," said Bob, pointing to the handcuffs. "Shall I get him some meal?"

"Not to-night," said Browne. "He did n't give me a crust to eat the first night I was on ship. Turn about 's fair play, Captain Lewis. Take him to the quarters."

When the convict found himself manacled, his terror increased. He pulled away from Bob, and approached Browne.

"Let me speak a word, master," he began tremulously. "I 'm all broke up and ruinated, anyhow. I know the devil must 'a' been in me the day I took you away. I 've thought of it many a time, and I 've said, 'Jim Lewis, something dreadful 'll come to you fer stealin' a good little boy that way.'" Here he paused. Then he resumed in a still more broken voice: "When I was put on to a transport to come to this country, I remembered you, and I says, 'That 's what 's come of it.' Soon as I saw that little fellow, the very picture of you the day when I coaxed you away, I says to myself, 'O my God, I 'm done fer now! I 'm ruinated fer a fact; I might as well be in hell as in Maryland.' But, master, if you 'll only have just a little pity on an old man that 's all broke up and ruinated, I 'll — I 'll — be a good servant to you. I promise you, afore Almighty God. Don't you go and be too hard on a poor ruinated old man. I 'm old — seems to me I 'm ten year older than I wuz afore I saw you this mornin'. I know you hate me. You 've got strong reasons to hate me. I hate myself, and I keep sayin' to myself, says I, 'Jim Lewis, what an old devil you are!' But please, master, if you won't be too hard on me, I think I 'll be better. I can't live long, nohow. But —"

"There, that 'll do," said Browne.

"Please, Mr. Browne," interposed Judy.

"Lewis, do you remember when you woolded a sailor's head?" demanded the planter.

"I don't know, master. I have done lots of things a little hard. Sailors are a hard lot."

"If you 'd had pity on that poor sailor when he begged for mercy, I 'd have pity on you to-night. But I cried over that sailor that you would n't have mercy on, and now I can't pity you a bit. You 've made your own bed. Your turn has come."

Saying this, Sanford Browne went into the house, while the old sea-captain followed Bob in a half-palsied way around the south end of the house toward the servants' quarters, muttering, "Well, now, Jim Lewis, you 're done fer."

"Mr. Browne, what are you going to do with that old man?" asked Judy, with more energy than she usually showed in speaking to her husband.

"I don't know, Judy. Something awful, I reckon." Browne could not make up his mind to any distinct act of cruelty beyond sending the convict supperless to bed.

"I don't like you to be so hard on an old man. I know he 's bad — as bad as can be, but that 's no reason why you should be bad."

"I would n't be bad, Judy. Just think how he sold me like Joseph away from my family."

"But Joseph was n't really very unkind to his brothers, Mr. Browne; and you won't be too hard on the poor old wretch, now will you?"

"Judy, I mean to make him suffer. When I think of my mother, and all she must have suffered, I have n't a drop of pity in me. He 's got to suffer for his crimes, now. That 's what he was thrown into my hands for, I reckon, Judy."

"Then you won't be the man you have been. Time and again you 've bought some poor kid from a hard master like old Hoak, to save him from suffering. Now you 'll get to be hard and hateful like old Hoak yourself."

"Judy, remember my mother."

"Do you think your mother, if she is alive, would like to think of your standing over that old wretch while he was whipped and whipped and washed with salt water, maybe? If your mother has lived, she has been kept alive just by thinking what a good boy you were; and she says to herself, 'My Sanford would n't hurt anything. If he was run off to the plantations, he has grown to be the best man in all the country.' Do you think she 'd like to have you turn a kind of public whipper or hangman for her sake?"

Browne looked at his wife in surprise. Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and the little womanly body, whose highest flight had seemed to end in a London frock and petticoat, had suddenly become something much more than he had fancied possible to her. She had taken the first place, and he felt himself overshadowed. He looked up at her with a sort of reverence, but he held stubbornly to a purpose that had been ossifying for twenty years.

"That 's all well enough for a woman, Judy. But you know that any other man would do just what I am going to do, under the same circumstances. I don't like to do what you don't want me to do, but I sha'n't let old Lewis off. I reckon he 'll find my hand hard on him as long as he holds out. Any other man would do just the same, Judy."

Judith Browne stood still and looked at her husband in silence. Then she spoke in a repressed voice:

"Sanford Browne, what do you talk to me that way for? Any other man might worry this old wretch out of his life, but you won't do it. What did I marry you for? Why did I leave my father's house to take you, a poor redemptioner just out of your time? It was because you were n't like other men. I knew you were kind and good-hearted when other men were cruel and unfeeling. From that day to this you have never made me sorry that I left home and turned my father against me. But if you do this thing you have in mind to a poor old wretch that can't help himself, then you won't be Sanford Browne any more. You 'll have that old man's blood on your hands, and Judy will never get over being sorry that she left her friends to go with you." The woman's voice had broken as she spoke these last words, and now she broke down completely, and sobbed a little.

"What shall I do, Judy?" said her husband, softly. "God knows, if I keep him in sight I shall kill him some day."

"Sell him. Sell him right off. There 's Captain Perkins coming up the bank now."

"You sell him, Judy. Perkins has things you want. I give Lewis to you. Make any trade you please." Then, as his wife moved away, he followed her, and said in a smothered voice: "Sell him quick, Judy. Don't stand on the price. Get him out of sight before I kill him."

Judith went out to meet the peddling captain, who was now strolling toward the house in hope of an invitation to supper, knowing that Mrs. Browne's biscuit and fried chicken were better than the salt pork and hoe-cake cooked by the boy on the sloop. The wind had fallen, and the water-view was growing dim in the gloaming. Judith explained to the peddler that the convict her husband had bought proved to be an old enemy of his. She stammered a little in her endeavor not to betray the real reasons for selling him, and Perkins, who was proud of his own penetration, inferred that Browne was afraid of his life if he should keep the new servant. He saw in this an unexpected chance for profit. When Mrs. Browne offered to sell him if Perkins would take him to the eastern shore or some other place away off, he said that servants wuz a thing he did n't deal in — a leetle dangerous at sea where the crew wuz so small as his. Hard to sell an old fellow; the planters wanted young men. But he wanted to accommodate, you know, and seein' as how Mis' Braown had been a good customer, he would do what he could. He would have to make a run over to the eastern shore perticular to sell this man. Folks on the eastern shore did n't buy much. Had n't sold 'em a hat, for instance. They all wore white cotton caps, men and women; an' they made the caps themselves out of cotton of their own raisin'. But, as he wuz a-sayin', Mis' Braown had been a good customer, and he wanted to accommodate. But he 'd have to put the price low enough so as he would n't be poorer by the trade. Thus he faced about on his disjunctive conjunction, now this way, now that, until he had time to consider what was the very lowest figure he could offer as a basis for his higgling. He could n't offer much, but he would give a price which he named in pieces of eight, stipulating that he should pay it in goods. He saw in this a chance for elastic profits in both directions.

Judith hardly gave a thought to the price he

named; but as soon as she perceived that he had disentangled himself from his higgling preamble so far as to offer a definite sum, she accepted it.

This lack of hesitation on her part disconcerted the peddler, who had a feeling that a bargain made without preliminary chaffering had not been properly solemnized. He was suspicious now that he was the victim of some design.

"That is to say, Mis' Braown, I only dew this to accommodate ole friends. It ain't preudent to make such a trade in the dark. I 'll dew it if I find the man sound in wind and limb, and all satisfactory, when I come to look him over."

"Of course that 's what I mean," said Judith. "Now come in and take supper with us, captain," she continued, her voice still in a quiver with recent emotions.

"Well, I don't keer if I dew, jest fer to bind the bargain, you knaow. I told the boy I 'd be back, but I reckon they won't wait long. Ship folks don't wait much on nobody."

Judith turned toward the house, followed by the peddler. Sanford Browne was still sitting in the entry just as Judith had left him, surprised and in a sense paralyzed by the sudden and effective opposition which his wife had offered to the gratification of his only grudge.

"Mr. Browne!" called Judith, almost hysterically, her tense nerves suddenly shaken again. "What 's that? Something 's happened down at the quarters."

Looking through the wide passage into the dim twilight beyond, she could see running figures like shadows approaching the house. Sanford Browne rose at his wife's summons in time to meet the convict Lewis, still manacled, as he rushed into the passage at the back of the house and dashed out again at the front. Browne attempted to arrest his flight, crying out, as he made an effort to seize him, "Stop, you old villain, or I 'll kill you!" But the momentum of the flying figure rendered Browne's grasp ineffectual, and in a moment he was out of doors, just as Bob and Jocko and the other servants entered the passage in a pell-mell pursuit.

As the running man emerged from the darkness of the passage, Perkins, thinking his profit in jeopardy, threw himself athwart his path, and cried: "Here! Where be you a-goin' so fast with them things on your wrist?"

"To hell and damnation!" yelled Lewis, striking the peddler fair in the breast with both manacled hands, and sending him rolling on the ground.

The convict did not pause a moment in his flight, but with the whole pack in full cry after him, dashed onward to the bank, and down it. Before any of his pursuers could lay hands on him, he was aboard the sloop.

"Ketch him! Ketch him!" cried Captain Perkins, once more on his feet, and giving orders from the top of the bank.

The cabin-boy had just emerged from the cabin to call the man to supper. He and the sailor tried hard to seize the fleeing man, but Captain Lewis swerved to one side and ran round the gunwale of the sloop with both men after him. When he reached the stern he leaped beyond their reach, and plunged head first into the water, sinking out of sight where the fast-ebbing tide was now gurgling round the rudder.

In vain the boy and the sailorman looked with all their might at the place where he had gone down; in vain they poked a long pole into the water after him; in vain did Bob and Jocko paddle in the canoe all over the place where Black Jim Lewis had sunk.

Perkins took the precaution before descending the bank to say: "You 'll remember, Mis' Braown, that I only bought him on conditions, and stipple-lated I wuz to be satisfied when I come to look him over. 'T ain't no loss of mine." This caveat duly lodged, he descended to the deck of his sloop, where he found the cabin-boy shaking as with an ague.

"What be you a-trimblin' abaout, naow? Got a fever 'n' agur a'ready? Y' ain't afeard of a dead man, be yeh, Elkanah?"

"I don't noways like the idear," said Elkanah, "of sleepin' aboard, an' him dead thar by his own will, a-layin' closte up to the sloop."

"He ain't nowher's nigh the sloop," responded Perkins. "This ebb-tide 's got him in tow, an' he 'll be down layin' ag'in' the *Nancy Jane* afore mornin'. That 's the ship he 'll ha'nt, bein' kind uv used to her."

Browne had remained standing at the top of the bank, without saying a single word. He turned at last, and started slowly toward the house. Judith, forgetting her invitation to the peddler, went after her husband and took his hand.

"I 'm so glad he 's dead," said she. "I know the cruel man deserved his fate. He 'll be off your mind, now, dear; and nobody can say you did it."

Edward Eggleston.

AUGUST.

THE heaty, stinging outcry, sharp and high,
The one-keyed insect's, is the music now;
The buckwheat, corn, and oat have from the bough
Lured down the splendor and the melody.
The sparrow sings, and — oh, so tenderly! —
The yellow-bird. The field and air allow
Clear piping yet, but on the wood the vow
Of silence is, mute bliss of memory.
From time to time there comes a voice, but, filled
With thought on what has been, oft'ner grave Day
Stands bowed and speechless. Hill and vale are stilled,
The chatty winds have little left to say;
All busily the thrifty spiders build,
And, one by one, the late birds slip away.

John Vance Cheney.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Foreign Control of Labor-Unions.

THAT nearly all the trade organizations of the country are controlled by foreigners is so generally admitted that proof of it seems almost unnecessary. In order, however, that there may be no dispute on this point, we will make some citations from official sources bearing upon it, before proceeding to show what the character of this foreign control is. In the report of the New Jersey Labor Bureau for 1887, statistics are given which show that of the total membership of 158 labor-unions in that State 52 per cent. was foreign-born. The chief of the bureau, commenting on these statistics, says:

> Our calculations hardly give a fair idea of the influence of the foreign-born element, which is said to be far more favorable to organization than the native-born. The parents of very many members classed as American-born were immigrants. Generally speaking, the native-born mechanic gives way to the foreign-born, so far as trade-union membership is concerned, as we proceed from South to North.

The report of the Labor Bureau of Illinois for 1886 gave the proportion of American-born in the labor organization of that State as 32 per cent., the "proportion of Americans in the Knights of Labor being considerably greater than in the trade-unions, that of the former being 45 and of the latter 21 per cent." The Labor Bureau of Wisconsin, from the reports of which we shall quote hereafter concerning the character of foreign laborers, gives similar information as to that State. In regard to New York State, Mr. Peck's reports — from which we have quoted freely in the foregoing articles of this series, and which are of value chiefly because Mr. Peck compiled his information as a devoted friend of organized labor — leave no doubt as to the foreign domination. He says in his report for 1886:

> A visit to the workshops and factories of the State, and a scrutiny of the faces of the workers, will discover unmistakable evidences of foreign birth. If this examination cannot be conducted, an inquiry of the manufacturers and employers as to the nationalities of their help, and of the workers themselves as to where they were born, will no longer leave any room to doubt the truthfulness of the statement that the large majority of our tradesmen and mechanics are foreigners. Indeed, in many large industrial establishments there is not a single American at work. This is the sworn testimony of several of the largest manufacturers in the State. Of course, the presence of so large a number of foreign-born workers cannot but have an injurious effect upon the trades in which they have practically secured a monopoly, for that monopoly means the exclusion of American labor.

The fact of foreign control being established, it becomes important to ascertain the character of that control. On this point all official authorities are in substantial agreement to the effect that the control is disastrous to American labor, and inimical to the orderly conduct of American institutions. While it cannot be said that all foreign trade-union control is exerted to cause rioting and social disorder, it is to be said that the worst labor riots and the most dastardly assaults upon social order that have ever been witnessed have been due to this control. On this point we shall quote first from official records, taking the Labor Bureau reports of two States (Wisconsin and New York) as fairly representing the general situation. There was a labor riot in Milwaukee in May, 1886, in which several men were killed and others wounded. It occurred at the same time as the anarchist riots in Chicago, to which we shall presently refer, and was part of a general

eight-hour movement. The rioters had started for the mills in which they had been employed, shouting, "Kill the militia, and burn the mills," when they were fired upon and dispersed by the militia. In commenting upon the affair in his report for 1886, the Wisconsin State Commissioner of Labor said that the rioters, so far as he could learn, were all foreign-born, and in describing their leaders he specified the following as among the more prominent:

> One, who came to Milwaukee about the middle of February, 1886, fled his native country with Johann Most as a professional agitator and revolutionist. Not having been in the State at all before he began operations here, he could know nothing of the wage slavery, iniquities, oppression, and general rascality of capital of which he and others said so much. Another prominent figure in the councils of the eight-hour leaders is a printer who had been in the United States but a few months when the agitation began. Although a stranger and an alien, he had no sooner set foot in Milwaukee than he discovered that everything was going wrong in labor and politics, and that American laws and society are nothing but wicked inventions to rob, oppress, and degrade wage-earners.

Speaking more generally than this, the New York Commissioner of Labor said in his report for 1885:

> Labor disturbances are almost entirely led by foreigners, and the cheaper and more ignorant class of foreigners are the most destructive and hardest to govern from mob violence.

Our readers have not forgotten the remarkable account of the Chicago anarchist trial, written by the judge who presided over it, which was published in THE CENTURY for April. The leaders in the riot which led to that trial professed to be the especial friends of working-men, and issued all their appeals for meetings and vengeance to the working-men of the country. The riot that they instigated was in the interest ostensibly of the eight-hour labor movement. Judge Gary declared that one motive of his CENTURY paper was "to show to the laboring people, of whom the anarchists claimed to be the especial friends, that that claim was a sham and pretense, adopted only as a means to bring manual laborers into their own ranks; and that the counsel and advice of the anarchists, if followed by the working-men, would expose them to the danger of becoming, in law, murderers." While it is true that many labor organizations denounced the anarchists, and repudiated their right to be considered working-men, it is also true that they had the sympathy of many labor organizations, which exerted all their influence to save them from the penalty of their atrocious conduct.

The Homestead riots of 1892, and the subsequent poisoning of the food of men who had taken the places of the rioting strikers, were acts committed by the turbulent and anarchistic foreign element which has been admitted to the ranks of American labor so freely during recent years. About sixty per cent. of all the working-men on strike at Homestead were foreigners, most of whom were unable to speak the English language. It is impossible to conceive of American-born working-men rioting and killing as these men did; least of all is it possible to think of American-born working-men poisoning the food of other working-men. Yet the cause of the men who were guilty of these acts was taken up as the cause of American labor by many of our labor organizations.

As a final bit of proof to show how powerful the foreign element is in the labor organizations, let us cite the action of the Labor Convention of the State of New York in 1888, in demanding the repeal of all laws forbidding industrial conspiracies, and the amendment of the penal code in such a way as to legalize boycotting and the use of violence in support of strikes. This action was taken under the lead of foreign-born agitators, and it was subsequently followed up by the introduction of bills in the legislature for repealing these laws. Organized labor in the first State in the Union was thus made to confess that it was against law and order, and in favor of conspiracy, violence, and even crime. Of the injustice to American-born laborers and of the danger to American institutions which this foreign control entails, we shall treat in the next article of this series.

Silver and the Debtor Class.

IT has been the constant aim of the financial articles which have appeared from time to time in this department of THE CENTURY during the last few years, to show that an unsound money system is one of the worst evils which can befall a nation, and that the most severe sufferers from such an evil are always the people who have the least money. We are rejoiced to say that our efforts in this direction have met with wide-spread appreciation, much of which has come from toilers and others in the humbler walks of life. The writer of one of the letters of thanks that have come to us, who is an employee on a great Western railway, speaks gratefully of these articles as "efforts in behalf of the toilers, for they are the ones most interested in this question, though few seem to realize it," and adds, "May God grant you wisdom, patience, and strength of mind and body to continue to labor for the working-people."

We are confident that the experience of the West during the last few months has convinced a great many people there that advocacy of sound money principles is the best service which any public servant, statesman, newspaper, or magazine, can perform. The numerous failures and business embarrassments which the West has been called upon to sustain are due to the influence of the West and South in unsettling the financial stability of the country. The business of the land is conducted on a basis of credit,—that is, of confidence,—and the clamor of the West and South for silver, or debased and uncertain currency, has shaken the whole fabric of credit, and brought disaster to all its weaker portions.

The business of the world, as we have said many times, is carried on more and more every year by means of credit instruments, and with a diminishing ratio of coin. In Great Britain the daily clearances of the banks amount to nearly one fifth of the whole gold supply of the country, and it has been shown repeatedly that only about six per cent. of coin is used in the transactions of the banks and bankers. In New York city the exchanges of the Clearing House average over $100,000,000 a day, and the balances in actual money average not over $4,000,000, or only four per cent. The usual percentage of credit instruments in the receipts of the New York banks in ordinary times is over 98, and in the receipts of all the banks in the United States it is 95. During the fiscal year 1891–92 the foreign trade of the United States, the combined exports and imports of merchandise, including silver, aggregated $1,900,000,000, yet the actual exchange of gold was less than $100,000,000.

Such a fabric as this is, from the nature of the case, highly sensitive. Doubt is its worst enemy. The mere suspicion last spring that the General government might decide that the treasury notes, issued under the law of 1890, were payable in silver, sent a thrill of alarm throughout the whole credit system, and brought business of all kinds nearly to a standstill. President Cleveland's announcement that the Government would meet all its obligations in gold had a reassuring but not a permanently quieting effect, for the reason that the President cannot by himself repeal the Sherman law of 1890. Until that menace is removed, credit will not be safe from assault, and every man who has need to borrow money will suffer severely in consequence.

It requires very simple reasoning to see why this is the case. Every man who has money to invest either for himself or for others will invest it only in such securities as will best assure him against loss. He will lend only on condition of having both interest and principal payable in gold. He would be foolish to lend in any other way so long as there remained a shadow of danger of having to accept interest and principal in depreciated money. This is the situation which has confronted the borrowers, or the debtor class, since the danger of a descent to the silver standard first showed itself. It is not of any advantage to a debtor to be able to get rid of a portion of his debt by paying it in a money of less value than that in which he contracted it, unless he has money with which to discharge it. Most debtors obtain the means for paying one debt by incurring another. They can gain nothing by borrowing money on a gold basis with which to pay a debt on a silver basis. The uncertainty about the future which a threatened descent to a debased standard creates, impels a jealous scrutiny of all kinds of securities; and every borrower whose credit is not first-rate finds that he must not only promise to pay interest and principal in gold, but that he cannot obtain such favorable loans as formerly.

This is the trouble with the West and South at present. Their alleged determination to force the country upon the silver standard has weakened if not destroyed their own credit. They can no longer borrow except under the most stringent conditions. They are thus learning anew the lesson that all nations which have experimented with cheap money have learned before them, that an honest and sound money system is the only one which is beneficial to both debtor and creditor. No man can be compelled to lend his money against his will; the interest which he may demand may be regulated by law, but if he choose not to lend at all, there is no power which can force him to lend. Our readers will remember the experiment which was made in Rhode Island in 1785–86 [1] to compel shopkeepers and tradesmen to receive the debased paper money of the State on a par with coin, under penalty of heavy fine and loss of citizenship in case of refusal. The merchants and traders simply closed their shops and declined to sell at all. So it is with those who have money to lend. Rather than risk it on poor security, they decline to lend it at all. The result is a great contraction of credit under which all debtors who cannot at once convert their property into cash must go down.

It should be borne in mind that this contraction of credit which has caused money to be scarce, or "tight," comes at a time when the country has the largest *per capita* circulation of currency in its history — larger, in fact, than the *per capita* of any other country in the world except France. The *per capita* of the United Kingdom is $17.90; of Germany, $16.40; of France, $43.11. In the United States before the outflow of gold began it was $25.62; and at the beginning of June it was $23.88. France has a large *per capita* because it has not the system of checks and credits in use in other countries. Surely if the solution of our financial troubles lay in a large *per capita*, the West and South ought to be prosperous now. If more money in circulation means more money in the pockets of the people who need it more, the borrowers of the country ought to be comfortably in funds at the present time. On the contrary, they have less and the creditors have more than ever. This, too, is an old, old lesson, taught over and over again in every nation of the world that has experimented with financial problems. The only remedy for us is also old; and it is to get back to a sound basis at the earliest possible moment. The repeal of the Sherman law of 1890 is the first step toward putting ourselves on the same solid financial footing that all other great nations of the world are occupying. Until we take that step credit will remain impaired, and the debtor class, whose downfall always carries ruin for innocent people with it, will continue to suffer disaster.

1 See "Cheap-Money Experiments," THE CENTURY CO.

OPEN LETTERS.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

WINSLOW HOMER.

WITH the exception of a short period of study in the old National Academy of Design, and the aid of an artist who showed him how to set a palette, Winslow Homer has never been taught methods or known the academy, and certainly he has "arrived." I mean no disparagement to American artists — no class that I have any knowledge of are more bravely leading a "forlorn hope" — when I say that Winslow Homer, George Inness, and Alfred Kappes form a trio who, while profiting in the way of suggestion and instruction by the world's best art, have perhaps more than any others held themselves individual and distinct.

Some years ago — in the days of the conventional art of the wood-engraver — Homer made his bow to the public in "Harper's Weekly." His drawings were naïve and unconventional, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Parsons, then art director of that paper, for his discernment in allowing them to appear. A few years later the picture exhibitions contained each year little cabinet paintings of jolly, barefooted, tow-headed New England children, instinct with animalism. A few years later the American Water-Color Society gave the post of honor to a water-color of Homer's showing three sturdy fisher-girls, and entitled "A Voice from the Cliff," which took the art world by storm, and was promptly bought by one of our best-known literary

men. A year or two later, in the same gallery, but in one of the regular exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, bearing the same signature, in this same post of honor, was exhibited a picture in oil, "The Rescue," which attracted equal attention. This, while no better story-telling than "A Voice from the Cliff," from the nature of the subject possessed a dramatic quality which rendered it more remarkable than the former composition. But what was still better, it showed that the artist had been let into one of nature's most important secrets — the secret that local color is always affected by atmospheric conditions. I remember well one of Homer's pictures painted several years ago, for it impressed me deeply, of some boys at play. It was instinct with life and motion, but was heavy and "bricky" in color, and as much unlike his "Rescue" in this respect as dawn is unlike noonday.

I do not know that Homer has done anything better than "The Rescue"; he certainly has done nothing worse, and such a picture as that engraved on page 519 shows that he is still the same careful, thoughtful student of nature as when he painted that picture.

Winslow Homer was born in Boston in 1836, and has been abroad but once. He is a National Academician. For an extended review of his work, see Mrs. M. G. van Rensselaer's article in THE CENTURY for November, 1883.

F. EDWIN ELWELL.

THERE are some natures that, aided by talent, will work and plod and by a thoughtful method achieve a result; there are others that can work out their ideals only in a burst of what for want of a better word we call inspiration. Elwell belongs to this latter class. His work is most valuable when done by a *tour de force*. He will tell you that his models are the result of many hours — nay, days — of anxious cogitation; but his finest achievements are the result of a few hours of artistic fervor. I shall never forget my impression of his "Aphrodite" after he had worked a few days on it in the clay. Poised on a wave which had just cast her up, it was vibrant with life, a momentary action exquisitely caught. It was impossible in sculpture — as impossible as the dozens of beginnings by Michelangelo scattered over Italy, but, like these, impressive, notwithstanding.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

"DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL," BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

F. Edwin Elwell was born in Concord, Massachusetts, thirty-four years ago. He began work as a sculptor under the influence of Mr. D. C. French in 1879, and is, so far as I know, the only American sculptor to execute in America a work to be set up abroad — the memorial to F. H. Pont, now in the garden of the old cathedral at Edam, Holland. Mr. Elwell is a student of the Beaux-Arts, Paris, and of the distinguished sculptor A. Falguière. He has been an exhibitor at the Salon and the English Royal Academy, and was the recipient of a medal for architecture in the Architectural School of Ghent.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Business Politics.

RECENT sessions of different State legislatures have furnished abundant evidence that the idea of personal and business politics goes deeper than has yet been realized, and is more threatening than usually stated. Nor has such evidence been wanting elsewhere. There have been frequent proofs that many very respectable people have been imbued with this idea that practical politics has a capitalistic and speculative worth. The danger lies deeper than the spoils system, and is even more wide-spread than the bribery and corruption of political life would lead us to suppose.

It was several years ago that a politician whose morality was probably up to the standard of his fellows, asked the question, "What are we here for, if not for the offices?" and asked it as if the question were unanswerable. "What are we here for?" some one who is in the business of legislating may ask now, and there seem to be very few who can answer rightly. In one State we find a partizan legislature one year devoting much of its time to passing laws that transfer the State patronage from the governor to the legislature. The next year we see the succeeding legislature spending even more of its time — nay, most of the session — in passing laws which shall restore to the governor his patronage and give him much more power than he had before his rights were invaded. We find the whole power of a political caucus and the entire legislative authority of a popular assembly bent to the passage of a bill which shall prevent a municipal body's removing the speaker of the assembly from an office which he holds under the city government. We find sergeants-at-arms and their assistants hurrying over the State that a full vote may be marshaled for a bill which insures the safe return of a legislator for another term at the State capitol by adding a polling district to his bailiwick. One State legislature we find whose members consider it their most solemn duty to provide seats for themselves at a great public celebration. We see a State House of Representatives busy another day providing that a

certain parade in a certain city shall not follow a certain route. We find men who have secured an election to the legislature solely that they may look after business interests in which they are concerned, and which are imperiled by the passage of a restrictive law; and we see that it is considered most natural that they should desire an election on that account, and far from extraordinary that they should receive it. In a Western State we find a member of the legislature arguing on the propriety of ordering a change in the methods of instruction in political economy at the State college, to conform more closely to the economic teachings of the party in control of the legislature. So great has the pressure of individual legislation become that real public business has been delayed and real public reforms defeated to the advancement of private bills; and in one State the proposition is made to legalize special legislation because the present constitutional prohibition of such legislation has led to an increase of the difficulties attending the passage of the many petty local and individual measures to which members of the legislature often give their undivided attention.

Have any of these legislators rightly answered for themselves the question, "What are we here for?" Or have many of their constituents properly answered that question for them? The legislators want certain things, and they do not understand why they should desire to be elected if they cannot give their time to obtaining what they wish. The citizens, perhaps, want pensions or places, and they, in turn, cannot conceive the object of their working for any particular candidate if they are to receive no reward for their labors. Every other man who gave his support to a successful candidate has come to believe that he has a special claim to a reward for his labors, no matter how mean or small they may have been, and that this reward shall take shape in an appointment to a government position — in short, that the administration is the Government, and that the Government shall pay the political debts of the administration. But the application of the principle that to the victors belong the spoils is only a feature of the teaching that has led to the acceptance of public office as a means to the furtherance of private ends, and of public bodies as convenient servants for the transaction of private business. We find men who do not ask for positions entirely acquiescing in the right of others to "claim" them; and among every class we find a tendency which is even more dangerous and insidious than the spoils system — the tendency to look upon legislatures only as places where private rights shall be obtained and private wrongs redressed. The old idea that there are many things the individual must do for himself, many things the city must do for itself, many things over which the county must have complete control, has been entirely lost sight of. Nothing seems too small to demand attention at the legislature's hands; nothing too insignificant. Men come from one part of the State to secure the passage of a bill which shall force a city council to do a particular thing; and when they have succeeded they are followed by other men from another part of the State seeking to have an act approved which shall prevent their city council's doing the same thing.

The evil needs only to be stated to be shunned. Men who have studied it have opposed and preached against the shirking, shifting tendency, the easy-going cowardice and irresponsibility of action, the lazy dependence on government, and the careless indifference of what that government is, of which the growing tendency to leave everything to Congress and the legislature is the outward and visible sign. Education is what has been necessary to check the evil, and education has been mainly directed against the spoils system, and with gratifying results. There is an appreciable change in public sentiment — or rather, a perceptible growth, a birth, of public sentiment — on that matter that bodes ill for the politicians who openly act on the principle of the division of the spoils; though much is to be done yet. Meanwhile the evils of indiscriminate far-reaching and all-providing legislation are not so readily seen or so easily fought. With the growth of the civil service reform idea, however, the people will be better prepared for education on this point, and the attack on that ground will follow the downfall of the spoils system.

Charles Fiske.

"Napoleon's Deportation to Elba."

HAVING just read Admiral Ussher's paper on "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," in THE CENTURY for March, it occurred to me that as I was residing temporarily in Fréjus, it might be of interest to inquire if any eye-witnesses of the event were still living in the neighborhood. Such a person I found in M. Coulis, a gentleman ninety-three years old, but unusually intelligent and lucid in conversation. As his account differs slightly from that given by Admiral Ussher, it may be worth while to put it on record.

A slight temporary jetty had been erected at the beach for the occasion, and among those gathered near it were he and his father. It was about half-past seven of a bright moonlight evening when the imperial party arrived upon the beach — so bright indeed that the emperor's peculiarly vivid smile was apparent to all as he advanced from his carriage toward the boat which was awaiting him. Just as he put foot upon the jetty, however, his countenance darkened somewhat, and, turning to the prefect of the Department of the Var, who was standing by, the emperor remarked:

"This is still another deception. But I should have expected as much." ("Voici encore une déception. Mais j'aurai du m'attendre à cela.")

In reply to my query as to what had provoked this parting shot at a former official, M. Coulis said that he supposed it referred to his desertion by the French corvette *Victorieuse*, which was to accompany him to Elba and to remain permanently in his service, but which had sailed out of the bay the preceding afternoon upon learning that the emperor was to go to Elba in an English ship.

Admiral Ussher makes a curious topographical error when he states that Fréjus "lies on a height three or four miles from the anchorage." In point of fact, the town is separated from the beach by a scant three quarters of a mile of barren sand-dunes.

FRÉJUS, VAR, FRANCE. *Birge Harrison.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

How Hans Pickel saw the Brooklyn Bridge.

(*A True Story.*)

HANS PICKEL vas mine fat'er's name; Hans Pickel, id vas mine;
He kvit der fat'erland mit me in achtzen-forty-nine.
I vas a liddle bubchen denn, and now I 'm olt und gray,
Und schtill don' spik die English vell, I 'm very zad to zay.
Die poys I spielt mit almost all vas liddle Cherman poys,
Egcept die liddle Cherman girls who helpt to maig die noise;
Und von of dem now pears mine name — I gall her mine schweet Pickel,
Und such a shoak id maig her laugh und zay dat I 'm ridickel.
I vent to school a year or doo, und denn I learnt mine drade;
I vas a gleffer blumber, und a vortune I haf made.
Bud all dis dime of doil und moil I schtuck right straight to peesness,
Und neffer vonce haf took a day but Zundays for mine ease-ness.
Now Elspet (dat 's mine frau) she zay I 'd ought to haf a schange,
Und zo to go avay a vile I manetch to arrange.
I pought a dicket for New York, und had a lofly ride,
Und zaw die level landschaft all dat schmiled on efery zide;
Bud venn I reach die zitty I vas marvel at her zize —
I neffer zee such hurrying growds, such schplendit pildings rise.
I velt dat I vas almost lost, dough I veigh zwei-hundert pound!
Mine poor olt ears vas deafened by die Niagára zound.
'T vas most of all dat Prooklyn Pritch I vantet to peholt,
For of her vondrous maknitut I 'd many dimes peen tolt.
Und zo I vent down Vulton schtreet, und kvickly bay mine vare,
To zee it vrom beneat' at first, zoospended in die air.
A ferry-poat yoost loaded vas tree-four feet vrom der schlip —
I had zo liddle dime to schpare, I gould not lose dat trip.
Und zo I run mit all mine strengt' und gif a mighty schump!
Vot zay you? Miss it? Ach! not zo! I landet all kaflump.
I schtruck a pird-gage, und mine veight vas too much, on mine vord:
It crush it flatter denn mine hat, und kilt dat liddle pird.
Und denn against die gabin-door I rollt und schmasht it t'rough —
I neffer, neffer zaw die vay dose proken klasses flew!
Zwei purly teck-hants krapt me, und, t'inking me inzane,
Pegan to bound me mit deir fists mit all deir might und main.
I lose mine demper, I gonfess, und knockt dose zwei men down;
I do teclare I vas in troot der angr'est man in town.
Die voman of der pird-gage she game und zaid I 'd bay
For gilling of her liddle pird, before I vent avay.
Der gaptain of der ferry-poat he game und schvore profane,
Und dolt me I must go to schail or mend dat proken pane.
Die teck-hants schramplet to deir veet, und schoutet to egsplain:
I moss pe trunk pecause I run und gif dat fearful leap,
Und lantet on der pird-gage in such a glumsy heap.
Und zo to schpare more droupple, I dakes mine roll of pills,
Und hands den tollers to der frau whose liddle pird I gills.
I gifs den tollers to dose men whose nose I make to pleed
(Mine frau, she dells me aftervords I bay more as vas need),
Und I gifs der gaptain twenty-von to mend dat proken door —
Ach! 't vas a gostly trip I had, und I schpoilt die glose I vore.
Und denn as I did look me round, die beoples all did krin:
"Vat vas die hurry?" zo dey ask, "*die poat vas goming in!*"

But denn I zaw die Prooklyn Pritch, for ven der poat vent beck,
I schtoot upon der ferry ent und almost straint mine neck
Und zaw dat schplendit arch of schteel dat crosses t'rough die schky,
As kraceful as der regen-bow und, ach! zo proad und high!
Ach ja! es freut me dat I vent; I do not krudge die gost,—
I might haf schpent it besser, but I gan not gount it lost;
For I learnt a lot of visdom vrom der droupple I vas bin —
Zince denn I neffer hurries venn die poat iss goming in!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

The Harbor-Mother.

THE little boats from the ocean glide,
Hurrying home with the eventide
For shelter and rest
To the peaceful breast
Of the harbor-mother, whose arms stretch wide.

As she quiets each quivering, weary wing,
This is the song that I hear her sing,
While the stars hang low,
And the night-winds blow,
And strong and silent the slow tides swing:

"Rest, little boats, through the deepening night—
Rest till the smile of the sun is bright;
Then away and away
Through the long, fair day:
Nothing shall hinder your eager flight.

"Sleep now, and rest;
For that is best,
And calm and safe is the harbor-breast."

Grace Duffield Goodwin.

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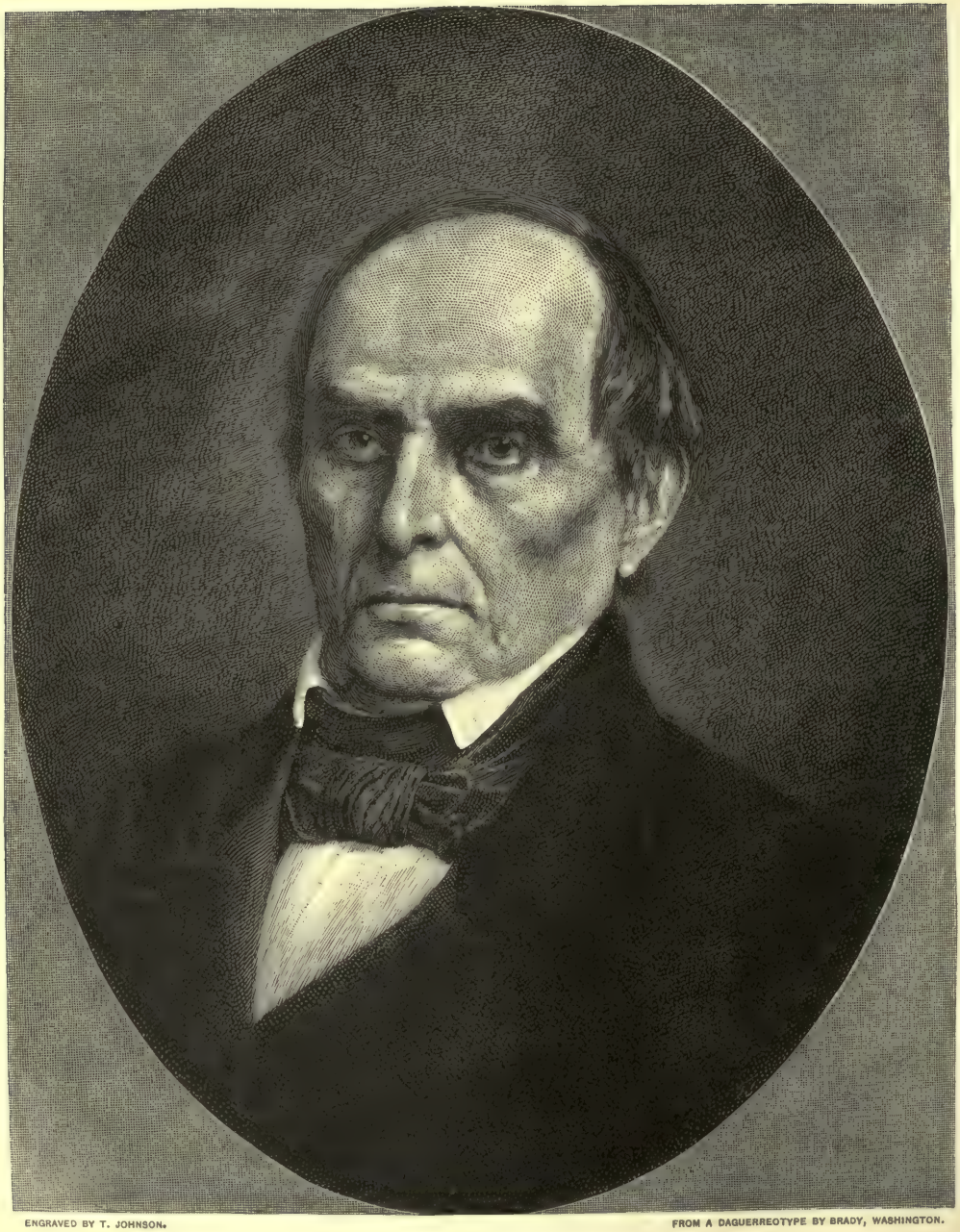

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.

Daniel Webster

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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SIGHTS AT THE FAIR.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IT was in the Italian section of the Liberal Arts Building, and I was looking at a fine piece of armor well set up,— helmet with vizor, breastplate, greaves, etc.,— when a woman's voice behind me exclaimed: "It 's a diver. I 've seen 'em. Ain't he natural looking!"

They were evidently an elderly country couple, and she had just caught sight of the armor. I wondered what the smith who had wrought with such patient art would have said could he have heard the exclamation, and have seen the couple walk on perfectly satisfied that they had seen a diver, the husband delighted with his wife's knowledge. The very resemblance which made the mistake not altogether inexcusable made it all the funnier. Doubtless amusing mistakes like this have counted up into the millions at the Fair; yet in spite of these it has not failed in its function as an educator.

It is, however, as an exposition of landscape-gardening and architecture that the Fair will most grandly fulfil this function. If there were not a picture, nor a yard of textiles, nor a ton of machinery, inside the buildings, these themselves, and their disposition about the grounds, would preach most eloquently the gospel of beauty. For this reason the location of the Fair near the geographical center was most fortunate. No unprejudiced visitor to the West can fail to admire many of its characteristics; but cheerfulness in architecture is not one of these. Somberness is rather the prevailing key in the large business blocks of most of the Western cities. In Chicago there is nothing quite so bad as the rows of brown-stone fronts with which post-bellum taste made large portions of New York hideous, but there is generally a lack of the happy and the engaging. Surely the bright, cheerful buildings of the Fair must have a gladdening effect upon the future of building in the rapidly developing West.

Strolling through this fairy-land of modern enterprise, I often wondered what any one of the intrepid early navigators of this "brother to the sea" would have thought, if, as he approached this shore, he could have seen the White City rising in all its beauty as if out of the lake itself. Of course he would have laid it to mirage, and, having discovered that it was real, he would have had another and perhaps greater surprise on finding out that it was all in honor of Columbus. The latter, by the way, is not very prominent at the Fair. There is a statue of him on the basin front of the Administration Building, and I presume the central figure in the fine group of statuary on the peristyle was intended for him; but as a whole what started out as the "World's Columbian Exposition" has become simply the "World's Fair."

While the Fair lasts Washington will have to yield to it the title of "City of Magnificent Distances." One does not realize how much physical exertion sight-seeing requires until one has spent a day at the Fair. You are so occupied

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SPEECHLESS.

AN UNFRAMED PICTURE.

FROM THE TOP OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, LOOKING TOWARD MACHINERY AND AGRICULTURAL HALLS.

with looking at things that your fatigue does not find a chance to make itself felt until you turn homeward. Then you begin to wonder if you have any legs left. For this reason the wheel-chairs pushed by intelligent beings clad in sky-blue with white piping are a boon. You can "do" the Fair comfortably and systematically, and if you happen to have the same cicerone several days in succession he is apt to become *en rapport* with you, divining your tastes, and pushing you whither these would lead you. Many of the gracious pushers are theological students, a fact which has gradually fastened upon these chairs the appellation of "gospel chariots." The late Mr. Cook, in the earlier days of his efforts to excite the migratory propensities of the human race, was wont to add to his circulars the announcement that "a number of marriages have been among the results of these tours." From what I have observed, I incline to think that several of the "gospel chariot" excursions will lead to equally felicitous results.

The sum of human happiness being to get about without any effort on your own part, other means of accomplishing this are provided in the electric launches and gondolas. Of these the latter are the more pleasurable, because, as the gondoliers — real ones from Venice — are obliged to work, you are made to feel delightfully lazy, lying back and gliding over the pretty lagoons, and imagining yourself in Venice — providing you have never been there. The illusion continues until your round trip — at an investment of twenty-five cents — brings you near the little wharf from which you started, when one of your gondoliers remarks: "Finis'! Gli gondolieri lika some beer!" Among these gondoliers I found an inveterate fisherman, who, when off duty, could be seen dropping a line in the shadow of one of the arches over the lagoon. Even on illumination nights he would scorn the fairy-like scenes, and seek the shadows of the arch. Possibly the fact that he never caught anything made him feel as if he were at home again in Venice.

If you wish to see the buildings from the lake, there are steam-launches which, passing under

A CHICAGO STREET.

THE TOP OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE CANAL, LOOKING SOUTH. (EVENING.)

the arches of the peristyle, run out to the end of the long steamer-pier, and then, turning north, convey you to the pier from which you can board the brick battle-ship *Illinois*. This is probably the most complete naval exhibit ever made by any country, and it attracts great attention. But I saw one man who did not go aboard. He was not allowed. "Ephraim," exclaimed his wife, "you don't know nothing about ships. It might sink, or it might sail away with you." And Ephraim wisely adopted the advice of his better half, and sailed away with *her*. By the way, I am always struck at expositions of this kind with the fondness of mankind for implements devised for the destruction of mankind. This battle-ship, the models of war-ships in the Transportation Building, the Krupp guns, and the guns shown by our own Ordnance Department, seemed to me the most popular exhibits. The superb guns shown by our Ordnance Department must have created the impression that our forts are as well armed as those of any country. As a matter of fact, each gun exhibited was unique—the only one of its kind at the disposal of our army, except that we have a few more of the fine modern field-pieces, an example of which was shown.

Speaking of the Transportation Building reminds me of the general subject of transportation to the Fair, and suggests an incident which has a decided Gilbert-and-Sullivan flavor. The Exposition managers were from the start anxious to have the railroads make a low rate to Chicago. Accordingly they appointed a committee on transportation which consisted entirely, I believe, of railroad men whose lines come into Chicago. In their capacity as committeemen these gentlemen passed a resolution requesting their respective railroads to make reduced rates during the World's Fair months. On receiving this resolution by mail the next day at their respective offices, they, in their capacity as railroad managers, wrote letters to the transportation committee denying the request which, as members of that committee, they had made.

The Transportation Building is one of the few instances of color in architecture at the Fair. Its prevailing tone is terra-cotta, and along its frieze, done somewhat after the manner of illumination in old missals, is a line of angels. This frieze is highly artistic, yet the idea of painting angels on the outside of the Transportation Building always had a humorous aspect to me—it was so suggestive of the

THE FAIRY ISLAND.

JUST FROM THE RANCH.

HARD TO PLEASE.

kind of transportation we are all anxious to avoid, yet (there was a touch of the grim in this) are perhaps most exposed to when we use modern means of transportation. The golden arch which forms the main entrance to this building is probably the architectural detail most admired by the general public.

France figures in a dual rôle at the Fair. She not only makes an exhibit, but shows the other nations of the world how to make an exhibit. After passing along the rows of sarcophagus-like show-cases in which the American textile exhibit is made,—an admirable exhibit so far as the goods are concerned,—it is a positive relief to come within view of the handsome façade with which the French have surrounded the space reserved for them in the Liberal Arts Building. Between the arches of this façade, fronting on the main avenue, are alcoves for the exhibit of furniture, costumes, and other articles requiring an interior for their most effective display. Through the main arch of the façade one enters an apartment hung with rich tapestries, and suitable mural decorations make the *entourage* of the section as artistic as the exhibits themselves. You leave the glare and heat of the rest of the building to find a subdued light and cool shade in the French section; for the French have made ceilings of cloths—some of them with borders or centers cut in lace patterns—to keep out the glare and the heat. Throughout their section they have placed comfortable settees, which are simply a boon to the weary. I have seen exhausted women throw themselves down upon these settees and fall asleep. The French section has become widely known as a place of refuge for those in need of rest. How many of those who admire the setting of this French section, and the humanity which prevails in all its arrangements, realize that it is simply the gracious expression of a national art-sense? Here was a lesson that to be great a nation need not be brutal. When I first arrived in Chicago a feeling of suppressed grief seemed to pervade the ranks of the French employees—even of the marines who stood guard in this section. I wondered what was the matter until I accidentally learned that one of the subordinate American employees in the Art Building had pasted a small label on one of Meissonier's paintings.

The Lyons silk exhibit—which has a "coast-line" of about 1000 feet of show-cases—is in the gallery. For the stairways which lead to the gallery in other parts of the building the French have substituted a broad and easy flight of steps, and the floor of the space occupied by this exhibit has been specially carpeted. The Soieries de Lyon attract a vast amount of attention from women; and, indeed, some of the silks are beautiful enough to be called woven music. This exhibit must equal in money value that of the combined textile exhibits of all the other nations. To show what a Frenchman can do with a loom, I may mention a piece of silk which represents a stretch of sea with sunset colors above it. It is not a set woven picture, like the woven copy of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington, but a piece of delicate fantasy. Strange to say, the one blot on the artistic arrangement of

the French section was in this Lyons exhibit. The cases had been "dressed" about as prosaically as was possible. As an expert dry-goods man said to me, they could n't have been worse if the goods had "just been chucked in for a fire-sale." Yet so beautiful are these silks, that the men who usually rebel at the length of time they are compelled by their wives to remain among the textiles lingered willingly enough here. For myself, I prefer the small but exceedingly refined exhibit of hand-made laces made by the Compagnie des Indes down-stairs, the cheerful human toil which enters into the delicate products giving them an interest which no machine-made fabric can possess.

I happened to witness one rather funny incident in the American silk exhibit. A concern which manufactures spool silk has as a special feature a mammoth artificial silkworm. Under the case is an electric mechanical contrivance by which raw silk is made to pass into the worm at one end, and spools of silk are caused to drop out at the other. A woman, after watching this for some time, exclaimed, "Well, I can understand it all except how it manages to get the silk colored!"

In the Midway Plaisance is probably the greatest collection of "fakes" the world has ever seen. The proprietors thereof rejoice, however, in the proud title of "Concessionnaires." Whenever I grew tired of formal sight-seeing I would stroll down the Plaisance (which was so popular that everybody soon got the knack of pronouncing it correctly) to the Egyptian temple. Here was the greatest fakir of them all. I am proud to say he was an American. In Egyptian raiment he squatted in front of the temple, and delivered his speech as follows:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the temple of Luxor, the tomb of Rameses II. You will find his mummy about[1] the fifth one on the right. On the left the mummy of King Solomon's father-in-law — also his sister-in-law. The sacred dances are about to begin."

To discover, after all this, that the mummies at which people were gazing so reverentially were dummies was an unmitigated joy.

One evening after the Egypto-American above mentioned had delivered his speech about the temple of Luxor and the mummy of Rameses II., a man in the crowd turned to me and asked, "Is this the German Village?"

The personnel of the Plaisance shows reminded me of Thackeray's inventory of passengers in the *White Squall*. There are innumerable Oriental dances — Turkish, Algerian, Persian, and Egyptian, the latter in a theater annexed to the "Street in Cairo." These dances are supposed to be very suggestive, but I think most people must find them simply ugly, and wonder if they really convey the Oriental idea of grace in motion.

Much more interesting is the dancing in

A VETERAN.

the large Javanese village, and in the theater of the South Sea Islanders. The former is really graceful; the latter is the best dancing in the Plaisance. It makes no pretense to grossness, but is simply downright savage. There is a certain indescribable charm about the Plaisance with its varied life; and the crowd which it attracts is an added feature of interest. Not far from the Plaisance was Buffalo Bill's

[1] A most delicious inflection of the voice on this word.

WONDERFUL!

Wild West Show with its Deadwood Coach, "which, ladies and gentlemen, has carried more royalty, and more royalty at one time, than any other coach in the world—Colonel Cody on the box!" It costs about $30 in dimes and quarters to do the Plaisance. But the fakes, including the Beauty Show, are often seen in procession through the grounds.

Very little has been said about the music at the Fair, but it is an important "life" exhibit. I do not refer to the playing of the wind-instrument bands on the out-door stands, but to the concerts in the music and festival halls. At the head of the department of music is Theodore Thomas, who still conducts with his old-time grace and significance, and can get more music out of his orchestra with a simple wave of the hand than many conductors can with hands, arms, head, and body. He is assisted by Mr. Tomlins and Mr. George H. Wilson, the latter being in charge of the arduous duties of administration. Mr. Thomas has a permanent orchestra, which can be brought up to 150 by drawing in some of the players from the bands, who for this purpose become, temporarily, musicians. Choral and instrumental concerts, many of them free, are given nearly every day, and the results cannot fail to be far-reaching.

When I laid emphasis on the importance of the Fair as an exhibit of landscape-gardening and architecture, I had in mind the unusualness of those features as compared with the exhibits as a whole, among which there are necessarily few surprises. The great firms have done about what might reasonably have been expected of them; but those strokes of genius by which individuals hitherto unknown attain on occasions like these immediate and lasting fame are not strikingly apparent. Nor should I say that outside the Art Building and the United States Government Building, residents of our large cities see much that could not be found at home. It must be remembered that our great trade bazaars—which have come up since the Centennial—draw on nearly all industries and all parts of the world, and are really world's fairs. For this reason the location of the Fair in Chicago was fortunate. It has brought things which are familiar to us in the East, where our town and rural population often gets into the large cities, to the cognizance of the great West. Thus exhibits which, perhaps, strike the visitor from a large city as nothing more than rows of show-cases are veritable revelations to the vast majority of visitors.

I have seen many descriptions of the World's Fair, but none has quite expressed what seems to me its most valuable characteristic. That is neither its size nor its magnificence, but its gra-

VIEW FROM THE ISLAND AT NIGHT.

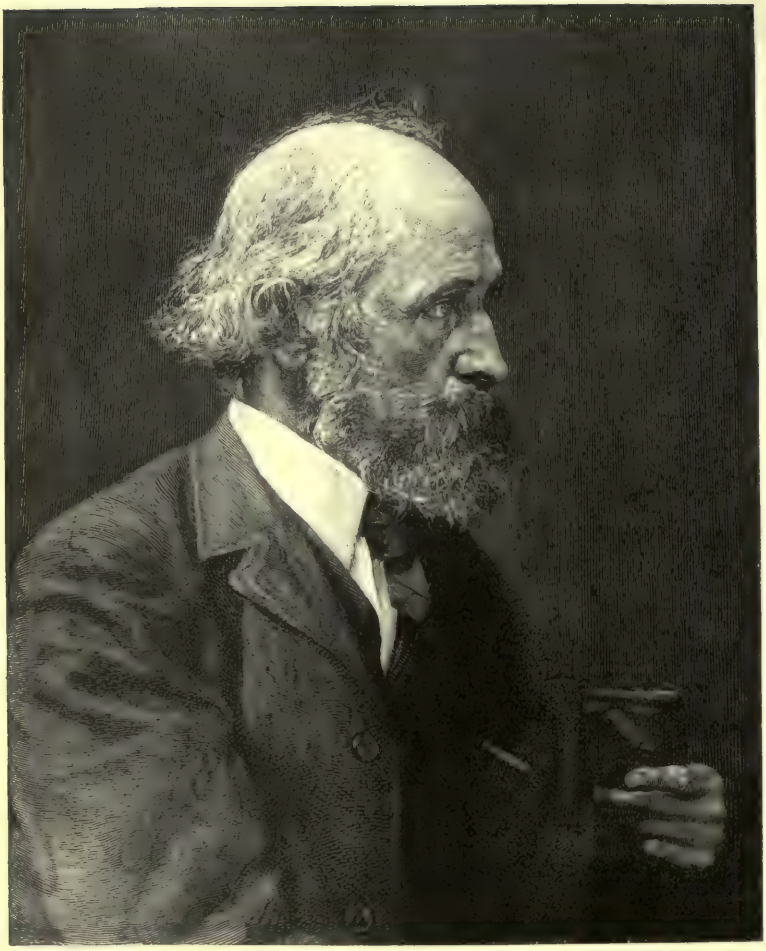
cious beauty and engaging loveliness, which linger in the memory like the remembrance of a pleasant dream. We Americans are apt to boast of the bigness of various things American; but here we have something as beautiful as it is big — nay, more beautiful. So let us for once overlook its size, and let the world know that we have something that is simply beautiful.

Gustav Kobbé.

STORM-VOICES.

THE night grows old; again and yet again
The tempest wakens round the whistling height,
And all the winds like loosened hounds take flight
With bay and halloo, and the wintry rain
Sweeps the drenched roof, and blears the narrow pane.
There is a surging horror in the night;
The woods far out are roaring in their might;
The curtains sway; the rafters creak and strain.
And, as I dream, o'er all my spirit swims
A passion sad and holy as the tomb;
Strange human voices cry into mine ear;
Out of the vexèd dark I seem to hear
Vast organ thunders, and a burst of hymns
That swell and soar in some cathedral gloom.

Archibald Lampman.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY G. C. COX.

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN.

RETRACING the career of the author of "On the Track of Ulysses" is like following the course of Ulysses himself. "Much-roving," "much-enduring"—these Homeric epithets fit also our American, whose wanderings, however, are not yet over; at least he is still separated from his Ithaca by the full breadth of the unharvested sea. His very birthplace was a dislocation. I could never reconcile myself to Asa Gray's being native to New York, and not to the New England soil of his parents; and still more markedly did Stillman, born in Schenectady, New York, betray a Yankee lineage. Between the birth of his more mechanical brother Thomas, in fact, and his own coming into the world, the family had migrated from their Rhode Island home.

As if to set a seal on his unrest, fate would have it that the youth of twenty should graduate from Union College in 1848. Though he took at once to landscape-painting under Church, his ardent temperament could not be insensible to the revolutionary glow of the period, and Kossuth's arrival in this country in December, 1851, fully enlisted Stillman in behalf of the Hungarian cause, and gave him his first introduction to the complex "Eastern Question," which was to absorb the best thoughts and the best energies of his life. In 1852 he accepted from Kossuth a perilous mission to Vienna, to bring away the crown

jewels secreted by the exiled chief. I have heard him tell how, when his task seemed hopeless and the chance of his arrest unpleasantly good, he chose a stormy night to commit to the Danube his compromising credentials. The boot that hid them in its heel had hardly splashed in the river before he was challenged by a guard, who good-naturedly smiled at his bad German, and let "a foreigner" pass. The amateur revolutionist quickly made his way to Paris, and, taking up his brush again, entered an atelier.

This was Stillman's second visit to Europe. His first was in 1849, when Ruskin was midway in the publication of his "Modern Painters," and was hanging out his "Seven Lamps"; when, coincidently, the Preraphaelite Brotherhood was in the first twelvemonth of its existence. Acquaintance with Rossetti and the other leading spirits of this movement made of Stillman a true believer. With Ruskin, whose conversion came later, in 1851, he struck up the warmest friendship, and subsequently named for him his ill-starred first-born. The personal affection outlasted his detachment from the doctrine of that eloquent but incoherent moralist. After twenty years he could proclaim publicly that "Ruskin's *art*-teachings are utterly wrong." Meanwhile, in 1855, under the double influence of the prophet and the Brotherhood, he founded, with John Durand, the short-lived "Crayon" in New York, and though he still continued to exhibit at the Academy of Design, of which he had become an associate member, the litterateur began to get the better of the artist. The "Crayon," as conceived, had a literary as well as an artistic side, and this brought Stillman into familiar and delightful intercourse with Lowell and the Cambridge circle of wits, scholars, and savants. He joined a choice band of them in the Adirondacks in the summers of 1858 and 1859, and there was painted—I believe in the former year—his best-known and most poetic piece, "The Procession of the Pines." Another, and for its associations even more precious, canvas, now owned by Judge Hoar of Concord, Massachusetts, shows the distinguished group that included, besides the painter himself, Emerson in a white slouch-hat and blue hunting-shirt, Agassiz, Jeffries Wyman, Lowell, John Holmes (brother of the Autocrat), E. R. Hoar, Estes Howe, Amos Binney, and Horatio Woodman. "Wise and Polite," wrote Emerson of them in his poem "The Adirondacs" (and Judge Hoar has affixed the lines to the frame):

> Wise and Polite,—and if I drew
> Their several portraits, you would own
> Chaucer had no such worthy crew,
> Nor Boccace in Decameron.

Of this company Stillman was the guide, philosopher, and friend, and it was he who, after constructing a temporary camp on Tupper's Lake, called upon Lowell for an inscription, whereupon the bard reeled off, without pause or hesitation, an impromptu beginning,

> Whom rain doth welter
> Or heat swelter,
> Respect this shelter,

and weaving in a history of the shanty, the share taken by each in the work, and the names of the entire party.

The portrait which accompanies the present sketch of Stillman will give no idea of his appearance in those wild-wood days. Tall he was then, of course, and slender, and of a build which seemed to warrant the prediction of an early death by consumption, while in truth he possessed a wiry constitution and a remarkable vitality. A wealth of long, brown hair framed a handsome, smooth-shaven face, with broad, intellectual forehead, large eyes, and well-shaped mouth, of which the smile was something to be remembered. His sight was as keen for a mark as it was sensitive to the beauties of nature, and the supple fingers that bespoke the artist and the artisan pulled a trigger with good effect. Firearms have always been a passion with Stillman, and they typify his spiritual combativeness, his readiness to engage in controversy, which, after all, is perhaps only one manifestation of the Yankee impulse to propose an "improvement" on everything under the sun. His innate mechanical inventiveness has chiefly been expended upon cameras, for he has practised, experimented in, and written authoritatively about photography for more than a quarter of a century, and twenty years ago he published a manual of the art. When making the noble series of plates, partly architectural, partly picturesque, of the Acropolis of Athens which he published in 1870, the astonished Greeks saw him clamber to a windy perch on the top of the Parthenon, for the sake of that plunging view which shows the only portion of the sculptured frieze *in situ*, together with that convexity of the horizontal lines of their temples in which Stillman sees a subtle intention of the Greek architects to exaggerate the perspective.

The camera has but confirmed the practical divorce from the palette effected by his acceptance of office in 1861 under the administration of Lincoln. To use his own words:

> It was my misfortune to spend eight years of my life in the consular service of the United States. From the first post, that at Rome, I was removed to silence my remonstrances against the disgraceful state of our legation there; and, after

our usual shopkeeping system, I was sent to a distant station at my own expense, after having been financially ruined by my official countrymen at Rome.

The new station was Crete, where, in the spring of 1865, Stillman was brought face to face with "the unspeakable Turk," at a time when the island was on the eve of a fresh revolt. The history of this episode must be read in his "Cretan Insurrection," with its admirable descriptive chapters, and its graphic tale of the horrors of a conflict which he did nothing to incite, while sympathizing with the insurgents and risking his life for them. His complicity with them consisted in nothing more than being a sort of postman between them and Europe; and as his own consular colleagues were largely dependent on him for information to transmit to their respective governments, and were skilfully worked upon to that end and to procure intervention for the helpless objects of Turkish vengeance, Stillman naturally came to be regarded, both at Athens and at Constantinople, as the head and front of the rebellion. His activity in these two directions resulted in a great mitigation of suffering on the part of the non-combatant Christian population, who were taken off on foreign war-ships, and it more than once encouraged the combatants to fresh efforts which only Russian policy, perhaps, rendered futile. The persecution he had to endure in consequence from the local authorities and Mussulman population in Canéa made him almost a prisoner in his house, and finally drove him to transfer the consulate to a yacht. As the rebellion languished to its end, the Turkish government obtained from Secretary Fish his removal. Nevertheless, he was permitted and even encouraged to visit Constantinople on a peaceful mission which bore no fruit.

The Porte's nervousness in the presence of Stillman recalled that of the lion-tamer in the "Wandering Jew" on being followed about at all his performances by an Englishman who was bound to be in at the inevitable catastrophe. Nothing is more curious than Stillman's account, in his "Herzegovina and the Late Uprising" (1877), of his visits now to the half-implicated Montenegrins, now to the rebels in camp and on the battle-field, and now to the Turkish headquarters — all in the space of a few weeks. His immunity lay in his having become a correspondent of the London "Times," which he has remained to this day. His reports from the scene of action again enlightened Europe as to Turkish misrule and incompetency, and contributed not a little to the ultimate solution by which the Turk has been driven back upon the verge of the Balkan peninsula, pending his final expulsion from Europe.

In the service of the "Times," Athens was revisited in 1880. He revisited also the island of Melos, after an interval of a dozen years. A renewed study of the enigma of the famous Venus led Stillman to the belief, whose best ground is in his artistic instinct, that the statue is no Venus, but a Victory, perhaps enshrined in the Temple of Nike Apteros at Athens. The discussion of this question is bound up with his "Ulysses" (1888), the record of an adventurous voyage undertaken in behalf of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. He also began with ardor the study of Greek archæology, especially in connection with the huge constructions which are styled Pelasgic, and which he has traced more thoroughly than any one, and pictured with his camera, up and down the Italian peninsula, in Sicily, in the Greek archipelago, and on the mainland. In the case of Mycenæ and Tiryns, he has been an unsparing critic of Dr. Schliemann, and so has brought himself into hot water with scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. But hot water is almost his natural element by this time, and he knows what it is to have incurred the resentment of the Florentines for his frank censure of their municipal insanitation, in the columns of the "Times," and to have been caricatured in the comic prints of Athens for his comments, also through the "Thunderer," on the political situation in Greece. Amid all this give and take, no one, happily, has ever accused him of a mercenary thought or a dishonest judgment.

It is not for me to estimate his worth as an artist, or to fix his rank as an art critic and connoisseur, great as is my admiration for the one and respect for the other. Nor must I here particularize the tragic or romantic features of his wedded life, doubly associated with Greece, and subject to the law of his wanderings. At home in divers lands and in divers cities, he is now seemingly a fixture in Rome. As I write, he is approaching his sixty-fifth birthday, and for more than a third of this period I have enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, intimately and without reserve. But it is many years since we have met, and when shall I feel again the affectionate pressure of his hand — no, not the pressure, the confiding touch of palm to palm, the gentlest union of blade and sheath?

Wendell P. Garrison.

SIX BULLS TO DIE.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

By the author of "In the Time of the Cherry Viewing."

I.

TWO very young ladies were the earliest guests to walk up the expectant aisle toward the flower-laden altar on the morning of Miss Ferris's marriage. They scanned with an air of responsibility the banks of tropical plants, the masses of yellow and white chrysanthemums accented here and there by the gleam of yellow satin ribbon, and the lavish bridal roses which already drooped a little in the warm air of the church.

"It is an old barn of a place," said the taller one, who had rather a critical and penetrating expression, "but the effect is really charming. I don't see how it could be improved."

"The yellow seems to light up the whole church," answered the other girl, who was more given to sentiment than her companion. "It is like the sunshine one covets for a bride."

They sat down, and looked about with evident self-complacency as they chatted. "It is well to provide the sunshine indoors in November," remarked the first speaker. "What a hideous day it is! But Julia Ferris won't mind."

"You seem positively spiteful about Julia this morning. Why won't she mind, pray?"

"Oh, she does n't mind about weather, and then she rises above everything. Her equanimity is beyond anything. It does irritate me. It is n't discriminating."

"Perhaps she does care, after all."

"Then it is n't honest. I suppose she is very lovely, as every one says, and it is extraordinarily amiable in her to make the best of everything; but she is too cheerful for me. I would rather know what she did prefer originally. I have the feeling she might be marrying any one else this morning, just as well as Mr. Phelps, and be just as well pleased and smiling and complacent."

"At all events, he is awfully in love with her."

But the taller young lady was not to be diverted from her critical analysis of Julia Ferris's character. It seemed to be a relief to her mind. "I am perfectly worn out with Julia's virtues," she said. "They palled upon me at school, and they have irritated me ever since. And her engagement has been the climax; it is so altogether suitable and desirable. I maintain she is absolutely self-centered. She never could have schooled herself to be what she is without too much care. Why, she has absolutely created herself. Her very simplicity is the highest art. It is the deepest sort of egotism never to refer to one's self; it must take constant thought. It is my opinion she never forgets herself one single minute."

"She certainly seems uncommonly interested in other people and considerate of every one."

"Oh, she is too considerate. Her sympathies are too universal; I don't believe in them. There are no miracles of loaves and fishes nowadays, and she has too many friends; it is a perfect prostitution of the affections."

"What shockingly exaggerated expressions you do use, Barbara," said the other girl, laughing. "I can't help liking Julia Ferris. I think I like people to be pleasant, and she interests me too. She is not stupid, you must admit that."

"No; she is not stupid."

By this time the ushers were gathered in a knot at the rear of the church, discussing their responsibilities apparently with a flurried sense of inadequacy. The more amiable of the two girls placed a freshly gloved hand on each side of her pretty little lavender bonnet, and deftly straightened and adjusted it after her careless looking about. "I suppose Bob will do some frightfully awkward thing," she said.

"Oh, nothing awkward will occur at Julia's wedding; her presence of mind will pervade everything. No detail will be overlooked, and nobody will be forgotten. You will see."

These sanguine predictions seemed destined for fulfilment. The ushers ceased to be anxious, flurried individuals, and became black-coated, white-favored adjuncts of the ceremony as they passed up the aisles with quiet conventional courtesy, and seated the guests with much discrimination. The organ sounded softly through the church, and then swelled into ready, joyous improvisations which told that the organist was happily at his best. Even the sexton granted, though grudgingly, a little tardy ventilation, and the drooping roses seemed to revive in the breeziness of the general stir and animation.

They were mostly women and girls who filled the church, but here and there a well-kept, middle-aged man sanctioned the affair with a good-natured jocosity, or a young fellow lounged in a back seat as if disclaiming his half-effeminate curiosity by his easy nonchalance. There were

male connections, and guests of honor, too, who sat erect in the front of the church with a certain pride of responsibility in the occasion which gave their presence not only excuse but dignity.

Presently the Lohengrin bridal music stilled the murmur of subdued chat, and heightened expectation into something just failing solemnity through the constant turning of heads and wandering of inquisitive eyes to catch the first glimpse of the coming procession, and at the very minute appointed expectancy was merged in gratified curiosity mixed with hopeful or retrospective sentiment, as the case might be. It was indeed a charming spectacle — the bewitching babies, too small for self-consciousness, under their absurdly wide hats, grasping their big baskets of flowers with precocious gravity; the girlish maid of honor; the fresh-faced bridesmaids in their quaint toilets of pale green; the white-robed bride, with her sweep of gleaming train.

The ceremony was long; but it was no less trying for those who felt bound to deny themselves the esthetic enjoyment of the tableau during the closing prayer, for the kneeling figure of the bride was the embodiment of artistic and graceful self-surrender, and the back of the bridal gown fitted to perfection. They were partly rewarded for their self-denial, however, by the slow progress down the main aisle. The most fastidious taste could suggest no improvement in the bride's appearance or carriage. She was pale, but not too pale. If she carried her head proudly, there were a gravity and sweetness in her expression which were the earnest of humility. She was neither self-conscious nor blank-eyed and oblivious; and as for her costume, it was the perfection of consummate art achieving simplicity.

If the bride appeared to advantage in the church, she was even more to be admired in her difficult rôle at the reception. Her graceful ease, her cordial kindness, her grateful affection, were as becoming as the bridal white and the softening veil. Each guest felt that for once the troublesome congratulations were successfully delivered. Each friend was flattered by a peculiar responsiveness and notice. Doubtfully chosen presents were complacently remembered by the most reluctant donors in view of the appreciative acknowledgments they had called out. The middle-aged men who had been dragged to the reception by their wives wondered at their own social ease, but were scarcely surprised to find their jocosity suddenly elevated to the effect of wit, while they spoke of the wedding afterward as much less of a bore than they had expected.

The tall young lady was still cynical as she made her way through the crowded rooms where the presents were displayed. They were indeed a magnificent tribute to the bride's popularity, but the girl seemed slightly fagged and dispirited by the sight of so many superfluous sugar-bowls and after-dinner coffee-spoons. She stopped to read, half mechanically, the titles of some sets of books expensively bound, and tied with bridal ribbons.

"If I had given Julia anything to read," she said, "it would not have been sets of books, but a volume of book notices. All she cares about books, I am sure, is to have a résumé of their contents, so that she can talk intelligently about them and adapt herself to those who do care."

"Why, I thought Miss Ferris was uncommonly well read, and fond of books," answered her companion, a young man and a connection.

"Of course you thought so. That is part of her cleverness; but I don't believe she ever lost herself in a book, or was ever roused to enthusiasm by a fine thought or a line of poetry in her life."

"You are very severe, Miss Barbara; I believe you bear Miss Ferris a grudge for not marrying your cousin."

"I have been thinking of Morris all day today, but I am sure it is a great mercy she did not marry him. Fancy her as the wife of an engineer! Imagine all that social experience and perfection of manner wasted in the wilderness!"

"I believe they are going West on their wedding tour."

"I can't imagine why they should. She does n't care a rap for nature; but it will give her a chance to rise above all sorts of discomfort — that will be something. Nothing will disturb or depress her. There will be no surprises for Mr. Phelps."

"Lucky man!"

"He may live to crave them."

"They are going to Mexico, too, they tell me. Down there I imagine she will have still greater chance to enjoy rising above discomfort, according to your theory."

In the pause of their chat a low and plaintive voice made itself heard. A tired little woman in a made-over black silk stood near by, looking rather wistfully at some painted dessert-plates. "Julia insists on my taking home a quantity of cake to the children, and a great bunch of roses to mother," she was saying to her husband. "How kind and thoughtful she is to think of us in the midst of all this excitement!"

The tall young lady walked on. "Is there no way of escaping Julia's praises!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I knew every one would have wedding-cake who ought to, and all the flowers and delicacies would be sent to invalids afterward, and she would think of everything and everybody. As for me, I wish she might at

least have been married in a fit of abandon and absent-mindedness. I don't consider all this thoughtfulness compatible with a proper state of feeling toward Mr. Phelps," she finished, half laughing at the climax of her own irritation.

They entered the long parlor just in time to see the bride leave it, and they caught only one more glimpse of her afterward as the carriage drove away. She wore a strikingly becoming traveling-hat, which did not look too new or bridal, and as she laughingly drew back into the carriage to avoid the shower of rice, there was just the suggestion of tearfulness in her smiling eyes which was fitting and appropriate. "What a charming wedding!" every one said.

"It has been absolutely perfect," remarked the tall young lady, with a sigh.

II.

THE arid plains of northern Mexico: sage-brush, mesquit, and cactus; purple mountains sharply outlined against the horizon; a broad river-bottom fringed with stunted yellow cotton-woods; a village of adobe huts under the brown bluff-like hills; a brush corral with a few jaded horses inside; some Mexicans with gay serapes on the brow of the cliff; a cloudless sky, and an air fresh and delicious, yet touched with the balminess of the South. Through the open car-windows with the soft breeze came the voices of Indian women crying tortillas and léach and limas, the sound of a blind beggar's guitar, a gay Mexican song.

It was the shipping-station for the mining district forty miles to the west, and two men, rough and dusty and unwashed after a day and night of staging, had just taken possession of a section in the Pullman sleeper.

"Well, I call this luxury," remarked the older man. "Don't it look good? Don't it feel good?"

"Rather," answered the younger man, shortly. He was busy stowing away his dusty and travel-worn traps, but he continued taciturn and preoccupied for some time after they were comfortably located and the train was in motion. At last, with a visible embarrassment, he said: "I see there is an old friend of mine on board. I think I must go and speak to her. I wish I was n't so confoundedly dirty."

"Oh, you 'll do; she won't expect to see a New York swell come out of a Mexican stage-coach," answered his companion, reassuringly.

The young fellow was certainly not in drawing-room trim. He wore the flannel shirt of the frontier under his old gray coat, and his hat was a drab felt Texas sombrero with a much-battered brim. He was browned almost to the hue of a Mexican, and his beardless face was a trifle rough for the need of the daily razor; but his eyes, which looked paler than they really were, in contrast with his sun-burned skin, had a pleasant expression, and there was a certain frank directness in his speech which went well with the roughness of his dress and his careless carriage. He did not appear altogether at his ease, however, as he walked to the front of the car where an American couple, tourists evidently, occupied the two plush-curtained forward sections with a suspiciously bridal exclusiveness. They were bending over a guide-book in interested tête-à-tête discussion of its advice, and the young engineer stood beside them, his battered sombrero in his hand, before either was aware of his approach.

Mrs. Phelps's self-possession and tact were equal to the occasion, surprising as was the accident of this encounter. "Why, Morris Crawford!" she exclaimed, putting out her hand with the brightest and most cordial smile imaginable; "what an unlikely thing to happen! I am delighted to see you" — then, without the faintest confusion or change of color, "I think you have not met my husband — Mr. Phelps. This is my friend Mr. Crawford you have heard us speak of so often."

Mr. Phelps naturally was not quite so cordial as his wife, but he was extremely civil to the young man, offering him his own seat, and sitting down opposite in the small space left unoccupied by the basket of oranges, the novels, and rugs, in a transient attitude which suggested the probability of his soon dropping out of the chat.

"I imagined you leagues away, in southern Arizona. Have you been long in Mexico?" It was the bride who spoke.

"Only a few months. I am down here about a railroad to open up the mining region to the west. We have our right of way, and most of the stock is subscribed. I have been taking a final look over the ground before making my report on the general prospects and probable cost. We are promised the ore from one of the best mines in Mexico," he went on, turning to Mr. Phelps with the somewhat unnecessary communicativeness which is apt to result from embarrassment. But Mr. Phelps seemed much interested in the project, while Mrs. Phelps, too, listened with a singularly intelligent expression, brightening into instant responsiveness at any appeal to her comprehension.

"The road will open up a wonderful bit of country," declared the young engineer with some enthusiasm. "The mines are as rich as any in the world. The soil is good, there are leagues of virgin timber-land, and the climate

is unsurpassed. All that is needed is facility of transportation."

"Is there security for property held by foreigners, do you think, under the Mexican government?" asked Mr. Phelps.

"I am sure of it. But I am traveling with the mine-owner, an American who has lived in Mexico twenty years, and can tell you more about the country than any man you are likely to meet. I will introduce you to him if you care to ask some questions; he will be glad to talk with you. He leaves the train at Zacatecas."

Mr. Phelps professed much interest in the opportunity, and the two men walked back together. It was one of those frank and unconsidered offers which characterized the young fellow, and it was only on his return to his seat by the bride that he realized the difficult nature of the tête-à-tête he had brought upon himself.

"How are you enjoying Mexico, Miss Julia?" he asked, deepening his confusion by his mistake.

"Oh, greatly," she smiled indulgently; "but our experiences are rather limited as yet. They are chiefly confined to the custom-house, where we had a little excitement last evening. A custom-house officer looking like a stage brigand, in a gorgeous silver-trimmed sombrero, and wearing a huge pistol with a mother-of-pearl handle stuck in his belt, was much exercised by the contents of my trunk. He pulled out my most treasured possessions with the greatest freedom, and kept saying, 'Mucho bueno, mucho bueno,' as he stroked them complacently with his black hands, while Mr. Phelps remonstrated in vain, and I stood by in tragic despair. The curious Mexicans clustered around us made such a picturesque group in the lamp-light that I felt as if I were acting in opera bouffe."

"He needed to have his head punched," averred Crawford, with the contemptuous and violent instinct of the dominant race. And then in some vague masculine way the superfine contents of the trunk suggested to him the conventional accessories of a wedding, and the necessity for making his forgotten congratulations. He remedied his forgetfulness with bungling abruptness. "I have not offered you my congratulations, Mrs. Phelps; I wish you no end of happiness." There was more constraint than sincerity in his voice, possibly even a faint shade of resentment.

"Thank you," the bride answered simply and cordially enough.

Crawford began to feel at ease in spite of himself as they drifted quite naturally into chat about the friends at home; and as they talked on easily he noticed the peculiar appropriateness of the girl's becoming traveling-costume, and the infinite tact of her reminiscences.

The fresh breeze, cool and reviving after the midday heat of the plains, fluttered the leaves of the guide-book, and loosened and blew little locks of fine, fair hair about her smooth and placid forehead. The unwonted comfort of the sleeper, the unaccustomed pleasure of an interesting woman's society, the sound of the familiar voice — it was all like a strange, improbable dream, and lacked, as dreams will, the wounding force of reality.

Julia Ferris — for by that name he still found it natural to think of her — was neither more nor less cheerful than usual, and there was no change in her sympathetic friendliness. There seemed very little to tell of herself and her bridal experiences. While she spoke of her husband in the most natural way possible, there was no aggressive happiness apparent, nor absorption in their affairs. Crawford's own past grew interesting as he found himself stimulated to a modest but detailed recital of half-forgotten adventure, and his prospects for the future seemed wide and almost exhilarating as she touched upon them. "It is a great scheme," she said.

"Yes; the mines alone are worth a fortune. There is a lot of money in it if we have the luck to make the thing go through."

III.

THERE was a small and confidential luncheon a day or two after the marriage, at which the affair was exhaustively discussed. In the course of the discussion the figure of the groom assumed a more important and individual character than it had appeared to have during the ceremony or at the reception. In regard to Mr. Phelps's attractions there seemed some difference of opinion, although there apparently was none concerning his moral and intellectual traits.

The latest débutante affirmed in the chatter of débutantes that he was not at all fascinating, but exactly the right sort of person for a girl to marry if she only could fall in love with him. This, indeed, had been the judgment of the successive sets of very young girls who had come out during his prosperous and courted bachelorhood. As to whether Julia Ferris had achieved this feat, as well as the still more difficult one of suiting his fastidious taste and bringing him to the point of an unreserved admiration and prompt declaration, there was a further difference of opinion, though the feeling was universal that it was one of those things no one was ever likely to know.

It was the same tall young lady who had been so antagonistic to the unqualified eulogies of the wedding-day who remarked that Julia's heart reminded her of the obscure passage in

Browning which so long baffled his admirers —for very good reasons, as Browning himself explained. The smiles which this cynicism provoked were not entirely willing or consenting: the young ladies were all intimate friends of the bride. Some one volunteered to say in conclusion that Mr. Phelps at least seemed satisfied with what he had found in it, and the discussion died gracefully away in a timely silence covered by a general dallying with the salted almonds.

But Mr. Phelps's character was not one to be tried alone by feminine and drawing-room standards. In the more weighty and important judgment of the world at large he was one of the respected, well-balanced, and successful men of the community whose masculinity took the form of robust views and successful mental effort rather than of physical activity. He did not ride or shoot, and had never even in college life been addicted to athletic games, his health being quite independent of the gymnasium; but he was a man among men at the club, where he was known as a ready talker, with a peculiar temperance in discussion and a certain philosophic reflectiveness and tolerance of mind. The discriminating few who were his chosen friends recognized in him the rare virtue that the unbroken prosperity of his life had failed in some inexplicable way to blunt the fineness of his perceptions and sympathies. In spite of the fact that he had always been extremely comfortable, he had never learned to consider his own comfort of paramount importance. Well educated, traveled, rich, he was yet able to imagine something of the bitterness of limitations and unsuccess which lay beyond the pale of his experience. His close-cut English beard and a certain abstemiousness and austerity of life suggested the churchman, but his inflexible principle was not supported by any creed, and his views were far from doctrinal. It might be added that his high-mindedness had never been tried by any very severe temptation, and that the intense love he gave his wife was the first vivid emotion which had ever really stirred his soul. His devotion was certainly no less fresh and ardent for the years and temperament which the débutantes reckoned against him.

While Mr. Phelps gave a perfunctory attention to the practical information and views of the mine-owner, he found it strangely difficult to assume his customary receptive attitude of mind toward statistics bearing on the present condition and future prospects of the Mexican republic. What he chiefly experienced, it must be admitted, in this first meeting with others, was a fresh sense of the reality and permanence of the new happiness underlying his own life. While his eyes seemed reflectively fixed on the extraordinary figures passed in quick review before his mental vision, and he appeared to be gravely weighing their significance, he saw in imagination all the while, behind the wind-stirred plush of the curtained section, his wife's charming bare head and smiling eyes. To her, indeed, he was the veriest lover. He presently noticed with tender concern the sudden early chill of the Mexican evening, and, excusing himself rather abruptly to his naïvely communicative companion, went quietly forward to close the window, and to extract a wrap from the accumulation of lighter luggage.

"Have you noticed the sunset, Julia?" he asked, with something of the tone and look not suggested by any of the bridal reminiscences incidentally occurring in Mrs. Phelps's chat.

"You are sitting on my hat, Henry," she protested, with the same undisturbed amusement which had invariably smoothed the roughness of their Western travel.

The young engineer rose. It was with an unexpected pang, as he did so, that he noticed the plain gold ring on the girl's slim, ungloved hand carelessly held out for the crushed hat, while she still leaned back against the high upholstery of the seat.

"I think Mrs. Phelps always has too practical a care for the near objects of life to pay much attention to the horizon," he remarked, with somewhat unnecessary frankness.

"That is an ungrateful as well as an uncalled-for insinuation, since I have been turning my back to the sunset all this time for the sole purpose of listening to you." The bride spoke laughingly and lightly enough, but Mr. Phelps's manner was a shade less cordial. He would have been unable to analyze a certain unaccustomed resentment he felt at the younger man's speech; to decide whether it arose from the suggestion of a previous intimate association between the two, implied in this readiness to analyze his wife's character, or from some subtle disappointment of his own, which lent weight to the assertion. Was there perhaps some memory of a delight in the Western mountains which had found scant response in her more practical soul during these first weeks of constant and intimate association? At all events, he gave the young engineer no farther excuse for lingering; but the disappointment, if it was such, had never taken definite shape, even in his inner consciousness. The shade of annoyance left no trace on his manner to his wife, which was always one of peculiar consideration and courtesy, and all memory of it was soon lost in the happy privilege he enjoyed of throwing his arm over the cushion behind her graceful shoulders, and leaning forward to enjoy with her the beauty of the sun-

set, which was transfiguring the barren brown hills with soft ethereal tints of pinkish lavender, indescribably lovely against the pale evening sky.

The young engineer meanwhile found what compensation he could for his bachelorhood in a good Spanish cigar smoked reflectively on the back platform. It was not much. The sunset coloring did not disguise for him the dreary barrenness of the prospect which weighed heavily on his soul, with memories of isolation and monotony and discomfort. Old feelings, unwonted desires, stirred within him. "To spend one's youth in such places!" he exclaimed, in impatient thought. "What a waste of life!"

The train was late in arriving at the comfortless eating-station, and something of the discomfort of his mood was apparent as the travelers tried in vain to satisfy hunger with the tough, untempting steak and chicken, the unwholesome hot rolls, and the lard-like butter they found there. But the bride was cheerful to gaiety, and managed to give to the belated supper in the dimly lighted Chinese restaurant an air of festivity and social exhilaration to which Crawford had long been a stranger. He responded by degrees to her laughing badinage, and, as they walked up and down the platform afterward, the old charm and fascination of the girl's companionship completely reasserted themselves. There was a delightfully feminine quality in her personality difficult to describe or analyze; an amusingness in her chat quite distinct from wit; and that appreciative responsiveness which so subtly flatters the self-love that it takes no account of means, and does not suspect conscious effort at all. Such ready responsiveness could but be peculiarly flattering in a bride, and there was the old familiar friendliness and common past. From companionableness and sympathetic interest it was only a step to confidence, and the dreariness and unwonted dejection of the evening shaped themselves into words.

"It is a desolate enough life a man leads in these Western wilds if he stops to think of it," the young fellow said rather lugubriously; "if he feels any social impulse, there seems no way of expressing it except to ask some one to take a drink. Nature positively palls upon one after a time, and the sight of a moderately attractive woman is such a novelty it wakes all sorts of nonsense in a man; and when he meets a really interesting and charming woman he is capable of any sort of egregious folly — even recalling the past," he added in an unpremeditated way, but in a slightly lower tone.

The inconsiderate tactlessness of a man is seemingly equaled only by his irresponsibility. After leading the conversation to this difficult point, Crawford left it there apparently without any sense of responsibility for its continuance, or any attempt to rescue it from so impossible a position.

There was a little pause as they walked on. The torches flickered on the swarthy faces of the Mexicans and the curious wares they were selling. The tap of a workman's hammer tested the soundness of the wheels which were to bear them on through the night over trestles and bridges and grades.

"Why in the world did you choose such a profession? But I always thought it would just suit you to live in those dreary places where men wear nothing but their worn-out shooting-clothes," the girl said, with the little mocking laugh he remembered so well. He remembered, too, that facile way she had of evading an inconvenient point. It always exasperated him, and all the more because she was so sure to be in the right with her unfailing good taste and unerring judgment. It used to drive a fellow to rash extremes in forcing her to understand him. But that time had gone by.

"I have no fault to find with my profession," he answered gloomily.

"It certainly has agreed with you remarkably well," she asserted. "How inconceivably young you are still! I am sure the fountain of perpetual youth must be identical with the hot springs of New Mexico." The same light laughter in her voice. They had known each other very well indeed.

"You have lost none of your old cheerfulness and optimistic view of other people's trials," he retorted.

"That sounds like your cousin Barbara."

"Perhaps she did express the idea first," he confessed.

"Barbara had the most delightful inspiration about the flowers for our wedding. The decorations were charming, every one said." Did the girl fancy he was in danger of forgetting this inconvenient fact of her marriage that she chose to remind him of it just then?

"I can imagine her efficiency," Crawford replied, with small pretense of enthusiasm in the reminiscence.

But a man who has lived long enough in the wilderness learns to be properly thankful for the society of another man's wife. Frontier life, like the opposite extreme of civilization, does not limit a woman's attractiveness to the appreciation of one, as he had found by experience. As for the past, he had practically forgotten it before this meeting; he would doubtless forget it again when this unexpected revival of an old infatuation should come to an end. In the mean time he gave himself up to the interest and infatuation of the moment

with the abandon of his temperament. He felt too, it must be confessed, something of the morbid curiosity of the débutantes concerning the depth of the girl's feeling for Mr. Phelps. The fact that Julia Ferris never in the most trivial matter acted from impulse gave a peculiar zest to speculation concerning her actual emotions.

"Barbara is exactly the same as ever, just as straight and just as tall. It gives one complete satisfaction to see her hit a tennis-ball square in the middle of her bat. And she is just as outspoken and recklessly impolitic. It is curious to see her at a reception."

"I did n't know you ever even looked on at a game of tennis."

"Oh, yes; if there is a clean rug and a comfortable chair under a shady tree."

"I have a vision of you enthroned there, with a little bevy of subjects in tennis rig doing homage to your fresh toilet, while the other girls are all hot and disheveled with running about."

As they turned mechanically, at the far end of the platform, they were suddenly confronted by an importunate beggar who paraded a hideous deformity before them with the stolid persistence which hardened misery exhibits in an impoverished land where deformity and misery abound. Crawford repelled the wretched creature's importunity with some roughness while he felt in his pocket for a coin. "Vamose!" he said, carelessly tossing the piece of silver on the ground. He was in reality rather a tender-hearted fellow, and all the more angered at the spectacle perhaps by his quick perception of its pitiableness.

The girl paused. "What a brutal way to give a charity!" she said. She too had taken a coin from her purse, and dropped it in the maimed stump, bearing small resemblance to a hand, which the beggar held out to her. The creature managed to touch and jostle her as she did so with what seemed intentional malevolence. Crawford caught her arm quickly, and drew her back with a sickening sense of the repulsiveness and even danger of the contact. "You had better keep away from that sort of thing while you are in Mexico, Mrs. Phelps," he protested with disgust. But the bride was undisturbed. She was not nervous or cowardly, and why should the beggar's eager-eyed misery and deformity depress her when she could so easily change dull despair into wild-eyed exultation and thankfulness? What gives one so comfortable a sensation, she would have said, as a charitable deed, or so lightens a heavy heart as a benevolent action? Why, then, should an episode like this shadow a spirit so serene as that of Mrs. Phelps?

"What does 'vamose' mean?" she asked lightly. "The word has not the soft and melodious sound of the Spanish vocabulary. I think it must be a border compromise." She stepped where the porter's lantern lighted the step of the sleeper, her innate fastidiousness suggesting that she should at least wash her hands after such unpleasant contact. Possibly too she was not averse to finding an excuse for cutting short the tête-à-tête.

Crawford forgot to answer her question as he rather bunglingly helped her up the long step. When she came out again it was with her husband.

With one hand resting on his arm, and the young engineer sauntering on the other side, the promenade was resumed, but the conversation was naturally less personal. Mrs. Phelps took little part in it, but she professed to find the cigars which the gentlemen were enjoying altogether agreeable, as she did their discussion of reciprocity and the silver question. When the heavier talk flagged, and the cigars were finished, she was as usual ready in resource.

The delay proved a long one, but the night air was pleasant and balmily tropical to northern lungs. They were tempted to stroll across the railway tracks to the little adobe town beyond, and to look in from the outside shadows on the carousal of a pulque-shop. They were amused too by the Indian curiosities and newly manufactured antiquities of the station, and bought tortillas, and even sipped cups of chocolate, in imitation of an opulent Mexican who had tested the safety of the refreshments sold by an itinerant vender.

"The favorite drink of the Montezumas seems to have lost something in flavor as it is concocted in the present day," remarked the bride.

"Oh, you are shamming, Mrs. Phelps. You have not touched a drop."

"But I can tell by the aroma," laughing.

"I hope you don't intend to confine yourself to the aroma of things while you are here. You will find that one of the least pleasant features of Mexico. The drainage is execrable, or rather there is none at all."

"What an unpleasant suggestion! How in the world do you manage to give conversation such unpleasant turns?"

"I fear I have none of your incomparable tact, Mrs. Phelps."

"After such a tribute I am sure I can do nothing so appropriate as to disappear. Good night, Mr. Crawford; I hope we may find you in an equally complacent mood at breakfast-time."

It was an easy, pleasant evening, with the idle-tourist flavor which has its own peculiar charm. It had been arranged early in the friendly course of it that the young engineer

should continue with the newly married couple as far as Guadalajara. He had business which called him there for a few days, he said, and he had easily persuaded the others that they should see first this typical old Spanish-Mexican city, and gain their freshest impressions from it. Mrs. Phelps had never believed in exclusive affections or selfishly narrow sympathies; her own were wide enough to welcome fresh ideas and the companionship of a third even on a wedding-journey. As for Mr. Phelps, it has been intimated that he was a man who might postpone the reading of his newspaper or make a few remarks during breakfast under circumstances less strenuous than those of a honeymoon. The same consideration was not wanting in larger matters. What his own private feeling was in the matter did not transpire. He said something about their arrangements having been to go on to the city of Mexico, but when he divined his wife's evident wishes he too gave a cordial assent to the plan.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

"AS THEY SAUNTERED ALONG."

After Mrs. Phelps had left them, the two gentlemen became conscious in a vague way how little they really seemed to have in common, and how small a part of the easy intercourse had been due, after all, to their own unaided efforts or natural flow of ideas. Possibly they were both a trifle fagged and sleepy. The balmy evening air did not seem as seductive as it had done. Mr. Phelps remarked that he felt a trifle chilly in spite of his ulster. The younger man suggested some apollinaris and very passable Scotch whisky from his own private flask, and with this final sociability they separated, Crawford lingering outside for some talk with the train-man about the delay, and to send a despatch or two indicating some slight change of plan apropos of the trip to Guadalajara, which he had not felt it necessary to mention.

Mrs. Phelps in the mean time took very prompt advantage of such opportunities for refreshment and repose as the sleeper afforded. There was no state-room or private dressing-room to be obtained on this far-away road, but she was not delayed in her preparations for the night by the placid little señoras with black

shawls over their heads, who seemed not to trouble themselves with unnecessary ablutions, and in the doubtful comfort of her berth she was soon lulled into drowsiness by the soothing sense, it may be, of her own adaptability to circumstances, however unforeseen, and the efficacy in all situations of life of the amiable and unselfish tact which the young engineer was not alone in recognizing. She did not wake later when her husband bent quietly over her. Had she done so she would have responded doubtless with equal adaptability to his tender good night.

Even in her sleep there was a gentle and happy repose on her smooth forehead and white closed lids which satisfied his heart. It would be many long years, please God, before the lines of care and trouble should mark that placid brow, or streak the girlish braid lying softly across the pillow.

IV.

"I HAVE never happened to see a fight myself, but I shall certainly see one while I am here. The Guadalajara amphitheater is the finest in all Mexico. The spectacle is well worth looking at. I think I would advise you to go if only to see the matador and the procession come into the ring. It is perfectly safe to go, and it is undoubtedly one of the sights of Mexico," urged the young engineer.

The gentlemen were finishing a bottle of wine, as they discussed the advisability of seeing the Sunday-afternoon bull-fight. Mrs. Phelps deliberated the proposal in non-committal silence. They were all three sitting at one of the small tables on the broad upper balcony of the Hotel Cosmopolitan of Guadalajara. The shabby awnings, the ragged banana-trees and tropical plants of the patio had looked dilapidated and forlorn enough on the chilly, dripping evening of their arrival, as they were shown to their bleak tile-floored, fireless bedrooms, but the morning sunshine changed all that. "It is picturesque, and tropical, and foreign, and altogether delightful," Mrs. Phelps had said, not without reason, as she amiably ignored the dirtiness and difficulties of the unappetizing luncheon.

"I think we might go for a while at least, Julia," consented Mr. Phelps at last, with a smile, half amused, half tender, at the incongruity of the idea of her presence in such a place.

"Oh, let us go by all means," acquiesced the bride, gaily. She looked uncommonly girlish and fascinating in a close-fitting walking-costume of light gray and a wide black hat. Her cheeks were flushed with the sun, and with the exercise and excitement of the morning. There was an unwonted air of indecision and appeal in her manner far from unbecoming. One might almost have said she was under the spell of the irresponsible, romantic, demoralizing land.

The young engineer, too, was a trifle demoralized: not by the romance of the land, to be sure — he would have disclaimed that possibility with the offensive bluntness of the foreign, money-making resident. The dirty Mexicans, tricked out in their silver-trimmed breeches and gaudy blankets, palled upon him. The squalor, the bad smells, the beggars in the foreground, blotted out the beauty of the stone-carved churches; and then the discomfort and the cookery, he was heartily tired of it all. But as an environment for Mrs. Phelps the picturesqueness of the place gained a new value. It gave his presence a gracious excuse, and led to situations in which he found an unexpected enjoyment. Even his scornfully incorrect Spanish gave him a certain importance and usefulness in the party of three, and his dearly bought experience in the art of living at Mexican hotels, and hurling monosyllables at the dilatory attendants, seemed to him at the moment worth what it had cost him. He had been tempted to linger in Guadalajara beyond the necessities of his business, and his fortunate advice and generous efforts in behalf of the travelers had met with a gratifying appreciation.

"You will need a wrap, dear," suggested Mr. Phelps, as they were setting out for the amphitheater an hour or two later. The careful solicitude of the new husband was quite undisguised, but the younger man threw the little fur cape over his arm very naturally and easily, and all three were sufficiently happy as they strolled through the gateway.

Indian women in grave rebozos were guarding their booths of *dulces* on the shaded sidewalks. The gay and indolent Sunday throng crowded the streets and lounged on the benches of the plaza opposite, where the yellow fruit gleamed through the dark green foliage of the orange-trees, and the quaint gargoyles of the old palace showed beyond, soft and gray in the radiant sunshine, the carved war trophies and silent cannon, like the turbulent past of the passionate land, with its tragic wrongs and stilled cries, only a subdued yet attractive background for the vivid, picturesque life of the peaceful present.

Something of the meaning, as well as the sentiment, of the contrast was borne in upon Mr. Phelps's happy but not entirely self-absorbed self-consciousness as they sauntered along in a leisurely way, and waited for the street-car. Mr. Phelps was given to philosophizing when leisure and circumstance gave opportunity.

"One is impressed anew in Mexico with

some of the old truths of history," he said. "The wonderful old cathedrals and monasteries one sees crumbling to ruin here seem to accent the fact that civilization is a growth and not an external modification. It is as if Spain had said, 'We give you a higher religion, and a finished art, and a better government,' and Mexico, after centuries, cried out: 'It is not enough. Your churches are pillaged, your government is abolished, your art and architecture are vanishing from the land, and the people are still ignorant and degraded, unequal to their new freedom, their civilization just begun.' No; the impulse to progress must be from within, not from without. It comes with liberty, not coercion."

"We will try what a few railways will do," said the young engineer, "and a little wholesome contact with a neighbor who has had some experience in a hard-working, prosaic sort of liberty. I have very little patience with the beggarly, tawdry lot."

The young fellow illustrated this remark by buying some dulces of a soft-eyed Indian woman whose face had the patient, appealing pathos of the race. She smiled in gentle protest as he paid her with absurd prodigality, and Mrs. Phelps nodded and smiled too as she tasted a bit of the candied fruit. "Bueno," she said, with a questionable accent, but with the same unfailing brightness and animation with which she took a cup of tea at an afternoon reception. "I am convinced the Mexicans eat too many sweets; and they are not at all nice, either, not nearly so nice as they look." But the criticism was as smiling as the praise, and might have been such for all the gentle Indian woman could imagine, as she smiled back in pleased recognition of the friendly greeting.

The car-driver's horn sounded, and the snap of his long-lashed whip, as he drove up with the flourish of a charioteer, standing on the prosaic platform of the *ferrocarril*, the familiar yet modified street-car of Mexico, urging the three tandem mules to a gallop, and wearing his blanket and sombrero with the air of a gentlemanly brigand.

The shady entrance; the sun-warmed adobe walls, overgrown with cactus; the iron-barred Spanish windows; the domes of an old monastery; the grass-fringed sign of a pulque-shop; the stone-carved front of a cathedral; a glimpse through an archway into a tropical court; a graceful Indian girl filling her water-bottle at a fountain; the rare-aired freshness, the soft, sunny warmth of the shining Guadalajara day, the glamour of the splendid unthrifty past—it was all a dream of romance, the very poetry of travel. Even Mrs. Phelps's well-disciplined soul was touched, perhaps, by the beauty and strangeness of it all to some slackening hold of her identity; but it was a conscious relaxation of tension and poise.

"I have a queer sense of unreality in this experience," she remarked, as they were finally seated in three rickety little chairs between the stone pillars of a so-called box of the amphitheater.

"It is just as well, possibly." The young engineer was already feeling a trifle nervous and doubtful as to the wisdom of his hospitality, and was half inclined to retire with his guests at the sound of the bugle which should summon the first bull into the ring.

But in the mean time it was a beautiful and novel scene enough—the gray and time-worn stone of the great amphitheater roofed by the deep and vivid blue of the sky, the peaceful tower of the hospicio rising dreamily in the afternoon sunshine beyond its walls, the vivid coloring of the serapes, the gold- and silver-trimmed sombreros of the audience gradually filling the tiers of seats opposite, those in the shadow first, then the sunny ones as well.

Presently a squad of Mexican soldiers filed around the platform above. The governor and his party took their seats in a box to the left. Some richly dressed toreadors appeared at one of the gateways. The crowd grew noisy and impatient. The fruit-venders in the ring below suddenly began to hurry their wares into baskets. Crawford was conscious of a nervous fear that these men might not escape in time; the moment of suspense and waiting seemed long. There was a subdued excitement in the very air, a curious tension of the nerves and beating of the heart. It was the bride's excitement and anxiety, he told himself, that he felt so absurdly; but she was leaning forward, pleased and smiling, without apprehension, apparently, of the spectacle in store.

At last the procession enters the ring, gay, graceful, careless: the mounted picadors, the matadors, and banderilleros in gaudy embroidered waistcoats and tights glittering with gold and silver. The band plays the national march of Mexico. They come forward, and salute the governor and dignitaries in his box. Alas! with all the gaiety and glitter, there is a suggestion of the dangerous and bloody work before them in the grim leather aprons which protect the breasts of the blindfolded and reluctant horses.

One of the horsemen rides hurriedly to the side of the gate opposite; it is thrown open by an attendant, and a bull gallops into the ring, goaded by the sharp-pointed pike of the picador as he passes. The bull seems dazed at first, inert and slow in his movements; but the capeadors flaunt their red coats in his face, he grows enraged, rushes at one, then another, with ugly, lowered horns. There is swift and agile running, timely dodging behind the thick

"THEY SKILFULLY DIVERT THE ENRAGED BULL." ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

wooden screens which stand at intervals around the ring, quick and daring throws of the red scarfs, color, grace, excitement. The lithe, glittering forms of the fighters are beautiful in their changing postures; the great animal is splendid in his madness and conscious strength. A fascinating scene, truly!

But suddenly the bull makes a ferocious charge at one of the horses. The rider tries in vain to ward him off with his long pole. A minute's struggle, and he is goring the helpless, blindfolded horse. It falls back, the picador under, his legs entangled, and apparently crushed. The man lies motionless, feigning death, with closed eyes, not a muscle stirring; for the deadly horns are within a few feet of him. But the capeadors are alert and fearless; they skilfully divert the enraged bull with their scarlet cloaks, and the picador's life is saved. The wounded horse staggers to his feet, and runs on, riderless. Again the bull attacks and throws him, goring him long and cruelly. It is a brutal, sickening sight.

"Shall we go?" asks Crawford, who has been too intent upon the outcome of the encounter to make the suggestion earlier.

As usual, Mrs. Phelps shows admirable self-control and calmness. "Let us stay a little longer now we are here. Our going or not going will make no difference; it will go on just the same," she avers with conscientious and clear-headed philosophy. She is so quiet and reasonable that even her husband forgets his anxiety for her in the excitement of events which succeed each other too rapidly for comment, almost for realization. He leans forward with a certain breathless, painful excitement, incredulous, aghast at a brutality so far exceeding his expectation.

The signal is given for the picadors to leave the ring. The banderilleros, armed with their gay darts, are goading the already enraged bull to fury. First one, then another, plants a pair of lances in the flesh of his heavy shoulders, where they stick, gaudy with tissue-paper and tinsel, a mocking, ironical decoration. A swift run as he rushes bellowing by, a quick leap to one side, a deft motion, and the dangerous trick is done. The crowd yells with delight. There is a louder burst of music as the matador comes forward, salutes the governor, tosses his hat on the ground, and faces the bull. He carries a short sword and a scarlet *muleta*. The maddened animal stands motionless a moment, eying his new tormentor, then charges him with a terrible swiftness and fury. But the matador does not flinch. With his right hand extended he waits the critical moment when the threatening horns are lowest, and, planting the sword deep between the bull's shoulders, jumps lightly to one side.

It is, after all, a bungling stroke. The weapon is thrust into the wrong side of the neck. It does not kill, but only infuriates the wounded beast. In his maddening pain he rushes from side to side of the amphitheater. The crowd jeers him. The band plays a lively air. The sword drops out. Another charge, another thrust. Again the stroke is not fatal, although the steel is buried to the hilt. But the bull is growing weak, his great neck is wet with blood and the sweat of agony. He lies down. The gay music plays on. The banderilleros flaunt the red cloaks in his face. He staggers to his feet; he is still dangerous; in his impotent rage and misery he seems an embodiment of all the hideous wrong, all the unpitied suffering, of the world.

At last even the hardened spectators lose pleasure in this slow butchery and torment; interest flags, and there are cries of "Otro toro! Otro toro!" ("Another bull! Another bull!") A gate is thrown open, and the fighters try to drive him from the ring, but unsuccessfully until a pair of long-horned Texas cattle are turned into the inclosure, when he trustfully joins his own kind, and, taking his place between them, quietly trots out to die.

In the moment's interval which follows his exit neither of the gentlemen makes any comment.

"My sympathies are entirely with the bull," remarks Mrs. Phelps, speaking quite cheerfully.

"It 's a devilish business; the brutes deserve to be gored for their bungling work. I should not mind seeing one of them tossed. Whenever you say the word we will go, Mrs. Phelps," volunteers Crawford, less urgently this time. In spite of its sickening brutality, there is a certain fascination in the excitement and danger of the spectacle not to be denied.

Mr. Phelps is watching the gate to the left, where one of the blindfolded, frightened horses, a wretched little mustang, is being urged into the ring once more with bit and spur, and with kicks and blows as well.

"That is the worst part of the whole business," he avers, white with indignation, "the most inexcusable and cruel." But the gate closes behind the terrified, fractious horse, and a second bull, larger and more powerful than the first, and wonderfully quick and agile in his motions, gallops into the arena, pawing the ground with his hoofs and bellowing with rage. The first one was goaded to anger by his tormentors; this one is ugly and dangerous from the start. He charges the picadors in rapid succession, throwing first one horse, then another, but is as quickly diverted by the capeadors, who in their turn narrowly escape. The horsemen are soon summoned from the ring, and the banderilleros try in vain to decorate him with their tormenting darts. At last one of the most daring of their number, a handsome, graceful young fellow, scarcely more than a boy, succeeds in placing a pair in his huge neck, and runs swiftly behind one of the screens just in time to save himself, dropping his cloak as he runs. The bull tosses and tramples the cloth under his feet, and batters the thick wood with his head and horns, while the boy cowers behind the screen. The people, wild with excitement, throw hats and cigars into the ring, crying, "Bravo, toro! Bravo, toro!" Some of those in the front row lean over the protecting barrier, waving their serapes at him. Suddenly he makes a desperate spring, and is head and shoulders over the wall which separates him from the spectators. The taunting crowd scatters promptly, but the bull drops back into the ring in baffled rage. There is wild cheering. The splendid ferocity of the beast appeals to the admiration and enthusiasm of the rabble, and they call out to spare him. The master of ceremonies, understanding their fickle sympathies probably too well to comply, pays no attention to their shouts, and a second matador makes his salutations. It is his début in the rôle, and it soon becomes evident that he is afraid of the bull. He lurks near the side

"FIRST ONE, THEN ANOTHER, PLANTS A PAIR OF LANCES." ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

of the ring, ready to run behind the convenient screens, if necessary; and after a series of ineffectual attempts to meet his adversary in proper position gives up the fight, while the crowd hisses and jeers him, and shouts bravos for the fierce, unconquered beast, which is taken out to be saved.

The third bull is promptly despatched, and the pageant of his exit, drawn by three gaudily decked mules, makes a brilliant finale to the spectacle. The spectators are in excellent spirits. Even the newest lookers-on, already a little hardened to the suffering and danger, begin to notice the details of the performance and to appreciate the skill of the matador's stroke. Mrs. Phelps is reminded of her photographs.

"We must stay just a little longer, and catch some views; I have promised such a lot to the boys, and they will be crazy over these," she suggests, with her usual thoughtfulness. And so they linger on until the matador is standing before the last bull, the blade of his short sword bent already by the shock of two ineffectual strokes. The bravos and cheers are wilder than ever. This matador at least has no fear. He stands boldly in the middle of the ring, facing his antagonist. A rush, a thrust, and for the third time the sword falls out of the proudly

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

"PERHAPS YOU MAY BE ABLE TO CHOOSE A WIFE FOR ME."

tossed neck. The graceful young banderillero picks it up at the peril of his life, but the matador motions for a fresh one. The animal is ferocious; the man is determined. It has been a long struggle. The excitement is intense.

There is a breathless hush as every one leans forward to catch the slightest motion of the fighters in the duskiness of the ring. The softened light of evening is in the blue sky above. Through the open door behind the box, which leads to the outer balcony of the amphitheater, there is a glimpse of the calm and peaceful beauty outside, contrasting strangely enough with the danger, and maddening pain, and intense excitement within.

Again the matador goes to meet the bull. A throw of the scarlet cloth, a plunge, a stab, and quick as a flash the man is tossed into the air. Certain death, surely, when he falls on the sharp and cruel horns, to be mangled and torn and tossed again.

But no; he manages to fall to one side, just missing the piercing horns, and is flat on his back on the ground. To be stunned — that too is death. But he is on his feet again; he has escaped by a hair's breadth; he will try once more.

Instinctively the two men turn at the same moment to hurry Mrs. Phelps from a scene so pitiless. It is with a curious sensation — half unnerved, strong men as they are, by such wantonness of torture and trifling with death — that they hear distinctly in this moment of suppressed excitement and suspense the familiar click of the kodak button firmly pressed by her little white, well-manicured thumb.

The exposure being neatly and successfully accomplished, however, the bride is sufficiently shocked and horrified, and quite ready to go.

"Could any one imagine anything so hideous being tolerated in this age of the world," she exclaims, as they hurry out, leaving the contest in doubt whether the tragedy will close with the death of the bull or that of the matador. The howls and cheers of the rabble sound behind them. Near the entranceway they pass a dead horse, wretchedly thin, with protruding ribs, and a gaping wound in his freshly gored neck, lying where he has been hurriedly dragged from the inclosure.

"How shameful!" exclaims the bride, as she walks by with that brisk little air of cheerful activity which characterizes her.

The engineer says nothing as he adjusts the becoming fur cape over her shoulders with a certain exaggerated solicitude. The gaping neck of the emaciated horse has touched and roused him more than the peril of the matador. It is not incomprehensible to him that a man should take desperate chances for money and applause and excitement, nor is it outside of his code that he should manfully accept the losing throw and die game if need be. Even the bull has his chance for self-defense and revenge; but to blindfold a poor frightened brute of a horse, and to goad him on to torture and helpless death, and to call this diversion — that he cannot understand.

"Can nothing be done to suppress this infamous business?" exclaimed Mr. Phelps, with excitement. "Is there no way of reaching it through our own Government and the sentiment of our people, or of educating public opinion here, and forcing the Mexican government to suppress it? Why, it is brutalizing the very boys! Did you see them, scores of them, in the front seats, yelling with the loudest?" Mr. Phelps's northern indignation naturally suggests to him a verbal agitation looking to robust legislation.

"As long as governors' daughters sit calmly through the spectacle, I fancy it will be difficult work to stir up the rabble to being shocked," answers Crawford, somewhat dryly.

"But they tell me the better class of women is going less and less; there were only a handful there, if you noticed, and Diaz has suppressed the fights in the city of Mexico. Let us hope the thing is dying out."

"I fancy the only way to suppress it would be to blow up the whole bloodthirsty lot with dynamite." Crawford's methods savor of the promptness and violence of the West.

The bride takes no part in this entirely masculine discussion, but acquiesces with her usual amiable pleasure in the suggestion that they walk back to the hotel through the picturesque streets in the balmy evening air. The serenity of the twilight will be pleasant, surely, after the long excitement of the afternoon.

Horsemen begin to overtake them presently, gorgeous with rich trappings, and riding with the grace and daring of cavaliers. Every one seems in the gayest of spirits. The band is playing on the plaza, the sunset color glows at the end of the long vistas of walled streets. And Mrs. Phelps is in exquisite harmony with her environment. Her mood is as bright as the tinted sky, and the glimpse of her thoughts which her companions catch in her light and cheerful chat, is like the vista seen through the open archway of a charming Guadalajara court, where roses blossom perpetually, and where parrots are gay in the acacia-trees. Surely the graceful vines screen no ugly, tiresome sight, the stone pavement of the kitchen must be swept clean and cool, and there can be no hungry-eyed beggar crossing himself with palsied hand at the back door. Her tactful reserve is as unobtrusive a barrier beyond the pleasant flow of her light and laughing words as the soft gray wall with the prickly cactus-hedge peeping

above it which stretches on each side of the gateway. Who would wish the gray wall away, with its suggestion of romantic beauty beyond, or the privacy of the kitchen-garden exposed, or the beggar sitting by the fountain to eat his scraps of tortillas?

Mr. Phelps has a quick, appreciative eye, and the imaginative faith of a lover. He fancifully associates many lovely things with the charming personality of his wife. Her emotions are no less real to him for being so cleverly concealed. On him at least her laugh does not jar, as the little party of three dine later with such leisurely comfort as is possible on the upper balcony of the patio.

But the young engineer is in a peculiar mood, which he apparently takes small pains to conceal. Some deeper dissatisfaction, possibly, is expressed by an outspoken distaste for the dinner, a pronounced aversion for the Mexican race, and a determined opposition to Mr. Phelps's views concerning the Nicaragua canal and the silver question. His antagonism is not quite consistent with previously expressed opinions, and is altogether unlike the simple and manly expression of views which is ordinarily his nearest approach to argument. Toward Mrs. Phelps, and the scarcely serious opinions with which she now and then tempers the warmth of the discussion, he continues to show a somewhat exaggerated deference, and he gives himself a license in compliment equally unlike him, and reaching the extreme limit of good taste. But though Crawford's mood is neither a frank nor a simple one, he is conscious of the old-time sense of being incited to self-revelations by the girl's very inscrutability, and of feeling himself for the moment as lacking in self-control as a school-boy. He sends out the overdone omelet untouched, and frowns at the German-Mexican stew of boiled beef and lukewarm vegetables. He has always been accounted an even-tempered, agreeable fellow by his associates, not addicted to a petty irritation at trifles; but by the side of the bride's finished equanimity he feels his own tolerable breeding to be but a crude masculine affair, and he would willingly have escaped the tête-à-tête forced upon him by Mr. Phelps's long conference with the guide concerning the next day's excursion to the Barranca.

"You are responsible for a great falling off of enthusiasm about the railroad, Mrs. Phelps. I have n't sent a despatch to the directors for a week."

"Pray don't lay your sins of indolence and procrastination on my shoulders; nothing could be more undeserved."

"Even sins would become them, I am sure," he interposes; but the girl ignores the interruption.

"I have been most careful in my gratitude, for fear of leading you in your reckless generosity on to new efforts for our pleasure."

"You are always admirably careful, and it is like you to make a man think his selfishness is generosity. If you had made me feel a trifle *de trop*, that would have been more efficacious. I remember it never seemed quite time to go into the blue drawing-room."

"I think it must have been the easy-chair you were so fond of."

"I wonder if a woman is ever quite candid," with transparent irrelevancy.

"Probably not, if she is commendably polite."

"Which means to seem kindly sincere always."

"I cannot by any possibility associate you with misanthropy," laughing. "When did you become so skeptical about the sex?"

"Not in the West certainly; opportunities are too few."

Mrs. Phelps carefully dropped a small lump of sugar into her cup. "The Mexican coffee has a very peculiar flavor," she remarked, as she daintily tasted it.

"Peculiar would not be the word I should choose. Does any one in the world know positively, I wonder, what your dislikes are, Mrs. Phelps?"

"I dislike personalities extremely," smiling.

There was undoubtedly a peculiar charm in the girl's sympathetic smile, and it was difficult to tell whether her delightful prettiness, or her faultless manner, provoked the strong desire to share in her complete understanding of herself. The struggling fascination and repulsion of both the remote and near past seemed to the young fellow to have culminated in the feeling of the moment, and he was checked in the recklessness of his mood only by a definite knowledge of what the girl's attitude would be toward such an expression of it as he was tempted to make. Her taste was too fastidious, to say the least, for her to find pleasure or temptation in anything so unbecoming to a woman of self-respect and principle as any approach to an after-marriage flirtation. It was strange this assurance was not associated in his mind with a greater sense of approval. It almost seemed to him that the possibility of a lapse in some direction from the perfection of her conduct would be a relief to his irritation, and argue something in her which she lacked. Whether this feeling arose from personal disappointment and pique, or was a clear-sighted and righteous judgment, he was not sufficiently introspective to decide.

"When are you coming East again? We shall hope to make civilized life as attractive to you as you have made Mexico to us." The

bride spoke with becoming cordiality. There had been a scarcely appreciable pause in the conversation, if anything so desultory and unsatisfactory could be called a conversation.

"When our railroad goes through, perhaps I may come home in the rôle of a moneyed man."

"I am afraid in that case you will not find yourself in need of social attentions; but we may be able to protect you from the consequences of your success."

"Perhaps you may be able to choose a wife for me; I have the greatest faith in your discrimination," he had the extreme bad taste to say.

"You gave me credit for great caution a minute ago, and now you suggest a rashness which is quite appalling. Fancy being held responsible in such a matter!"

"Oh, but if you managed the affair, you would do it so cleverly I should never know how it came about."

Mr. Phelps came back at an opportune moment. "Mr. Crawford's indolence is beyond belief," said his wife, welcoming him with the ready smile which became her so well. She offered no explanation of the remark, and it was not unnatural that it should seem apropos of farther effort in the way of sight-seeing that evening.

The extreme inertia of the young engineer's attitude, as he leaned an elbow on the table, confirmed the impression.

Nevertheless it was at Crawford's suggestion that they strolled in the plaza again before bedtime. The band was still playing the soft, halting, passionate Mexican music, and the moon was shining on the orange-trees.

"It is an old Guadalajara tradition, brought over from Spain with the conquerors, for all I know," he explained with apparently recovered equanimity: "the little señoritas walk in procession one way around the plaza, and the little señors in procession the other way, which gives them the mild excitement of continually meeting and looking at one another. The élite who are too lazy to walk sit in a fringe of chairs around the edge of the promenade, and look on."

"It is a great pity so many of the señoritas wear old-fashioned Paris costumes, and the señors black coats and derby hats. They are too little and crooked and badly formed for the exposure of European clothes," remarked observant Mrs. Phelps.

But the European unpicturesqueness of the aristocracy was atoned for by the plebeians on the benches and in the street beyond, where the sombreros were as gorgeous as ever, and the serapes as brilliant. In front of the cathedral groups of Indians were selling tortillas by the light of flaring torches, and inside the old chapel the organ sounded softly. Black-shawled figures knelt in the dim light, and a young Mexican, with prostrate body, and supplicating arms stretched out before him on the bare, stone floor, prayed and worshiped in an unshamed southern abandon of devotion. They did not linger long in the chill and solemn place. The bride confessed herself quite tired out at last with the physical if not the emotional demands of the day. After one more promenade around the plaza with the procession of gentle señoras, whose carriages still waited on the far outskirts of the crowd, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps walked slowly back to the hotel, leaving the bachelor of the party to continue alone the unsuccessful search he professed to be making for a Guadalajara beauty, and to finish a package of cigarettes as he lounged on one of the benches. The married pair were silent with the privileged silence of even the newly married, as they climbed the broad steps of the patio to their spacious, meagerly furnished bedroom. Mrs. Phelps was already occupied in planning more comfortable arrangements for the night, but her husband opened one of the long windows, and stepped out on the little balcony which overhung the narrow street.

The night air was cool and refreshing. The music sounded clear and soft in the distance. The moonlight was white on the tower of the cathedral. The *portales* opposite were still thronged with an eager, picturesque crowd of Mexicans and Indians, buying and selling toys and dulces, enjoying the music and the festival with idle, pleasure-loving abandon. As Mr. Phelps stood there, the evil sights of the day haunted his thoughts persistently, and mingled strangely with the beauty and poetry of the night. The excitement of the afternoon still quickened his pulses. The somber questions of life, the dark and tragic records of humanity, seemed to underlie the consciousness of his own tender happiness as the murky shadows had trembled below the moon-touched spray of the fountain. He could not choose but speculate on the dark past and miserable present of this strange country, which depressed while it fascinated him with its romantic, cruel, brave history. He made the wrongs of the Indians his own, and the zeal and greed of the Spaniards. He tried to see the civilizing power of tyranny and injustice, the compensations of nature and art, and the final triumph of development. He was an optimist by nature and principle, but his optimism met with many difficulties in Mexico. It might be comparatively simple to explain the uses of life, and to form some vague unworthy conception of a possible destiny in the life beyond, if the soul always went out better and wiser for its pilgrimage here, or even if it always had a chance to. But what of the souls dwarfed by diseased, degraded bodies,

and only brutalized still farther by environment and contact with crime? What of a race whose progress toward civilization had been thwarted by oppression and cruelty? It was the old question brought home with new force.

And still over the darkness of the problem he speculated played the light and glamour of his joy. He was conscious that his sympathies were the more impervious for his own happiness. How could he be otherwise than content with this scheme of life and progress of humanity which bore for him a divine and blissful love as its perfect flower? Outside of the window was the vastness of the sky, the mystery of the stars, the crime-stained life of a strange foreign city, but inside of it was the reality of his still new and unbelievable happiness.

The great bare room seemed almost habitable with the coziness of home. An Indian woman was fanning the charcoal of the brazier into a bright little flame under the graceful-shaped pottery jar of hot water. It was his wife's pretty dressing-gown which hung over the back of a chair. It was his wife who was making practical little feminine preparations for the night, and who came out on the balcony by and by, and laid her soft cheek against his arm with a caressing touch which he could but interpret with the tenderness and passion of his own love.

If he did not speak of the deeper thoughts which were passing through his mind, his silence did no treason to that love. It bore within itself the solution of any question it might raise. The rich and generous overplus of his own feeling was sufficient to make good any possible poverty in his wife's nature.

As they stood there silently together, the day's pleasant companionship behind them, the night's happy nearness their own, how should he coldly and critically analyze her character? If it occurred to him to wonder at the apparently slight hold upon her sympathies or her memory the wretched sights of the day had taken, it was only to think tenderly, "How little a woman realizes the brutality of life even when she sees it! It is like an unreal spectacle to her; she cannot grasp it."

What were the thoughts of the solitary bachelor, meanwhile, as he sat on the bench under the orange-trees, smoking his mild cigarettes and watching the Guadalajara señoritas? Was he, too, filled with a tender admiration as he thought of the sweet-faced bride, and her placid progress through the day? Was he feeling the bitterness of envy and loneliness?

Crawford was a shrewd and able fellow, gifted with a peculiar quickness of insight, and a certain readiness in interpreting character by slight signs, gained perhaps by his life in the West, where so much often depends on the prompt judgment of a man or a circumstance. He was far from being a philosopher, but if he had been likely to shape his nebulous thoughts into words, they might perhaps have taken the form of this question: Does the tragedy of life lie oftener in the fulfilment, or in the denial of a man's desire? A question, alas! which only each life's inner history can reveal.

Or might his mood of critical dissatisfaction and disillusion have been best illustrated by the old fable of the grapes which hang high? The vintage suddenly seemed to him light if not sour, fit only for making the thinnest of Rhine wines, with no generous glow, no intoxicating ecstasy; and as he sipped it in imagination he felt a renewed appetite for hard work, and a continued irritation of temper. He soon wearied of the promenading señoritas, and lounged back to the hotel and his musty bedroom, where he spent no time in meditation on the moon-lighted balcony. "That dirty thief of a Mexican has stolen my gun-rod and swabs," he ejaculated with disgust, as he looked over his traps with a view to packing up for a mule-ride over the mountains.

But as he lay long in drowsy wakefulness before sinking into his usual sound and dreamless sleep, there passed senselessly through his mind the monotonous refrain of the handbills: "Seis toros á muerte! Seis!"

Something of the past, some old and treasured illusion, seemed to have perished with the dying bulls in the gaudy pageant of the arena. Was it the death of the matador, or that of the bull, which had crowned the tragedy? The denial or the fulfilment of a man's hope, which is life's cruelest consummation? "Seis toros á muerte! Seis!"

MOONLIGHT SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

EACH golden note of music greets
The listening leaves divinely stirred,
As if the vanished soul of Keats
Had found its new birth in a bird.

William H. Hayne.

THE TAORMINA NOTE-BOOK.

WHAT should there be in the glimmering lights of a poor fishing-village to fascinate me? Far below, a mile perhaps, I behold them in the darkness and the storm like some phosphorescence of the beach; I see the pale tossing of the surf beside them; I hear the continuous roar borne up and softened about these heights: and this is night at Taormina. There is a weirdness in the scene — the feeling without the reality of mystery; and at evening, I know not why, I cannot sleep without stepping upon the terrace or peering through the panes to see those lights. At morning the charm has flown from the shore to the further heights above me. I glance at the vast banks of southward-lying cloud that envelop Etna, like deep fog upon the ocean; and then, inevitably, my eyes seek the double summit of the Taorminian mountain, rising nigh at hand a thousand feet, almost sheer, less than half a mile westward. The nearer height, precipice-faced, towers full in front with its crowning ruined citadel, and discloses just below the peak, on an arm of rock toward its right, a hermitage church among the heavily hanging mists. The other horn of the massive hill, somewhat more remote, behind and to the old castle's left, exposes on its slightly loftier crest the edge of a hamlet. It, too, is cloud-wreathed — the lonely crag of Mola. Over these hilltops, I know, mists will drift and touch all day; and often they darken threateningly, and creep softly down the slopes, and fill the next-lying valley, and roll, and lift again, and reveal the flank of Monte d'Oro northward on the far-reaching range. As I was walking the other day, with one of these floating showers gently blowing in my face down this defile, I noticed, where the mists hung in fragments from the cloud out over the gulf, how like air-shattered arches they groined the profound ravine; and thinking how much of the romantic charm which delights lovers of the mountains and the sea springs from such Gothic moods of nature, I felt for a moment something of the pleasure of recognition in meeting with this northern and familiar element in the Sicilian landscape.

One who has grown to be at home with nature cannot be quite a stranger anywhere on earth. In new lands I find the poet's old domain. It is not only from the land-side that these intimations of old acquaintance come. When my eyes leave, as they will, the near girdle of rainy mountain-tops, and range home at last upon the sea, something familiar is there too,— that which I have always known,— but marvelously transformed and heightened in beauty and power. Such sudden glints of sunshine in the offing through unseen rents of heaven, as brilliant as in mid-ocean, I have beheld a thousand times, but here they remind me rather of cloud-lights on far Western plains; and where have I seen those still tracts of changeful color, iridescent under the silvery vapors of noon; or, when the weather freshens and darkens, those whirlpools of pure emerald bright in the gray expanse of storm? They seem like memories of what has been, made fairer. One recurring scene has the same fascination for my eyes as the fishers' lights. It is a simple picture: only an arm of mist thrusting out from yonder lowland by the little cape, and making a near horizon, where, for half an hour, the waves break with great dashes of purple and green, deep and angry, against the insubstantial mole. All day I gaze on these sights of beauty until it seems that nature herself has taken on nobler forms forever more. When the mountain storm beats the pane at midnight, or the distant lightnings awake me in the hour before dawn, I can forget in what climate I am; but the oblivion is conscious, and half a memory of childhood nights: in an instant comes the recollection, "I am on the coasts, and these are the couriers, of Etna."

The very rain is strange: it is charged with obscure personality; it is the habitation of a new presence, a storm-genius that I have never known; it is born of Etna, whence all things here have being and draw nourishment. It is not rain, but the rain-cloud, spread out over the valleys, the precipices, the sounding beaches, the ocean-plain; it is not a storm, but a season. It does not rise with the moist Hyades, or ride with cloudy Orion in the Mediterranean night; it does not pass like Atlantic tempests on great world-currents: it remains. Its home is upon Etna; thence it comes and thither it returns; it gathers and disperses, lightens and darkens, blows and is silent, and though it suffer the clear north wind, or the west, to divide its veils with heaven, again it draws the folds together

about its abode. It obeys only Etna, who sends it forth; then with clouds and thick darkness the mountain hides its face: it is the Sicilian winter.

II.

But Etna does not withdraw continuously from its children even in this season. On the third day, at farthest, I was told it would bring back the sun; and I was not deceived. Two days it was closely wrapped in impenetrable gray; but the third morning, as I threw open my casement and stepped out upon the terrace, I saw it, like my native winter, expanding its broad flanks under the double radiance of dazzling clouds spreading from its extreme summit far out and upward, and of the snow-fields whose long fair drifts shone far down the sides. Villages and groves were visible, clothing all the lower zone, and between lay the plain. It seemed near in that air, but it is twelve miles away. From the sea-dipping base to the white cone the slope measures more than twenty miles, and as many more conduct the eye downward to the western fringe — a vast bulk; yet one does not think of its size as he gazes, so large a tract the eye takes in, but no more realizes than it does the distance of the stars. High up, forests peer through the ribbed snows, and extinct craters stud the frozen scene with round hollow mounds innumerable. A thousand features, but it remains one mighty mountain. How natural it seems for it to be sublime! It is the peer of the sea and of the sky. All day it flashed and darkened under the rack, and I rejoiced in the sight, and knew why Pindar called it the pillar of heaven; and at night it hooded itself once more with the winter cloud.

III.

Would you see this land as I see it? Come then, since Etna gives a fair, pure morning, up over the shelving bank to the great eastern spur of Taormina, where stood the hollow theater, now in ruins, and above it the small temple with which the Greeks surmounted the highest point. It is such a spot as they often chose for their temples; but none ever commanded a more noble prospect. The far-shining sea, four or five hundred feet below, washes the narrow, precipitous descent, and on each hand is disclosed the whole of that side of Sicily which faces the rising sun. To the left and northward are the level straits, with the Calabrian mountains opposite, thinly sown with light snow, as far as the Cape of Spartivento, distinctly seen, though forty miles away; in front expands the open sea; straight to the south runs the indented coast, bay and beach, point after point, to where, sixty miles distant, the great blue promontory of Syracuse makes far out. On the land-side Etna fills the south with its lifted snow-fields, now smoke-plumed at the languid cone; and thence, though lingeringly, the eye ranges nearer over the intervening plain to the well-wooded ridge of Castiglione, and, next, to the round solitary top of Monte Maestra, with its long shoreward descent, and comes to rest on the height of Taormina overhead, with its hermitage of Santa Maria della Rocca, its castle, and Mola. Yet further off, at the head of the defile, looms the barren summit of Monte Venere, with Monte d'Oro and other hills in the foreground, and northward, peak after peak, travels the close Messina range.

A landscape of sky, sea, plain, and mountains, great masses majestically grouped, grand in contour! Yet to call it sublime does not render the impression it makes upon the soul. Sublime, indeed, it is at times, and dull were he whose heart from hour to hour awe does not visit here; but constantly the scene is beautiful, and yields that delight which dwells unwearied with the soul. One may be seldom touched to the exaltation which sublimity implies, but to take pleasure in loveliness is the habit of one who lives as Heaven made him; and what characterizes this landscape and sets it apart is the permanence of its beauty, its perpetual and perfect charm through every change of light and weather, and in every quarter of its heaven and earth, felt equally whether the eye sweeps the great circuit with its vision, or pauses on the nearer features, for they, too, are wonderfully composed. This hill of my station falls down for half a mile with broken declivities, and then becomes the Cape of Taormina, and takes its steep plunge into the sea. Yonder picturesque peninsula to its left, diminished by distance and strongly relieved on the purple waves, is the Cape of Sant' Andrea, and beside it a cluster of small islands lies nearer inshore. On the other side, to the right of our own cape, shines our port, with Giardini, the village of my fishers' lights, the beach with its boats, and the white main road winding in the narrow level between the bluffs and the sands. The port is guarded on the south by the peninsula of Schiso, where ancient Naxos stood; and just beyond, the river Alcantara cuts the plain and flows to the sea. At the other extremity, northward of Sant' Andrea, is the cove of Letojanni, with its village, and then, perhaps eight miles away, the bold headland of Sant' Alessio closes the shore view with a mass of rock that in former times completely shut off the land approach hither, there being no passage over it, and none around it except by the strip of sand when the sea was quiet. All this ground, with its sev-

eral villages, from Sant' Alessio to the Alcantara, and beyond into the plain, was anciently the territory of Taormina.

The little city itself lies on its hill, between the bright shore and the gray old castle, on a crescent-like terrace whose two horns jut out into the air like capes. The northern one of these is my station, the site of the old temple and the amphitheater; the southern one opposite shows the façade of the Dominican convent; and the town circles between, possibly a mile from spur to spur. Here and there long broken lines of the ancient wall, black with age, stride the hillside. A round Gothic tower, built as if for warfare, a square belfry, a ruined gateway, stand out among the humble roofs. Gardens of orange- and lemon-trees gleam like oblong parks, principally on the upper edge toward the great rock. If you will climb, as I have done, the craggy plateau close by, which overhangs the theater and obstructs the view of the extreme end of the town at this point, from its level face, rough with the plants of the prickly-pear, you will see a cross on an eminence just below, and the gate toward Messina.

The face of the country is bare. Here beneath, where the main ravine of Taormina cuts into the earth between the two spurs of the city, are terraces of fruit-trees and vegetables, and, wherever the naked rock permits, similar terraces are seen on the castle hill and every less steep slope, looking as if they would slide off. Almond- and olive-trees cling and climb all over the hillsides, but their boughs do not clothe the country. It is gray to look at, because of the masses of natural rock everywhere cropping out, and also from the substructure of the terraces, which, seen from below, present banks of the same gray stone. The only color is given by the fan-like plants of the prickly-pear, whose flat, thick-lipped, pear-shaped leaves, stuck with thorns, and often extruding their reddish fruit from the edge, lend a dull green to the scene. This plant grows everywhere, like wild bush, to a man's height, covering the otherwise infertile soil, and the goats crop it. A closer view shows patches of wild candytuft and marigolds, like those at my feet, and humble purple and blue blossoms hang from crannies or run over the stony turf; but these are not strong enough to be felt in the prevalent tones. The blue of ocean, the white of Etna, the gray of Taormina—this is the scene.

Three ways connect the town with the lower world. The modern carriage-road runs from the Messina gate, and, quickly dropping behind the northern spur, winds in great serpentine loops between the Campo Santo below and old wayside tombs, Roman and Arabic, above, until it slowly opens on the southern outlook, and, after two miles of tortuous courses above the lovely coves, comes out on the main road along the coast. The second way starts from the other end of the town, the gate toward Etna, and goes down more precipitously along the outer flank of the southern spur, with Mola (here shifted to the other side of the castle hill) closing the deep ravine behind; and at last it empties into the torrent of Selina, in whose bed it goes on to Giardini. The third, or short way, leaps down the great hollow of the spurs, and yet keeps to a ridge between the folds of the ravine which it discloses on each side, with here and there a contadino cutting rock on the steep hillsides, or a sportsman wandering with his dog; or often at twilight, from some coign of vantage, you may see the goats trooping home across the distant sands by the sea. It debouches through great limestone quarries on the main road. There, seen from below, Taormina comes out—a cape, a town, and a hill. It is, in fact, a long, steep, broken ridge, shaped like a wedge; one end of the broad face dips into the sea, the other, high on land, exposes swelling bluffs; its back bears the town, its point lifts the castle.

This is the Taorminian land. What a quietude hangs over it! How poor, how mean, how decayed the little town now looks amid all this silent beauty of enduring nature! It could not have been always so. This theater at my feet, hewn in the living rock, flanked at each end by great piers of massive Roman masonry, and showing broken columns thick strewn in the midst of the broad orchestra, tells of ancient splendor and populousness. The narrow stage still stands, with nine columns in position in two groups; part are shattered halfway up, part are yet whole, and in the gap between the groups shines the lovely sea with the long southern coast, set in the beauty of these ruins as in a frame. Here Attic tragedies were once played, and Roman gladiators fought. The inclosure is large, much over a hundred yards in diameter. It held many thousands. Whence came the people to fill it? I noticed by the roadside, as I came up, Saracenic tombs. I saw in the first square I entered those small Norman windows, with the lovely pillars and the round arch. On the ancient church I have observed the ornamentation and moldings of Byzantine art. The Virgin with her crown, over the fountain, was paltry enough, but I saw that this was originally a mermaid's statue. A water-clock here, a bath there; in all quarters I come on some slight, poor relics of other ages; and always in the faces of the people, where every race seems to have set its seal, I see the ruins of time. These echoes are not all of far-off things. That lookout below was a station of English can-

non, I am told; and the bluff over Giardini, beyond the torrent, takes its name from the French tents pitched there long ago. The old walls can be traced for five miles, but now the circuit is barely two. I wonder, as I go down to my room in the Casa Timeo, what was the past of this silent town, now so shrunken from its ancient limits; and who, I ask myself, was Timeo?

IV.

I THOUGHT when I first saw the inaccessibility of this mountain-keep that I should have no walks except upon the carriage-road; but I find there are paths innumerable. Leap the low walls where I will, I come on unsuspected ways broad enough for man and beast. They run down the hillsides in all directions, and are ever dividing as they descend, like the branching streams of a waterfall. Some are rudely paved, and hemmed by low walls; others are mere footways on the natural rock and earth, often edging precipices, and opening short cross-cuts in the most unexpected places, not without a suggestion of peril, to make eye and foot alert, and to infuse a certain wild pleasure into the exercise. The multiplicity of these paths is a great boon to the lover of beauty, for here one charm of Italian landscape exists in perfection. Every few moments the scene rearranges itself in new combinations, as on the Riviera or at Amalfi, and makes an endless succession of lovely pictures. The infinite variety of these views is not to be imagined unless it has been witnessed; and besides the magic wrought by mere change of position, there is also a constant transformation of tone and color from hour to hour, as the lights and shadows vary, and from day to day, with the unsettled weather.

Yet who could convey to black-and-white speech the sense of beauty which is the better part of my rambles? It is only to say that here I went up and down on the open hillsides, and there I followed the ridges or kept the cliff-line above the fair coves; that now I dropped down into the vales, under the shade of olive and lemon branches, and wound by the gushing streams through the orchards. In every excursion I make some discovery, and bring home some golden store for memory. Yesterday I found the olive slopes over Letojanni — beautiful old gnarled trees, such as I have never seen except where the nightingales sing by the eastern shore of Spezzia. I did not doubt when I was told that these orchards yield the sweetest oil in the world. It was the lemon harvest, and everywhere were piles of the pale yellow fruit heaped like apples under the slender trees, with a gatherer here and there; for this is always a landscape of solitary figures. To-day I found the little beach of San Nicolo, not far from the same place. I kept inland, going down the hollow by the Campo Santo, where there is a cool, gravelly stream in a dell that is like a nook in the Berkshire hills, and then along the upland on the skirts of Monte d'Oro, till by a sharp turn seaward I came out through a marble quarry where men were working with what seemed slow implements on the gray or party-colored stone. I passed through the rather silent group, who stopped to look at me, and a short distance beyond I crossed the main road, and went down by a stream to the shore. I found it strewn with seaside rock, as a hundred other beaches are, but none with rocks like these. They were marble, red or green, or shot with variegated hues, with many a soft gray, mottled or wavy-lined; and the sea had polished them. Very lovely they were, and shone where the low wave gleamed over them. I had wondered at the profusion of marbles in Italian churches, but I had not thought to find them wild on a lonely Sicilian beach. Once or twice already I had seen a block rosy in the torrent-beds, and it had seemed a rare sight; but here the whole shore was piled and inlaid with the beautiful stone.

I have learned now that Taormina is famous for these marbles. Over thirty varieties were sent to the Vienna Exhibition, and they won the prize. I got this information from the keeper of the Communal Library, with whom I have made friends. He recalls to my memory the ship that Hieron of Syracuse gave to Ptolemy, wonderful for its size. It had twenty banks of rowers, three decks, and space to hold a library, a gymnasium, gardens with trees in them, stables, and baths, and towers for assault, and it was provided by Archimedes with many ingenious mechanical devices. The wood of sixty ordinary galleys was required for its construction. I describe it because its architect, Filea, was a Taorminian by birth, and esteemed in his day second only to Archimedes in his skill in mechanics; and in lining the baths of this huge galley he used these beautiful Taorminian marbles. My friend the librarian told me also, with his Sicilian burr, of the wine of Taormina, the Eugenæan, which was praised by Pliny, and used at the sacred feasts of Rome; but now, he said sadly, the grape had lost its flavor.

The sugar-cane, which flourished in later times, is also gone. But the mullet that is celebrated in Juvenal's verse, and the lampreys that once went to better Alexandrian luxury, are still the spoil of the fishers, the shrimps are delicate to the palate, and the marbles will endure as long as this rock itself. The rock lasts, and the sea. The most an-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

GREEK THEATER. ETNA IN THE DISTANCE

cient memory here is of them, for this is the shore of Charybdis. It is stated in Sallust and other Latin authors, as well as by writers throughout the middle ages, that all which was swallowed up in the whirlpool of the straits, after being carried beneath the sea for miles, was finally cast up on the beach beneath the hill of Taormina.

The rock and the sea were finely blended in one of my first discoveries in the land, and in consequence they have seemed, to my imagination, more closely united here than is common. On a stormy afternoon I had strolled down the main road, and was walking toward Letojanni. I came, after a little, to a great cliff that overhung the sea, with room for the road to pass beneath; and as I drew near I heard a strange sound, a low roaring, a deep-toned reverberation, that seemed not to come from the breaking waves, loud on the beach: it was a more solemn, a more piercing and continuous sound. It was from the rock itself. The grand music of the rolling sea beneath was taken up by the hollowed cliff, and reëchoed with a mighty volume of sound from invisible sources. It seemed the voice of the rock, as if by long sympathy and neighborhood in that lonely place the cliff were interpenetrated with the sea-music, and had become resonant of itself with those living harmonies heard only in the Psalmist's song. It seemed a lyre for the centuries; and I thought over how many a conqueror, how many a race, that requiem had been lifted upon it as they passed to their death on this shore. I came back slowly in the twilight, and was roused from my reverie by the cold wind breathing on me as I reached the top of the hill, pure and keen and frosted like the bright December breezes of my own land. It was the kiss of Etna on my cheek.

V.

WILL you hear the legend of Taormina?—for in these days I dare not call it history. Noble and romantic it is, and age-long. I had not hoped to recover it; but my friend the librarian has brought me books in which patriotic Taorminians have written the story celebrating their dear city. I was touched by the simplicity with which he informed me that the town authorities had been unwilling to waste on a passing stranger these little paper-bound memorials of their city. "But," he said, "I told them I had given you my word." So I possess these books with a pleasant association of Sicilian honor, and I have read them with real interest. As I turned the pages I was reminded once more how impossible it is to know the past. The past survives in human institutions, in the temperament of races, and in the creations of ideal art; but only in the last is it immortal. Custom and law are for an age; race after race is pushed to the sea, and dies; only epic and saga and psalm have one date with man, one destiny with the breath of his lips, one silence at the last with them. Least of all does the past survive in the living memories of men. Here and there the earth cherishes a coin or a statue, the desert embalms some solitary city, a few leagues of rainless air preserve on rock and column the lost speech of Nile; so the mind of man holds in dark places, or lifts to living fame, no more than ruins and fragments of the life that was. I have been a diligent reader of books in my time; and here in an obscure corner of the Old World I find a narrative studded with noble names, not undistinguished by stirring deeds, and, save for the great movements of history and a few shadowy figures, it is all fresh to my mind. I have looked on three thousand years of human life upon this hill; something of what they have yielded, if you will have patience with such a tract of time, I will set down.

My author is Monsignore Giovanni di Giovanni, a Taorminian, who flourished in the last century. He was a man of vast erudition, and there is in his pages that Old World learning which delights me. He was born before the days of historic doubt. He tells a true story. To allege an authority is with him to prove a fact, and to cite all writers who repeat the original source is to render truth impregnable. Rarely does he show any symptom of the modern malady of incredulity. *Scripta littera* is reason enough, unless the fair fame of his city chances to be at stake. He was really learned, and I do wrong to seem to diminish his authority. He was a patient investigator of manuscripts, and did important service to Sicilian history. The simplicity I have alluded to affects mainly the ecclesiastical part of his narrative. A few statements also in regard to the prehistoric period might disturb the modern mind, but I own to finding in them the charm of lost things. In my mental provinces I welcome the cave-man, the flint-maker, the lake-dweller, and all their primitive tribes to the abode of science; but I feel them to be intruders in my antiquity. I was brought up on quite other chronologies, and I still like a history that begins with the flood. I will not, however, ask any one of more serious mind to go back with Monsignore and myself to the era of autochthonous Sicily, when the children of the Cyclops inhabited the land, and Demeter in her search for Proserpina wept on this hill, and Charybdis lay stretched out under these bluffs watching the sea. It is precise enough to say that Taormina began eighty years before the Trojan War. Very dimly, it must be acknowledged, the ancient Sicani are seen arriving and driven, like all doomed races, south and west out of the land, and in their place the Siculi flourish, and a Samnite colony voyages over the straits from Italy and joins them. Here for three centuries these sparse communities lived along these heights in fear of the sea pirates, and warred confusedly from their mainhold on Mount Taurus, or the Bull, so called because the two summits of the mountain from a distance resemble a bull's horns; and they left no other memory of themselves.

Authentic history begins toward the end of the eighth century before our era. It is a bright burst; for then, down by yonder green-foaming rock, the young Greek mariners leaped on the strand. This was their first land-fall in Sicily; that rock, their Plymouth; and here, doubtless, the alarmed mountaineers stood in their fastness and watched the bearers of the world's torch, and knew them not, bringing daybreak to the dark island forevermore, but fought, as barbarism will, against the light, and were at last made friends with it—a chance that does not always befall. Then quickly rose the lowland city of Naxos, and by the river sprang up the temple to Guiding Apollo, the earliest shrine of the Sicilian Greeks, where they came ever afterward to pray for a prosperous voyage when they would go across the sea, homeward. They were from the first a fighting race; and decade by decade the cloud of war grew heavier on each horizon, southward from Syracuse and northward from Messina, and swords beat fiercer and stronger with the rivalries of growing states—battles dimly discerned now. A single glimpse flashes out on the page of Thucydides. He relates that when once the Messenians threatened Naxos with overthrow, the mountaineers rushed down from the heights in great numbers to the relief

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

A GIRL OF THE OLD GREEK TYPE.

of their Greek neighbors, and routed the enemy and slew many. This is the first blood-stain, clear and bright, on our Taorminian land. Shall I add, from the few relics of that age, that Pythagoras, on the journey he undertook to establish the governments of the Sicilian cities, wrought miracles here, curing a mad lover of his frenzy by music, and being present on this hill and at Metaponto the same day—a thing not to be done without magic? But at last we see plainly Alcibiades coasting along below, and the ill-fated Athenians wintering in the port, and horsemen going out from Naxos toward Etna on the side of Athens in the death-struggle of her glory. And then, suddenly, after the second three hundred years, all is over, the Greek city betrayed, sacked, destroyed, Naxos trodden out under the foot of Dionysius the tyrant.

Other fortune awaited him a few years later when he came again, and our city (which, one knows not when, had been walled and fortified) stood its first historic siege. Dionysius arrived in the dead of winter. Snow and ice—I can hardly credit it—whitened and roughened these ravines, a new ally to the besieged; but the tyrant thought to betray them by a false security in such a season. On a bitter night, when clouds hooded the hilltop, and mists rolled low about its flanks, he climbed unobserved, with his forces, up these precipices, and gained two outer forts which gave footways to the walls; but the town roused at the sound of arms and the cries of the guards, and came down to the fray, and fought until six hundred of the foe fell dead, others with wounds surrendered, and the rest fled headlong, with Dionysius among them, hard pressed, and staining the snow with his blood as he went. This was the city's first triumph.

Not only with brave deeds did Taormina begin, but, as a city should, with a great man. He was really great, this Andromachus. Do you not remember him out of Plutarch, and the noble words that have been his immortal memory among men? "This man was incomparably the best of all those that bore sway in Sicily at that time, governing his citizens according to law and justice, and openly professing an aversion and enmity to all tyrants." Was the defeat of Dionysius the first of his youthful exploits, as some say? I cannot determine; but it is certain that he gathered the surviving exiles of Naxos, and gave them this plateau to dwell upon, and it was no longer called Mount Taurus, as had been the wont, but Tauromenium, or the Abiding-place of the Bull. A few years later Andromachus performed the signal action of his life by befriending Timoleon, as great a character, in my eyes, as Plutarch records the glory of. Timoleon had set out from Corinth, at the summons of his Greek countrymen, to restore the liberty of Syracuse, then tyrannized over by the second Dionysius; and because Andromachus, in his stronghold of Taormina, hated tyranny, Plutarch says, he "gave Timoleon leave to muster up his troops there and to make that city the seat of war, persuading the inhabitants to join their arms with the Corinthian forces and to assist them in the design of delivering Sicily." It was on our beach that Timoleon disembarked, and from our city he went forth to the conquest foretold by the wreath that fell upon his head as he prayed at Delphi, and by the prophetic fire that piloted his ship over the sea. The Carthaginians came quickly after him from Reggio, where he had eluded them, for they were in alliance with the tyrant; and from their vessels they parleyed with Andromachus in the port. With an insolent gesture, the envoy, raising his hand, palm up, and turning it lightly over, said that even so, and with such ease, would he overturn the little city; and Andromachus, mock-

ing his hand-play, answered that if he did not leave the harbor, even so would he upset his galley. The Carthaginians sailed away. The city remained firm-perched. Timoleon prospered, brought back liberty to Syracuse, ruled wisely and nobly, and gave to Sicily those twenty years of peace which were the flower of her Greek annals. Then, we must believe, rose the little temple on our headland, the Greek theater where the tongue of Athens

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE CATANIA GATE.

lived, the gymnasium where the youths grew fair and strong. Then Taormina struck her coins: Apollo with the laurel, with the lyre, with the grape; Dionysus with the ivy, and Zeus with the olive; for the gods and temples of the Naxians had become ours, and were religiously cherished; and with the rest was struck a coin with the Minotaur, our symbol. But of Andromachus, the founder of the well-built and fairly adorned Greek city that then rose, we hear no more — a hero, I think, one of the true breed of the founders of states.

But alas for liberty! A new tyrant, Agathocles, was soon on the Syracusan throne, and he won this city by friendly professions, only to empty it by treachery and murder; and he drove into exile Timæus, the son of Andromachus. Timæus? He, evidently, of my Casa Timeo. I know him now, the once famed historian whom Cicero praises as the most erudite in history of all writers up to his time, most copious in facts and various in comment, not unpolished in style, eloquent, and distinguished by terse and charming expression. Ninety years he lived in the Greek world, devoted himself to history, and produced many works, now lost. The ancient writers read him, and from their criticism it is clear that he was marked by a talent for invective, was given to sharp censure, and loved the bitter part of truth. He introduced precision and detail into his art, and is credited with being the first to realize the importance of chronology and to seek exactness in it. He never saw again his lovely birthplace, and I easily forgive to the exile and the son of Andromachus the vigor with which he depicted the crimes of Agathocles and others of the tyrants. In our city, meanwhile, the Greek genius waning to its extinction, Tyndarion ruled; and in his time Pyrrhus came hither to repulse the ever-invading power of Carthage. But he was little more than a shedder of blood; he accomplished nothing, and I name him only as one of the figures of our beach.

The day of Greece was gone; but those two clouds of war still hung on the horizon, north and south, with ever darker tempest. Instead of Syracuse and Messina, Carthage and the new name of Rome now sent them forth, and over this island they encountered. Our city, true to its ancient tradition, became Rome's ever-faithful ally, as you may read in the poem of Silius Italicus, and was dignified by treaty with the title of a confederate city; and of this fact Cicero reminded the judges when in that famous trial he thundered against Verres, the spoiler of our Sicilian province, and with the other cities defended this of ours, whose people had signalized their hatred of the Roman pretor by overthrowing his statue in the market-place and sparing the pedestal, as they said, to be an eternal memorial of his infamy. From the Roman age, however, I take but two episodes, for I find that to write this town's history were to write the history of half the Mediterranean world. When the slaves rose in the Servile War, they intrenched themselves on this hill, and in their hands the city bore its siege by the Roman consul as hardily as was ever its custom. Cruel they were, no doubt, and vindictive. With horror Monsignore relates that they were so resolved not to yield that, starving, they ate their children, their wives, and one another; and he rejoices when they were at last betrayed and massacred, and this disgrace was wiped away. I hesitate. I cannot feel regret when those whom man has made brutal answer brutally to their oppressors. I have enough of the old Taorminian spirit to

remember that the slaves, too, fought for liberty. I am sorry for those penned and dying men; their famine and slaughter in these walls were least horrible for their part in the catastrophe, if one looks through what they did to what they were, and remembers that the civilization they violated had stripped them of humanity. After the slave, I make room — for whom else than imperial Augustus? Off this shore he defeated Sextus Pompey, and he thought easily to subdue the town above when he summoned it. But Taormina was always a loyal little place, and it would not yield without a siege. Then Augustus, sitting down before it, prayed in our temple of Guiding Apollo that he might have the victory; and as he walked by the beach afterward a fish threw itself out of the water before him — an omen, said the diviners, that even so the Pompeians, who held the seas, after many turns of varied fortune, should be brought to his feet. Pompey returned with a fleet, and in these waters again the battle was fought and Augustus lost it, and the siege was raised. But when a third time the trial of naval strength was essayed, and the cause of the Pompeians ruined, Augustus remembered the city that had defied him, sent its inhabitants into exile, and planted a Roman colony in its place. Latin was now the language here. The massive grandeur of Roman architecture replaced the old Greek structures. The amphitheater was enlarged and renewed in its present form, villas of luxury bordered the coasts as in Campania, and coins were struck in the Augustan name.

The Roman domination in its turn slowly moved to its fall; and where should the new age begin more fitly than in this city of beginnings? As of old the Greek torch first gleamed here: here first on Sicilian soil was the Cross planted. The gods of Olympus had many temples about the hill-slopes, shrines of venerable antiquity even in those days; but if the monkish chronicles be credited, the new faith signalized its victory rather over three strange idolatries — the worship of Falcone, of Lissone, and of Scamandro, a goddess. I refuse to believe that the citizens were accustomed to sacrifice three youths annually to Falcone; and as for the other two deities, little is known of them except that their destruction marked the advent of the young religion. Pancrazio was the name of him who was destined to be our patron saint through the coming centuries. He was born in Antioch, and when a child of three years, going with his father into Judea, he had seen the living Christ; now, grown into manhood, he was sent by St. Peter to spread the gospel in the isles of the sea. He disembarked on our beach, and forthwith threw Lissone's image into the waves, and with it a holy dragon which was coiled about it like a garment and was fed with sacrifices; and he shattered with his cross the great idol Scamandro: and so Taormina became Christian, welcomed St. Peter on his way to Rome, and entered on the long new age. It was here, as elsewhere, the age of martyrs — Pancrazio first, and after him Geminiano, guided hither with his mother by an angel; and then San Nicone, who suffered with his one hundred and ninety-nine brother monks, and Sepero and Corneliano with their sixty; the age of monks — Luca, who fled from his bridal to live on Etna, with fasts, visions, and prophecies; and, later, simple-minded Daniele, the follower of St. Elia, of whom there is more to be recorded; the age of bishops, heard in Roman councils and the palace of Byzantium, of whom two only are of singular interest — Zaccaria, who was deprived, evidently the ablest in mind and policy of all the succession, once a great figure in the disputes of East and West; and Procopio,

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

A NORMAN RUIN — THE "BADIA VECCHIA."

whom the Saracens slew, for the Crescent now followed the Cross.

The ancient war-cloud had again gathered out of Africa. The Saracens were in the land, and every city had fallen except Syracuse and Taormina. For sixty years the former held out, and our city for yet another thirty, the sole refuge of the Christians. Signs of the impending destruction were first seen by that St. Elia already mentioned, who wandered hither, and was displeased by the manners and morals of the citizens. I am sorry to record that Monsignore believed his report, for only here is there mention of such a matter. "The citizens," says my author, "lived in luxury and

pleasure not becoming to a state of war. They saw on all sides the fields devastated, houses burnt, wealth plundered, cities given to the flames, friends and companions killed or reduced to slavery, yet was there no vice, no sin, that did not rule unpunished among them." Therefore the saint preached the woe to come, and, turning to the governor, Constantine Patrizio, in his place in the cathedral, he appealed to him to restrain his people. "Let the philosophy of the Gentiles," he exclaimed, "be your

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

A TYPE OF OLD TAORMINIAN WOMAN.

shame. Epaminondas, that illustrious *condottiere*, strictly restrained himself from intemperance, from every lust, every allurement of pleasure. So, also, Scipio, the Roman leader, was valorous through the same continence as Epaminondas; and therefore they brought back signal victory, one over the Spartans, the other over the Carthaginians, and both erected immortal trophies." He promised them mercy with repentance, but ended threateningly, "So far as in me lies I have clearly foretold to you all that has been divinely revealed to me. If you believe my words, like the penitents of Nineveh, you shall find mercy; if you despise my admonitions, bound and captive you shall be reduced to the worst slavery." He prophesied yet more in private. He went to the house of a noble citizen, Crisione, who esteemed him as a father, and, lying in bed, he said to him: "Do you see, Crisione, the bed in which I now lie? In this same bed shall Ibrahim sleep, hungry for human blood, and the walls of the rooms shall see many of the most distinguished persons of this city all together put to the edge of the sword." Then he left the house and went to the square in the center of the city, and, standing there, he lifted his garments above the knee. Whereupon simple Daniele, who always followed him about, marveling asked, "What does this thing mean, father?" The old man had his answer ready: "Now I see rivers of blood running, and these proud and magnificent buildings which you see exalted shall be destroyed even to the foundations by the Saracens." And the monk fled from the doomed city, like a true prophet, and went overseas.

The danger was near, but perhaps not more felt than it must always have been where the prayer for defense against the Saracens had gone up for a hundred years in the cathedral. The governor, however, had taken pains to add to the strength of the city by strong fortifications upon Mola. Ahulabras came under the walls, but gave over the ever unsuccessful attempt to take the place, and went on to ruin Reggio beyond the straits. When it was told to his father Ibrahim that Tabermina, as the Saracens called it, had again been passed by, he cried out upon his son, "He is degenerate, degenerate! He took his nature from his mother and not from his father; for, had he been born from me, surely his sword would not have spared the Christians!" Therefore he recalled him to the home government, and came himself and sat down before the city. The garrison was small and insufficient, but, says my author, following old chronicles, "youths, old men, and children, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, fearing outrage and all that slavery would expose them to, all spontaneously offered themselves to fight in this holy war even to death: with such courage did love of country and religious zeal inspire the citizens." Ibrahim had other weapons than the sword. He first corrupted the captains of the Greek fleet, who were afterward condemned for the treason at Byzantium. Then, all being ready, he promised some Ethiopians of his army, who are described as of a ferocious nature and harsh aspect, that he would give them the city for booty, besides other gifts, if they would devote themselves to the bold undertaking. The catastrophe deserves to be told in Monsignore's own words:

> This people, accustomed to rapine, allured by the riches of the Taorminians and the promises of the king, with the aid of the traitors entered unexpectedly into the city, and with bloody swords and mighty cries and clamor assailed the citizens. Meanwhile King Ibrahim, having entered with all his army by a secret gate under the fortress of Mola, thence called the gate of the Saracens, raged against the citizens with such unexpected and cruel slaughter that not only neither the weakness of sex, nor tender years, nor reverence for hoary age, but not even the abundance of blood that like torrents flowed down the ways, touched to pity that ferocious heart. The soldiers, masters of the beautiful and wealthy city, divided among them the riches and goods of the citizens according as to each one the lot fell; they leveled to the ground the magnificent buildings,

public or private, sacred or profane, all that were proudest for amplitude, construction, and ornament; and that not even the ruins of ancient splendor should remain, all that had survived they gave to the flames.

This city, which the Saracens destroyed, is the one the Taorminians cherish as the culmination of their past. In the Greek, the Roman, and the early Christian ages it had flourished, as both its ruins and its history attest, and much must have yet survived from those times; while its station as the only Christian stronghold in the island would naturally have attracted wealth hither for safety. In this first sack of the Saracens, the ancient city must have perished, but the destruction could hardly have been so thorough as is represented, since some of the churches themselves, in their present state, show Byzantine workmanship.

There remains one bloody and characteristic episode to Ibrahim's victory. The king, says the Arab chronicler, was pious and naturally compassionate, but on this occasion he forgot his usual mildness. In the midst of fire and blood he ordered the soldiers to search the caverns of the hills, and they dragged forth many prisoners, among whom was the bishop Procopio. The king spoke to him gently and nobly: "Because you are wise and old, O Bishop, I exhort you with soft words to obey my advice, and to have foresight for your own safety and that of your companions; otherwise you shall suffer what your fellow-citizens have suffered from me. If you will embrace my laws, and deny the Christian religion, you shall have the second place after me, and shall be more dear to me than all the Agarenes." The prelate only smiled. Then, full of wrath, the king said: "Do you smile while you are my prisoner? Know you not in whose presence you are?" "I smile truly," came the answer, "because I see you are inspired by a demon who puts these words into your mouth." Furious, the king called to his attendants, "Quick, break open his breast, tear out his heart, that we may see and understand the secrets of his mind." While the command was being executed, Procopio reproved the king and comforted his companions. "The tyrant, swollen with rage, and grinding his teeth," says the narrative, "barbarously offered him the torn-out heart that he might eat it." Then he bade them strike off the bishop's head (who, we are told, was already half dead), and also the heads of his companions, and to burn the bodies all together. And as St. Pancrazio of old had thrown the holy dragon into the sea, so now were his own ashes scattered to the winds of heaven; and Ibrahim, having accomplished his work, departed.

Some of the citizens, however, had survived, and among them Crisione, the host of St. Elia. He went to bear the tidings to the saint; and being now assured of the gift of prophecy possessed by the holy man, asked him to foretell his future. He met the customary fate of the curious in such things. "I foresee," said the discomfortable saint, "that within a few days you will die." And to make an end of St. Elia with Crisione, let me record here the simple Daniele's last act of piety to his master. It is little that in such company he fought with devils, or that after he had written with much labor a beautiful Psalter, the old monk bade him fling it and worldly pride together over the cliff into a lake. Such episodes belonged to the times; and, after all, by making a circuit of six miles he found the Psalter miraculously unwet, and only his worldly pride remained at the lake's bottom. But it was a mind singularly inventive of penance that led the dying saint to charge poor Daniele to bear the corpse on his back a long way over the mountains, merely because, he said, it would be a difficult thing to do. Other survivors of the sack of Taormina, more fortunate than Crisione,

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE PIAZZA CAVOUR.

watched their opportunity, and, at a moment when the garrison was weak, entered, seized the place, fortified it anew, and offered it to the Greek emperor once more. He could not maintain war with the Saracens, but by a treaty made with them he secured his faithful Taorminians in the possession of the city. After forty years of peace under this treaty it was again besieged for several months, and fell on Christmas night. Seventeen hundred and fifty of its citizens were sent by the victors into slavery in Africa. Greek troops, however, soon retook the city in a campaign that opened brilliantly in Sicily only to close in swift disaster; but for five years longer Taormina sustained continual siege, and when it fell at last, with the usual carnage of its citizens and the now thrice-repeated fire and ruin of Saracenic victory, we may well believe that, though it remained the seat of a governor, little of the city was left except its memory. Its name even was changed to Moezzia.

The crescent ruled undisturbed for a hundred years, until the landing of Count Roger, the Norman, the great hero of medieval Sicily, who recovered the island to the Christian faith. Taormina, true to its tradition, was long in falling; but after eighteen years of desultory warfare Count Roger sat down before it with determination. He surrounded it with a circumvallation of twenty-two fortresses connected by ramparts and bridges, and cut off all access by land or sea. Each day he inspected the lines; and the enemy having noticed this habit, laid an ambush for him in some young myrtles where the path he followed had a very narrow passage over the precipices. They rushed out on him and, as he was unarmed and alone, would have killed him, had not their cries attracted one Evandro, a Breton, who, coming, and seeing his chief's peril, threw himself between, and died in his place. Count Roger was not forgetful of this noble action. He recovered the body, held great funeral services, and gave gifts to the soldiers and the church. The story appealed so to the old chronicler Malaterra, that he told it in both prose and verse. After seven months the city surrendered, and the iron cross was again set up on the rocky eminence by the gate. It is a sign of the ruin which had befallen that the city now lost its bishopric and was ecclesiastically annexed to another see.

Taormina, compared with what it had been, was now a place of the desert; but not the less for that did the tide of war rage round it for five hundred years to come. It was like a rock of the sea over which conflicting billows break eternally. I will not narrate the feudal story of internecine violence, nor how amidst it all every religious order set up monasteries upon the beautiful hillsides, of whose life little is now left but the piles of books in old bindings over which my friend the librarian keeps guard, mourning the neglect in which they are left. Among both the nobles and the fathers were some examples of heroism, sacrifice, and learning, but their deeds and virtues may sleep unwaked by me. The kings and queens who took refuge here, and fled again, Messenian foray and Chiaramontane faction, shall go unrecorded. I must not, however, in the long roll of the famous figures of our beach forget that our English Richard the Lion-hearted was entertained here by Tancred in crusading days; and of notable sieges let me name at least that which the city suffered for its loyalty to the brave and generous Manfred when the Messenians surprised and wasted it, and that which with less destruction the enemies of the second Frederick inflicted on it, and that of the French under Charles II., who, contrary to his word, gave up the surrendered city to the soldiery for eight whole days — a terrible sack, of which Monsignore has heard old men tell. What part the citizens took in the Sicilian Vespers, and how the Parliament that vainly sought a king for all Sicily was held here, and in later times the marches of the Germans, Spaniards, and English — these were too long a tale. With one more signal memory I close this world-history, as it began, with a noble name. It was from our beach yonder that Garibaldi set out for Italy in the campaign of Aspramonte; hither he was brought back, wounded, to the friendly people, still faithful to that love of liberty which flowed in the old Taorminian blood.

I shut my books; but to my eyes the rock is scriptured now. What a leaf it is from the world-history of man upon the planet! Every race has splashed it with blood; every faith has cried from it to heaven. It is only a hill-station in the realm of empire; but in the records of such a city, lying somewhat aside and out of common vision, the course of human fate may be more simply impressive than in the story of world-cities. Athens, Rome, Constantinople, London, Paris, are great centers of history; but in them the mind is confused by the multiplicity and awed by the majesty of events. Here on this bare rock there is no thronging of illustrious names, and little of that glory that conceals imperial crime, the massacre of armies, and the people's woe. Again I use the figure: it is like a rock of the sea, set here in the midst of the Mediterranean world, washed by all the tides of history, beat on by every pitiless storm of the passion of man for blood. The torch of Greece, the light of the Cross, the streaming portent of the Crescent, have shone from it, each in its time; all

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN.

governments, from Greek democracy to Bourbon tyranny, have ruled in turn; Roman law and feudal custom had it in charge, each a long age: yet civilization in all its historic forms has never here done more, seemingly, than alleviate at moments the hard human lot. And what has been the end? Go down into the streets; go out into the villages; go into the country-side. The men will hardly look up from their burdens, the women will seldom stop to ask alms, but you will see a degradation of the human form that speaks not of the want of individuals, of one generation, or of an age, but of the destitution of centuries stamped physically into the race. There is, as always, a prosperous class, men well to do, the more fortunate and better-born; but the common people lead toilsome lives, and among them suffering is wide-spread. Three thousand years of human life, and this the result! Yet I see many indications of a brave patriotism in the community, an effort to improve general conditions, to arouse, to stimulate, to encourage — the spirit of free and united Italy awakening here, too, with faith in the new age of liberty and hope of its promised blessings. And for a sign there stands in the center of the poor fishing-village yonder a statue of Garibaldi.

VI.

THE rain-cloud is gone. The days are bright, warm, and clear, and every hour tempts me forth to wander about the hills. It is not spring, but the hesitancy that holds before the season changes; yet each day there are new flowers — not our delicate wood flowers, but larger and coarser of fiber, and it adds a charm to them that I do not know their names. The trees are budding, and here and there, like a wave breaking into foam on a windless sea, an almond has burst into blossom, white and solitary on the gray slopes, and over all the orchards there is the faint suggestion of pale pink, felt more than seen, so vague is it—but it is there. I go wandering by cliff or sea-shore, by rocky beds of running water, under dark-browed caverns, and on high crags; now on our cape, among the majestic rocks, I watch the swaying of the smooth deep-violet waters below, changing into indigo as they lap the rough clefts, or I loiter on the beach to see the fishers about their boats, weather-worn mariners, and youths in the fair strength of manly beauty, like athletes of the old world: and always I bring back something for memory, something unforeseen.

I have ever found this uncertainty a rare pleasure of travel. It is blessed not to know what the gods will give. I remember once in other days I left the beach of Amalfi to row away to the isles of the Sirens, farther down the coast. It was a beautiful, blowing, wave-wild morning, and I strained my sight, as every headland of the high cliff-coast was rounded, to catch the first glimpse of the low isles; and there came by a country boat-load of the peasants, and in the bows, as it neared and passed, I saw a dark, black-haired boy, bare breast and dreaming eyes, motionless save for the dipping prow — a figure out of old Italian pictures, some young St. John, inexpressibly beautiful. I have forgotten how the isles of the Sirens looked, but that boy's face I shall never forget. It is such moments that give the Italy of the imagination its charm. Here, too, I have similar experiences. A day or two ago, when the bright weather began, I was threading the rough edge of a broken path under the hill, and clinging to the rock with my hand. Suddenly a figure rose just before me, where the land made out a little farther on a point of the crag, so strange that I was startled; but straightway I knew the goatherd, the curling locks, the olive face, the garments of goatskin and leather on his limbs. It came on me like a flash — *eccola* the country of Theocritus!

I have never seen it set down among the advantages of travel that one learns to understand the poets better. To see courts and governments, manners and customs, works of architecture, statues and pictures and ruins — this, since modern travel began, is to make the grand tour; but though I have diligently sought such obvious and common aims, and had my reward, I think no gain so great as that I never thought of, the light which travel sheds upon the poets; unless, indeed, I should except that stronger hold on the reality of the ideal creations of the imagination which comes from familiar life with pictures, and statues, and kindred physical renderings of art. This latter advantage must necessarily be more narrowly availed of by men, since it implies a certain peculiar temperament; but poetry, in its less exalted forms, is open and common to all who are not immersed in the materialism of their own lives, and whatever helps to unlock the poetic treasures of other lands for our possession may be an important part of life. I think none can fully taste the sweetness, or behold the beauty, of English song even, until he has wandered in the lanes and fields of the mother country; and in the case of foreign, and especially of the ancient, poets, so much of whose accepted and assumed world of fact has perished, the loss is very great. I had trodden many an Italian hillside before I noticed how subtly Dante's landscape had become realized in my mind as a part of nature. I own to believing that Virgil's storms never blew on the sea until once, near Salerno, as I rode back from Pæstum, there came a storm over the wide gulf that

held my eyes enchanted — such masses of ragged, full clouds, such darkness in their broad bosoms broken with rapid flame, and a change beneath so swift, such anger on the sea, such an indescribable and awful gleaming hue, not purple, nor green, nor red, but a commingling of all these — a revelation of the wrath of color! The waves were wild with the fallen tempest; quick and heavy the surf came thundering on the sands; the light went out as if it were extinguished, and the dark rain came down; and I said, "'T is one of Virgil's storms." Such a one you will find also in Theocritus, where he hymns the children of Leda, succorers of the ships that, "defying the stars that set and rise in heaven, have encountered the perilous breath of storms. The winds raise huge billows about their stern, yea, or from the prow, or even as each wind wills, and cast them into the hold of the ship, and shatter both bulwarks, while with the sail hangs all the gear confused and broken, and the wide sea rings, being lashed by the gusts and by showers of iron hail."

I must leave these older memories, to tell, so far as it is possible in words, of that land of the idyl which of all enchanted retreats of the imagination is the hardest for him without the secret to enter. Yet here I find it all about me in the places where the poets first unveiled it. Once before I had a sight of it, as all over Italy it glimpses at times from the hills and the campagna. Descending under the high peak of Capri, I heard a flute, and turned and saw on the neighboring slopes the shepherd-boy leading his flock, the music at his lips. Then the centuries rolled together like a scroll, and I heard the world's morning notes. That was a single moment; but here, day-long is the idyl world. I read the old verses over, and in my walks the song keeps breaking in. The idyls are full of streams and fountains, just such as I meet with wherever I turn, and the water counts in the landscape as in the poems. It is always tumbling over rocks in cascades, brawling with rounded forms among the stones of the shallow brooks, bubbling in fountains, or dripping from the cliff, or shining like silver in the plain. The run that comes down from Mola, the torrent under the olive and lemon branches toward Letojanni, the more open course in the ravine of the mill down by Giardini, the simitar of the far-seen Alcantara lying on the campagna in the meadows, and that further *fiume freddo*, the cold stream,— "chill water that for me deep-wooded Etna sends down from the white snow, a draught divine,"— each of these seems inhabited by a genius of its own, so that it does not resemble its neighbors. But all alike murmur of ancient song, and bring it near, and make it real.

On the beach one feels most keenly the actuality of much in the idyls, and finds the continuousness of the human life that enters into them. No idyl appeals so directly to modern feeling, I suspect, as does that of the two fishermen and the dream of the golden fish. Go down to the shore; you will find the old men still at their toil, the same implements, the same poverty, the same sentiment for the heart. Often as I look at them I recall the old words, while the goats hang their heads over the scant herbage, and the blue sea breaks lazily and heavily on the sands.

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE CORSO UMBERTO.

Two fishers, on a time, two old men, together lay and slept; they had strewn the dry sea-moss for a bed in their wattled cabin, and there lay against the leafy wall. Beside them were strewn the instruments of their toilsome hands, the fishing-creels, the rods of reed, the hooks, the sails bedraggled with sea-spoil, the lines, the weels,

the lobster-pots woven of rushes, the seines, two oars, and an old cobble upon props. Beneath their heads was a scanty matting, their clothes, their sailors' caps. Here was all their toil, here all their wealth. The threshold had never a door nor a watchdog. All things, all, to them seemed superfluity, for Poverty was their sentinel; they had no neighbor by them, but ever against their narrow cabin gently floated up the sea.

This is what the eye beholds; and I dare not say that the idyl is touched more with the melancholy of human fate for us than for the poet. Poverty such as this, so absolute, I see everywhere at every hour. It is a terrible sight. It is the physical hunger of the soul in wan limbs and hand, and the fixed gaze of the unhoping eyes — despair made flesh. How long has it suffered here? and was it so when Theocritus saw his fishers and gave them a place in the country of his idyls? He spreads before us the hills and fountains, and fills the scene with shepherds, and maidens, and laughing loves, and among the rest are these two poor old men. The shadow of the world's poverty falls on this paradise now as then. With the rock and sea it, too, endures.

A few traces of the old myths also survive on the landscape. Not far from here, down the coast, the rocks that the Cyclops threw after the fleeing mariners are still to be seen near the shore above which he piped to Galatea. Some day I mean to take a boat and see them. But now I let the Cyclops idyls go, and with them Adonis of Egypt, and Ptolemy, and the prattling women, and the praises of Hiero, and the deeds of Herakles: these all belong to the cities of the pastoral, to its civilization and art in more conscious forms; but my heart stays in the campagna, where are the song-contests, the amorous praise of maidens, the boyish boasting, the young, sweet, graceful loves. Fain would I recover the breath of that springtime; but while from my foot "every stone upon the way spins singing," make what speed I can, I come not to the harvest-feast. Bees go booming among the blossoms, and the flocks crop their pasture, and night falls with Hesperus; but fruitless on my lips, as at some shrine whence the god is gone, is Bion's prayer: "Hesperus, golden lamp of the lovely daughter of the foam — dear Hesperus, sacred jewel of the deep blue night, dimmer as much than the moon as thou art among the stars preëminent, hail, friend!" Dead now is that ritual. Now more silent than ever is the country-side, missing Daphnis, the flower of all those who sing when the heart is young. Sweet was his flute's first triumph over Menalcas: "Then was the boy . . . glad, and leaped high, and clapped his hands over his victory, as a young fawn leaps about his mother"; but sweeter was the unwon victory when he strove with Damœtas: "Then Damœtas kissed Daphnis, as he ended his song, and he gave Daphnis a pipe, and Daphnis gave him a beautiful flute. Damœtas fluted, and Daphnis piped; the herdsmen, and anon the calves, were dancing in the soft green grass. Neither won the victory, but both were invincible." And him, too, I miss who loved his friend, and wished that they twain might "become a song in the ears of all men unborn," even for their loves' sake; and prayed, "Would, O Father Cronides, and would, ye ageless immortals, that this might be, and that when two generations have sped, one might bring these tidings to me by Acheron, the irremeable stream: the loving-kindness that was between thee and thy gracious friend is even now in all men's mouths, and chiefly on the lips of the young." Hill and fountain and pine, the gray sea and Mother Etna, are here; but no children gather in the land, as once about the tomb of Diocles at the coming in of the spring, contending for the prize of the kisses — "Whoso most sweetly touches lip to lip, laden with garlands he returneth to his mother. Happy is he who judges those kisses of the children." Lost over the bright furrows of the sea is Europa riding on the back of the divine bull as Moschus beheld her — "With one hand she clasped the beast's great horn, and with the other caught up the purple fold of her garment, lest it might trail and be wet in the hoar sea's infinite spray"; and from the border-land of mythic story, that was then this world's horizon, yet more faintly the fading voice of Hylas answers the deep-throated shout of Herakles. Faint now as his voice are the voices of the shepherds who are gone, youth and maiden and children; dimly I see them, vaguely I hear them; at last there remains only "the hoar sea's infinite spray." And will you say it was in truth all a dream? Were the poor fishermen in their toil alone real, and the rest airy nothings to whom Sicily gave a local habitation and a name? It was Virgil's dream and Spenser's; and some secret there was — something still in our breasts — that made it immortal, so that to name the Sicilian muses is to stir an infinite, longing tenderness in every young and noble heart that the gods have softened with sweet thoughts.

And here I shut in my pages the one laurel leaf that Taormina bore. She, too, in her centuries has had her poet. Perhaps none who will see these words ever gave a thought to the name and fame of Cornelius Severus. Few of his works remain, and little is known of his life. He is said to have been the friend of Pollio, and to have been present in the Sicilian war between Augustus and Sextus Pompey. He wrote the first book of an epic poem on that

subject, so excellent that it has been thought that, had the entire work been continued at the same level, he would have held the second place among the Latin epic poets. He wrote also heroic songs, of which fragments survive, one of which is an elegy upon Cicero, which Seneca quotes, saying of him, "No one out of so many talented men deplored the death of Cicero better than Cornelius Severus." Some dialogues in verse also seem to have been written by him. These fragments may not be easily obtained. But take down your Virgil; and, if it be like this of mine which I brought from Rome, you will find at the very end, last of the shorter pieces ascribed to the poet, one of the length of a book of the "Georgics," called "Etna." This is the work of Cornelius Severus. An early death took from him the perfection of his genius and the hope of fame; but happy was the fortune of him who wrote so well that for centuries his lines were thought not unworthy of Virgil, whose name still shields this Taorminian verse from oblivion.

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

SCENE IN AN OLD CASTLE NOW USED AS A WOOLEN-MILL.

VII.

It is my last day at Taormina. I have seen the sunrise from my old station by the Greek temple, and watched the throng of cattle and men gathered on the distant beach of Letojanni and darkening the broad bed of the dry torrent that there makes down to the sea, and I wished I were among them, for it is their annual fair; and still I dwell on every feature of the landscape that familiarity has made more beautiful. The afternoon I have dedicated to a walk to Mola. It is a pleasant, easy climb, with the black ancient wall of the city on the left, where it goes up the face of the castle-rock, and on the right the deep ravine closed by Monte Venere in the west. All is very quiet; a silent, silent country! There are few birds or none, and indeed I have heard no bird-song since I have been here. Opposite, on the other side of the wall of the ravine, are some cows hanging in strange fashion to the cliff, where it seems goats could hardly cling; but the unwieldy, awkward creatures move with sure feet, and seem wholly at home, pasturing on the bare precipice. I cannot hear the torrent, now a narrow stream, deep below me, but I see the women of Mola washing by the old fountain which is its source. There is no other sign of human life. The fresh spring flowers, large and coarse, but bright-colored, are all I have of company, and the sky is blue and the air like crystal. So I go up, ever up, and at last am by the gate of

Mola, and enter the stony-hearted town. A place more dreary, desolate to the eye, is seldom seen. There are only low, mean houses of gray stone, and the paved ways. If you can fancy a prison turned inside out like a glove, with all its interior stone exposed to the sunlight, which yet seems sunlight in a prison, and silence over all — that is Mola. The ruins of the fortress are near the gate on the highest point of the crag. Within is a barren spot — a cistern, old foundations, and some broken walls. Look over the battlement westward, and you will see a precipice that one thinks only birds could assail; and observing how isolated is the crag on all sides, you will understand what an inaccessible fastness this was, and cannot be surprised at its record of defense.

Perhaps here was the oldest dwelling-place of man upon the hill, and it was the securest retreat. Monsignore, indeed, believes that Ham, the son of Noah, who drove Japhet out of Sicily, was the first builder; but I do not doubt its antiquity was very great, and it seems likely that this was the original Siculian stronghold before the coming of the Greeks, and the building of the lower city of Taormina. The ruins that exist are part of the fortress made by that governor who lost the city to the Saracens, to defend it against them on this side; and here it stood for nigh a thousand years, like the citadel itself, an impregnable hold of war. It seldom yielded, and always by treachery or mutiny; for more than once, when Taormina was sacked, its citadel and Mola remained untaken and unconquerable on their extreme heights. I shall not tell its story; but one brave man once commanded here, and his name shall be its fame now, and my last tale of the Taorminian past.

He was Count Matteo, a nobleman of the days when the Messenians revolted against the chancellor of Queen Margaret. He was placed over this castle; and when a certain Count Riccardo was discovered in a conspiracy to murder the chancellor, and was taken captive, he was given into Matteo's charge, and imprisoned here. The Messenians came and surprised the lower city of Taormina, but they could not gain Mola nor persuade Matteo to yield Riccardo up to them. So they thought to overcome his fidelity cruelly. They took his wife and children, who were at Messina, threw them into a dungeon, and condemned them to death. Then they sent Matteo's brother-in-law to treat with him. But when the count knew the reason of the visit he said: "It seems to me that you little value the zeal of an honest man who, loyal to his office, does not wish, neither knows how, to break his sworn faith. My wife and children would look on me with scornful eyes should I be renegade; for shame is not the reward that sweetens life, but burdens it. If the Messenians stain themselves with innocent blood, I shall weep for the death of my wife and sons, but the heart of an honest citizen will have no remorse." Then he was silent. But treachery could do what such threats failed to accomplish. One Gavaretto was found, who unlocked the prison, and Riccardo was already escaping when Matteo, roused at a slight noise, came, sword in hand, and would have slain him; but the traitor behind, "to save his wages," struck Matteo in the body, and the faithful count fell dead in his blood. I thought of this story, standing there, and nothing else in the castle's legend seemed worthy of memory in comparison, from its mystic beginning until that night, near two centuries ago, when the thunderbolt fell on it, igniting its store of powder, and blew it utterly to fragments with a great explosion.

The castle of Taormina on the eastward height is easily reached by a ridge that runs toward it on the homeward track. Along the way are seen the caves so often mentioned in the records of the city as the refuge of the people in times of disaster. The castle itself, much larger and more important than Mola, is wholly in ruins. The walls stand, with some broken stairways, and a room or two, massive and desolate remains. Of its history I have found no particular mention, but here must always have been the citadel. Once more from its open platform I gazed on the fair country it had guarded, while the snows of Etna began to be touched with sunset; and as my hand lay on the ruined battlement, for which how many thousand died bloody deaths, again the long past rose from the rock. I saw the young Greeks raising Apollo's altar by the river-bank. I saw Dionysius in the winter night, staining the snow from the wound in his breast as he fled down the darkness, and the Norman soldier dying for Roger beneath the simitars by the young myrtles. I saw the citizens in the market-place overthrowing Verres's statue, the monk Elia with his lifted garment, the bishop in his murder before Ibrahim. I wondered at the little port that was large enough to hold the fleets of Athens, of Carthage, and of Augustus, and at the strip of beach trodden by so many famous men on heroic enterprises. There the fishers were drawing up their boats, coming home at the day's close from that toil of the sea which has outlived gods and martyrs and empires. The snows of Etna were now aflame with sunset, and the high clouds trembled with swift and mighty radiance, and league after league the sea took on the pale rose-color. Descending, I passed through the dark cleft between the castle and the silent, deserted church of the hermitage by its side, and, in a moment, again

the vision burst on me, and in its glow I went down the rock-face by the terraces under almond blossoms. Softly the sea changed through every tender color, bathing beach and headland, and strange lights fell upon the crags from the mild heaven, and all the Taorminian land was filled with bloom; then the infinite beauty, slowly fading, withdrew the scene, and sweetly it parted from my eyes.

VIII.

YET once more I step out upon the terrace into the night. I hear the long roar of the breakers; I see the flickering fishers' lights, and Etna pale under the stars. The place is full of ghosts. In the darkness I seem to hear vaguely arising, half sense, half thought, the murmur of many tongues that have perished here, Sicanian and Siculian and the lost Oscan, Greek and Latin and the hoarse jargon of barbaric slaves, Byzantine and Arabic confused with strange African dialects, Norman and Sicilian, French and Spanish, mingling, blending, changing, the sharp battle-cry of a thousand assaults rising from the low ravines, the death-cry of twenty bloody massacres within these walls ringing on the hard rock and falling to silence only to rise more full with fiercer pain — century after century of the battle-wrath and the battle-woe. My fancy shapes the air till I see over the darkly lifted castle-rock the triple crossing swords of Greek, Carthaginian, and Roman in the age-long duel, and as these fade, the springing brands of Byzantine, Arab, and Norman, and yet again the heavy blades of France, Spain, and Sicily; and ever, like rain or snow, falls the bloody dew on this lone hillside. "Oh, wherefore?" I whisper; and all is silent save the surge still lifting round the coast the far voices of the old Ionian sea. I have wondered that the children of Etna should dwell in its lovely paradise, as I thought how often, how terribly, the lava has poured forth upon it, the shower of ashes fallen, the black horror of volcanic eruption overwhelmed the land. Yet, sum it all, pang by pang, all that Etna ever wrought of woe to the sons of men, the agonies of her burnings, the terrors of her living entombments, all her manifold deaths at once, and what were it in comparison with the blood that has flowed on this hillside, the slaughter, the murder, the infinite pain here suffered at the hands of man. O Etna, it is not thou that man should fear! He should fear his brother-man.

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE CASTLE, SEEN FROM A TAORMINIAN STREET.

IX.

THE stars were paling over Etna, white and ghostly, as I came out to depart. In the dark street I met a woman with a young boy clinging to her side. Her black hair fell down over her shoulders, and her bosom was scantily clothed by the poor garment that fell to her ankles and her feet. She was still young, and from her dark, sad face her eyes met mine with that fixed look of the hopeless poor, now grown familiar; the child, half naked, gazed up at me as he held his mother's hand. What brought her there at that hour, alone with her child? She seemed the epitome of the human life I was leaving behind, come forth to bid farewell; and she passed on under the shadows of the dawn. The last star faded as I went down the hollow between the spurs. Etna gleamed white and vast over the shoulder of the ravine, and, as I dipped down, was gone.

George E. Woodberry.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

THE ANGEL WITH THE FLAMING SWORD, BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XXVIII.

VERTNER took the picnic party over the entire Iron Mine, inexorably, when they came to it. They watched the drilling; a blasting was set off for them; they rode in the ore-cars; they clambered down ladders into black pits, where only the candles lighted them; they clambered up again; they crouched and crawled and stumbled after their guide through galleries and passages which never ended: and four of the party were conscious of it all. Dorothy and Margaret and Ernfield were thinking of other things.

Margaret sat down in her old room, when she was back again that evening, and wrote Deed a long letter, begging him to return, and tore it up.

Dorothy, on her return, found her father in his study chair. She curled her arms about him, and asked him without preface if he would not give up his charge at once, and leave Maverick—forever. The blood tingled in his veins, and he drew a long breath. The relief of receiving the proposal at last from her silenced all speech for a moment. He had paltered with the need of breaking it to her, he had postponed the evil day through the forbearance of the bishop, with the fear of what she must feel, of what she must say; and while he waited, the difficulty was solved for him. For the instant he was too happy in the fact to question occasions or causes.

"Why, I don't know, Dorothy," he said, endeavoring to hide his pleasure; "if you don't like Maverick, I dare say I could find reasons for not liking it, too. In fact, now I think of it, I 've been impatient and restless here for some time. Yes, dear," he said, patting her hand; "since you wish it, let us go."

"How good you are, papa! I knew you would say so. And where shall we go?"

"Why, that 's for you to say, partly, is n't it?"

"But I can't call you to a new parish. I 'm not a vestry or a church committee. I wish I were. You would have ten thousand a year for your salary, and have all the things you have to go without now,—poor papa!—and never do anything you did n't want to."

"What a picture! But I thought we were all to revel in something of that sort, without the assistance of church vestries, in that fine future of your own that you 've planned. I never consented to it, you know. I never agreed to play the part you 've assigned me in your drama of two happy people and another."

"Oh, don't speak of that, papa!" she cried, stooping over him, and burying her face. "Don't speak of it!"

"Why—why—" he exclaimed, in alarm, "what is the matter, my girl? Have you and Philip been—what is it? Tell me, child." A stern and impatient note came into his voice.

"Oh, I can't tell you! It is n't anything that I can tell."

"Nonsense, Dorothy! Don't make all this trouble about a lovers' quarrel, child. Do you suppose two lovers never quarrel? Do you suppose two lovers never quarreled before?"

She lifted her tear-stained face from his breast, and looked in her father's eyes, as she said, "This is not a quarrel." A look passed over her face such as she might have given Philip if he had been before her—grieving and miserable, but proud, self-contained, resolute. Her father did not understand it.

"Oh," he said, relieved. "Well, then, don't let him suppose it is." He rose, and lighted a cigar. Dorothy stared at him from the seat which she kept on the arm of his chair. "Don't play with a man, Dorothy. It is n't nice,"—he blew out the first slender whiff of smoke contemplatively, as he brushed a speck of lint from the new clerical coat to which he had treated himself since he had been at ease about the future,—"and it is n't fair. It 's even unwise when a girl is making a marriage so fortunate and desirable in every way as yours." He frowned slightly.

Dorothy raised her eyes and looked into his. "You don't understand, papa," she said quietly. "I shall never marry Mr. Deed."

CUTTER went to Ira's, Ernfield's office, the Vertners', and finally to the Maurices', on his return, without finding a trace of Philip. He thought the clergyman's replies to his inquiries short. He stabled his horse, and walked about the town, looking for Philip.

The shops were still open, and men and women paused before them to price the goods

displayed outside, or went in to the vividly lighted interiors, where the arc-light glowed and glared. Trade was going on listlessly. It was near the end of the month, the pay-car was still to come up from Denver, and the railway employees of all grades awaited the monthly guest. The hands at the mines and the cow-punchers were paid off at the same time, in order to keep the festival which followed pay-day, and which disorganized the town in the process of enriching it, within as narrow limits as possible. The lull that precedes a fête therefore lay over Maverick. Only two thirds of the electric lamps were turned on; but there was nevertheless more light than noise. Suddenly a clatter of hoofs sounded above the vague and leisurely murmur of the quiet thoroughfare, and those on the sidewalk turned at sight of a horse ridden at a furious pace. No one save Cutter recognized the rider. The hoofs hammered across the bridge leading to the hotel, and Cutter followed hastily. The whistle of the night train sounded down in the valley at the moment, borne for miles through the clear air. Philip was standing at the bar of the hotel, draining a stiff glass. As Cutter laid his hand upon his arm, Philip raised his eyes and regarded him strangely. He motioned to the bartender for another glass. Cutter shook his head, and looked anxiously into his friend's face.

"Where have you been?"

"To the devil—to Jasper." His voice was hoarse, and his black eyes stared from his haggard face with the effect of a man long ill. The train whistled again, nearer. Philip swallowed what remained of the spirits in his glass at a gulp. "Come, I 'm off," he said. He gathered his change from the counter, and made a rush for the door, as the train roared into the station. Cutter caught his arm at the door.

"Hold on, man! You 're mad!"

Philip turned a weary face upon him. He smiled sadly. "Yes," he said.

"You 're not well. It 's crazy to be careering over the country in your state. Come back with me to the 'Snow Find,' and go to bed and behave yourself."

"Oh, I 'll behave myself. That 's what I 'm doing now. I 've dropped the other thing. Come along." He made for the train, Cutter following him, remonstrating.

"See here, you 're not going to take this train. You 're a sick man, I tell you."

Philip gave him his weary smile again as he put his foot on the first step of the Pullman. "Yes, Cutter, I 'm a sick man fast enough, but not in the way you mean. I 've got to go to Piñon. It won't hurt me. Come along if you don't believe me."

Cutter gazed up at him for a moment, where he stood on the platform above him, in helpless perplexity. Then he said, "You know what you are?"

Philip laughed almost with pleasure. "Yes; I know."

"Just stay there, then, till I get a ticket."

The full moon was flooding the valley as the train ran out toward the mountains, beaming virginally, in this crystalline atmosphere, through a medium no grosser than its own. The purity of the air gave a new effect of luminosity, of splendor, and of abundance to the great lamp swinging aloft. It was light distilled; the air was not conscious of it. It fixed the valley under its cold, bare, hard gaze, etching the circling hills against the sky with a finger dipped in light, which seemed to bound, to outline, to select, and finally, as one looked, to detach it all from neighboring sky and earth, and to catch it away into that strange effect of being a picture which we know in all memorable scenes.

They began to climb into the recesses of the hills after the swift run through the valley. The opposite range of mountains was behind them, and as the young men looked out in silence from the windows of the compartment they had taken together in the Pullman, far away a liquid tract of radiance shone on their eyes from time to time; it was the snow, crusted in molten reaches along the mountain-sides. Beside the silvery lakes of crust, what one knew by day for the wooded hollows of the lower slopes were black mysteries under the light.

Philip turned from the scene with a heavy sigh.

"You can catch the 9:47 back from Barker's," he said suddenly, catching the eye of Cutter, who faced him from the opposite seat. "You must n't think of coming along with me."

"I have an errand of my own, over the range. Don't bother about me."

"Come, no nonsense."

"I have, I tell you."

"Oh, well." He dropped the question listlessly.

"I say, old man, what 's the matter?" Cutter laid a hand on his knee.

"The devil 's the matter," groaned Philip. "What do you suppose?"

"I don't know. Jasper?"

"No, sir; it is n't Jasper. I 'm sick of that pretense. I cheated myself with the idea that it was Jasper when I let myself do the thing. But it was n't. It was I."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, anyway, it 's I who suffer for it."

"I see that," returned Cutter, gently. "But how? Why?"

"Because I 'm not the fine fellow I have liked to think myself, not even the fine fellow you

think me. I 'm not a fine fellow at all, Cutter; and I 've done a low thing."

"Pshaw!"

"Is it lofty to abuse a woman's confidence, then? Is it admirable to rob a man who has trusted you?"

"What have you done?" asked his friend, quietly.

"I 've taken a mine which does n't belong to me because I could, and because the man to whom it belongs had done me a wrong, and wanted to marry the girl I wanted to marry. Is that plain?"

"The 'Little Cipher'?" stammered Cutter. "Jasper?"

Philip nodded.

"But see here —" began Cutter.

"Oh, there 's nothing to say," cried Philip. "A man is one thing or the other. I 'm the other. She despises me. She hates me."

"Why?"

"Why!"

"Yes, why? Does she know what Jasper has done?"

"Yes; but she knows what I have done. Nothing else makes any difference. It can't to a woman, and probably that shows it should n't to any one." He told Cutter of Maurice's situation; he explained his temptation, palliating nothing. "I thought the wrong Jasper had done me made my wrong right," he said. "It did n't. It only made a new one with separate consequences. I thought my love for her justified it; to her that seemed the damning touch. I believe she could have forgiven my villainy, but not that — not that! I fought it; I would n't see; I took my stand upon our love; I made her suffer as much as I knew how, and parted from her in anger. But all the time I felt her contempt scorching through me. When I got away from her it was more than I could bear. I hunted up Jasper, when I found he was back, and turned over the mine to him, as I ought to have done the first minute I heard of the strike."

"What?"

"You would n't have had me keep it, I hope?"

"I know, Deed; but owning up to Jasper —"

"I did n't say I liked it. I was pursued by the thought of her scorn, I tell you. Do you think I could bear to know that she despised me, and that she was right? I had to do something. If she ever hears of it, she will know that I tried to do what I could."

"Yes, yes," cried Cutter, impatiently; "but the humiliation!"

"Have I deserved to please my pride? Jasper was a blackguard, as usual; but there were two of us this time. It seemed to help the business along."

"And you 've told him?"

Philip nodded; but, at Cutter's look, "Oh, don't ask me what he said!" exclaimed he. "It was a terrible scene. The fellow is ill. Coming back from his journey, he was caught in a blizzard; for three days he was under a rock, in the snow; he 's in a bad way. He got up in bed; he raved; Ernfield came in, and I went. I looked back at him at the door, and he nodded to me with a gloating smile. I know what he means. He has me, now. I 've put myself in the wrong. All that has gone before — all that led up to this — is canceled. He 'll take his opportunity. It 's all right."

He buried his face moodily in his hands. Cutter sat silent. He opened his lips to speak once or twice, and found nothing to say. The moon, which had been hidden since they had entered the gorge between the hills, and set out on their climb to the summit, gleamed suddenly upon a field of snow, lying high between the mountains into which they were steaming up. It shone into their windows, and filled the dusky compartment with radiance.

Cutter began to speak in a low voice. He said Jasper would do nothing; he did n't doubt his will, but nothing was open to him; and he went on to tell his friend that he exaggerated the enormity of what he had done. "You say that you 've always looked on the 'Little Cipher' as Jasper's," he said. "But we 've only your word for it — and your word for a mental process so intangible that even you can't say when or how the 'Little Cipher' became Jasper's mine, or by what process it ceased to be his and became yours." And he added that whatever might be true about this, surely the provocation made a difference; surely it counted that it was done against one man rather than another. He did n't see why he should concern himself much about anything done against Jasper.

He believed some of this, but not enough to enable him to face Philip, as he stared at him with a miserable smile a moment before he muttered, "Rot! rot! rot! Very kind of you, Cutter, but no good. I can't deceive myself with such notions as that. It makes no difference, though. If you want to console me, don't talk about Jasper. I can get over that part of it, myself. It 's the other — O Cutter, can't you see it 's the *other* that matters? It 's that I have done it against *her!* I thought if she cared for me she would pardon it because I had done it *for* her. Crazy fool! Not to see how it abused all her trust in me; how it must wound her at her tenderest; how it must profane all our relation. She will never forgive me. She hates me. She despises me."

He rose with a groan, and took a restless turn within the narrow space of the compartment, throwing his arms wide, and letting them

fall again in despair. Suddenly he stood still and faced his friend. "Heavens, man! Do you know what that means?"

XXIX.

MARGARET went to call on Dorothy the next morning. She had been thinking a great deal about her since the day before. All forms of misery seemed especially grievous to her just now, and useless forms of it seemed merely wicked. She had heard nothing from Deed, but there had not been time; he had telegraphed to let her know of his arrival, and had promised to telegraph again as soon as he had anything to communicate. The dread in which she awaited this message created in her, for the moment, a need to befriend the sorrow of another. She felt a certain shyness. She had been conscious in their earlier meetings of the vague hesitation about her which Dorothy had tried to conceal. But she would not allow this to make a difference.

She found the house upturned when she arrived at the Maurices'. Dorothy came into the little parlor after a moment, apologizing for her appearance: she was in the disarray of the house uniform in which she was accustomed to attack the heavier household problems. She kept on her apron. Margaret, glancing at her, saw the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"I have come —" she began doubtfully. Her slow eye for such things showed her suddenly the pictures packed and standing in ranks against the wall, the upturned carpet, the dismantled walls and swathed furniture. "But are you moving?"

"Yes; there is no reason why I should not tell you, Mrs. Deed. Papa has sent in his resignation." She met her interlocutor's eyes for the moment as if with the intention of putting some face upon the action. Margaret was the first to whom she had been obliged to make the announcement; put into words it sounded barren; she saw that she had unconsciously relied on her father to front the inquiring world with an excuse. She found none for herself, and dropped her eyes before Margaret's clear, kind gaze.

Margaret's own thought leaped to its decision with its habitual certainty where Deed was not concerned. Dorothy was sitting on the sofa; Margaret rose quickly, and came and stood in front of her. "Won't you let me help you?" she said.

"About moving?" asked Dorothy, with troubled eyes. "Oh, there 's nothing. Thank you very much, of course. But we have so little."

"I did n't mean about moving, though I should be glad if you *would* let me do anything for you in that, if you must go. But you had better stay. I was thinking about —" She sat down on the sofa beside her, and stole her hand upon Dorothy's. "Listen," she said in a low voice; "I am in deep trouble — I too — the deepest. Won't you let me help you?"

The sudden tears started to Dorothy's eyes. "But how?" she stammered. "But why?"

"He is near to me as well as to you, you know. It seems to give me a sort of right to speak. But perhaps you won't think that. Perhaps it hurts you to have it spoken of. I know — trouble is like that; we wish to keep it to ourselves. But it 's better shared, is n't it? It might be needless; it so often is. It 's hard to be wise, but we may be quite sure of that — don't you think so — that needless additions to the misery of the world are wrong? And even if it must remain all the trouble it seems to one's self, it is good to let another feel part of the ache with one. It somehow helps."

Dorothy listened with averted face; she kept her glistening eyes on the opposite wall; she pressed the kindly hand as Margaret went on. When she finished she seized it, turning to face her, and gazed into her eyes for a moment through a mist of tears.

"Oh, you are good!" she murmured, chokingly. "I am very unhappy!"

She sobbed out her story in Margaret's lap. When she had done, they remained a long time in each other's arms.

"I see how you feel. It is hard," murmured Margaret, drying her eyes; "but you must forgive him."

The fair head on her shoulder was shaken violently. "Yes, yes," said Margaret, gently; "you must, and you will." She felt herself very old in the presence of this violent young passion; she felt rich in the abundance of her experience, and the richer because it was so recent. "You love him, don't you?"

Dorothy raised her head, and regarded Margaret in a kind of amazement.

"Then you will forgive him," said Margaret, quickly. "Things don't matter so much as we think. I have learned that. One thing matters — only one. And you may be sure he has his excuses if you could know them. My husband is suffering from a wrong he believes he did him; we have been very confident about it; but since I have seen him I have doubted. We must both wait. Why, you saw him, you heard him — his honest eyes, that true voice — I don't believe he 's false — not intentionally, not wickedly, not without excuse."

"Oh, don't, don't!"

"Yes; I know. If he is false, in spite of all that, it 's the worse — infinitely the worse. But be sure he would have something to say if you would give him his opportunity."

"He has had it; it is he who has condemned himself. It was from his own lips. Don't think,

please don't think, that I would believe any one else about him!"

Margaret observed her irresolutely, a little dashed. Her will to help her was unaltered, but she had not the habit of quick resource.

"He said that he had taken his brother's mine?" she repeated.

"Yes, yes. He said—how little men understand—that he did it for *me!* That was his excuse!"

"Yes," said Margaret, slowly; "I know what you mean. I can see how that would seem the worst pain of all; and yet, don't you see, too," she added meditatively, "how perhaps it *is* an excuse, and if an excuse at all, the best?" She put this forward doubtfully.

Dorothy shook her head. "Oh, don't you think I have tried to believe that? Don't you think I tried to give him opportunities to excuse himself, to make it seem right, and that I have done my best to excuse him to myself since? Sometimes I have made myself believe that if I could n't pardon his doing it for me, I ought to pardon him because it was done against his brother. It was a cruel position. But that makes it only worse—a thousand times worse, does n't it?" She asked it as a question. Margaret was silent. "Does n't it?" she repeated.

"Yes—no—perhaps. Do you know what his brother had done to him? Do you know it all?"

"Oh, yes, yes! It was very hard. But that's what I mean—it was *so* hard that it was for him all the more to hold his hand. It was his privilege *not* to strike. It seems to me no one ever had such an opportunity. And to use it as he did! Oh, there is no excuse—none. The excuses only make it more wrong; they make it impossible to forgive."

Margaret bit her lip. She did not know what to say. But she reached out her hand suddenly, and said in a low voice: "If you have no excuse for him, think how much less he can have one for himself. Have you thought of that? Does n't it seem as if it almost *forced* you to forgive him? Think how he must be suffering! Remember, he loves you, too. Think how his love must be making it a torture for him that you should think of him as you do, and that you are right."

"Yes; I have thought of that. I have thought of everything. But nothing helps. It is done—done. If he loved me"—a sob caught at her throat—"if he loved me, it ought to have been a reason for him against this—this that he has done. It 's not a reason to forgive him—I can't feel it. I have prayed to feel it. I have prayed—" Her voice died away. She avoided her companion's eye.

Margaret looked at her longingly, tenderly, helplessly, and Dorothy gave back her gaze. In Margaret's plain, wholesome face, in her genuine eyes, in the wide, clear, benignant brow, Dorothy read goodness and strength—nothing but goodness and strength. The primness and precision she had been used to fancy in her seemed resolved into these; the qualities which she had been used to wish that Margaret would let her like in her seemed somehow to have freed themselves from the old bondage; she saw that she had in some way misconstrued or wrongly imagined her—or perhaps she was changed; perhaps experience had taught her. Did one come to see things differently, then, in time? Did one's way of looking at certain matters alter? Should she ever think differently of Philip?

Margaret, on her side, was looking into Dorothy's eyes, thinking how gentle and sweet and true and right-minded she was; but thinking too, that in a way, a very remote way, she stood where she had once stood—where one saw the right so clearly that one was in danger of not seeing all the pity of the wrong; where it was hard to forgive. The cases were not at all the same: it was the youth that spoke in Dorothy, of course—the intense, the impulsive, passionately certain youth; and it was not youth, whatever else it was, that had worked in herself to the same ends. But, at all events, Margaret felt drawn to her by a mysterious bond of sympathy; she felt that she knew enough of her state of mind to comprehend, to sympathize, and she yearned to say certain things to the young girl beside her; but she found no words for them. Even about Philip's offense itself (a simple and concrete subject) she could not trust herself to speak; she wished only to say what would be quite true. She could not let herself comfort Dorothy against her own conscience about what Philip had seemingly done. If he had done it, it was hateful and wicked to her; yet there was another point of view. Perhaps Margaret was less entirely illumined by her experience than she thought; perhaps none of us escape out of ourselves, through any experience, beyond recall.

She rose at last, and Dorothy rose with her. "I don't know what to say," Margaret said. "I 'm not sure what it would be right to say. I am not sure of anything any more. But you will let me come to see you again, I hope, and we can talk."

"Oh, come. Pray come," begged Dorothy, taking her hand.

"And you won't move, yet? You will wait?"

Dorothy seemed to take an inventory of the dismantled room and of the situation in her swift glance. "I see what you mean," she said, in a moment. "But I dare n't say that. The thought of seeing him again, of meeting him—you don't know what it is to me. I know

I 'm not reasonable about it, but I feel as if I must go away. I feel as if we should only be happy again — father and I — and get back to our old good times together before — before he came, by going to some place a long way off, and very different from this. And father has sent in his resignation; he would n't like to recall it." She pressed her companion's hand. "It is so good of you to come — to care. You won't think me ungrateful if I can't see it quite as you see it — not yet, at all events?"

"Oh, I don't know how I see it!" exclaimed Margaret, hastily. "I am the last person you should trust to; I make a great many mistakes; I am not wise. I used to be very certain; but things have happened to alter that lately. I am not sure of anything — but — but perhaps this is true, — that if we have charge of men's ideals, as men say, we must n't be too hard in judging them by them. If we love them, we must wish to help them back to them, I think, when they fall; and, at all events, I don't think it can be wrong for us to remember always that they have to do their good and evil in a different world from ours — a world we don't understand, perhaps." She gazed over Dorothy's shoulder, with a far-away look in her eyes, in which she seemed to herself to be questioning and resolving her own future.

"But right and wrong remain — surely they are the same in all worlds," said Dorothy, bewildered by this strain of reasoning from Margaret. "And our loving — that seems to be just it! It does n't matter that some one for whom we care nothing does a thing beneath him. When — when another does it — " She did not finish.

"I don't know — I don't know," mused Margaret, with the same far-looking eyes. "It 's true, of course; but it 's not all the truth — or, at least, there is a better truth, perhaps. Love is better." She bent over and kissed her. "Good-by," she said.

Dorothy watched her go away, with many feelings.

XXX.

MARGARET'S way home took her by Dr. Ernfield's office, and, as she passed, she heard a rap on the window. Beatrice's face appeared at the pane, and she went in, at her silent gesture. They encountered in the outer office, where Beatrice whispered that Dr. Ernfield was ill. His long ride of the day before, followed by a night of watching at Jasper's bedside, had brought on another hemorrhage.

"Is Jasper back, then? Is he ill?" Margaret asked quickly.

"Yes; he 's back, and he 's very ill," returned Beatrice; and in a hushed voice she told her of the blizzard in which he had been caught on his way back over the mountains from Mineral Springs; how he had spent three days without food or drink under an overhanging rock, dying slowly of exhaustion, cold, and hunger; and how he had at length been found by a lumber-team going up O. K. valley for a load. The men had taken him into the town of O. K., and he had been laid up at the hotel there until now.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Margaret. "Poor fellow! I wish I could go out and nurse him. Is he alone?"

"He has his cow-boys."

"Cow-boys!" cried she. "No; I must n't," she added, after a moment's meditation. "But how like Dr. Ernfield to sit up with him. Tell me," she said, laying a hand on her companion's arm, "he is better?"

"Yes, he 's better; but he has been very ill. Ned is going to take his place with Jasper, and I 'm going to ask you to take my place with him for a moment. I left Edward in the irrigating-ditch. He will be wet through."

Margaret was about to say that she could n't stay, that it was impossible; but this seemed foolish, on reflection. She put off her shawl in the outer office, and went in to Ernfield, while Beatrice silently gathered her wraps in the inner room. She hushed Margaret's entrance into the room where he lay, with her finger on her lip. He was asleep, she saw. So much the better.

Beatrice indicated with her finger the medicine he was to take next, whispered one or two further instructions, and glided out, saying she would be back immediately. Margaret gave a quick glance about the untidy, mannish room. This, then, was where he lived. There was an unframed medical print or two, and some stuffed specimens. The walls were almost bare, save in the corners, where they were cobwebbed. Margaret could never have lived for a moment in a disheveled room. The desolateness of this one gave her a pang of homesickness for him. She saw that the fire was dying down, and looked about for wood.

He stirred uneasily as she softly put on a log, and opened his eyes on her. She rose quickly. His bewildered stare broke into a smile. "Have you taken Mrs. Vertner's place?" he asked. His voice was quite strong. Perhaps, she thought to herself — perhaps he would yet live to conquer his disease, and to take his place in life with the others. She knew that this could not be, that it was impossible; but the other seemed too dreadful. They faced each other alone for the first time since the day they had ridden up the Ute Trail together.

"It is good to see you again," he said, as he put forth his wasted hand. She took it and held it a moment silently, as she gazed out of the window, thinking of many things. The

sunlight was pouring into the little space of Mesa street on which Ernfield's rooms looked. From where she stood she could see the office of the "Maverick Sentinel," which she recalled as the name of the paper she had cause to remember. The days following Deed's going returned to her, as she stood looking out at the sign and holding Ernfield's hand, and it came to her that it was Ernfield, in a way, whom she had to thank for her husband and her happiness.

The wind hid the office of the newspaper, and "St. Ann's Rest" and the post-office next door, when it raised, as it did from time to time, a mighty cloud of dust. Women who were walking would sometimes pause before one of these gusts, and turn their backs, burying their faces in their muffs. The men often wore protecting goggles or glasses, and seemed to take the wind and dust as part of the universal joke.

As she stole a glance at his face again, and saw in his look the illusory brightness and vitality of the consumptive, grave and silent tears started in her eyes.

"I sha'n't be so sorry not to get well, after all," he said suddenly, observing her from under his half-closed eyelids. She looked, he thought, even more than she usually did, the benignant goddess of all right-doing. He was conscious of an absurd wonder whether she must dress her hair in that way because she was herself, or whether she had to be herself, having once brushed those silky brown strands back from her forehead in that severe fashion. He was as much at a loss to say why he liked her way of parting her hair uncompromisingly from forehead to crown, without a decoration or extrusion of any sort, and smoothing it simply down to the ears, where it curled back in a way that made him long to tell her how utterly nice she was, as he was at a loss to say why he liked her—why he loved her, in fine, to his madness, his torment. "I sha'n't be so sorry not to get well," he repeated, "because by the time I could get well, Mrs. Vertner and you would have spoiled me past remedy. I should n't be able to resume my place in society, decently. No one would be able to tolerate me. If you really want me to have courage to get well, you 'd better go before it 's too late." She answered him with an indulgent smile only.

"Ah, well," he went on, "it 's little matter, either way. The game will soon be up." He put away the instinctive denial that leaped to her lips, with a gesture. "Don't say it," he asked her. "There 's no need." A whimsical little groan escaped him as he shifted his position. He stared at her in far-away thought. She moved uneasily. He caught her hand. "I thought I could die without asking it. But it can't hurt you—my question—not from a man who has his death-warrant. Tell me—are you happy?"

She gazed down into his eyes a moment doubtfully. She felt herself choking; she nodded painfully.

"Ah, that 's good!" he exclaimed. "Good! And it 's true?" He turned a keen glance on her. "Everything is well with you?"

She shook her head.

He regarded her for a moment thoughtfully. "May I guess your trouble?" he asked, with a deepening of the kindly note in his voice. She said nothing. "Jasper told me a long story when I was called to him last night."

He told her what she already knew about the origin of Jasper's illness, and how, in the watches of the night, as he sat by his bedside, he had poured into his ears the whole narrative of his relation to his father and Philip. Margaret flushed. How much did he know?

"It must have been very hard for you," she heard him saying.

"How? What?" she asked, startled.

"All of it. You can't think how it came over me, sitting there in the dark with him—what you must have suffered. I have never known anything of it all. I have fancied things, now and then, of course; but I have always liked to believe you happy, and I did n't allow myself to fancy much. The truth is worse than my fancies. It must have been very hard for you," he repeated.

"It has n't always been easy," she owned.

"Ah, if I could forget the time I tried to make it harder!"

"Don't think that, please. It was you who made everything plain. It was you who helped me. Why—" she hesitated,—"I don't know why I should n't say it. I owe you my happiness."

"Do you?" He reached up and took her hand again. "Do you?" he repeated. "You don't. You must n't. But perhaps you may, too, if you like," he added, with a smile. "Leave the idea with me for a while. I sha'n't need it long, and it will do me good. Yes," he said happily to himself, "I could go away with that thought. You 'd better not stay. You 'll take it back."

"But it 's true."

"Is it? Well, no matter. I like it just as well as false. Your seeing it that way—that 's all that counts. And about the happiness—you manage to find it in spite of what we were talking of just now? If I 've given it to you, I want more than ever to know that I gave you the genuine article."

"Yes; in spite of that and—some other things, I think I may say I 'm happy. Or, at

least, I should n't know how to choose any way to be happier."

"There *are* other things?"

"Nothing that we shall not solve at once and have done with forever. Whatever comes, we have that comfort now."

A shadow passed over his face at that tiny world-including, world-excluding "we"; but he repeated fervently, "Good! Good!"

He saw her eyes light suddenly with a light that he had not brought into them. She went to the window, and rapped briskly upon it. A figure on the other side of the street turned at the sound, and, recognizing the face at the window, came quickly across the road.

"Excuse me if I leave you a moment," she said, and turned at the door, with a beaming face, to add, as she nodded toward him, "We shall know now."

When she had opened the office door to Deed she drew him in and folded him in her arms, and then held him off and questioned his face, reading the good news in his smile with greedy eyes. Ernfield in the next room turned wearily to the wall. She found him so when she ran in for a moment to see that all was well with him. Then she returned, and questioned Deed. She saw before he spoke that he was very happy; his face had taken on a radiant look. It was like the face of the man she had known in the year before their marriage. She was conscious for the first time how old and worn she had grown used to seeing him look. He was not looking old now; he was looking young and buoyant. Beatrice came in upon them before he could give her his news, and Deed must greet her, and Margaret must show her the last medicine that Ernfield had taken, and must linger a moment alone by his bedside to say, leaning over him as she buttoned her gloves: "I came to help you, and you have comforted me. It was always the way. Some day you must let me change it: you don't know how much I should like to feel that I had the advantage of you in that, even for a moment. I should like to help you."

He stretched up his hand to her; she noted with pain how frail and thin it seemed. "You *are* my help," he said, with a sad, eager smile. "I think you know that. It is you who make things possible for me."

A sudden flood of compassion filled Margaret's heart as she looked down into his weary eyes. In the great relief which had come to her at sight of her husband's face, in the joy of having him back, which seemed to give him to her as if for the first time, the thought of this maimed and broken life, so poor in joy of any sort, went through her with an afflicting pain. Her own share in his fate enlarged itself, and seemed to press upon her stiflingly; myriads of memories went electrically through her brain. So poor—so poor he was! And she so rich! She stooped with an irresistible impulse, and pressed a fleet kiss on his forehead through her blinding tears.

She seized Deed's arm passionately when they were outside, and walked swiftly with him toward the main street, with her muff to her face. For a long time neither of them spoke. Then he began in a low voice, and told her his news.

When the servant brought Deed's name to Dorothy next morning, she experienced a sinking of the heart; but she renewed her resolution with a stern word to herself, and went down to him. As she took his hand a little shock went through her that was not all pain. "His father! His father!" she caught herself murmuring. To him she said in a scarcely audible voice, "I am very glad to see you." Her manner was at once eager and reluctant. She suddenly looked up, encountered his kindly eye, and colored. His eye was at the moment tenderly studious of her. He saw what Philip perceived in her outward aspect, at least, to like. As she stood before him a little shyly, taking his hand in her cordial pressure, and lowering her eyes after the first full, frank, pleading meeting with his, she seemed to him very charming.

"You know why I have come?" he said, bending over her.

"About—"

"Yes; I want you to save him."

She motioned her visitor to the couch, taking a chair herself. "Save him?" she repeated. She clasped her hands in her lap, and drew herself slightly together in unconscious resistance. She had instinctively pushed her chair back a little as she sat down; she found the mere potency of his presence, his individuality, vaguely controlling.

"I want you to let me bring you together again; and I want you to do this not for his sake, but for mine. When I tell you, you will understand; and you won't think, I hope, that I ask as much as I must seem to. Last night, Miss Maurice, I came back from Leadville happier than men often are. I had heard great news of him, news that changed all I had been base and cruel enough to think of him. I wanted to hug him. Instead I found him gone, and *this* for news of him—first what he had done, and then that you had broken with him. You were right. You could do no less. I understand all your feeling. But, Miss Maurice, you must take him back. It was I who took Jasper's mine."

"You!" she cried. She smiled nervously.

"Yes, I. Not by the outward rules of

things. That was Philip's part—to seem to do it. But the real doer of an act is the one behind it all who is responsible for it. I was responsible for this. You know what I did against Jasper. This is one of the fruits of it. If I had not done that, this could not have happened. I made the situation. He had to act in it as he did. The blame 's mine. Lift it from him! It 's that I want to ask you."

She was bewildered; she did not know what to say. She stole a glance at him where he sat, and perceived the look like Philip's look; it was about the mouth perhaps; it was his smile that was like Philip's. He was handsomer than his son. As she whipped another furtive glance at him, she found herself trusting him; his sturdy frame, the clear-cut, powerful face, the alert and genial eye—all had an effect of gentle force, on which she instinctively reposed. To her it seemed that he looked very *right*. He went on in a moment to tell her what he had learned at Leadville, beginning with his quarrel with Philip, and taking pleasure in condemning himself. He said that he had made an egregious and wicked mistake. And then he made her see (he told the story with glistening eyes) how this precious boy of his, whom he had dared to cast off for a fancied baseness, and against whom he had hardened his heart, had all the time been sheltering and righting and saving him behind his back by the most shameless trick. He broke down in the midst of it. Tears of pride filled his eyes.

"That was good, that was noble of him," said Dorothy, quickly.

"And you will forgive him? You will pardon him? You will take him back?"

"Oh, don't you think I want to? Don't you suppose I long to? I can't!"

She did not know how she said these things. It seemed easy to talk to him, but difficult, impossible not to do what he wished. The effect of his presence grew upon her rather than diminished, and a kind of diffidence lingered in all she said. She felt keenly how much he had put aside to come to her; that gave authority to all he said—that, and the sense that he was older than she, that he was his father, that he was in trouble; and she felt her own young girl's feelings, opinions, judgments, shrinking in the balance by the operation of an instinct almost like one of decorum.

But she called upon her resolution. In the time which had passed since Margaret had left her she had gone over the question between herself and Philip with all the honesty she could find in herself. She had forced herself to face it with absolute pitilessness for her own pride, and for all that might be merely extraneous or selfish in her feeling. She had rehearsed it all, as well, with the tenderness for him which, alas! she did not need to force; and she believed that she had taken her resolve. It was taken in bitterness and tears; but it was fixed.

Deed leaned over from his place on the couch, and took her hand. "You won't punish him for what began with me," he said.

"I see what you mean," she said in a dry voice, out of which she kept her feeling as she could; "but I fear that can't be true for me. I can perceive it, but I can't feel it. I have thought a great deal of what you speak of, though, since he—since Philip told me of it; I have thought of what the punishment you found for your son must have cost you, I mean, and of his gratitude; and I 've been very sorry for you. May I say that?"

"I am very glad to have you say it. I see that you 're good, that you 're kind."

"No; don't think that, please," murmured Dorothy, painfully. "I am hard; I must be hard."

He regarded her for a moment as he withdrew his hand. "Then we shall understand each other, Miss Maurice," he said. "I am hard. It is that which has brought me here. If I had n't been hard, I should never have got myself and Philip into this miserable mess with Jasper, which has led Philip to do, now, what you see."

"But what you did, and what he has done—they are very different. What you did—do you mind my saying that?—may not have been right, perhaps, but it was splendid."

His face confessed his pleasure in her praise, but he said quickly: "Are you quite sure, Miss Maurice, that if you knew all Philip's motives, you would n't find something heroic about them, too? What I did used to seem to me fine, too; it does n't now. But it makes no difference; I had to do it, and every one near to me has had to pay for it. It 's taken its revenge," he said sadly. "I was right, perhaps; but I was not right to take my right. An injury began with that which has gone on ever since. There was no injury until I did it to Jasper, for his was what I made it. If I had not resisted it—I see that, now—it must have stopped there. I was not wise enough. I answered his villainy, and the penalty has been brought home to me since in every form through which I could be made to feel. It has not always been myself; it has been Margaret's fate to suffer for it, too, and now it 's Philip's. Don't force him to suffer more for it than you must. That 's what I 've come to beg of you."

The dignity and reality of his trouble affected her deeply as she listened. Her generous instinct to rush to the aid of any one in pain or difficulty came over her. But what seemed a final obstacle rose to withhold her. She did not know

how to explain it. She lowered her eyes to her lap. "Mrs. Deed came to see me; she has been more than good. She will have told you how I — what I feel," she said huskily.

"I know. It 's not only the wrong he has done Jasper, culpable, strange, and mistaken as that is. There is more to forgive."

"Oh, if it were only to forgive! That would be easy. I suppose I have forgiven now. When one gets over the first pain and shock, one forgives, if one loves, instinctively. But that is nothing — a form of words. He would not care for that; and I could n't offer it to him. What he wishes is something else. The only thing I could do that would do any good would be to bring it all back, — our old relation — as if this had never been. I can wish it back, and I do. But I can't bring it back. Nothing, it seems to me, can do that — nothing!"

"You mean that you can't bring it back for his own sake or for yours? I know that. Won't you try it, then, for the sake of some one outside of it all — some one who has no claim?"

"You mean —" she began.

"Yes," he answered eagerly; "will you do it for me?" A flush mounted to her face. "I have told you how I wronged and misunderstood him," he went on. "You know how he has rewarded me. You see — I 'm sure it 's natural to you to see such things — how I must long to do something for him; how I can't bear to think, however much he has deserved it, that he should be unhappy."

Dorothy looked over at him compassionately. "I see that," she murmured.

He leaned forward, and took her hand again. "He will pardon me; he will run to do it. But I can't take his pardon on those terms. You understand. He has humiliated me; he has heaped burning coals of fire on my head. I can't face him in his trouble empty-handed."

"No," she murmured. She was much shaken.

"Listen, my dear girl," he went on. "Do you think that what he has done is less a pain and trouble to me than to you? Have you thought how he is repeating my experience? In attacking Jasper, after all his forbearance, he is beginning as I began, and must go on as I have gone on. You see that. It does n't make what he has done seem less wrong, though he must have excuses of which we know nothing; but, to me, it makes it more pitiful. You understand how I can't look on, and see that happening, and do nothing to stop it. I *must* stop it. O Miss Maurice, I 'm sure you can't have the heart to let him stumble on into the mire where I 've been struggling these last months — you won't let him do that for lack of a word. I 'm sure you will help me!"

He stopped, and a great pity for the man into whose eyes she was looking, for Philip, and for the situation Philip had made common to both of them, came over her. It was almost impossible to her not to try to help them. "Oh, if it were a question of pity, of tenderness, of love, of anything but what it is!" she burst out.

"But finally that *is* the question — how much you love him, is n't it? And is anything impossible to love?"

He leaned forward suddenly. "My dear girl, will you let me tell you of something which has come very close to me?" She was gazing at him in absorption; she nodded tremulously. "You will understand, if I tell you this, that it is necessary — *necessary* to me that you should take him back; you will see that I could n't speak of it for a light reason. You have heard how I abandoned Margaret on her wedding-day?"

"Oh, don't speak of that! Don't make me feel that I have forced you to speak of that," she exclaimed in a kind of panic. She was not sure of what she was saying.

"He silenced her with a sad and gentle gesture, and sketched the occasion of his difference with Margaret quickly. "You see," he said, at the end, "I had no excuse. It was simply a monstrous humoring of my passion. I forced her to pretend, if she would unselfishly save me from myself, and then savagely punished her for it. I left her as if I had never had an obligation to her. It was an insult, and not a brave one. To desert a woman on her wedding-day could never be a handsome thing to do; in this case, where her only crime was caring for me too well, it was an abominable cruelty. And how did she reward me? Ah, my dear girl, you know. I could never come back to her; she knew it. She knew that I had shut the gates of paradise behind me, and that, except for the chance of her mercy, I must remain at the decent distance I had chosen for myself, cursing my folly, and longing vainly for her. It was her right never to suffer me to so much as see her again — a thousand times her right. I had outraged her pride; I had wounded her at a woman's tenderest and dearest point. And she forgave me! Don't ask me how. She found a way." He got up abruptly, and looked down for a moment in silence at the stooping figure in the chair before him. Dorothy's head was in her hands. She was weeping bitterly. "My dear girl," he asked with grave tenderness, "won't you find a way?"

She rose and put her hands in his.

"I will try," she said, lifting her tear-stained face to his bravely.

"And I may tell him —"

"Tell him I will see him."

He looked at her long and questioningly, while he held her hands.

XXXI.

"But you did n't tell him that there was any difficulty between Miss Maurice and Philip, I hope. You were n't such a dunce as that, Ned?"

It was two days later, and they were seated at dinner. Margaret had secured rooms at the Centropolis House against Deed's return from Piñon (with Philip, she hoped), and had taken up her own residence there, though she was much at the Vertners'. She had said that she felt that they — she and Deed — must begin to think of settling down, like sensible people (she had begun to make plans from the hour in which she heard Deed's good news about the Leadville business); and though she did not pretend that apartments at a hotel were even by way of gratifying this ambition, she said that they at least did not constitute a step in the other direction, like staying with one's friends.

Vertner arrested the carving-knife with which he had been inquiring his way to the joint of the fowl before him, and leveled a glance of scorn at his wife in response to her question.

"Well, I should hope not," she rejoined to this disclaimer, as he busied himself about the fowl again. And then after a pause, "I shall always say it was very good of you to go out to the Triangle to see what you could do for him, Ned."

"Shall you? Well, I should think more of it myself if Jasper interested me less. I did n't go to nurse him; I went to take a look at him. He has a special effect on me; I 'm curious about him; I 'm always wondering what he will do next."

"Well, you see what he has done next?"

"Yes; but just before he did it, I thought he was going to do something else." Vertner asked Edward to hand him the cranberries, as he finished cutting some of the fowl for himself, and settled himself at the table with the conscious pleasure of the carver who has earned his contentment. "I had got his next move all planned out in my mind; I thought I saw that he had seen a point which dawned on me while I was sitting with him; perhaps he has seen it,— indeed, I 'm pretty sure he has,— but he has n't acted on it. He has done something even more brilliant."

"Do you call it brilliant to go after Mr. Maurice and Dorothy by the next train?"

"From his point of view — certainly. Do you suppose Jasper could sit still under the thought that, after all that has happened, it should be his brother who succeeds with her. He will know how to reconcile himself to it if it happens; but he is n't going to let it happen if he can help himself. The first news that reached him when he was brought back to Maverick was that they were engaged; and if I know Jasper, he wanted to break something in celebration of that news. But then along comes Philip and puts a weapon into his hands, and he rages, but chirks up. He sees the opportunity his brother has given him. And then he hears that the engagement is broken on account of the same affair, and that pleases him down to the ground."

"But how did he hear that? And how do you suppose he knew that Mr. Maurice and Dorothy were going yesterday afternoon, when no one else knew it?"

"Well, I think I could imagine. Who has always been his friend here?"

"Why, Mr. Maurice; but —"

"There is no 'but.' Maurice was angry when she broke the engagement, of course. He supposed Philip was the rich one, then. But the transfer of the 'Little Cipher' to Jasper changed his mind, just as she was beginning to change her mind back again. I don't believe he was very sorry that, if the 'Sentinel' had to copy that article from the Laughing Valley paper about his doings over there, it should choose this time for it. Perhaps she gave him more definite reason to believe that she would forgive Philip than she gave Deed. At all events, he would n't care to keep her where Philip would certainly find her within a day or two and make it up with her. He decided to take an early train, for various reasons; but first he let Jasper know where he was going."

"I wish we knew. I begged her to telegraph. I knew Margaret would never forgive me if I did n't. But I wanted to know for myself. I am very sorry for her."

"So am I. But I am still more sorry for Deed and Philip. Think of Deed's bringing him back here to find her gone! He 's set his heart on this thing. He is in such a position that his peace of mind depends on his success in it. I sha'n't forget for a while the after-dinner cigar I smoked with Deed the day before he called on Dorothy. I 've seen men crushed before; but not like that. Well, of course it tore him up to have to feel that Phil had turned round and been his salvation after all. After quarreling with him, and casting him off because he thought he was unfaithful to him, it *was* pretty rough. He could have stood it to know that he had been in the wrong, and that he had accused Philip without any too much excuse; but this was another matter. It 's awful for a generous man to have to see that he has done a nasty thing. From the hour when he faced the fact that his son had really been fixing things up for him at Leadville — doing his best to stop the boomerang Deed had started on its

cheerful career before he left Leadville, using the $50,000 he had flung at him to save him, and generally toeing the mark, and doing his duty like a little man — from that hour he has been the happiest and the most miserable man going. To know that Phil was all right tickled him to death, but it shocked him to think how he had used him. His going to Dorothy yesterday did n't surprise me. He did n't say he was going; but it was the only thing left to him. When Margaret told him about it, I guess he felt that this little rumpus between Miss Maurice and Phil was a kind of providence. It gave him a show. He could n't take Philip's hand again until he had made it right with him, somehow. That was his chance. He took it and won — or, at least, if Maurice had let things alone, he stood a first-rate chance to win. And now he will be bringing Phil back with him to-morrow morning, both of them all ready to be mighty happy, and I don't know which the gladdest to be friends with the other again, and they will find her gone. It makes me tired!" exclaimed Vertner, pressing his handkerchief nervously to his brow, and ejaculating the slang as if it had the force of a phrase sacred to grief.

"I 'm not sure whether Philip deserves much pity," said Beatrice after a moment. "Of course I 'm sorry for him; but, as Margaret would say, I 'm not sure that I ought to be. She could n't do anything but give him up after he had done such a thing."

"Perhaps *she* could n't. I 'm not sure that another woman (a little different, or a little older woman: say a woman of thirty, instead of a girl of twenty-one) might not have found that she could do something else in her situation, though — dodge around a bit, and find her feelings coming up in unexpected places to square things with her conscience or her other feelings."

"It 's easy for men to say such things; and perhaps you are right — about some women," responded his wife, after a moment. "But you can't judge, Ned. You can't feel as a woman must in such a case. The circumstances were peculiar."

"Peculiar mainly in his not being so all-firedly guilty as her treatment of him makes out. Of course it is n't proper to take your brother's mine; but that is n't the question. The actual question is surrounded by a thousand reasons for thinking that it *is* just right to take your brother's mine, and that it might be a hallowed duty. Besides, he did n't do that — he merely failed to let on that he had once thought the 'Little Cipher' would be a good mine to give to his brother."

"Pshaw, Ned! You exaggerate!"

"Well, I 'm stating the case for the defense. You don't expect me to stick to absolutely undecorated facts, do you? Still, I stand by that. That 's the gist of it. You get into a hair-splitting region when you try to say whose mine that actually was. My mind is too gross for it. And, at all events, you must admit that she has been pretty hard on him; she 's too clear-headed. Women *are* that way when it comes to the wrong-doings of the man nearest to them; and especially if it touches them directly. I see it in you sometimes, Trix; but Dorothy is much worse."

"Oh, she sees things," owned Beatrice.

"Sees things! Well, I should remark — outside and inside, and underneath, and all around. That 's what makes me pity Phil. No man can stand that kind of soul-plumbing, straight-in-the-eye, unforgiving, undiscounting, heavenly stare. We 're not built that way — and Phil, poor fellow, less than most of us. Phil makes allowances for himself; he knows where he needs them, and he puts them where they will do the most good. It has got him into the habit of thinking that other people will be making the same for him; and some of us crude sinners, who know how it is ourselves, make them right along, and glad of the chance, with one of the best fellows in the world. But, bless my soul! is that the way she takes him? Is that the way any woman takes a man? Not much! She takes him on the ground of the fellow she 's dreamed, and he has to live up not only to the man she thinks him, but to the kind of man she thinks all good men. It 's the sort of thing to do a man good. I don't deny it. It puts stuff into him; it 's a tonic and a stimulant and a bracer. But it 's hard, constant, ticklish work. And the worst of it is, it does n't count — not for what it is. Women, dear things, fancy it as the every-day attitude of the sex; and when some fine morning you relax a bit, you 're punished not on the basis of what you are, but on the basis of what she 's all along been thinking you."

"Oh, you don't get any more than you deserve," laughed Beatrice.

"It 's all right. I don't say it is n't. I only say that we 're entitled to warning; it 's like playing poker without notice that you are playing 'straights.' I like to be familiar with the rules myself, before I risk my money."

"The rules are perfectly simple. You 've only got to be good."

"You call that simple! I fancy Phil would n't agree with you. Shut up, son!" he said, in an aside to the young man who was strumming on his plate with his spoon.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Wolcott Balestier.

A GLANCE AT DANIEL WEBSTER.

"A FEW flashes of rhetoric, a few happy epigrams, a few labored speeches which now seem cold, lifeless, and commonplace," says Lecky, the historian, "are all that remain of the eloquence of the Pitts, of Fox, of Sheridan, or of Plunket"—and he says this of the Pitts, among the greatest of English orators; of Sheridan, the most brilliant; of Fox, whom Lord Brougham, himself a great orator, pronounced "if not the greatest orator, certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of affairs in any age of the world." Is Daniel Webster's name now to be added to those on whose speeches the shadow of oblivion has fallen? James Otis, Jr., and Patrick Henry, as orators once famous, now live only in tradition. Clay's and Webster's speeches, it is true, have been preserved; but who now reads Clay's, and how long will Webster's continue to be read?

Webster's talents were undeniably of the first order: but it is said that he lacked genius; that his limitations were serious; that Hamilton was the greater statesman, Marshall the greater jurist, and Clay the unequaled parliamentarian; that he originated no public policy, nor greatly improved an old one; that his ethical sense, neither strong nor acute, was quickened to no beneficent purpose like that of Wilberforce, or of Garrison; that he had no love for the people, nor they for him, and that they will finally forget him.

Doubtless much of this is true. Nevertheless, Daniel Webster is not likely to be forgotten, nor will his words cease to be read. For he wasted no time on party politics, or on small questions, or on issues now dead; but always in the courts, or in the Senate, or before the people, applied his matchless powers to subjects of great moment and popular interest, sure to remain vital, and, like the seasons, ever returning. In these respects he stands alone among the statesmen of his day; and therefore, if they would, the people can never forget him. Nor can statesmen, jurists, or scholars; because, about government, laws, and public policy he said the most authoritative word, save John Marshall's, and said it in a way not easily bettered.

Marshall and Webster were of like principles and purpose, and, working together for the just interpretation of the Constitution in its relations to the States, for forty years they affected the institutions of the country more profoundly and more permanently than any other two men of their day. Marshall's tribunal was supreme; but the people were sometimes restive under its decisions, two of which were openly defied by sovereign States, and were never enforced. In its last analysis the efficient authority of the Supreme Court was public sentiment. Therefore, to make the General government truly national and efficient in all its departments, it was necessary to raise the people to a conception of nationality, and to inspire that conception with patriotic sentiment. This was Webster's great work. In this way he coöperated with Marshall. Webster had the wider field, more varied opportunities, larger audiences, and a farther-reaching voice. To this work he gave his life, and his work was crowned only when the great reply to Hayne became wisdom to Lincoln and valor to Grant. This the people now understand, and they have given to Webster their respect and their admiration, but not yet, I think, a place in their hearts—the true Valhalla. It may be that they have something to forget and something to remember before they learn to regard, as they regard Clay and Lincoln, this man who, though he professed no love for the people whom he served as few men have, loved kindred and friends, and the homes of his ancestors, and the graves of their dead, with a pathetic tenderness which has suffused the eyes of thousands. It may be that he must wait for men's second thoughts, their more charitable judgment, and the next ages.

A famous antislavery orator once publicly thanked God that Daniel Webster was not born in Massachusetts; and this was received with acclaiming shouts by the audience. Nor did they appear to notice any incongruity when the orator proceeded to objurgate Webster, just as though he had been born in Boston, and were a recreant descendant of Thomas Dudley. This is the common mistake—to judge Webster as a Puritan in origin, descent, inherited principles, education, and consequent responsibilities. He was no Puritan, nor did he ever pretend to be one. The Massachusetts Puritans, who came to Boston Bay in 1630, were east of England people. Daniel Webster's ancestors were from the north of England, and, coming six years later, entered New Hampshire by the Piscataqua, and for generations were dispersed along the skirmish-line of civilization, remote from the Puritans of the Bay, and shared neither in their glory nor in their shame.

In Webster was no admixture of nationality, no crossing of plebeian with patrician blood.

He was a genuine son of the soil, though not, like Burns, of a soil alive with a hundred generations of the dead, nor of a soil like that about Boston, every sod of which was quickened with associations touching the hearts and molding the characters of those born on it; but of a soil on which his father's footfall was the first of civilized man ever heard in that silent wilderness. He was a rustic, yet with marks of gentle blood in his shapely hands and feet, his well-proportioned limbs, and his high-bred face of no known type, unlike even his own brother, who was of Grecian form and face. We know that soil and climate affect character; but it is not easy to accept, save as a poetic theory, the "pathetic fallacy" with which Wordsworth imbued his generation and our own, that Nature has conscious relations with

Her foster-child, her inmate, Man,

and forms his principles and regulates his methods of action agreeably to her own. But Daniel Webster was very like Nature. Like her, he was unethical; like her, he was not revolutionary; and like her, he applied his powers along the lines of normal development.

Of the Puritans neither by birth nor by circumstances, he possessed few of their virtues, and none of their defects; and least of all their indomitable provinciality of thought and conduct. In this he stands quite alone among the public men of his day in New England. His spirit of nationality appeared so early in life that it indicated character rather than education. And the depth of the sentiment appears from this, that though born a Federalist, and from early manhood associated professionally and socially with some of the very able men prominent in the "Essex Junto" and in the Hartford Convention, he neither accepted their principles nor imitated their conduct. At no time was he a Southern man or a Northern man, but to the end of his life a National Federalist after the fashion of Washington.

This also is noticeable, that although Webster was educated at a small college in the backwoods, where rhetoric was in its worst estate, and at a time when our native literature was to the last degree conventional and vapid, he soon shook himself clear of his surroundings, and, without instructor or example, formed a style which for all the varied forms in which he expressed himself — either in the forum, or in the Senate, or in diplomacy, or before the people, or in familiar letters — still remains the best model.

Mr. Webster's fame as an orator is secure, and his services to the country are acknowledged; but in his last days he suffered some obloquy by reason of his speech of the 7th of March, 1850, — a speech which, whatever else may be said of it, was exactly on the line of his life-work for union and nationality, which he took up before he left college, and pursued with assiduity and constancy for more than half a century. Nor do the recorded lives of statesmen give many examples, if one, of a great and beneficent purpose conceived so early in life, pursued so vigorously, or crowned with so great success. He had coadjutors, but in clearness and consistency of purpose he stood alone. He seized every occasion — often made occasion — to unfold his constitutional views, and to commend them to the people.

Both as statesman and as orator Webster owed much to his historical sense. He was not original, constructive, or aggressive; but he had what, as I think, Hamilton did not have, nor Clay, a clear historical perception of the essential character of our English race, always moving on the line of its normal development, rather than by revolution, toward nationality, in which, though monarchy may have been its form, popular government has been its objective purpose. Webster's historical sense gave precision and consistency to his course as a statesman, and to his speech as an orator. Every step he made was a step forward. Circumstances beyond his control, like the change in the tariff policy, and the antislavery movement, with which, as a Nationalist, he probably had little sympathy, forced him into positions which he would not have chosen. But no statesman ever had fewer occasions for that immunity which the people so often and so readily accorded to Jefferson, to Clay, to Jackson, and to Abraham Lincoln. They made many mistakes, including Webster's, and were forgiven; Webster made one, and was lost — for a time.

Webster's historical sense appears in his orations. In what collection like his own can be found so large a body of thought on various subjects, covering forty years of public life, so consistent, so evenly and so constantly working to one great purpose, expressed with equal cogency, propriety, and eloquence? Certainly, neither in Fox's, nor in Burke's, nor in any other known to me. Goldwin Smith has said that "in political oratory it would be hard to find anything superior to the reply to Hayne; in forensic oratory it would be hard to find anything superior to his speech on the murder of White; among show speeches it would be hard to find anything superior to the Plymouth oration." This Plymouth oration, the earliest and best of Webster's, in which he formed and carried to its highest development a new kind of popular oratory, illustrates the historic sense of which I have spoken. After all that has been written, it remains by far the clearest and most precise view of those causes which, beginning with the Reformation, and acting on the Eng-

lish people, in the fullness of time led to the colonization of America, and to the setting up here of those institutions which best exemplify the sterling qualities of our English race. The key-note of this address sounds through all his speeches. He struck it loudly, and the nation heard; he struck it truly, and it dominates all later speech.

With no American orator save Hamilton — and with him only at the bar, or in the affairs of State — need Webster be compared. Hamilton's speeches have not been preserved, and his fame as an orator rests mainly upon tradition. To Burke's genius for discursive speculation, or to his copiousness of felicitous, light-diffusing phrase, Webster made no pretension, nor, on the other hand, did he ever lose sight of his purpose in prolix or irrelevant generalities, or imperil his cause by lack of measure, judgment, or self-control. He was the better orator. He gained his causes. He seldom attempted Burke's highest flights, but when he did, he came safely down. Webster's oratory was symmetrical and harmonious, working evenly, by just degrees, and inevitably, to his one constant purpose of convincing and persuading those who heard him. Loyal to his art, he was never seduced by desire of popular applause, or by a wish to please the schools.

Lord Chatham is accounted the most consummate of English orators. In my youth I greatly admired that passage in his speech on the address to the king in 1777, in which, referring to Lord Suffolk, who had defended the employment of the Indians in the war against the colonies, he exclaimed, "From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country." It is a very striking passage; but I once heard Webster say grander words. It was on the 17th of June, 1843, when I was one of that vast throng, gathered at Bunker Hill, which saw Webster raise his outstretched arm up to the newly completed monument, and heard him say: "It is not from my lips — it could not be from any human lips — that that stream of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite this vast multitude around me. *The powerful speaker stands motionless before us.*" I felt the thrill which ran through that vast audience, and I saw their uplifted eyes and blanched cheeks, and joined in that responsive shout which told, as no words could tell, that we had heard one of the most perfect passages in all oratory. These sentences fairly contrast these great orators. Webster could never have laid himself open to Lord Suffolk's crushing reply, that Chatham rashly condemned a policy inaugurated by himself only a few years before. Nor could Lecky have said of Webster, as he has said of Chatham, that he was often florid and meretricious, theatrical and affected, far from pure in taste, and, indeed, too much of a mountebank. But Chatham's eccentricities were those of genius. Burke had them, and Sheridan had them. If Webster lacked genius, he was at least free from its eccentricities. He was perfectly sane in his oratory, and, it may be, the greatest perfectly sane orator who ever spoke English.

Webster could also be dull — in his later years, very dull. Those who heard him in his prime are quite angry when one doubts whether he ever could have been as popular an orator as Everett or Choate or Phillips. Few now live who heard him in those early days, when he was at his best. I, who heard him often between 1840 and 1850, never heard him at his best but once, and then only for a few minutes. The circumstances were these:

At the festival of the Sons of New Hampshire, gathered in the hall of the Fitchburg Railroad in 1849, Mr. Webster presided with admirable grace, and spoke of his native State as her sons would like to hear her spoken of. His speech, though interesting, was not particularly striking until, passing from our own affairs to those of Hungary, then in her struggle for liberty, he said: "I see that the Emperor of Russia demands of Turkey that the noble Kossuth and his companions shall be given up to be dealt with at his pleasure. And I see that this demand is made in derision of the established laws of nations. Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power; but there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than the lightning, the whirlwind, or the earthquake, and that is the excited and aroused indignation of the whole civilized world."

Before we were aware of what was coming his majestic form began to tower, and his eyes to kindle, and his voice soon caught the key-note of the vast building, till in an illusion of the senses the lightning flashed, and the whirlwind shook the place where we were sitting, and the firm foundation rocked as with an earthquake. But it was an illusion of the sort produced only by famous orators like those

> Whose resistless eloquence . . . .
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece.

I once saw Mr. Webster when he was forty and I was eleven. The best likeness of him at that time, it seems to me, is the bust by Powers. I saw him often between 1840 and 1850, and the best likeness of him at that time, I should say, is the one now printed for the first time in this magazine.

Mellen Chamberlain.

A WOMAN IN THE AFRICAN DIGGINGS.

THE discovery of the vast diamond-mines of South Africa in 1870, in the locality indicated by an old Portuguese map, led to researches for gold guided by similar authorities, and always with the result of proving that the information was based on definite premises. Through the efforts of Mr. Thomas François Burgers, who was elected President of the Transvaal Republic in 1872, the Boers of that territory were induced to relax the severity of their laws against prospecting for gold, and rewards were offered for its discovery. These Boers had settled their republic across the Vaal River, through a long tempest-tossed career that is unique in history. They carried the legacy of their sturdy Netherland forefathers to Africa, where, through half a century, they took to the wilds in preference to submission to the injustice which they characterized as the rule of their English conquerors; and the intensity of their determination gained its object at last, when a British charter was granted to them recognizing their independence. In their tranquil domestic surroundings,—their multiplied flocks and herds browsing on the wide undulations of their limitless acres,—the word ambition effaced from their vocabulary, they could view with sentiments only akin to dread the prospective immigration of a foreign element into their country. Mr. Burgers, an educated man from the same stock, made the first break in the crust of their prejudices, and gave the impetus to the search for mineral wealth.

As the result of rewards offered for the discovery of payable gold, some alluvial fields were opened in 1873. The diggings were situated in the precipitous gorges of the high plateau-like formation which extends from the east, and crosses the entire breadth of the Transvaal, and it is an index to the rugged character of the locality that "The Devil's Hills," "The Devil's Knuckles," and other similar appellations, have been given to the most prominent elevations. It is no exaggeration to say that while you watch the descent of a wagon down the succession of precipitous terraces, your hair bristles with electricity, and literally fulfils the travesty of "standing on end." The span, sometimes of sixteen, sometimes of eighteen, oxen, is detached, with the exception of two, and, preceded by these, the wagon descends the almost perpendicular incline; its tendency to impetus being checked by a struggling band of Kafirs, who hang on from the back to ropes and chains attached to the several wheels. Only their extraordinary nerve averts an immediate disaster; yet the greatest caution is not always proof against a sudden impetus.

No one did more to establish the notoriety and success of these gold-fields than my own sister, and she must, in the history of South Africa, rank as one of the pioneers of the enterprise. She was not only the first white woman to set foot in the little settlement, but probably the first white woman who had ever looked on those deep, broken heights. She was always imbued with a spirit of adventure, and her youth was marked by many laughable and eccentric experiments, which bore the presage of strong individuality of character. At the period when the first discoveries of gold were agitating people's minds, and rumors and contradictions conflicted between truth and untruth, she was a young girl, teaching in a little Boer town in the Orange Free State, the sister republic of the Transvaal. She heard enough to kindle within her a desire to go, and she began to form plans to that end, writing home for counsel and encouragement; but her scheme met with cold opposition, and was regarded as one of utter madness. My father was steeped in the traditional prejudices of the Englishman against a woman who should venture to step out of the sphere of domesticity. The country where the diggings were situated was a *terra incognita*, an uninhabited wilderness. It could be reached only over bridgeless rivers and roadless mountains; but with these facts all set before her in their most uninviting aspect, and conventional scruples whispering sinister threats against the defiance of time-honored prejudices, she deliberately went on making preparations to carry out her purpose. In her leisure time she cut out and sewed together the tent which was to be her home at the diggings; and shortly she realized on the few effects she possessed in connection with her scholastic occupation, hired a Boer with his wagon to take her and her necessary outfit, implements, and provisions to El Dorado, and, with a younger brother, set out.

From the point at which they took their departure there was no road or direct route for their guidance, and they had to steer their course by such casual information as they could occasionally glean from natives, and by a dependence on the sun, which embodies a

DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

LETTING THE WAGONS DOWN.

chart which the denizens of new countries interpret with peculiar aptitude. Some days, however, they wandered about in dire uncertainty, with no satisfaction but the idea that they were getting somewhere. The Boer grew disheartened with what he had undertaken to do, and was disposed to turn back; but he was dissuaded from this by my sister's determination. Other delays were encountered by swollen rivers, and by stick-fasts in low *vleys*, where a rich, black loamy soil possesses some extraordinary power of tenacity that literally threatens engulfment. Game was abundant through the country they traversed, and the Boer marked many a noble wildebeeste for the sport of his *roer*, so that no threat of want ever appalled them; and in this way six weeks went by in the *veldt*, until at length my sister saw the goal of her hopes.

Deep down in the midst of mountains varying in altitude from 3000 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea lay the creek called Pilgrim's Rest, along which, as its tortuous course could be traced, were dotted here and there the fleecy spots that in the distance were all that represented the diggers' tents. The country was enveloped in an atmosphere of peculiar rarity and lightness, and the wooded ravines, the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the wealth of blossoms that mantled nature at this season of the year, marked the first view with an impression of delight the memory of which no subsequent disappointment could mar.

The advent of a woman marked an epoch in the history of Pilgrim's Rest (so called because of the rest it suggested when the almost unconquerable task of reaching it had been accomplished), and there were among the diggers men who, long unaccustomed to the sight of such a phenomenon, could not overcome their self-consciousness sufficiently to approach within speaking distance; and yet, consumed with curiosity, they made observations from the shelter of friendly rocks, envying more fortunate comrades who found presence of mind to face the unfamiliar spectacle. The privations and mutual dependence which are part and parcel of the digger's life call into action the best phase of human character, and the genial interchange of kindly aid conduces to frank social relations that are undeniably charming.

The most cordial assistance was rendered my sister in every detail: her tent was pitched in a quiet, secluded spot; she was advised in the selection of a claim; initiated into the formalities of pegging-out and registration; and thus found many anticipated difficulties considerably ameliorated. The cheapness of native labor lessened in a great degree the hardships of living at these gold-fields. The Amatongas, a very intelligent tribe on the east coast, came in freely to work, offering their services at the rate of £1 per month, with the usual rations of mealie meal; and having paid the digger's tax of 5 shillings for the month, and hired several of these natives, my sister found herself settled down to the life of a digger. She superintended the work of her claim herself, and in the process of washing the disintegrated soil she personally took part. The Kafirs were immensely amused at the odd spectacle of a woman displaying such eagerness for what they merely characterized as "stones"; but they were by no means devoid of an intelligent sympathy, and the tact which knows how to draw this out is always sure of getting better work done. Besides this, their zeal was stimulated by the discovery of gold being made the occasion of a feast of meat, or an extra length of tobacco, without which narcotic in some form or another they are unable to exist.

My sister lived for two years in her little canvas tent on the creek, which she had in the mean time inclosed by means of a fence of laced boughs and planted about with vegetables. She found gold for the most part steadily, but only in small quantities of a few ounces at a time. It existed very indefinitely, and there were no indications that proved of the slightest value in searching for it. At one time she hit upon the expedient of meeting her expenses by making ginger-beer and pastry, a difficult task where kitchens are not, and with cooking-utensils of the most primitive kind. The sight of such delicacies raised the liveliest emotions in the diggers, whose life condemned them to a monotonous and sorry fare, and the Kafir who became the itinerant vender on these occasions grew inflated with the importance it conferred on him. He was hailed in all directions, and when he could no longer meet the demands of importunate customers, he would toss the basket into the air with a smile of ironical pity. In the mean time, several claims had passed through my sister's hands, and the last of these realized some of the expectations the hope of which gives a flavor of excitement to the monotony of gold-digging. This claim contained a rich lead, from which some very fine nuggets of almost pure gold were taken, solid lumps of metal averaging in weight from eight ounces to four pounds. She was now in possession of a moderate competency, and her success was the theme of considerable comment throughout the entire press of South Africa. But at this juncture she laid down her laurels, discarded pick and shovel, bade adieu to Pilgrim's Rest, and to some of the happiest days of her life, which she claims to have spent there, and, uniting her fortunes to those of Mr. Cameron, a gentleman who had also been success-

ful as a miner, the two visited America, where at the Philadelphia Exposition they exhibited about fifty pounds' weight of virgin gold from Pilgrim's Rest. One nugget in the collection — from my sister's claim — attracted special notice; it was worn away in the center so as almost to form a cup. It weighed somewhat over four pounds, and a model of it is now in camp life. Mr. Burgers, anxious to secure the intelligent coöperation of the new community in advancing the best interests of the country, persuaded his Government into granting them concessions that were constitutionally limited. To obviate the difficulties the language presented, English candidates were appointed to fill official positions, while the nomination of

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

WASHING GOLD, "PILGRIM'S REST."

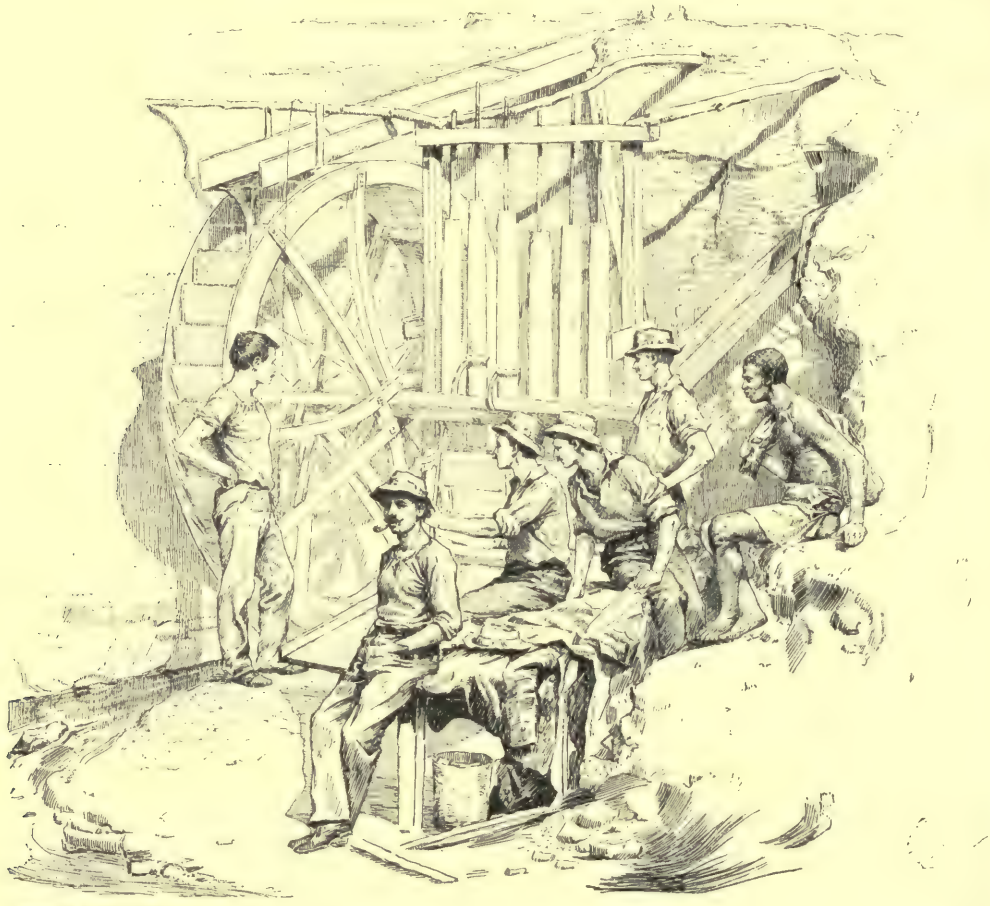
the mint at Philadelphia, where it was coined. During the few years in which the diggings at Pilgrim's Rest were worked, the population at one time was enumerated at 800, and though my sister was relieved of the honor of being the solitary representative of her sex, her position as the only woman miner remained undisputed.

No statistics were ever ascertained of the exact quantity of gold produced from these mines, and the only facts in regard to this that were obtained were derived from the banks, through whose agency an amount valued at £680,000 was exported; but in a general way miners carried away their finds with them. Their freemasonry observes a strict secrecy with regard to furnishing information respecting their finds, the dread of any influx of population being a sort of nightmare with them.

The population was almost entirely composed of English, and stores, banks, a newspaper, temporary places of worship, had brought some of the amenities of civilization into the two members from their own community to represent them in the Volksraad was another liberal measure passed in their favor. Thus they were almost constituted into a self-government. Mr. Burgers had entered into a treaty with the Portuguese government for the construction of a railway, which was to link Delagoa Bay and Pretoria; but the diversion of trade this would have created to their detriment excited the antagonism of the British colonies, and political animosities were generated through the agency of the community at Pilgrim's Rest, which, under a total misrepresentation of facts, induced England in 1877 to annex the Transvaal. An exaggerated value was attached to the new acquisition; it was forecast that the mining industry would be a source of great revenues, and hence a perfectly indiscriminate expenditure was sanctioned by the British treasury. Troops necessarily were stationed in the country, and almost on the heels of the annexation the Zulu war was perpetrated, an act associated

with the same policy which enunciated the confederation of the South African states for the conservation of British interests.

This succession of events provided a readier means of making money than gold-mining, while it produced a simulated prosperity the results of which were demoralizing, and tended



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A HOME-MADE QUARTZ-CRUSHING MACHINE.

to the stagnation of all true industry, culminating in a retrogression of years, and only retrieved by the inherent vitality of the resources of the country. The Boers disclaimed all grounds for the English occupation of their country, and lived in a state of passive disaffection toward the Government. Ultimately they took up arms to throw it off, in the memorable war of 1880–81, when, after several defeats of their troops, the British government entered upon a reconsideration of their policy, which led to their restoring to the Boers their independence.

Induced by these unsettled political conditions, a mistrust of South Africa now prevailed in Europe, which threw a pall of depression over every avenue of enterprise. Yet in time the reports of gold prospectors once more assumed an interest. The only hope for the future lay in the country itself. The promise of further discoveries of alluvial fields gave no hope; occasional small deposits were found, but they proved fallacious as indications on which to base any certain prospects, and the source of these erratic pockets of gold has baffled the keenest scientific research. The fact that gold existed in the quartz formation throughout a wide area of country was generally known, but the fact that the deposit differed with preconceived theory led to skepticism on the score of its paying for the outlay necessary for its extraction. The efforts of several individual miners wrecked this hasty conclusion. Mr. Bray, who had been mining and prospecting for many years in the Transvaal, was one of the first men who conceived the idea of testing the quartz-reef formation, existing extensively

to the north of Pilgrim's Rest. The experiment was made on merely speculative theory, for the evidence of gold was not visible; but the analysis gave a yield of six ounces to the ton, and, encouraged by this, he secured some coöperation which enabled him to send several parcels of the quartz to well-known assayists in London, and the yield from these was in some cases twelve ounces, and in others forty-seven ounces, to the ton. It will be sufficient for my purpose to relate that this mine was taken in hand by influential capitalists, and has since proved the counterpart of the Mount Morgan of Australia, being literally a mountain of gold. This mine, which has been named "The Sheba," owing to its inaccessibility, was developed under extraordinary difficulties; but it has averaged a monthly production of gold amounting to £10,000, which with increased facilities of machinery may be doubled or tripled.

The excitement which followed on one or two successes parallel with the Sheba induced a fever of speculation that, while it lasted, seemed to turn all men mad. Farmers, merchants, professional men, clerks, tradesmen, all abandoned their vocations and set out for the new gold-fields. Hundreds of claims were taken up, and companies were floated on little more than shadows of reality. The reaction attendant on this state of things might have struck a fatal blow to the new prospects awakened but for the timely discovery of another gold-field in a totally unexpected quarter. Three hundred miles to the southwest of Pilgrim's Rest is the district of Witwatersrand, situated on the high, undulating tableland before referred to as stretching from the east. Bleak and treeless, and occupying an altitude 6000 feet above the sea, the value of the lands here was almost unconsidered except as healthy summer grazing-fields; yet in a stratum, and under conditions, so unique as to confute science and all Australian experience, gold was found to exist over an area of so vast an extent that no definite boundaries can be assigned as its limit. The incredulous spirit of former times had given way to the idea that there was nothing too good to expect, and several capitalists from Pretoria essayed some experiments on claims which they took up. The results were remarkable: 100 tons of the quartz crushed by the Jubilee Company yielded 327 ounces, and 100 tons from the Wemmer Company's claims gave 1300 ounces of gold.[1] The publication of these facts attracted an immediate rush of population, and, with a rapidity that is without a parallel, the town of Johannesburg sprang into flourishing existence as the precursor of other towns in the centers of other gold-mines north and south in the Transvaal. The primitive life, which was all that had been known in the republics, gave place to civilizing influences which drew the Boers out of their apathetic content. Many of them, raised to sudden affluence through the values acquired by their property, were eager to secure to their children the boon of education. The homely lawgivers of the Transvaal exhibited a remarkable foresight and discretion in dealing with the altered conditions of their country. They made liberal disposition of the handsome revenues of their treasury toward education, institutions, and works of a public character, and they acted with generosity and firmness toward the English population settled under their flag.

Pretoria, situated thirty-five miles northeast of Johannesburg, is the capital of the Transvaal. A very intelligent society exists in this far inland center, composed in part of English, Germans, Hollanders, and Cape Dutch people, who are frank, hospitable, and peculiarly susceptible to social enjoyment. The climate produces a tendency to exhilaration, and life glides along with the dreamy ease of summer shadows.

Annie Russell.

1 These results have no index value; they are abnormal. The Sheba mine has given results of four ounces to the ton. The Johannesburg formation is estimated to yield an average of one ounce to the ton.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA.

ALL day I rode through lands snow-ridged,
Whose hill-slopes showed no sign of spring,
Past smoking towns, streams iron-bridged,
O'er which the train went echoing.

At last, ere twilight closed the day,
Far eastward, underneath the dark,
A glimpse of ocean's bosom gray,
Bright-heaving, boundless, without mark.

The vision faded, yet all night
My fancy kept alive for me
The steel-bright waves, the fading light,
That picture of the winter sea.

William Prescott Foster.

WHEN POLLY TAKES THE AIR.

(AN OLD PORTRAIT ON AN OLD STAIR.)

WITH PICTURES BY OTTO H. BACHER.

OUT of the dusk stepped down
Young Beauty on the stair:
What need o' April in the town
When Polly took the air?

Lilac the color then,
So all in lilac she;
Her kerchief hid from maids and men
What was too white to see.

Good Stuart folk her kin,
  And bred in Devon vales;
One looked her happy eyes within,
  And heard the nightingales.

When Polly took the air,
  Each lad that happened near,
Forgetting all save she was fair,
  Turned English cavalier.

It was the end o' Lent,
  The crocus lit the square;
With wavering green the bough was bent
  When Polly took the air.

Long since that weather sped,
  Yet yonder on the wall
Her portrait holds a faded shred,
  Some scrap of it in thrall.

The New World claims the skies,
  Although the Old prevails;
We look into her happy eyes,
  And hear the nightingales.

Staid lilac is her gown,
  And yellow gleams her hair;
The ghost of April is in town,
  And Polly takes the air!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

BALCONY STORIES.

GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDMOTHER.

AS the grandmother related it fresh from the primeval sources that feed a grandmother's memory, it happened thus:

In the early days of the settlement of Georgia—ah, how green and rustic appears to us now the world in the early days of the settlement of Georgia! Sometimes to women, listening to the stories of their grandmothers, it seems better to have lived then than now—her grandmother was at that time a young wife. It was the day of arduous, if not of long, courtship before marriage, when every wedding celebrated the close of an original romance; and when young couples, for bridal trips, went out to settle new States, riding on a pillion generally, with their trousseaux following as best they could on sumpter mules; to hear the grandmother describe it made one long to be a bride of those days.

The young husband had the enumeration of qualities that went to the making of a man of that period, and if the qualities were in the proportion of ten physical to one intellectual, it does not follow that the grandmother's grandfather was not a man of parts. For, to obtain the hand of his bride, an only child and an heiress, he had to give test of his mettle by ignoring his fortune, studying law, and getting his license before marriage, and binding himself to live the first year afterward on the proceeds of his practice; a device of the time thought to be a wholesome corrective of the corrupting influence of over-wealth in young domesticities.

Although he had already chosen the sea for

DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

"TURNED TO HER DOMESTIC DUTIES."

his profession, and was a midshipman at the time, with more of a reputation for living than for learning, such was he, and such, it may be said, was the incentive genius of his choice, that almost before his resignation as midshipman was accepted, his license as lawyer was signed. As for practice, it was currently remarked at his wedding, at the sight of him flying down the room in the reel with his bride for partner, that his tongue was as nimble as his heels, and that if he only turned his attention to criminal practice, there was no man in the country who would make a better prosecuting attorney for the State. And with him for prosecuting attorney, it was warranted that sirrahs the highwaymen would not continue to hold Georgia judge-and-jury justice in quite such contemptible estimation, and that the gallows would not be left so long bereft of their legitimate swingings. As for fees, it was predicted that the young fellow as he stood, or rather "chassé'd," could snap his fingers at both his and his bride's trustees.

He did turn his attention to criminal law, was made prosecuting attorney for the State in his county, and, before his six months had passed, was convincing the hitherto high and mighty, lordly, independent knights of the road that other counties in Georgia furnished more secure pasturage for them.

It was a beautiful spring morning. The young wife bade him a hearty good-by, and stood in the doorway watching him, gay and *debonair*, riding off, on his stout black charger Beetle, in the direction of the town in which court was to be held that week.

She herself feeling as full of ambition and work as if she also were prosecuting attorney, with a perennial spring of eloquence bubbling in her brain, turned to her domestic duties, and, without going into the detail of them, it suffices to say that, according to the grandmother's estimation, one morning's list of duties for a healthy young bride of that period would shame the week's work of a syndicate of them to-day. Finding herself nearing the limit of diminution of several household necessities, and the spring suggesting the beginning of new ones, she made up her mind to profit by her husband's absence and the fair weather to make a trading visit to the town next day.

So, early in a morning as beautiful as the preceding day, mounted on her own stanch mare Maid Marion, she ambled down the green overhung forest-road, in the vista of which she had watched her husband disappear the day before; thinking about what she had to buy, and thinking, no doubt, much more, as brides will, of the absent lord and master — as brides of those days loved to consider and denominate their husbands.

Coming into the little town, the freshly painted, swinging sign-board of the new tavern, "The Honest Georgian," as usual was the first thing to catch her eye; but the instant after, what should she see but black Beetle hitched to the rack under the tree that shadowed the hostelry!

It was not decorous; but she was young, and the day of her first separation from her husband had been so long; and was he not also, against the firmest of resolutions and plans, hastening back to her, the separation being too long for him also?

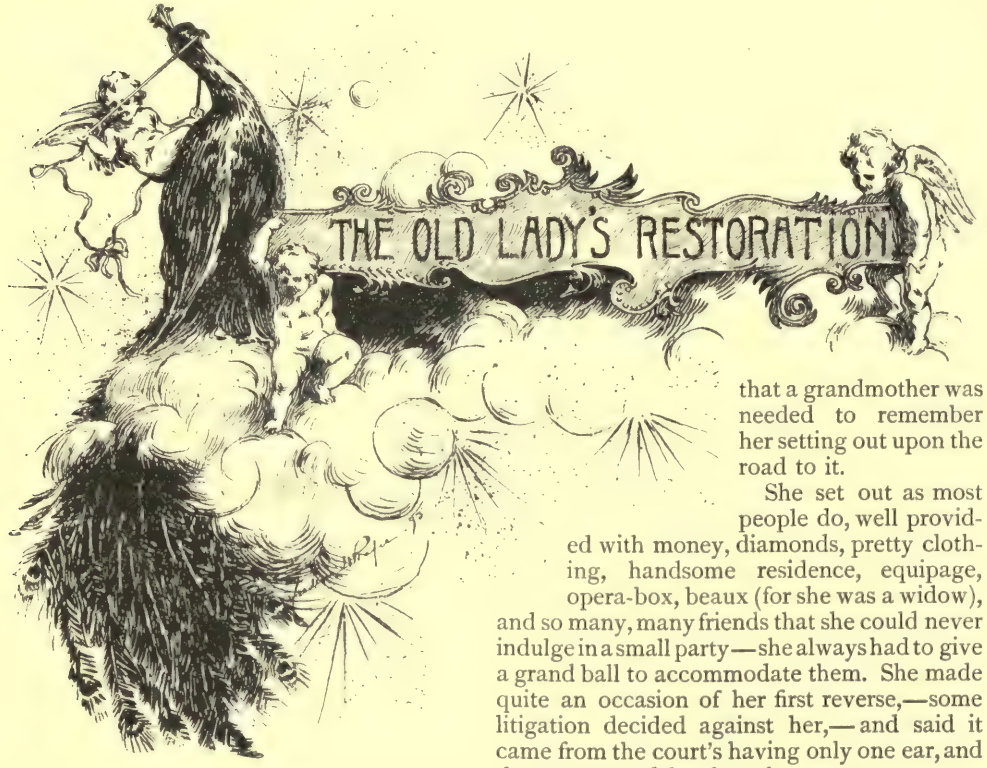
Slipping her foot from the stirrup, she jumped to the ground, and ran into the tavern. There he stood calling hastily for a drink; and her heart more than her eyes took in his, to her, consecrated signalment — the riding-boots, short clothes, blue coat, cocked hat, ruffles. She crept up behind to surprise him, her face, with its delight and smiles, beyond her control. She crept, until she saw his watch-fob dangling against the counter, and then her heart made a call. He turned. He was not her husband! Another man it was in her husband's clothes, a man with a villainous countenance! With a scream she gave the alarm. The stranger turned, dropped his drink, bounded to the door and out, leaped to the back of Beetle, gave rein and spur, and the black horse made good his reputation. In a second all was hue-and-cry and pursuit. While men and horses made, for all they were worth, down the road after Beetle, she on Maid Marion galloped for her life in the opposite direction, the direction of the court town whither her husband had journeyed. The mare's hide made acquaintance with the whip that day if never before, for not even the willing Maid Marion could keep pace with the apprehensions on her back.

Scouring with her eyes the highway ahead of her, shooting hawk's glances into the forest on each side of her, the wife rode through the distance all, all day, praying that the day might be long enough, might equal the distance. The sun set, and night began to fall; but she and Maid Marion were none the less fresh, except in the heart.

The moon rose straight before them down the road, lighting it and them through the threatened obscurity. And so they came to trampled earth and torn grass, and so she uncovered concealed footsteps, and so, creeping on her hands and knees, she followed traces of blood, through thicket and glade, into the deep forest, to a hastily piled hillock of earth, gravel, and leaves. Burrowing with her hands, she came to it, the naked body of her young husband, cold and stiff, foully murdered.

Maid Marion approached at her call. She wrapped him in her cloak, and — a young

wife of those times alone would do it — put him in the saddle before her: the good mare Maid Marion alone knows the rest. In the early gray dawn, from one highway there rode into the town the baffled pursuers, from the other the grandmother's grandmother, clasping the corpse of her husband with arms as stiff as his own; loving him, so the grandmother used to say, with a love which, if ever love could do so, would have effected a resurrection.



THE news came out in the papers that the old lady had been restored to her fortune. She had been deprived of it so long ago that the real manner of her dispossession had become lost, or at least hidden under the many versions that had been invented to replace lapses of memory, or to remedy the unpicturesqueness of the original truth. The face of truth, like the face of many a good woman, is liable to the accident of ugliness, and the desire to embellish one as well as the other need not necessarily proceed from anything more harmful than an overweighted love of the beautiful.

If the old lady had not been restored to her fortune, her *personalia* would have remained in the oblivion which, as one might say, had accumulated upon everything belonging to her. But after that newspaper paragraph, there was such a flowering of memory around her name as would have done credit to a whole cemetery on All Saints. It took three generations to do justice to the old lady, for so long and so slow had been her descent into poverty that a grandmother was needed to remember her setting out upon the road to it.

She set out as most people do, well provided with money, diamonds, pretty clothing, handsome residence, equipage, opera-box, beaux (for she was a widow), and so many, many friends that she could never indulge in a small party — she always had to give a grand ball to accommodate them. She made quite an occasion of her first reverse, — some litigation decided against her, — and said it came from the court's having only one ear, and that preëmpted by the other party.

She always said whatever she thought, regardless of the consequences, because she averred truth was so much more interesting than falsehood. Nothing annoyed her more in society than to have to listen to the compositions women make as a substitute for the original truth. It was as if, when she went to the theater to hear Shakspere and Molière, the actors should try to impose upon the audience by reciting lines of their own. Truth was the wit of life and the wit of books. She traveled her road from affluence so leisurely that nothing escaped her eyes or her feelings, and she signaled unhesitatingly every stage in it.

"My dear, do you know there is really such a thing as existence without a carriage and horses?" — "I assure you it is perfectly new to me to find that an opera-box is not a necessity. It is a luxury. In theory one can really never tell the distinction between luxuries and necessities." — "How absurd! At one time I thought hair was given us only to furnish a profession to hair-dressers; just as we wear artifi-

cial flowers to support the flower-makers." — "Upon my word, it is not uninteresting. There is always some *haute nouveauté* in economy. The ways of depriving one's self are infinite. There is wine, now." — "Not own your residence! As soon not own your tomb as your residence! My mama used to scream that in my ears. According to her, it was not *comme il faut* to board or live in a rented house. How little she knew!"

DRAWN BY F. S. M. PAPE.

THE PAST.

When her friends, learning her increasing difficulties, which they did from the best authority (herself), complimented her, as they were forced to do, upon her still handsome appearance, pretty laces, feathers, jewelry, silks, "Fat," she would answer — "fat. I am living off my fat, as bears do in winter. In truth, I remind myself of an animal in more ways than one."

And so every one had something to contribute to the conversation about her — bits which, they said, affection and admiration had kept alive in their memory.

Each city has its own roads to certain ends, its ways of Calvary, so to speak. In New Orleans the victim seems ever to walk down Royal street and up Chartres, or *vice versa*. One would infer so, at least, from the display in the shops and windows of those thoroughfares. Old furniture, cut glass, pictures, books, jewelry, lace, china — the fleece (sometimes the flesh still sticking to it) left on the brambles by the driven herd. If there should some day be a trump of resurrection for defunct fortunes, those shops would be emptied in the same twinkling of the eye allowed to tombs for their rendition of property.

The old lady must have made that promenade many, many times, to judge by the samples of her "fat or fleece" displayed in the windows. She took to hobbling, as if from tired or sore feet.

"It is nothing," in answer to an inquiry. "Made-to-order feet learning to walk in ready-made shoes: that is all. One's feet, after all, are the most unintelligent part of one's body." Tea was her abomination, coffee her adoration; but she explained: "Tea, you know, is so detestable that the very worst is hardly worse than the very best; while coffee is so perfect that the smallest shade of impurity is not to be tolerated. The truly economical, I observe,

always drink tea. At one time I thought if all the luxuries of the world were exposed to me, and but one choice allowed, I should select gloves. Believe me, there is no superfluity in the world so easily dispensed with."

As may be supposed, her path led her farther and farther away from her old friends. Even her intimates became scarce; so much so, that these observations, which, of course, could be made only to intimates, became fewer and fewer, unfortunately, for her circumstances were becoming such that the remarks became increasingly valuable. The last thing related of her was apropos of friends.

"My friends! My dear, I cannot tell you just so, on the spur of the moment, but with a little reflection and calculation I could tell you, to a picayune, the rent of every friend in the market. You can lease, rent, or hire them, like horses, carriages, opera-boxes, servants, by year, month, day, or hour; and the tariff is just as fixed.

"Christians! Christians are the most discreet people in the world. If you should ask me what Christianity has most promoted in the world, I should answer without hesitation, discretion. Of course, when I say the world I mean society, and when I say Christianity I mean our interpretation of it. If only duns could be pastors, and pastors duns! But of course you do not know what duns are; they are the guardian angels of the creditor, the pursuing fiends of the debtor."

After that, the old lady made her disappearance under the waves of that sea into the depths of which it is very improbable that a single friend ever attempted to pursue her. And there she remained until the news came that she was restored to fortune.

A week passed, two weeks; no sight or sound of her. It was during this period that her old friends were so occupied resuscitating their old friendships for her — when all her antique sayings and doings became current ball-room and dinner-table gossip — that she arose from her obscurity like Cinderella from her ashes, to be decked with every gift that fairy minds could suggest. Those who had known her intimately made no effort to conceal their importance. Those who did not know her personally put forward claims of inherited friendship, and those who did not know her traditionally or otherwise — the *nouveaux riches* and *parvenus*, who alone feel the monied value of such social connections — began making their resolutions to capture her as soon as she came in sight of society.

The old residence was to be rebought, and refurnished from France; the *avant scène* at the opera had been engaged; the old cook was to be hired back from the club at a fabulous price; the old balls and the old dinners were to gladden the city — so said they who seemed to know. Nothing was to be spared, nothing stinted — at her age, with no child or relative, and life running short for pleasure. Diamonds,

DRAWN BY F. S. M. PAPE.

THE PRESENT.

laces, velvets, champagne, Château Yquem—"Grand Dieu Seigneur!" the old Creole servants exclaimed, raising their hands at the enumeration of it.

Where the news came from nobody knew, but everything was certified and accepted as facts, although, as between women, the grain of salt should have been used. Impatience waxed, until nearly every day some one would ring the bell of the old residence, to ask when the mistress was going to move in. And such affectionate messages! And people would not, simply could not, be satisfied with the incomprehensible answers. And then it leaked out. The old lady was simply waiting for everything to arrive—furniture, toilets, carriage, etc.—to make a grand *entrée* into her old sphere; to come riding on a throne as it were. And still the time passed, and she did not come. Finally two of the clever-heads penetrated the enigma: *mauvaise honte*, shyness—so long out of the world, so old; perhaps not sure of her welcome. So they determined to seek her out.

"We will go to her, like children to a grandmother, etc. The others have no delicacy of sentiment, etc. And she will thus learn who really remember, really love her, etc."

Provided with congratulatory bouquets, they set forth. It is very hard to find a dweller on the very sea-bottom of poverty. Perhaps that is why the effort is so seldom made. One has to ask at grocers' shops, groggeries, market-stalls, Chinese restaurants; interview corner cobblers, ragpickers, gutter children. But nothing is impossible to the determined. The two ladies overcame all obstacles, and needled their way along, where under other circumstances they would not have glanced, would have thought it improper to glance.

They were directed through an old, old house, out on an old, old gallery, to a room at the very extreme end.

"Poor thing! Evidently she has not heard the good news yet. We will be the first to communicate it," they whispered, standing before the dilapidated, withered-looking door.

Before knocking, they listened, as it is the very wisdom of discretion to do. There was life inside, a little kind of voice, like some one trying to hum a song with a very cracked old throat.

The ladies opened the door. "Ah, my friend!"

"Ah, my friend!"

"Restored!"

"Restored!"

"At last!"

"At last!"

"Just the same!"

"Exactly the same!"

It was which one would get to her first with bouquet and kiss, competition almost crowding friendship.

"The good news!"

"The good news!"

"We could not stay!"

"We had to come!"

"It has arrived at last!"

"At last it has arrived!"

The old lady was very much older, but still the same.

"You will again have a chance!"

"Restored to your friends!"

"The world!"

"Your luxuries!"

"Your comforts!"

"Comforts! Luxuries!" At last the old lady had an opportunity to slip in a word. "And friends! You say right."

There was a pause—a pause which held not a small measure of embarrassment. But the two visitors, although they were women of the world, and so dreaded an embarrassment more than they did sin, had prepared themselves even to stand this.

The old lady standing there—she was very much thinner, very much bent, but still the same—appeared to be looking not at them, but at their enumeration.

"Comfort!" She opened a pot bubbling on the fire. "Bouillon! A good five-cent bouillon. Luxury!" She picked up something from a chair, a handful of new cotton chemises. "Luxury!" She turned back her bedspread: new cotton sheets. "Did you ever lie in your bed at night and dream of sheets? Comfort! Luxury! I should say so! And friends! My dear, look!" Opening her door, pointing to an opposite gallery, to the yard, her own gallery; to the washing, ironing, sewing women, the cobbling, chair-making, carpentering men; to the screaming, laughing, crying, quarreling, swarming children. "Friends! All friends—friends for fifteen years. Ah, yes, indeed! We are all glad—elated in fact. As you say, I am restored."

The friends simply reported that they had found the old lady, and that she was imbecile; mind completely gone under stress of poverty and old age. Their opinion was that she should be interdicted.

Grace King.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

IN HER FIRST YOUTH, BY LYDIA F. EMMET.

THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.

THE HIGH PLATEAU.

A HATCHET whizzed over the fire, making one revolution, and striking Henry's shoulder with the handle instead of the blade. A dozen mouths derided the marksman, and other hatchets were poised when a huge old chief turned on his young men and stopped their sport. He had a stern aspect suited to the leader of the massacre at Fort Michilimackinac, and he was known to hate the English with a hatred scarcely less than Pontiac's. Henry remembered him as the Grand Sautor: the French called the Chippewa nation Sautors. He was an able political second to the master Indian mind of his day, and he would not now permit any action taken in his presence without first consulting the envoys from Detroit.

Henry stood in the midst of the savages, unconsciously affecting them by his presence. They admired him. He had not dodged the hatchet. His shorn hair crisped in a gold fleece over his head. The flame in his eyes, they afterward said, burned holes in them.

When Marie saw him she sprang up in the closed lodge, but as the hatchet-handle struck him she dropped to her knees. He was not hurt. He stood alive among his enemies, and near her. Marie's body bloomed all over, the living smoothness of flower-petals enveloping her. The sun and summer, the world, and the meaning of life, returned, and she lived infinitely. Her blood buzzed in her ears. Whether we shall exist hereafter in a happier state, or run, shivering souls, a long gantlet of woes, there are instants here which compensate us for everything.

"— to give myself up," she heard Henry saying, as soon as she could hear anything.

One of his Frenchmen interpreted, turning from Henry to the Grand Sautor and from the Grand Sautor back to Henry as the talk proceeded. Masses of wrinkles around the old chief's eyes contracted in ironical scrutiny.

"Why is the Englishman such a fool as to come back and give himself up when he had escaped?"

"You know why," said Henry. "Because I cannot have any harm done to the chief Wawatam and his family."

"There stands the chief Wawatam. Who has threatened to do him or his family any harm?"

Wawatam stood with his shoulder toward Henry, lax and sullen in attitude.

"A message was sent to me that the tribe had disagreed about the present he made on my account, and if I escaped entirely they intended to burn him and his whole family."

"Who told you that?"

"The chief himself told it to a Pani woman that Mme. Cadotte bought at the fort."

"The chief lied."

Henry looked at Wawatam, a confused redness mounting in his face. "The chief never lied to me in his life."

There was silence among the Chippewas. The Detroit Indians had made use of the arts of war, and were at Michilimackinac to stir up recruits, but none of them answered Wawatam's grin as he raised his head. They knew that Henry was his adopted brother. It was a kind of betrayal which most nearly touched their religious natures.

"The Pani woman went with Mme. Cadotte in her boat, with the Englishman," said the Grand Sautor, examining evidence. "How could the Pani woman carry a message from the chief when she did not see him after the Englishman did?"

"She said he told her when I got into the boat, but forbade her to tell me before it was done, that if he did not give me up at the end of a week, the tribe would come over to the island and burn him and his family. As soon as we landed I persuaded Mme. Cadotte to let me take the canoe and some men and come back. The weather was against us. You have all come to the island as he said you would. What are you going to do?"

"It is none of the Englishman's business; but we came to consult the Great Turtle."

Henry saw the medicine-man and young Indians bringing a load of heavy poles for the mystic Turtle lodge. The evening fire burned harmlessly, little bead-eyed fellows huddling in

copper nakedness between the blaze and their mothers' knees. Neither stake nor scaffold of torment appeared to have been thought of by the gathered multitude.

"My brother could have killed me while I was here," said Henry. "Why did he set a trap to bring me back?"

"Perhaps the Pani woman lied," suggested the Grand Sautor.

"The Pani woman did not lie," declared Wawatam, and he turned with a fierce stare at his English brother, the corners of his mouth drawn down, and the youthfulness of his face pitiably aged by deep creases. One week's debauchery had destroyed in him the civilization of two years. Race superiority in the other man still bore him down and overrode his Indian weapon of treachery. He felt one of Nature's wrongs. Henry listened in silence to what he had to say.

"My English brother's blood and mine were one. I hid him here, and gave him food; and he took what was mine away from me. I let him go out of my hand, but I fastened a cord to him. When he was gone, and I went to the black gown with my complaint, even the black gown was turned against me by English witchcraft, and would not let me have the wife promised to me. The black gown said: 'I will look into the matter. Perhaps it is best that no marriage takes place between you and the French girl nourished in your grandmother's lodge.' If this man had not come back on account of the Pani woman's words, I would have followed him."

A deep breath was drawn by the listeners. They said, "Ho!" in admiration. Every English-hating breast acquitted Wawatam, and exulted in his craft.

"I did not take what he says was his," denied Henry, sternly. "That white islander who lives in his grandmother's lodge scarcely looked at me when I went away. If a priest would not marry her to him, neither would a priest marry her to me. She is too good for either of us."

"How many times did you see this French girl?" inquired the Grand Sautor.

"Only three times, when she came with a boy to bring my food, and helped build my lodge."

"Did Wawatam send her with food to the Englishman?"

Wawatam answered, "There was no one else to send, except the boy, who would forget."

The old chief looked at the young one with a grunt of contempt.

"Wawatam is a young man; he has learned nothing. And the black gown does not live among us to give or take away our women. Where is she now?"

Wawatam replied that she was probably in the woods with his grandmother, getting fuel; the lodge was empty.

"Did you not tell us that the Englishman took her from you?"

"He bewitched her. She would not go with me to L'Arbre Croche."

Squaws, watching the ivory whiteness and muscular beauty of the Anglo-Saxon, wondered how any woman could refuse to look at him. The Canadians were rabbits beside him, broad, brown-faced fellows, lacking that which comes and goes in power through the countenance.

"The English trader has come back and put himself in our hands," said the Grand Sautor, summing up facts. "What shall be done with him?"

Wawatam took a knife from his belt, but the old chief gave him a look which no young Chippewa ever disregarded. So deadly was the silent threat of the Grand Sautor that a European has set it down in letters—"the most undaunted person could not behold him without some degree of terror."

One of the Detroit envoys stepped between Henry and the Grand Sautor, and spoke against letting any Englishman live. Pontiac was strong enough, if all the tribes united with him, to sweep the English from the country. Wawatam's experience was common: wherever an Englishman went, he took everything, and pushed his red brother out of his way.

When this speech was interpreted to Henry he understood why the Great Turtle was to be consulted. That esteemed and truthful spirit would tell the tribe whether a war against the English would be successful or not. The Chippewa nation hesitated after striking their first blow.

The impulse which brought Henry back to face these savages had not turned to indignation when he found himself made a fool of. He listened callously to gutturals on which his life hung, numb in the instinct of self-preservation. In the midst of the interpreting he was alert for a step or a rustle of leaves at the edge of the woods. Yet he did not own to himself what was working like madness in his cool English blood—that longing for the one beloved, which men laugh at, and die of, calling it by some other name. One or two happily nested birds cheeped from the oaks around the plateau, and the low call of an awaking owl came from the woods. The medicine-man, a disgusted practitioner, balked of his own importance, sat with his chin on his knees, waiting until the Englishman should be despatched. It was not for him to take the word out of the Grand Sautor's mouth, but when there was opportunity he hazarded the opinion that one Englishman less would neither gain nor lose the war; and popular conviction was with him.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the Grand Sautor of Henry. "The English are no good, but we do not close their mouths."

Henry looked as relentlessly at his old enemy as that enemy looked at him.

"Why should I say anything? I felt obliged to come back, and I am here. You can do what you please with me now, though no Indian seemed able to kill me until trickery was used. But it is going to cost you dearly when you come to settle with the English, particularly Sir William Johnson."

At that name a wave of uneasiness passed through the camp. Sir William Johnson's influence extended from the valley of the Mohawk to the extreme northwest. He was the enemy of the French, but the manipulator and virtual lord of many eastern tribes. The Chippewas wished to be at peace with Sir William Johnson, at least until Pontiac's conspiracy was ripe enough for a successful sweep of the continent. But at Henry's implied threat the Grand Sautor rose up in defiance and passed sentence.

"The Englishman came back to save his adopted brother from dying by fire. Even he saw that we had a right to burn somebody; and we will now use that right. The Englishman shall die by fire, that none of my people be disappointed."

Directly the camp was let loose. Ready braves seized Henry and pinioned his arms, while others tied his feet together. He felt grim amusement at being made so tame a victim in front of the wrinkled old idol, though escape or defense was impossible from the instant of his surrender.

"You fellows who have had my goods, and paid me no beaver, can pay me now," he remarked coolly.

The delinquents shouted when they understood him. They would pay him, indeed, with firebrands thrust into his ears, his eyes, and even down his parching throat. They would pay the whole English nation in him. Henry kept his feet, and looked at his adopted Chippewa brother.

Wawatam worked fiercely, digging the hole for the stake, driving in with his moccasined foot a spade which Henry had given him. Plenty of trees offered their trunks on every hand, but there must be space for the full enjoyment of roasting an Englishman, and the center of the open plateau, in front of the lodges, was the spot chosen. A pole intended for the Great Turtle's lodge was held by other Indians ready to be packed into its earthen socket. The world was then a deliberate world in all its corners; but the intoxication of haste which this continent produces worked even in aboriginal natures. It was not long before Wawatam withdrew his spade, and sullenly watched the muscles on bare backs crowding around the post, and many hands packing the dirt in. This was the only kind of planting to which an ambitious young Indian would degrade himself.

When Wawatam had walked through the woods guiding Henry to Mme. Cadotte's boat, he began to regret planning the Englishman's complete escape. He scarcely knew what he desired; but every step in their silent march was a step toward the end of friendship. At one moment the savage felt prompted to kill Henry in the woods, but the spiritual tie of Indian adoption still held. It was monstrous to hurt the person given to him by supernatural signs. If Marie would go to L'Arbre Croche and be married, it would be clear that Henry had done him no harm. If she would not, the story the Pani woman had told him, and the look he had himself seen, demanded revenge. They had reached the landing, and Wawatam saw the Pani woman in the boat with Mme. Cadotte before he hit on a scheme to bring the Englishman back. Henry might not respond to the test, or he might have to be concealed about the island again. Wawatam took all chances.

The young chief had told his hurt briefly to his tribe. His own tongue failed to show all the change which had come over him. Little red tongues of fire springing from fat pine-wood should talk for him. And whatever counsel the Great Turtle might give, Wawatam was already decided; he had gone beyond his people in hostility to the English.

The most trivial incidents accompany the progress of death. Henry felt his sense of humor turn abnormally keen. The ludicrous side of the life he was about to leave affected him as a stimulant might have done. He saw George lying tipsy on Marie's bench, open-mouthed like a dead fish; and an old, hawk-faced Indian woman contentedly chewing her tongue while she rocked a child in the concave of her lap. He noticed a curious boy who tried to peep under the elbows of the earth-packers kicked end over end by the backward drive of a moccasin. Children as red as hairless puppies tumbled in a heap by the glowing log. The amenities of Indian life were being practised around Henry, and he fancied morsels of himself passed from hand to hand on a stick. It flashed across his mind like a vision that there are larger ways of doing things than any we know; that an archangel, for instance, might have managed this affair with honor, and without having a feather singed.

Henry's Canadian boatmen sat down by the fire, and took the chance to prepare themselves

a little supper before camping elsewhere. They could not interfere with the political or personal revenges of a tribe, though their master would be sorry to hear that the Englishman was burned. Having brought him to the island, according to orders, they would rest a night before taking the boat back; but nobody could expect them to meddle with what happened in the Chippewa camp.

Sounds of chopping in the dusky woods seemed to reverberate along the edge of the sky. While some of the Indians cut fuel, others ran with arm-loads of it to build around the stake, which towered ten feet high, having the festive air of a May-pole. More than one knife would be stuck by cunning marksmen in the bark over the victim's head, and great sport it would be if every feint at throwing made him dodge. And when the hot air should rush upward as through a funnel, and the top of the pole begin to wave its little pennon of smoke, there would be no need of other light on the high level. The sky overhead was a delicate apple-green, one of those illusive tints which the crimson and orange of sunset leave in high northern air. Swarming figures became less and less distinct in outline, and darkness encroached from the woods, bringing sweet odors with it. Henry smelt the pine, and remembered his first night's plunge through the thickets of the island—the enchanted island, to which a man must come back though he come to his death.

As soon as their preparations were finished the Chippewas dragged Henry to the stake and tied him. His bright head came up out of their buffeting, and steadied itself against the bark of the young tree. Through all his sensations he hoped that the presence of the Chippewas had driven Marie to some other part of the island for the night.

The wood was piled around Henry. Young Indians who had never seen a man burned stood by and learned cunning lessons in torture. The circle was not built as high as his knees; for a slow fire, steadily increased, would prolong the enjoyment of the camp far into the night.

Wawatam himself carried a brand from his outdoor hearth to light the pile. His eye and Henry's met as he knelt with the blazing pine. The Englishman's face was more distinct than Wawatam's. Not a word passed between them, and the barrier of flame began to rise, and separated them forever.

Some Indians who thought the spectacle needed illumination at its beginning were heaping wood on the camp-fire, and the crackle of the resinous fuel could be heard almost as far as its light could be seen. That shapeless black which we cannot call mere shadow, but people from childhood with monsters, drew away beyond the outermost trees. The ruby tinting of flame at night extended along the trampled sward, and up to oak twigs, seeming to edge the notchings of each leaf. The skins of naked babies grew roseate under this magic brush; and stilt-like shadows lay along the ground, mingling, and passing one another in constant caricature. Night was now overhead as well as around the little plane to which man's stature raises him; and stars were suddenly in their places, filmed with the light incense of burning wood.

The two lodges, opaque and weather-beaten, were least responsive of any objects on the plateau. Stolidly they witnessed the threads of fire climbing around Henry's feet. The nearest lodge kept its secret of a French girl who had lain all of a summer night with his staff across her breast. It was silent and empty, the flap closing on its vacant hollow. For when the Indians seized Henry, Marie had snatched the blanket gown at her bed-head, and torn an opening between mats at the back of the lodge. Her desperate rending shook the heavy structure. Any Chippewa beholder might have fancied the Great Turtle spirit already invoked, and in the throes of possessing the medicine-man. But the camp was in such an uproar that no one saw it, or Marie herself, when she broke through the hole and ran with her wool garment over her head to the nearest cover of trees.

She was leaving the open space behind, flying through dead leaves, half bent to shoot under low-swung boughs, when she heard the Chippewa yell, and her flight became a deer's. Then a sound of chopping mingled with Indian exultation, and she knew there was no pursuit; the chief's young men were merely scattering to cut wood. Marie held both hands on her bursting heart, letting the blanket dress fall around her neck, and then around her waist, as her blood glowed and moisture broke through every pore.

A path made by prayerward feet to the rift in the island stretched its thread through the labyrinth of trees. She could not see far ahead in the darkness to which twilight sunk there, and the swish of leaves filled her ears. Headlong she ran against a man in a cassock, who caught her, and held her panting at arm's-length. His white, benignant face was dimly visible. Brushing the twigs at a respectful distance behind him, other feet were coming, and Marie knew they were Noko's; she had counted on meeting the priest and the Indian grandmother in this path from the grotto chapel.

Marie leaned against a tree, dragging his hands. "Run, Father Jonois, to the lodges,

and stop the Chippewas—forbid them to burn him!"

"To burn whom?"

"The Englishman, father. I broke through the back of the lodge. They are cutting the wood — I cannot speak!"

Her suffocating pulses hammered audibly, and the priest braced her against the tree with a grip which calmed. She tried to control her breath. Father Jonois spoke quietly.

"I saw canoes on the lake, and suspected mischief. I was coming to the lodges. The English trader escaped last week in Mme. Cadotte's boat. Why is he back on the island?"

"Because the chief sent him a message that we were all to be killed on his account. He gave himself up."

The wail in her voice told the priest all that he had vainly tried to learn concerning this Englishman while examining her conscience in the afternoon. She was reticent then, looking down, or at the sacred image in the niche, and speaking indifferently of all human beings. Father Jonois had made a trip to the island as soon as the straits were safe for his canoe-man, to satisfy his conscience in the matter of disposing of this young French girl.

"I will do what I can, my daughter. Are many of the Chippewas there?"

"Yes, father."

"Is the old chief with them?"

"Yes, father."

Father Jonois slightly shook his head.

"Since this craze for war took them they pay little attention to the priest."

He went swiftly forward on his new errand. Whether Father Jonois picked up his cassock and ran, or attendant spirits drew the bushes from his path, he was so excellent a footer of the wilderness that Marie could scarcely keep the darker blackness of his figure in sight. They left the Indian grandmother far behind, trudging under a load of bark and forest plunder. When the priest obliged Noko to go as far as the Virgin's chapel with Marie, and to receive religious prodding herself, she combined pleasure with discipline, and stole time from her prayers to forage among things which she better loved. It was hard to keep an old Indian woman facing toward an image on a rocky shelf while the rain-freshened woods invited her, and Father Jonois often let her drop her beads to go digging. She stopped many times to rest as night sifted on her in the thickets, chewing a cud of tender beech-mast or sassafras leaves, her nose and chin approaching and retreating, and her sighs of content stirring the silence which inclosed her. Chippewa yells, which shook echoes abroad from the open place where they were uttered, came to her muffled through much leafage. If she had seen the glare growing at the top of the island, it could have given no alarm to a householder with nothing to lose. Past the anguish of loving, of despairing, past the keen and useless cares of life, the happy old woman sat down in the woods and went to sleep.

No man was wiser in his day than a frontier missionary. He knew when to interfere, and when the tide of returning heathenism was too strong for him. Many a border family owed its safety to the restraining priest; and many another perished because even the confessional failed to give him all the clues to the dark hearts he labored for. Father Jonois had not been able to prevent the massacre at Michilimackinac, and the misery of that experience returned upon him as he mounted the plateau and saw the tall stake and its surrounding swarms. Wawatam was kneeling with his torch, and flames crept up the lattice of wood. Marksmen, bow in hand, were gathering at long range from the stake, and snaky eyes resented the black gown's appearance there. Wawatam shook the priest's hand from his wrist.

"You are lighting a fire to burn your own soul eternally," warned Father Jonois. "Put it out."

Wawatam stuck the brand into another place. Father Jonois began to tear down the pile with his naked fingers, and as many Chippewas as could seize him dragged him back from it. A few years earlier they might have killed him. But the religion of the black gown, even when it was disregarded, had now its established power.

Henry ground his teeth, the sweat of physical anguish and faintness moving in drops down his forehead. His face could be distinctly seen in the bold light. His arms were bound down against the smoking blanket coat, but he had thrown it back from his neck before the Indians seized him, so that the beating pulses showed in the white brawn.

"It is not worth while to think of me," he called in French through the shimmering medium which separated him from the priest. "Think of the white islander, M. Jonois, and take her away from this wretched tribe of savages."

He called Marie by the name he had given her instead of her own, which Wawatam might comprehend. This French girl, who never mingled with the tribe, but lived her secluded, happy life on the island, had been an object of unacknowledged superstition to the Chippewas. Not one of them laid a hand on her now as she flew from the woods and leaped into the circle of fire.

Her electrical muscles seemed to act without volition. She did not know what she was doing, but did it from foregone necessity, as a

mother comes to the help of her child. The flower-like skin of her face was as stiff as a mask with the expressionless look of one meeting sudden death. The smoke swept sidewise, an inverted curtain, showing her dress of gull-breasts crisping to her body through every darkening plume, the ends of her braids and the little hairs edging them curling up. She had a woolen garment in her hand, and she wrapped it with her arms around Henry, and as she tried to protect him her face flamed with sweet helplessness and shame. The terrible weeping aloud of a hopeless woman pierced the roaring crackle of the fire. Father Jonois heard it with pangs which the massacre at the fort had not caused him.

But the sound, and Marie's touch with her poor little muffler, made Henry resplendent. All the beauty and strength of the man, all his physical endurance, and every endowment of tenderness, came upon him visibly as the power came upon Samson. He might have submitted alone to the torture of the Chippewas, and he knew there was no hope of escape; but he struggled until the cords of his arms cracked. The stake shook. He tore first one forearm and then the other from his thongs, and lifted Marie, shielding her face and head from the fire.

"Take her, Monsieur Jonois!" he shouted in French, and then in Chippewa to the Indians, "Let the priest go!"

But Marie herself held to the stake behind his head. Though she did not speak a word, he knew she was thus anchoring her fate to his, and would not be cast into safety.

"Then marry us!" Henry cried, and rapture deadened physical pain. In that delirium of heat and smoke he and the girl on his breast saw as a vision the life they might have had together—their common hearth and table, their days and nights of unbroken companionship. Marie needed no mother to tell her these things: the supplanter of mothers is swift in teaching. Every part of her which touched him said, "I love you." She thought it like a prayer, "I love you." Her breath came and went, a divine ether, instead of the stifling fumes of burning wood, carrying the one speechless fact which made it worth the breathing—"I love you—I love you."

The instant of Henry's breaking partly loose was a breathless instant among the Chippewas. But when he lifted Marie, and flung his commands to priest and Indians, Wawatam raised a yell. The quicksilver natures around the young chief responded. They knew it meant instant and cruel death to the Englishman and the French girl who took up his cause. No time for torture, or tickling a victim's ear, or stirring his hair with well-planted arrows. The marksmen dropped their bows, and ran to a carnival of fire. Young braves stooped with Wawatam to snatch brands or scoop live coals with spade or bark platter or anything at hand which would carry them from the camp-fire to heap on the two at the stake; and Father Jonois was beginning the marriage service.

A missionary adapted all his offices to the emergencies of life in the wilderness. These two asking marriage were of alien races, each knowing little of the other's past. He sincerely believed that one was doomed to perdition and the other required absolution instead of wedlock. Yet the Latin words rolled over his lips as at the command of heaven, for that cry out of the fire was a force as strong as religion.

The Chippewas holding the priest let him go, and ran after Wawatam. The nightmare which had lasted so long measured by pulse-beats, and so mere a point of time measured by the march of stars, was over before Father Jonois could further interfere. A man running across the open place with twenty strange Indians at his heels kicked the blazing wood from the stake, and scattered it with hands and feet as far as he could throw it. His deerskin boots smoked, and his face flamed with exertion. He cut Henry loose, two or three strokes of a knife dropping the thongs around the base of the post, and his men continued to tread out brands.

"Fools of Chippewas," he shouted, "what are you doing?"

Indians who had already lifted blazing pieces from the camp-fire, stood in a cluster like upright glow-worms; and others, shielding their faces and plucking, were startled in the act. They would have risen knife in hand against any other white man in the Northwest who assumed such authority over them; but M. Cadotte was not only their friend,—he had married into their tribe,—he was also the lord of all the red villages around Sault Ste. Marie. They knew his influence had kept the Lake Superior Indians from joining Pontiac, and their own pause since lifting the hatchet had resulted from that knowledge.

As the blaze around the stake was quenched, darkness again encroached upon the plateau from the woods, though one by one brands were dropped back on the camp-fire. Patches of creeping redness, where smoke was just breaking into sullen flame, showed on Henry's woolen clothes. M. Cadotte pulled off his coat, and the priest took his cassock skirts to smother them, and Marie was stripped of her heated blanket cloth from which the sewed feathers dropped like burnt gum. Sudden terror of herself as an inflammable material made her submit to have the smoldering dress torn off

by Father Jonois, and he shoved her through the half darkness into her lodge.

The night wind, flowing from the lakes across mossy forests cooled by a week's rain and moist with freshly condensed dew, was sweet after that hot breath of torment. It came to Marie through the hole she had made between the mats, and she threw herself on the ground as she had often thrown herself in the lake water, prostrate before the good God who drenched her with such joy.

The Chippewas drew together at the camp-fire, red light shining between their moving legs. Their brutal carnival died out as quickly at M. Cadotte's shout as it had arisen with Wawatam's yell. He noticed when he approached them that the young chief Wawatam was gone. M. Cadotte was too well skilled in treating with Indians to look around the dark edges of the camp apprehensively, but the fact that Wawatam might be skulking made him say briefly what he had to say. The crimson stack of reviving brands gave him a ruddier hue than was natural, though he was a hale, well-built Frenchman, dark-haired, and very animated in gesture.

"And have you been sitting here, Grand Sautor, and allowing your young men to destroy their nation?" he inquired, confronting the old image.

The Grand Sautor made no reply, but waited to hear what had happened at the Sault to make M. Cadotte take all this trouble for an Englishman. Some little satisfaction embedded itself in his wrinkles that the Englishman was at least well scorched before being turned loose. The medicine-man, resting his horns against a tree, relaxed in weary disgust. He knew the Great Turtle spirit would not be consulted that night.

"As many burns as there are on that young Englishman's body, that many Chippewas will Sir William Johnson have for them. What! Do you not know this man is his relative? I would not have let the young Englishman come back if I had been at the Sault when he arrived. But I was away, meeting messengers sent from Fort Niagara, from Sir William Johnson. He sent for his young relative. And he has come as far as Fort Niagara to meet the tribes of the Northwest. His kettles are hung, full of meat. The messengers said he intended to load your canoes with powder and shot and blankets, and more presents than you can carry away. Are you so fond of your old bows and arrows for hunting when you can have firearms? What will he say when I am obliged to tell him, 'Monsieur, these fools of Chippewas have listened to evil birds from Detroit and other places, and have put your young relative into the fire?"

M. Cadotte turned abruptly on the sullen Detroit envoys sitting with their knees up to their chins.

"Did these fellows tell you that Detroit is taken? Detroit is not taken. It never can be taken. The St. Lawrence River is black with canoes, and the canoes are full of English soldiers. Pontiac cannot stand against such power. And here are you—laying up crimes against the lives of your women and children! Will you go to this council at Fort Niagara, and make peace with a people who have you in their hands? I am of your tribe, and I see nothing else for us to do. Or will you refuse? The messengers wait at the Sault, and you must come and tell them yourselves what you will do."

Marie had not finished changing her moccasins and girding on one of her blanket gowns when Father Jonois called her. She hung her beads in her girdle, and tied her birch-bark cap under her chin. There was nothing else for her to take. She looked back at her wilderness nest. Noko's vacant bed gave her a pang. She had forgotten the old grandmother. Noko must be dozing somewhere on the path, under a load of bark and roots. What would she do when she trudged home to the lodges and found no French girl ready to take off her load and ladle her belated supper out for her?

"O dear Noko!" said Marie.

But the sweet necessity of going where her love went hurried her out of the little home, and she dropped the flap forever behind her.

The camp-fire, coaxed by the squaws, was lifting candle-flames and making the plateau flicker. Those faces which had always been strange to Marie, distantly watched her now, half sinister in their wordless scrutiny. M. Cadotte had his Canadians and Indians mustered, and he surrounded the Englishman with them. It was necessary to hurry to the boats. The fluctuating aboriginal temper which he had turned toward peace might turn back toward war the next minute, reckless of consequences. And the young chief Wawatam, who had separated himself from the savage bivouac, might work harm with arrows in the darkness which the following council would never be able to mend. M. Cadotte was sincerely attached to his Chippewa relatives.

"But where is George?" said Marie. "Can we not take him along?"

"No, no; it would not do," objected M. Cadotte. The Frenchman had no mind to make a further breach with Wawatam by abducting his adopted son.

Marie paused at the bench where George lay, and put her hand on his unconscious head.

"O poor George! Who will take care of him?"

"Make your mind easy, my child," said Father Jonois. "I will look after George."

"But some one must drive him to bathe, Father Jonois, or he would not wash himself once a year."

"I will lay it upon him as penance," promised Father Jonois; "as indeed it is to most of my flock."

"O George, the saints also watch over you," whispered Marie; and George stirred in his heavy sleep, bubbling half articulately:

"All good."

Then, understanding what she risked by pausing, Marie hurried down the familiar path to the bay through the moist, sweet woods. Indian-pipes were perhaps springing about her, parting dead leaves as they shot like rising souls above the earth. Would there fail a girl to search them out and love them while the island stood on the waters?

Her island — her dear island!

And then she remembered the chief who had been kind to her two years. But Henry held her hand against his breast as they walked. She felt the pang of all his burns, and knew that every eye kept watch on thickets ahead; and it puzzled her that our good and evil are so mixed in this world that we cannot separate them.

"For what could I not have done to the Pani woman," flashed through Marie's mind, "if the Pani woman had this hand which now holds mine? The poor chief cannot know it was impossible for me ever to go to L'Arbre Croche with him."

South of the Cheneaux islands there was a redness in the east which surprised the eye like dawn at night, until a disk appeared, inflamed and pushing upward. It was the old moon, diminished in figure, but grand, as the lady of the sky forever is. As the flush died away, woods, islands, and immense stretches of water sprung to distinctness in her mystic day, and she unrolled her web of tapestry along the rippling pavement below. There was no more than a ripple on the straits.

Father Jonois's canoe moved away from the little fleet heading toward the Sault. He had just finished the sacrament of marriage and his admonitions to the bridegroom, while the Canadians held the boats together in mid-channel. A problem that had troubled him two years was now solved, and his conscience acquitted him of the French girl whom her husband called the white islander. In winter he used to cross the ice on a sledge to make sure she was well and happy with her Chippewa household, and he guarded her at all seasons in the semi-savage lot from which she sprung into beauty. She loved him with veneration; yet she had just kissed his hand and turned away to the uttermost parts of the earth with a stranger she had never seen when that moon was new.

"There are women," thought the priest, "who have a vocation for loving as plain as others have for the holy life."

His expert canoe-man, who had ventured on more than one perilous journey with him, looked forward to an easy night crossing. Widening triangles of light showed behind the eastward-moving boats as they clove the water. An auroral play of camp-fire could be seen on the summit of Mackinac above the white cliffs and foliage dome. Night had never seemed less savage on that coast. Father Jonois, turning his back on accomplished duty and visible things, began to whisper prayers. Still a glamourous influence, as resistless as music, stole out from that island, and followed the canoe while it pushed its breastplate of foam toward sparks of French windows at Fort Michilimackinac.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE HORIZON LINE.

WE wander wide o'er earth's remotest lands,
Yet never reach those wondrous realms that are
Bounded in childhood by thy shadowy bar
That 'twixt us and our fortunes ever stands.
Though Cæsar tread the globe with conquering bands,
He cannot touch thine outline faint and far
That flies before him; and the heavens' least star
Is not more safe from contact of his hands.
O spell forever vague and hovering,
Thou offerest endless balm for jaded eyes
Dull with achievement. Man, until he dies,
Thy magic distance can no nearer bring.
Alluring, soft, elusive, still it lies
On the thronged earth one inaccessible thing.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE CENSUS AND IMMIGRATION.

THE question of foreign immigration has of late engaged the most serious attention of the country, and in a constantly increasing degree. The race changes which have begun during the last decade among the immigrants to this country, the growth of the total immigration, and the effects of it upon our rates of wages and the quality of our citizenship, have excited much apprehension and aroused a very deep interest. The result has been a strong and growing feeling in favor of restricting immigration, or of endeavoring at least to exclude the most undesirable elements among the immigrants. There has been as yet very little practical legislation as an outcome of this popular feeling; and although something has been accomplished in this direction, it is not pretended that enough has been done by law to meet the perils arising from foreign immigration in any adequate way. The movement against indiscriminate and unlimited immigration is in fact still in the tentative stage. There is a strong public sentiment in favor of it, but the objects, purposes, and legislative methods necessary to give this sentiment practical effect are still vague and undefined.

It is therefore of the utmost importance to bring together and to publish as rapidly as possible all facts which throw light upon this question, and which will enable us to deal with it intelligently and efficiently in practice; for it is a grave and difficult problem, requiring both wisdom and patience for its proper settlement. The movement in favor of restriction proceeds on two grounds: first, that immigration is not only excessive, but that its quality is deteriorating; and second, that there is a large body of very undesirable immigration, which in any event ought to be shut out, because it tends to lower the quality of our citizenship, and, by the introduction in large masses of a very low class of labor, tends also to reduce unduly and dangerously American rates of wages.

Upon the points which touch the quality of the immigration to this country, the census of 1890, now practically complete, although not yet published in its final form, throws a good deal of light, and affords some interesting and suggestive comparisons.

The total white population of the United States in 1890 was 54,983,890, divided as follows:

Native parentage	34,358,348
Foreign parentage	11,503,675
Foreign-born	9,121,867

Expressed in percentages of the total white population in the United States, the division is as follows:

Native parentage	62 per cent.
Foreign parentage	21 "
Foreign-born	17 "
Foreign birth and parentage	38 "

The proportion of undesirable elements in these divisions can be shown in part by a comparison of these percentages with those of like divisions in the criminal and pauper classes. An examination of the statistics of criminals, juvenile delinquents, and paupers ought to disclose the same proportions in birth and parentage as the total population, provided our immigration is equal in character to the inhabitants of the United States who have been here for one or more generations. The result of such an examination, however, is widely and even alarmingly different, as the following figures prove.

Of the convicts in penitentiaries 48 per cent. are of native parentage, while 52 per cent. are of foreign birth and parentage; or, in other words, while persons of foreign birth and parentage furnish a little more than one third of the total white population of the country, they furnish more than half of the criminals.

Of juvenile delinquents 39 per cent. are of native parentage, and 61 per cent. of foreign birth or parentage. That is to say, persons of foreign birth or parentage are a little more than one third of our population, and yet they furnish nearly two thirds of our juvenile delinquents, the inmates of reformatories.

Of the paupers in almshouses 41 per cent. are of native parentage, and 59 per cent. of foreign birth or parentage. Again it will be noticed that while persons of foreign birth or parentage furnish only one third of the population, they supply nearly two thirds of the paupers in almshouses. In this last case, however, it is proper to go a little more into detail. Of the 59 per cent. of paupers of foreign birth or parentage only 8 per cent. are born in this country, while 51 per cent. are foreign-born. These last figures are startling. The foreign-

born constitute only 17 per cent. of our total white population,— in round numbers about a sixth,— and yet they furnish *over half of all the paupers in almshouses throughout the country*. This fact of itself certainly shows that an immigration which supplies more than half the inmates of our almshouses might, to say the least, be sifted with great advantage.

The census of 1890 unfortunately has no statistics in regard to the defective classes, so that we are unable to get any light from it upon the physical conditions of our immigrants during the past ten years. The census of 1880, on the other hand, although it gave full statistics of the defective as well as of the delinquent classes, did not classify the population or the criminal, delinquent, and pauper classes according to parentage, but merely divided them into native and foreign-born. It is therefore possible to make comparisons only between the foreign-born of 1880 and the foreign-born of 1890 in the criminal, delinquent, and pauper classes. Even these limited comparisons, however, are well worth making, and are very suggestive.

In 1880 the foreign-born furnished 15.4 per cent. of the total white population, while of criminals (classified in 1880 as prisoners, and including both convicts in penitentiaries and prisoners in county jails) they furnished 30 per cent.; of paupers in almshouses they supplied 38 per cent.; and of juvenile delinquents, 10 per cent.[1] The following table gives the comparison between these percentages and those of 1890 in the same classes:

	1880.	1890.
Percentage of foreign-born to total white population	15.4	17
Prisoners in penitentiaries and county jails	30	28
Paupers in almshouses	38	51
Juvenile delinquents	10	14.5

It will be seen from this comparison that the percentage of criminals of foreign birth has fallen off slightly in the last ten years, owing probably to the improvements in immigrant legislation and the better enforcement of the immigration laws, which have taken effect, so far as they have had any effect at all, almost exclusively against criminals. The number of juvenile delinquents of foreign birth, on the other hand, has increased somewhat (four and a half per cent.) since 1880. In these two classes, therefore, there has been, comparatively speaking, no marked change of percentages; but when we come to paupers in almshouses we find a very different result. While the percentage of our foreign-born inhabitants to the total white population has increased only about two per cent., the number of paupers of foreign birth in our almshouses has increased thirteen per cent., from 1880 to 1890. This fact shows in the most unanswerable way that the immigration to this country has deteriorated very decidedly during the last ten years, and that the race changes which have begun in that period have been accompanied by a far greater change in the general quality of the immigrants.

There seems to be little need of comment upon these facts and figures, which speak for themselves only too plainly. Something certainly ought to be done, and done at once, to restrict, or at least to sift, thoroughly an immigration which furnishes more than half our paupers, while it supplies only one sixth of our total white population. The undesirable proportion thus disclosed is too dangerously large. The census figures indicate that even the very inadequate legislation which has thus far been obtained, together with a better enforcement of the laws, has succeeded in preventing any increase in the proportion of the criminal class among our immigrants; but the law is evidently utterly helpless as it now stands in shutting out paupers, who are coming here in greatly increased numbers, far beyond the natural increase of the total immigration. There can be no reasonable doubt, moreover, judging from these facts, that if we had the means of comparison, it would appear that the defective classes, the insane, and the physically disabled among the immigrants had increased during the last decade in like ratio with the paupers.

These are facts which may well give us pause, and they disclose conditions which, if continued, will have graver and worse effects upon our people and our future welfare than all other public questions now engaging public attention would have together. It is not my purpose here to enter upon the wide field which would be opened by any discussion of the general restriction of immigration on the grounds of excessive numbers, illiteracy, or low forms of labor. I have confined myself merely to a consideration of the effects of recent immigration in adding disproportionately to the crime and pauperism of the country, and of its exact share therein. Beyond that it is not necessary to go. The census figures bearing on this point are certainly alarming, and deserve the most serious consideration of the American people and of their representatives in Congress. Whatever may be said on the general question of foreign immigration, it is beyond question that it is not only our right but our plain, imperative, and very immediate duty to protect ourselves against the immigration of criminals, and also against this steadily swelling stream of pauper-

[1] The percentage of juvenile delinquents is of course relatively small, because the proportion of juvenile immigrants is small compared with the whole body of immigrants.

ism which fills our almshouses, places upon our taxpayers burdens which should be borne by other nations, and introduces among us an ever-increasing element of deterioration in the general quality of our citizenship. More legislation is needed, and needed at once, to exclude, if nothing more, the criminal and pauper classes now being thrust upon us in large numbers by Europe. We should not, in my opinion, think for a moment of stopping there, but at the point where we are confronted with pauperism, disease, and crime we ought certainly to make a beginning in the work of restriction.[1]

Henry Cabot Lodge.

1 The following tables give in detail the figures and percentages which have been used in this article. A word of explanation is necessary in regard to those relating to convicts in penitentiaries, juvenile delinquents, paupers in almshouses, and prisoners in county jails. They have been taken from the bulletins of Dr. Wines, the well-known expert in such statistics. They are reached by throwing out all persons whose parentage is unknown in whole or in part, and then dividing those persons who had one native and one foreign parent equally between the foreign and native parentage. Dr. Wines's figures obtained in this way give as accurately as is possible the proportion of foreign or immigrant blood among the criminals, juvenile delinquents, and paupers according to the latest and best official figures.

CRIMINAL AND DELINQUENT CLASSES, FROM THE CENSUS OF 1890.

	Total White of Known Parentage.	Native-born of Native Parents.	Native-born of Foreign Parents.	Foreign-born.
Total Population	54,983,890	34,358,348	11,503,675	9,121,867
Convicts in Penitentiaries	28,439	13,715	7,457	7,267
Juvenile Delinquents	9,577	3,726	4,446	1,405
Paupers in Almshouses	53,695	21,993	4,054	27,648
Prisoners in County Jails	12,392	5,579	3,048	3,765

THE SAME BY PERCENTAGES.

	Native of Native Parentage.	Native of Foreign Parentage.	Foreign-born.
Total Population	62.5	20.9	16.6
Convicts in Penitentiaries	48.2	26.2	25.6
Juvenile Delinquents	38.9	46.4	14.7
Paupers in Almshouses	40.9	7.6	51.5
Prisoners in County Jails	45.0	24.6	30.4

CRIMINAL AND DELINQUENT CLASSES, FROM THE CENSUS OF 1880.

	Total White of Known Parentage.	Native-born.	Foreign-born.
Prisoners	42,563	29,756	12,807
Paupers in Almshouses	60,570	37,603	22,967
Juvenile Delinquents	10,220	9,213	1,007

THE SAME BY PERCENTAGES.

Prisoners.	Native-born.	Foreign-born.
Prisoners	69.9	30.1
Paupers in Almshouses	62.1	37.9
Juvenile Delinquents	90.1	9.9

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

(MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.)

NURSLINGS of peace, ye babes with luminous brow
And eyes still deepening with sweet, holy calm,
What far-off radiance, what mighty psalm
Breathed through unnumbered hosts, has rapt your look
Fast on the brooding skies, as on some charmèd book!

Heart-flowers of heaven, could earth but reach ye now!
Oh, could our speech, in such celestial wise
As angels talk in, ever you apprise,
Then should I learn, white souls, the grace ye see
(But at your glance must die) — yet give that glance to me!

Cherub of silence, with your warning sign
Of beauteous gesture and bright lips congealed,
Out of a glory pondering glories sealed —
Dreamer, I 'd wake thee though the heavenly eyes,
Rising on me — frail life — should to sweet death surprise!

With what clear grace of innocence divine,
Finger on lip, the sinless Child attends!
The Holy Mother with his vision blends:
Love's star adumbrate in the Sun of Love,
Orbed in his steadfast eyes, shine all the choirs above!

John J. Shutterly, Jr.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

THE age of Queen Anne was one which abounded in paradoxes, and loved them. It was an age when England was full of patriotic policy, yet every statesman was a traitor; when tradition was dear, yet revolution practicable; when speech was gross and manners unrefined, yet the laws of literary composition rigid, and correctness the test of poetry. It was full of high ecclesiasticism and high Puritanism, sometimes both united in one person. In it ignorance was most profound, yet learning most considered and prominent. An age when Parson Trulliber was not an unfit representative of the rural clergy, yet in which the public could be interested in such a recondite pleasantry as the "Battle of the Books," seems the strangest self-contradiction; yet so it was. In this paradoxical age no man lived who was a more complete paradox than Defoe. His fame is world-wide, yet all that is known of him is one or two of his least productions, and his busy life is ignored in the permanent place in literary history which he has secured. His characteristics, as apart from his conduct, are all those of an honest man; but when that most important part of him is taken into the question, it is difficult to pronounce him anything but a knave. His distinguishing literary quality is a minute truthfulness to fact which makes it almost impossible not to take what he says for gospel; but his constant inspiration is fiction — not to say, in some circumstances, falsehood. He spent his life in the highest endeavors that a man can engage in, — in the work of persuading and influencing his country, chiefly for her good, — and he is remembered by a boys' book, which is, indeed, the first of boys' books, yet not much more. Through these contradictions we must push our way before we can reach any clear idea of Defoe, the London tradesman, who, by times, composed almost all the newspapers in London, wrote all the pamphlets, had his finger in every pie, and a share in all that was done, yet brought nothing out of it but a damaged reputation and an unhonored end.

It is curious that something of a similar fate should have happened to the other and greater figure, his contemporary, his enemy, in some respects his fellow-laborer; another and still more brilliant slave of the Government, which in itself had so little that was brilliant — the great Dean. Swift, too, of all his books is remembered chiefly by the book of "The Travels of Gulliver," which, though full of a satirical purpose unknown to Defoe, has come to rank along with "Robinson Crusoe." We may say, indeed, that these two books form a class by themselves, of perennial enchantment for the young, and full of a curious and enthralling illusion which even in age we rarely shake off.

Daniel Defoe was born in London in 1661, of what would seem to have been a respectable burgher family, only one generation out of the country, which probably was why his father, with yeomen and grazier relations in Northamptonshire, was a butcher in town. The butcher's name, however, was Foe; and whether the Defoe of his son was a mere pleasantry upon his signature of D. Foe, or whether it embodied an intention of setting up for something better than the tradesman's monosyllable, is a quite futile question upon which nobody can throw any light. The boy was well educated, according to the capabilities of his kindred, in a school at Newington probably intended for the sons of comfortable dissenting tradesmen who were to be devoted to the ministry, with the assistance, in some instances, of a fund raised for that purpose. The master was good, and if Defoe attained there even the rudiments of the information he afterward showed and laid claim to, the education must have been excellent indeed. He claims to have known Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, "and could read the Greek," — which latter is as much as could have been expected had he been the most advanced of scholars, — besides an acquaintance with science, geography, and history not to be surpassed apparently by any man of his time. Much of this information, however, was no doubt picked up in the travels and much knocking about of his early years, of which there is little record. He would seem to have changed his mind about becoming a dissenting minister at an early age, and was probably a youth of somewhat wandering tendencies, as he claims to have been "out" with Monmouth, and does not appear in any recognized occupation till after that unfortunate attempt. He must have been twenty-four when he first becomes visible as a hosier in Cornhill, which seems a very natural, and indeed rather superior, beginning in life for the son of the butcher in Cripplegate. He laid claim afterward to having been a tra-

der, not a shopkeeper, a claim supported more or less from a source not favorable to Defoe—by Oldmixon, who says that his only connection with the trade was that of "peddling to Portugal," whatever that may mean. We may take it for granted that he had occasions of visiting the Continent in connection with his trade. The volume of advice to shopkeepers which is entitled the "Complete English Tradesman," written and published in the latter part of his life, though it does not seem to be taken by his biographers in general as any certain indication that he himself made his beginning in a shop, is nevertheless full of curious details of the life of the London shopkeeper of his time, to which class he assuredly belonged. We learn from this curious production that vanity was even more foolish in the eighteenth century than it is now. We are acquainted with sporting shopkeepers who ride to hounds, and with foolish young men who fondly hope to be mistaken for "swells"; but a shopkeeper in a wig and a sword passes the power of imagination. It is a droll example of the fallacy of all our fond retrospections and preference of the good old times to find that in Defoe's day this was by no means an extraordinary circumstance. "The playhouses and the balls," he says, "are more filled with citizens and young tradesmen than with gentlemen and families of distinction; the shopkeepers wear different garbs than what they were wont to do, are decked out with long wigs and swords, and all the frugal badges of trade are quite disdained and cast aside."

He was born into a world where town could be convulsed by a chance broadside, and the Government propped or wounded to death by an anonymous essayist; when men of letters were secretaries of state, and other men of letters starved in Grub street, and the masses thanked God they could not read; when a revolution was made for liberty of conscience, yet every office and privilege was barred by a test, and intolerance was the habit of the time. He was born the year after the Restoration, and was no doubt carried out of London post-haste with the rest of his family in the early summer when the roads were crowded with wagons and carts full of women, children, and servants, all flying from the plague. The butcher's little son was only four, but very likely retained a recollection of the crowded ways and strange spectacles of the time; and no doubt he saw, with eyes starting out of their little sockets with excitement and terror, the glare of the great fire which burned down all the haunts of the pestilence, and cured London by destroying it. He left school at nineteen, and till he was twenty-four there is no indication that he was doing anything save, perhaps, picking up notions on trade in general, and as much as a young dissenter could, among his own class, or in the coffee-houses where it was safe, delivering his sentiments upon questions so vital to the welfare of the country; discoursing largely with a wonderful, long-winded, sober enthusiasm, making every statement that occurred to him look like the most certain truth; talking everywhere, in the coffee-house, at the street corners, down in Cripplegate in the paternal parlor, never silent; a swarthy youth, with quick gray eyes, and keen, eager features, and large, loquacious mouth. When, in the disturbed and confused wretchedness of the time, no man knowing what was about to happen, but sure that some change must come, young Monmouth set up his hapless standard, could it be Defoe's own impulse, or the catch of some eddy of feeling into which he had been swept, which carried him off into the ranks of the adventurer? It is said that three of his fellow-students at Newington figure among the victims of the Bloody Assize. Defoe would always be more disposed to talk than fight. He must, we cannot help thinking, have thought it a feeble proceeding to put one's self in the way of getting one's head cut off, when one could use it so much more effectually in convincing one's fellow-creatures. His mind, ever ready to slip through every loophole, carried his body off safely out of the clutches of Jeffreys. Probably when he turned up at home against all hope after this unlucky escapade, his friends were only too thankful to thrust him into the hosier's warehouse, where, no doubt, he would give himself the air of having sold and bought hose all his life.

There is, however, nothing to build any account of his life upon in these earlier years. The revolution filled him with enthusiasm, and King William gained his full and honest support—a support both bold and serviceable, and with nothing in it which was not to his credit. But apparently a man cannot be so good a talker, so active a politician, and at the same time follow the rules which he himself laid down for a successful tradesman. Most likely his mind was never in his hose, and the world was full of so many more exciting matters. Seven years after he had been set up in business he "broke," and had to fly, though no further than Bristol apparently, where he made an arrangement with his creditors. He would seem to have failed for the large sum at that time of seventeen thousand pounds, which he honestly exerted himself to pay, and so far succeeded in doing so that he reduced in a few years his debts to five thousand pounds in all; and, what was still more, finding certain of the creditors with whom he had compounded to be poor, after he had paid his composition

fully, he made up to them the entire amount of his debt, an unlooked-for and exceptional example of honorable sentiment. Some years later, when Defoe had got into notoriety, and was the object of a great deal of violent criticism, a contemporary gives this fact — on the authority, indeed, of an anonymous gentleman in a coffee-house only, though it seems to have been generally received as true.

Neither Defoe's business nor his failure, however, kept him from the active exercise of his literary powers, which he used in the service of King William with what seems to have been a most genuine and hearty sympathy. Pamphlet after pamphlet came from his pen with an influence upon public opinion which it is difficult to estimate nowadays, but which was certainly much greater than any fugitive political publications could have now. He wrote in defense of a standing army, the curious insular prejudice against which was naturally astonishing as well as annoying to the Continental prince who had become king of Great Britain. He wrote in support of the war, which to William was a vital necessity, but which England was somewhat slow to see in the same light. And, most effectively of all, he answered the always ready national grumble against foreigners, which was especially angry and thunderous against the Dutchman, by the triumphant doggerel of "The True-born Englishman," the first of Defoe's works which takes a conspicuous place. In this strange and not very refined production he held up to public admiration the pedigree of the race which complained so warmly of every new invasion, and held so high an opinion of itself. "A true-born Englishman 's a contradiction," he cries, and sets forth, step by step, the admixtures of new blood which have gone to the formation of the English people — Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman.

> From this amphibious, ill-born mob began
> That vain, ill-natured thing, an Englishman.

It is not a very delicate hand which traces these, and many another wave of strange ancestors; but Defoe's rude lines went straight to the mark. The public had no objection to a coarse touch when it was effective, and Englishmen are rarely offended by ridicule; never, we may say, when it is home-born. The stroke was so true that the native sense of humor was hit. Perhaps England did not, on account of Defoe's verses, like the Dutchman any better, but she acknowledged Tutchin's seditious assault upon the foreigners to be fully answered, and the universal laugh cleared the air. Eighty thousand copies of this publication were sold, it is said, in the streets, where everybody bought the "lampoon," which, assailing everybody, gave no individual sting. It also procured for Defoe a personal introduction to the king. Whether it was to this or to his former services that he owed a small appointment he held for some years, it is difficult to say, but evidently he did not serve King William for nothing. In the mean time Defoe assumed his business occupations, and set up a manufactory of pantiles at Tilbury, where he employed a hundred poor laborers, and throve, or seems to have thriven, in his new industry, living in something like luxury, and paying off, as described, his previous debts.

When William died the times changed; the High Church came back with Anne into a potency which had been impossible in the unsympathetic reign of that Dutchman. Defoe had written some time before against the practice of occasional conformity; that is, the device by which dissenters managed to hold public office in despite of existing tests, by kneeling now and then at the altars of the established church and receiving the communion there. Defoe took the highest view of principle in this respect, and denounced the nonconformists who thus secured office to themselves by the sacrifice of their consciences, "bowing in the House of Rimmon." There seems no reason, in fact, why a moderate dissenter should not do this, except that any religious duty specially performed for the sake of a secular benefit is always suspect and odious; yet the obvious argument that a man who could reconcile it with his conscience to attend the worship of the church should not be a dissenter, was unquestionably sound and unassailable in point of logic. Defoe had deeply offended the dissenters, to whom he himself belonged, by his protests; but this did not prevent him from rushing into print in defense of the expedient of occasional conformity as soon as it was threatened from the other side. There is little difficulty in following the action of his mind in such a question. It was wrong and a deflection from the highest point of duty to sacrifice one's conscience, even occasionally, for the sake of office; but, on the other hand, it was equally wrong to abolish an expedient which broke the severity of the test, and made life possible to the nonconforming classes. The views were contradictory, yet both were true, and it was his nature to see both sides with most impartial good sense, while he felt it to be, if a breach of external consistency, no wrong to defend or assail one side or the other as might seem most necessary. He allowed himself so complete a license on this point that it is curious he should be found the public champion of the higher duty. No doubt his utterance to his dissenting brethren on that question was to himself no reason why he

should not defend their right to use the expedient if they had a mind; but this is too fine a distinction for the general intelligence.

The discussions on this subject were the occasion of one of the most striking episodes in his life. When the bill against occasional conformity was introduced, to the delight of the High Church party from the queen downward, and when the air began to buzz around him with the bluster, hitherto subdued by circumstances, of the reviving party, who would have made short work of the dissenters had their power been equal to their will, a grimly humorous perception of the capabilities of the occasion seems to have seized Defoe. Notwithstanding that he had angered all the sects by his plain speaking, he was a born dissenter, and there is no such way of reconverting a stray Israelite as to hear the Philistines blaspheme. He seized upon the extremist views of the high-fliers with characteristic insight, and, with a keen consciousness of the power of his weapon, used it remorselessly. The "Shortest Way to Deal with Dissenters" is a grave and elaborate statement of the wild threats and violent talk in which, in the intoxication of newly acquired power, the partizans of the church indulged, with noise and exaggeration proportioned to the self-suppression which had been forced upon them by the panic of a papal restoration under James, and by the domination of the more moderate party during William's unsympathetic reign. They were now at the top of the wave, and could brandish their swords in the eyes of their adversaries. Their talk in some of their public utterances was as bloodthirsty as if they intended a St. Bartholomew. Defoe took up this frenzied babble, and put it into the form of a grave and practical proposal. As serious as was Swift when he proposed to utilize the superabundant babies of the poor by eating them, Defoe propounded the easy way to get rid of the dissenters, and the necessity of settling this question forever. "Shall any law be given to such wild creatures? Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsman gives them advantages of ground; but some are knocked on the head by all possible ways of violence and surprise." He says:

> 'T is vain to trifle in this matter, the light foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, etc.; 't is their glory and their advantage. If the gallows instead of the counter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or to hear, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe law were made and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher be hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale. They would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again.
>
> To talk of 5*s.* a month for not coming to the sacrament, and 1*s.* per week for not coming to church, this is such a way of converting people as never was known. This is selling them a liberty to transgress for so much money. If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full license? And if it be, no price ought to compound for committing it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the government.
>
> If it be a crime of the highest consequence both against the peace and welfare of the nation, the glory of God, the good of the church, and the happiness of the soul, let us rank it among capital offenses, and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it.
>
> We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming. But an offense against God and the church, against the welfare of the world and the dignity of religion, shall be bought off for 5*s.* This is such a shame to a Christian government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.
>
> If men sin against God, affront his ordinances, rebel against his church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors, let them suffer as such capital crimes deserve; so will religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united. . . . I am not supposing that all the dissenters in England should be hanged or banished, but as in cases of rebellions and insurrections, if a few of the ringleaders suffer, the multitude are dismissed, so, a few obstinate people being made examples, there is no doubt but the severity of the law would find a stop in the compliance of the multitude.

The reader will perceive by what a serious argument the hot-headed fanatic was betrayed and the wiser public put upon their guard. The mirror thus held up to nature with a grotesque twist in it, which made the likeness bewildering, gave London such a sensation as she had not felt for many a day. The wildest excitement arose. At first all parties, in the shock of surprise, took it for genuine, and while some were even so foolish as to receive it with unthinking applause,—which was the case, according to Oldmixon, "in our two famous universities,"—the more sensible reader of the church party was first indignant with the high-fliers for expressing such opinions, and then furious with the satirist who had insulted the church by putting them into her mouth. Nobody indeed saw the joke, from the fellow of Cambridge who thanked his bookseller for packing up "so excellent a treatise" along with the books he had ordered, and considered it "next to the sacred Bible and holy comments the best book I ever saw," to the "soberer churchman" who "openly exclaimed against the proposal, condemned the warmth that appeared in the clergy, and openly professed that such a man as Sacheverell and

his brethren would blow up the foundations of the church." The dissenters, who were at once insulted and alarmed by the extraordinary threats thus set forth against them, all alike turned upon the perpetrator of the hoax when he was discovered. Some "blushed when they reflected how far they had applauded," some labored to prove that it was "a horrible slander against the church." The Government, sharing the general commotion, placed Defoe in the position of a revolutionary leader who "by the villainous insinuations of that pamphlet would have frightened the dissenters into another rebellion." Defoe himself seems to have had a moment of panic, and fled; he was proclaimed in the "Gazette," and a reward offered for his discovery. His biographers in general assert that he gave himself up with some generosity to save the printer and publisher, who had been arrested; but there are public documents which seem to prove a different procedure, showing how "My Lord Nottingham hunted him out," and how "the person who discovered Daniel Foe" claimed and was paid the reward of fifty pounds offered for the offender, described as a "middle-aged, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown colored hair (but wears a wig), a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." However that might be, he was arrested and committed to Newgate in the spring of 1703, and the obnoxious publication — "this little book, a contemptible pamphlet of but three sheets of paper," as he describes it — was burned by the common hangman. It was not, however, till the summer, three or four months after his arrest, that he was tried, and that period he seems to have spent in Newgate in perfect freedom, at least for literary productions, since he filled the air with a mist of pamphlets explaining at one moment that he meant nothing but a harmless satire, and at another exhorting the dissenters to be content with spiritual freedom, and again bursting forth into the rude but potent strains of the "Hymn to the Pillory." He was sentenced to fine and imprisonment, as well as to that grotesque but sometimes terrible instrument of torture. But the pillory was no torture to Defoe. On the last three days of July — once before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, where his shop had been, and where, no doubt, everybody knew him, once in Cheapside, and again at Temple Bar — he stood aloft, with the crowd surging round, and performed his penance. The crowd in those days was not a soft or civil one. When it indorsed the sentence pronounced by law, its howls and cries, its missiles and its curses, made the punishment horrible. But the crowd had by this time found time to take in the joke. Banter, when it is broad enough to be intelligible, always pleases the general public, and there must have been some *bonhomie* about the sufferer, some good repute as a merry fellow and one who loved a jest, which conciliated the populace. Instead of dead cats they flung him nosegays; they gathered about his platform under the low, deep arch which once made a mock gate to the city, and behind the bustling 'change, and between the shops of Cheapside, held a series of impromptu festivals, drinking his health, and shouting out his new verses, which were sold by thousands in the streets:

> Hail, hieroglyphic state machine,
> Contriv'd to punish fancy in;
> Men that are men, in thee can feel no pain,
> And all thy insignificants disdain;
> Exalted on thy stool of state,
> What prospect do I see of sovereign fate.

Defoe was again ruined. It is to be supposed that when he went into hiding his business had to be abandoned, and all his affairs got into confusion. He was described as "living at Newington Green with his father-in-law, who is a lay elder of a conventicle there." This description, however, is evidently drawn up by an enemy, since his previous bankruptcy is spoken of as fraudulent, an assertion made nowhere else. His biographer, Wilson, informs us that though he had "kept his coach" before this period, the pantile works had now to be broken up, and his business was ruined. He had, though there is no information about her, a wife and six children — perhaps supported by the elder at Newington, who very likely thought, like his brethren, but badly of Defoe.

He lay in Newgate for nearly a year, without, however, to all appearance, losing any opportunity for a pamphlet during the whole time, and laying in grist for his mill amid the strange and terrible surroundings of an eighteenth-century prison. Mr. Minto, in the admirable sketch of Defoe which he has contributed to the "English Men of Letters," seems to think that his hero must have enjoyed himself in this teeming world of new experiences, and that "he spent many pleasant hours" listening to the tales of his fellow-prisoners. No doubt there must have been some compensation to such a man in making acquaintance with a new aspect of life, but it is, perhaps, going too far to attribute a possibility of enjoyment to any undegraded man in the pandemonium described in so many contemporary narratives. Defoe did, however, what, so far as we are aware, no man before or after him has ever done (excepting, perhaps, Leigh Hunt, in whose case we have a vague recollection of similar activity): he originated, wrote, and published a newspaper in his prison. "The Review of the Affairs of France" — that

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL, AFTER COPPERPLATE BY M. VAN DER GUCHT, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

DANIEL DEFOE.

is, of the affairs of Europe and the world; that is, of any political subject that might be uppermost—was published twice a week, and appeared during the whole time of his imprisonment, a brilliant, familiar, graphic commentary upon all that was happening, a dialogue between the imprisoned spectator of life and the busy world outside in which he was both questioner and answerer, pouring out upon the country with the keenest understanding of other people's views, and the most complete mastery of his own, his remarks and criticisms, his judgment and advice. A newspaper in those days was not, of course, the huge sheet which it has now become. The "Review" was a sheet of eight, but afterward of only four small quarto, pages. It was no assemblage of paragraphs, trivial or important, the work of many anonymous persons whose profession it is to manufacture a newspaper, but one man's eager and lively conversation with his countrymen, full of the vigor of personal opinion and the unity

DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

NEWGATE PRISON. THE OLD BAILEY.

of an individual view. A keener intelligence was never brought to the treatment of public affairs, nor a mind more thoughtful, reasonable, and practical. His prejudices were few — too few, perhaps, granted that the aim was good. Defoe was disdainful of punctilio in the way of carrying it out, he was not above doing evil that good might come; but he had a far higher refinement of meaning than could be embraced by any such vulgar statement, in his subtle faculty of discovering, and all but proving, that what might have seemed evil to a common intelligence was in reality a good, if not the best, way of carrying his excellent purpose out. Up to the moment of his leaving Newgate, however, there was nothing equivocal in the use he made of his extraordinary faculties. He was a free man discussing boldly on his own responsibility, and without any *arrière pensée*, the affairs of England. If he had first keenly assailed the dissenters, who were his own people, in respect of the compliances by which they made themselves capable of bearing office, and then exposed to grimmest ridicule the adversaries who aimed at rendering them altogether incapable, there was in this no real inconsistency. His championship of King William had been honest and thorough. If he loved to have a finger in every pie, and let loose his opinion at every crisis, there was no contemporary opinion which was better worth having. But now this unwearying critic, this keen observer, this restless, brilliant casuist, this practical man of business, had come to the turning-point of his life.

His liberation from Newgate followed closely upon the advent of Harley to power. When this event happened, it is said that one of the first things the new minister did was to send a message to Defoe in prison: "Pray ask that gentleman what I can do for him." Whether it was in direct sequence to this question, or whether the queen had formed an independent intention of freeing the prisoner, we need not inquire; but he was set free, Queen Anne furnishing the means to pay his fine. She is said also to have taken an interest in his family, and contributed to their support during his confinement. He declared himself to be liberated on the condition of writing nothing (further modified as nothing "which some people might not like") for some years, a condition which he immediately fulfilled by publishing an "Elegy on the Author of the True-born Englishman," to tell the world so, and took no further notice of the prohibition, so far as appears. The real meaning of this curious statement would seem by all evidence to have been, that Defoe there and then accepted the position of a secret servant of the Government, a writer pledged to support their measures and to carry out their views. At the moment, and perhaps in reality during the greater part of his career, their measures were those which he approved; and certainly at this period of his history he has never been accused of writing against his conscience. Even when, after eager championship of peace, he was obliged by political changes to veer into what looked like support of war, he was never without the strong defense to fall back upon, that he demanded peace only after securing certain indispensable conditions, and that war might be and was the only means of gaining them, an argument most simple and evident to his mind.

Harley has never appeared in history as a great man; but when we consider that he was able thus to subjugate and secure to his own service two of the greatest intelligences of his

time, it is impossible not to respect his influence and judgment. The great and somber genius of Swift, the daring, brilliant, and ever-ready intellect of Defoe, became instruments in the hands of this ordinary and scheming statesman. Once more, with a curious parallelism, these two men stand before us, no friends to each other—"an illiterate fellow, whose name I forget," says Swift, with the almost brutal scorn which was part of his character; while Defoe replies to the taunt with angry virulence, setting forth his own acquirements, "though he wrote no bill at his door, nor set Latin on the front of his productions," a piece of pretension habitual to the time, of which the other was guilty. But Harley, who was not worthy, so far as intellect went, to clean the shoes of either, had them both at his command, serving his purposes, doing his bidding. Which of them suffered most by the connection it is not easy to say. It turned Swift's head, and brought into humiliating demonstration the braggart and the bully in his nature. Defoe had not the demoralizing chance of being the lord high treasurer's boon companion; but Harley made a dishonest partizan, a paid and slippery special pleader and secret agent, out of the free-lance of politics. From this moment the defenders and champions of Defoe have to turn into casuists, as he himself did. They have to give specious explanations to suppress and to account for his shifts and changes, though at first these were sufficiently innocent. The evil grew, however, so that toward the end of his career even the apologist must keep silence; but this is the nature of all evil.

DETAIL FROM PAINTING BY EYRE CROWE, IN POSSESSION OF J. L. NEWALL, ESQ. DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

DEFOE IN THE PILLORY.

If excuses are to be sought for Defoe's conduct in this first beginning of his slavery, it will not be difficult to find them. The age, for one thing, was corrupt through and through. There was not a statesman but had two strings to his bow, nor a politician of any description who did not attempt to serve two masters. To hold the balance between Hanover and St. Germains, to be ready to perform a demi-volt in air at any moment as the scale should turn, was the science of the day. On the other hand, he was a ruined man, with a family to support and nothing but his busy and inexhaustible pen with which to do it. The material inducement of a certain income to fall back upon, whatever might be the chances of journalism, must have been very strong. And what was stronger still, was the delight of his own vivacious, restless, ready mind, with its sense of boundless power and infinite resource, to which difficulty was a delight and the exercise of walking over hot coals or dancing on a sword-point the most exhilarating possibility, in making its triumphant way over obstacles which would have baffled almost all his contemporaries.

In the mean time, however, all that Defoe had to do was simple enough. He had to support peace and the union, two things

which in his free estate he had already advocated with all his powers. He did it with the utmost skill, fervor, and success, and to all appearance contributed much to the great public act which was the subject of so many struggles and resistances on the part of the smaller nation—the union. This great expedient, of which from the first he had seen the advantage, Defoe worked for with unwearying zeal. He praised and caressed Caledonia—upon which subject he wrote one of those vigorous essays in verse which he called poetry—and the tolerance of the Presbyterian Church, and the good sense of the nation generally, which was not always perceptible to English politicians; and even risked a visit to Edinburgh in performance of the orders of the Government, though at the risk of rude handling to himself. In all this there cannot be the slightest doubt that he was entirely honest and patriotic, and acted from an enlightened personal view of the necessities of the case. When the curious incident of the Sacheverell prosecution occurred, he had once more a subject entirely to his own mind, and expressed his own feelings in supporting with all his might the measures of the Government against that High Church firebrand, one of the chief of those whom he had held up to public ridicule in the *shortest way*. So far he was fortunate, being employed upon subjects entirely congenial to his mind, and on which he had already strong convictions. The equivocal part of the matter is that he never ceased to assert and insist upon his independence.

This happy state, however, did not last. Harley fell, but with his last breath (as a minister) abjured his champion not to sacrifice himself, but to come to an understanding with his successor, Godolphin. This necessitated a certain revolution of opinion in respect to peace, which Defoe managed cleverly with the excellent device above mentioned. And there was still higher ground which he felt himself entitled to take. The public safety was involved in the stability of the new ministry, such as it was, and he faces the dilemma with boundless pluck and assurance. "Though I don't like the crew, I won't sink the ship. I 'll pump, and heave, and haul, and do everything I can, though he that pulls with me were my enemy. The reason is plain. We are all in the ship, and must sink or swim together." These admirable reasonings brought him at last to the calm rectitude of the following conclusion:

It occurred to me instantly as a principle for my conduct that it was not material to me what ministers her Majesty was pleased to employ. My duty was to go along with every ministry so far as they did not break in upon the constitution and the laws and liberties of my country, my part being only the duty of a subject, viz., to submit to all lawful commands, and to enter into no service that was not justifiable by the laws, to all of which I have exactly obliged myself.

When Harley returned to power, another modification became necessary, but Defoe piously felt it was providential that he should thus be thrown back upon his original protector. And had the matter ended here, as was long supposed, it is difficult to see what indictment could be brought against him. It is not expedient, certainly, that a director of public opinion should have state pay, and does not look well when the secret is betrayed; but so long as the scope of all his productions is good, honest, and patriotic, with only as much submission in trifles as is inevitable, the bargain is a personal meanness rather than a public crime. And this was long supposed to have been the case. It was believed that after the death of Queen Anne and Harley's final fall, Defoe's eloquent mouth was closed, and that he disappeared into the calm of private life to earn a better hire and a more lasting influence through the two immortal works of fiction by which alone, but for the painful labors of biographers, his name would have been known.

An unwary or else too painstaking student, some twenty years ago, was seized with the idea of roaming the earth in search of relics of Defoe. And the diabolical powers which put this fatal pursuit into his mind directed him to a bundle of yellow papers in the State Paper Office which has, alas! for ever and ever made an end of our man of genius. These treacherous papers give us information, under his own hand, that he was in reality in full action in the most traitorous of employments during the period of his supposed retirement. The following, which is the first of these fatally self-elucidatory letters, will reveal at once the inconceivable occupation to which Defoe in his downfall lent himself. The letter is addressed to the secretary of the minister who had given him his disgraceful office.

It was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should appear as if I were as before under the displeasure of the Government and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of disguise than if I appeared openly. . . . In the interval of this, Dyer, the "News-Letter" writer, having been dead, and Dormer, his successor, being unable by his troubles to carry on that work, I had an offer of a share in the property, as well as in the management of that work.

I immediately acquainted my Lord Townshend of it, who, by Mr. Buckley, let me know it would be a very acceptable piece of service, for that letter was really very prejudical to the public, and the

ENGRAVED BY JOHN P. DAVIS, AFTER ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ROBERT HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD.

most difficult to come at in a judicial way in case of offense given. My lord was pleased to add, by Mr. Buckley, that he would consider my service in that case, as he afterward did.

Upon this I engaged in it, and that so far, that though the property was not wholly my own, yet the conduct and government of the style of news was so entirely in me, that I ventured to assure his lordship the sting of that mischievous paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the style should continue Tory as it was, that the party might be amused and not set up another, which would have destroyed the design, and this part I therefore take entirely on myself still.

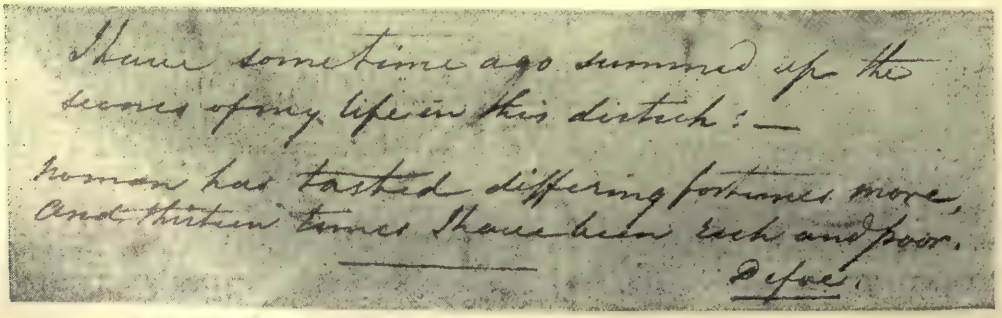
This went on for a year before my Lord Townshend went out of the office, and his lordship, in consideration of the service, made me the appointment which Mr. Buckley knows of, with promise of a further allowance as service presented.

My Lord Sunderland, to whose goodness I had many years ago been obliged, when I was in a secret commission sent to Scotland, was pleased to approve and continue this service, and the appointment annexed, and with his lordship's approbation I introduced myself, in the disguise of a translator of the foreign news, to be so far concerned in this weekly paper of Mist's as to be able to keep it within the circle of a secret management, also prevent the mischievous part of it; and yet neither Mist nor any of those con-

cerned with him have the least guess or suspicion by whose direction I do it.

There is nothing, it seems to us, for any apologist to say in explanation of this extraordinary statement. The emissary of a Whig and Hanoverian government acting as editor of a Tory and Jacobite newspaper,—nay, of three newspapers,—in order to take the harm out of them, to amuse the Tory party with a pretense of style and subjects suitable to their views, while balking all their purposes, is at once the most ingenious and the most shameless of all devices. It continued for a long period, and was very successful. But when the deceit was discovered at last, Mist, the deluded publisher, made a murderous assault upon the deceiver, and the journalists of the period seem to have risen unanimously against him. That Defoe must have fallen sadly before he came to this is very evident, but how he fell except by the natural vengeance of deterioration which makes a man who has long paltered with the truth unable at last to distinguish the gradations which separate the doubtful from the criminal, no one can say. He must, however, have fallen indeed in position and importance before he could be put to such miserable work; and he must have fallen more fatally, like that other son of the morning, deep down into hades, where he became the father of lies and betrayer of mankind, before he could have been capable of this infamous mission.

We turn with relief to the work which of all these manifold labors is the only portion which has really survived the effects of time. Defoe's political writings, with all their lucidity, their brilliant good sense and daring satire, and their astonishing readiness and variety, are for the student, and retain a place among the materials of history, studied no longer for their own sake, but for the elucidations they may give. But "Robinson Crusoe" lives by his own right, and will, we may confidently affirm, after the long trial he has had, never die. We need not discuss the other works of fiction which are all as characteristic, as distinct narratives of apparent fact, as carefully elaborated in every detail; they are almost all excellent in their beginning, but, a fault which is shared by Crusoe himself, run into such a prodigality of detail toward their close, that the absence of dramatic construction and of any real inspiration of art becomes painfully (or, rather, tediously, which is worse) apparent. We do not, however, share the opinion of those critics who disparage Defoe's marvelous power of narrative. "The little art he is truly master of, of forging a story and imposing it on the world for truth," is an art which he possesses in common with but very few men who have ever lived, and even among these few he has it in a very high degree. The gift is peculiar. We are not moved by it to pity or tenderness, and not much to admiration, for the hero. The inner circle of our emotions is seldom if ever entered; but on the other hand, there is nothing in that island where the shipwrecked mariner finds a shelter, and which he makes into a home, which we do not know and see as well as if we had dwelt in it like Robinson. It is an island which is added to the geography of the world. Not only would no child ever doubt its existence, but to the most experienced reader it is far more true and real than half of those of which we have authentic histories, which our relatives and countrymen have visited and colonized. Those South Sea Islands about which we have so many flowery volumes are not half so certain. And every detail of the life of its solitary inhabitant comes up before us like our own personal proceedings, more than visible, incontestable experiences. Not one of us but could draw the picture of the solitary in his furs, with all his odd implements about him; and more wonderful still, not a child from four upward but could tell whom the picture represented. The tale does not move us as do imaginative histories on a more poetic level, but in its humbler range it is as living as the best, and there is something in this very absence of emotion which gives a still more wonderful force to the tale. Men in such desperate circumstances, driven


Thave sometime ago summed up the
scenes of my life in this distich: —
Roman has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times Thave been rich and poor.
Defoe.

FACSIMILE OF DISTICH FROM THE BACK OF PROOF IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

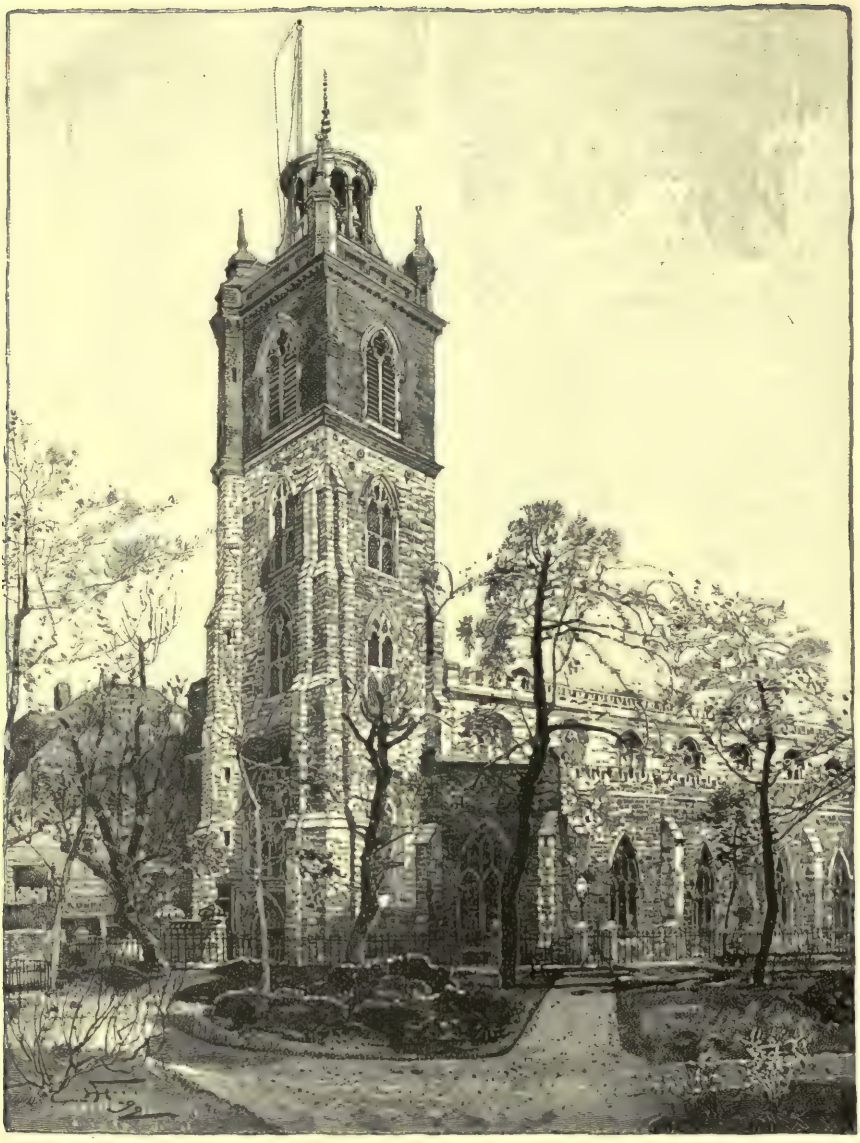
to the use of all their faculties for the mere preservation of their lives, have presumably but little time for feeling. The absorption of every faculty in this one primitive need brings a certain serenity, a calm which is like the hush of the solitude, the silence of the seas. The atmosphere is full of this stillness. There is the repose of nature, not filled with reflections of human sentiment, but imposing her patience, her calm repetition of endless endeavor, upon the solitary flung into her bosom; and there is a sobriety in the story which adds immensely to the power. Other unknown islands have been in fiction, but none where the progress of events was so gradual, where there were so few miraculous accessories. One of the most able of English romancers, the late Charles Reade, is one of the latest to carry us to a desolate island. His story is full of charm, of humor, and of sentiment far beyond the reach of Defoe. Nothing could be more tender, more delightful, than the idyl of the two lovers cut off from all mankind, lost in the silence of the seas. But in every way his isle is an enchanted isle. Not only is it peopled with love and all the graces, but it is running over with every convenience, everything that is useful and beautiful. The inexhaustible ingenuity of the lover is not more remarkable than the quantities of necessary articles of every kind that turn up at every step. He builds his lady a bower lined with mother-of-pearl; he clothes her in a cloak of sealskin; he finds jewels for her; she has but to wish and to have, as if Regent street had been within reach. Very different is the sober sanity of the elder narrative. Conveniences come very slowly to Robinson Crusoe. He has to grope his way, and find his living hardly, patiently. Day after day and year after year, the story-teller goes on working out the order of events. It is as leisurely as nature, as little helped by accident, as sober, even as matter of fact; and yet what a potent, clear, all-realizing fancy this sober imagination was!

DRAWN BY S. G. PARKE.

MONUMENT TO DEFOE AT BUNHILL FIELDS.

He was fifty-eight at the time this book was written, a man worn with endless work and strife, but ever ready for more; a man who had fallen and failed, and made but little of his life. It is said that he was at his highest point of external prosperity when he published "Robinson Crusoe"; but when we remember that he was at that time engaged in the inconceivable muddle of Mist's journal, it seems almost impossible to believe this, or to understand how anything but poverty could have driven him into such disgraceful employment. No doubt, to a man who at heart had once been an honest man, and was so no more, it must have been a relief and blessed deliverance to escape away into the distant seas, to refresh his ever-active soul with the ingenious devices of the shipwrecked sailor, and to bury himself in that life so different from his own. Was it a desperate expedient of nature to save him from utter self-contempt? Such a man, even if his conscience had grown callous, must have required some outlet from the dreadful slavery to which he had bound himself.

"Robinson Crusoe" is the work by which Defoe is best known, which is, after all, the most effectual guarantee that it is his best work. But it is not, to our thinking, worthy of being



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

CHURCH OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, WHERE DEFOE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED.

placed in competition with the "Journal of the Plague," a history so real, so solemn, and so impressive, so full of the atmosphere and sentiment of the time, that it reaches a far higher point of literary art than anything else Defoe has written. For this is not prose alone, nor that art of making fiction look like truth, which is supposed to be his greatest excellence: it is one of the most impressive pictures of a historical incident which has struck the poetic imagination everywhere, and of which we have perhaps more authentic records than of any other historical episode. Neither Boccaccio nor Manzoni has equaled Defoe in the story of the plague. To the old Italian it was a horror from which the life-loving fled with loathing as well as fear, and which they tried to forget and put out of their sight. Defoe's minute description of the argument carried on within his own mind by the narrator is curiously characteristic of the tendency to elaborate and explain which enters so largely into all his works. The mental condition of the respectable citizen, divided between concern for his life and concern for his property, seeing with reasonable eyes that death was not certain, but that in case of flight ruin was, is in his best manner, and so real that it is impossible to resist its air of

absolute truthfulness. But the state of the shut-up streets, the dreadful sounds and sights, the brooding heat and stillness of the long and awful days, the cloud of fate that is about the doomed city, are beyond description impressive. This curious spectator of all things, this impartial yet eager looker-on, determined to see all that can be seen, prudent yet fearless, adopting every precaution, yet neglecting no means of investigation, inquiring everywhere, always with his eyes and his ears open, at once a philosophical inquirer and an eager gossip, is without doubt Defoe himself. But he is also a marked figure of the time. He is one of the special kind of men born to illustrate that period. Pepys would have found means for some piece of junketing even in the midst of his alarm, whereas Defoe thinks of his property, when he has time to think of anything but the plague, which is a very natural modification consequent on the changes of the times. But they are at bottom the same. While, however, this central figure remains the characteristic but not elevated personage with whom we are already acquainted, the history which he records is done with a tragic force and completeness which it is impossible to surpass. In this there is nothing commonplace, no wearing monotony; the very statistics have a tragic solemnity in them; the awful, unseen presence dominates everything. We scarcely breathe while we move about the streets emptied of all passers-by, or with a suspicious throng in the middle of the way, keeping as far as possible from the houses. This is not mere prose: it is poetry in its most rare form; it is an ideal representation, in all its sober details, of one of the most tragical moments of human suffering and fate.

Nothing else that Defoe has done is on the same level. It is pitched on too high a key, perhaps, for the multitude. His innocent thief, Colonel Jack, begins with a picture both amusing and touching of the curious moral denseness and confusion of a street boy; his Cavalier is a charming young man. But both these and all the rest of Defoe's heroes and heroines grow heavy and tedious at the end. The "Journal of the Plague" is not like them in this respect. The conclusion — the sudden surprise and delicious sense of relief, the joy which makes the passers-by stop and shake hands with one another in the streets, and the women call out from their windows with tears and outcries of gladness — is as sudden and overwhelming as the reality. We are caught in the growing despair, and suddenly deliverance comes. Here alone Defoe is not too long, the unexpected is brought in with a skill and force not less remarkable than that which in the previous pages has portrayed the slow growth and inevitable development of the misery. Up to this anticlimax of unlooked-for joy the calamity has grown, every new touch intensifying the awful reality. But the recovery is sudden, and told without an unnecessary word. It is the only instance in which Defoe has followed the instinct of a great artist, and shown that he knew how to avail himself of the unwritten code and infallible methods of art.

We forget his shortcomings when we discuss this which is to our mind much his greatest work, and it is well that we should leave him in this disposition. He died mysteriously, alone, after a period of wandering and hiding which nobody can explain. Whether he was in trouble with creditors or with political enemies, or with the exasperated party which he had managed to outwit; whether he kept out of the way that his family might make better terms for themselves, or that he might keep the remains of his money out of the hands of an undutiful son or a grasping son-in-law, nobody can tell. He died in remote lodgings, all alone, and his affairs were administered by a stranger. His domestic circumstances have been referred to during his life only in the vaguest way. He had a wife and a numerous family when he was put in the pillory; he had a wife, a son who was unkind, and three daughters, at the end. He died at seventy-two "of a lethargy," no doubt fallen into the feebleness and hopelessness of lonely old age. To be doing seems to have been a necessity of his being. But he never seems to have enjoyed the importance due to his powers; and in an age when men of letters filled the highest posts, he never rose above his citizen circle, his shopkeeping ways. Something in the man must have accounted for this, but it is difficult to say what it was; for the age did not require a high standard of truthfulness, and the worst of his misdoings were kept secret from the public. Perhaps his manners were not such as society, though very easy in those days, could tolerate; perhaps — but this is simple guess-work. All we know of Defoe is that as a writer he was of the greatest influence and note, but as a man nothing. When Addison was secretary of state, and Prior an ambassador, he was nobody — a sword in the hand of an unscrupulous statesman; a shopkeeper manufacturing his genius and selling it by the yard. A sadder conclusion never was told.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS FROM INDIA.[1]

VENICE, November 26, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: . . . I have just come here to get a few quiet days of Venice before the *Poonah* sails. She is here, lying off in the harbor; and I have been on board and looked her over. She is a beautiful, great vessel, with a big, broad deck, and a bright, pleasant cabin, looking as if she might be a capital home for three weeks. . . . I shall go alone now, unless possibly a young collegian of this last class at Cambridge, a friend of Arthur's, Evert Wendell, should go on the same steamer. I saw him in Berlin, and he wants to go, and has sent to ask his father's leave. He is a bright, pleasant fellow, and would be good company, but I do not think there is much chance of his going, though he may turn up at the last moment.

Affectionately,

P.

STEAMSHIP "POONAH," LYING AT BRINDISI,
Sunday, December 3, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: . . . The *Poonah* is an old ship, rather noisy, and not at all fast, and not very clean. But she is well arranged, and in good weather must be very pleasant. The sail from Venice to Brindisi has been cold, rough, and rainy. The Adriatic has behaved very badly. We could not touch at Ancona, which is on the program, because of the rough weather. This Sunday morning is bright, but cold and windy; not a bit of suggestion of the tropics yet. In a day or two we shall get it, and I only hope we shall not get too much. The people on the *Poonah*, so far, are not very interesting, but they are only a few. The best are supposed to come on board here at Brindisi, having come by rail from London; so I hope when we sail to-morrow morning we shall find ourselves in the midst of that delightful society which the voyage to India has always been said to furnish. Young Wendell is on board, having turned up at the last moment in Venice. He makes bright, pleasant company, and we shall probably be together through India.

Affectionately,

P.

SUEZ, SUNDAY MORNING,
December 10, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: We are just tying up to the wharf in Suez, and nobody seems to know how long we are to stay here before we start on our voyage down the Red Sea. I will write my Sunday letter at once, and tell you that I have come thus far in happiness, health, safety, and in the *Poonah*. I sent Gertie a postal card the other day from Alexandria, which I hope she will excuse. I am not in the habit of sending postal cards, but there was no other way. We were only there for a very short time, and all of it was spent on shore. It was curious to see the results of the war so close at hand. The great square of Alexandria is all in ruins, and looks like Liberty Square in Boston after the great fire. The forts which brought on the bombardment are all banged to pieces, and the guns are standing on their heads. There must have been some wonderful firing on the Englishmen's part. Then we sailed over to Port Said, the steamer rolling about badly in the long swell. There was plenty of room at the dinner-table Thursday. Port Said looks as I remember seeing Lawrence look when we were boys and father took us there from grandmother's one day. It is an extemporized town of shanties and cheap buildings, with everything to sell which it is supposed that uncomfortable and extravagant travelers will buy. Only the population does not look like Lawrence people. They are brown Egyptians, and Nubians as black as coals, and a few British soldiers with white pith helmets and red coats.

The sail down the canal has been delightful. The air was fresh and bright as spring, and yet had the warmth of summer in it. The atmosphere was delightful, and though we sometimes ran between high banks of sand which hid everything, most of the time the view was made up of long stretches of desert, reaching away to distant hills with effects of light and color on them all, which were beautiful. This morning I saw a glorious sunrise out of my state-room window, such as the children of Israel must have seen hundreds of on their famous trip from Egypt into Palestine some years ago. We passed yesterday Ismailia, where the British headquarters were this autumn, and saw the way they started to Tel el Kebir. And there we heard about the verdict in Arabi's case, about which nobody seemed to care much.

Now we really start upon our voyage. All up to this point has been mere preparation. Here the passengers for Australia and Calcutta leave us, and we take on board the passengers for Bombay, who have come all the way by sea from London. So we shall be quite a new company. We have lost two or three days by hav-

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ing to go through the canal, and shall not be in Bombay certainly before the 22d, perhaps not till later. I like the ship, and the people, and the life on board, and all is going beautifully. Merry Christmas to you all.

Ever affectionately,

P.

ON THE "POONAH," December 15, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: I write my Sunday letter this week on Friday, because, you see, to-night we are to arrive at Aden, and there can mail our epistles. There will not be another chance until we come to Bombay. All this week we have been running down the Red Sea. The weather has been sultry and oppressive; not particularly hot by the thermometer, but such weather as makes one want to get in a draught and do nothing. In the great cabin the punkas are hung up, long cloth fans, which are fastened to a rod that runs along the ceiling, over the dining-table; and every meal-time they are kept swinging by a long cord, which runs through the skylight, and is attached at the other end to a small Mohammedan on deck, who pulls, and pulls, and pulls. We could hardly live without it. This morning we were passing Mocha, where the coffee comes from, and this afternoon we shall go through Bab-el-Mandeb. When we are once out into the Indian Ocean, the special sultriness of the Red Sea will be over, and we shall have a week of charming sailing.

The ship is very comfortable, but she is old and slow. She is four days behind her time, and we shall not be at Bombay before Saturday, the 23d, more than three weeks from the time we left Venice. But it has all been very pleasant. There is a very miscellaneous and interesting company on board. Here is the general who led the cavalry charge at Tel el Kebir, and is coming back from England, after being decorated by the Queen. Here is Lord Charles Beresford, who ran his boat up under the guns at Alexandria at the time of the bombardment, and did wonders of bravery. Here is a young Cambridge parson, going out to a missionary brotherhood at Delhi. Here are merchants of Calcutta and Madras, whom one pumps continually for information about India — Englishmen, all of them. At Bombay we shall break up; and I suppose I shall stay there about a week, and then travel by Delhi, Jeypore, Agra, Lucknow, Allahabad, and Benares to Calcutta, taking about a month, and bringing us to Calcutta about the 1st of February. A week there, a week's trip to the mountains, and a two-weeks' journey to Madras and its neighborhood, will bring us to Ceylon about the 1st of March; after a week there we sail again direct for Aden and Suez. So there 's our winter. And you can tell at any time about where we are.

Affectionately,

P.

BOMBAY, Sunday, December 24, 1882.

DEAR WILLIAM: In India at last! And you do not know how queer and beautiful it is. I will tell you about it. On Friday night, at eleven o'clock, the slow old *Poonah* dropped her anchor in the harbor opposite the Apollo Bunden, which is the landing-place of Bombay. That night we slept on board, but by six the next morning we were in a boat and being rowed to shore, where we had a jolly good breakfast at Watson's Hotel. While we were eating it two gentlemen sent in their cards. One was Mr. George A. Kittredge, who is the head of the tramway system here. He is brother-in-law of Mr. Lawrie, who goes to Trinity Church, and he crossed in the *Scythia* with you and me in 1877. The other gentleman was Mr. Charles Lowell, son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell who used to be at St. Mark's School. These two gentlemen insisted on taking charge of us during our stay in Bombay. Lowell is in the banking business here. We were immediately carried to Lowell's bungalow, and here I write to you.

Fancy an enormous house rambling out into a series of immense rooms, all on one floor, piazzas twenty feet deep, immense chambers (in the middle of which stand the beds), doors and windows wide open, the grounds filled with palms, bananas, and all sorts of tropical trees, the song of birds, the chirp of insects everywhere, and a dazzling sun blazing down on the Indian Ocean in front. A dozen or more dusky Hindu servants, barefooted, dressed in white, with bright sashes around their waists, and bright turbans on their heads, are moving about everywhere, as still as cats, and with no end of devotion to their little duties. One of them seems to have nothing to do but to look after me; he has worked over my limited wardrobe till he knows every shirt and collar better than I do myself. He is now brushing my hat for the twelfth time this morning. The life is luxurious. Quantities of delightful fruit, cool lounging-places with luxurious chairs, a sumptuous breakfast- (or "tiffin," as we call it here) and dinner-table, and no end of kind attention. I am writing in my room on the day before Christmas, as if it were a rather hot August morning at home.

Yesterday we drove about the town and began our sight of Indian wonders: Hindu temples with their squatting, ugly idols; Mohammedan mosques; bazaars thronged with every Eastern race; splendid English buildings, where the country is ruled; a noble university; Par-

see merchants in their shops; great tanks with the devotees bathing in them; officers' bungalows, with the handsome English fellows lounging about; wedding-processions with the bride of six riding on the richly decorated horse behind the bridegroom of ten, surrounded by their friends, and with a tumult of horrible music; markets overrunning with strange and delicious fruits; wretched-looking saints, chattering gibberish and begging alms—there is no end to the interest and curiosity of it all. And this is dead winter in the tropics! I have got out all my thinnest clothes, and go about with an umbrella to keep off the sun. This morning we started at half-past six for a walk through the sacred part of the native town, and now at ten it is too hot to walk any more till sundown. But there are carriages enough, and by and by we go to church. I was invited to preach at the cathedral, but declined.

I received letters yesterday which had been traveling with us on the *Poonah* for the last three weeks. They came on board at Brindisi. It was a fine welcome to India.

We shall be in and about Bombay for about a week. You must not think that we shall suffer from the heat. This is the hottest place that we shall visit; and as soon as we leave here we shall be in the hills, and by and by shall see the thermometer at zero. How I shall think of you to-morrow! It is holidays here, and our friends have nothing to do but to look after us. Banks close for four days! Good-by! My love to you all always.

BOMBAY, Tuesday, December 26.

. . . Do you care to know how we spent Christmas? I will tell you. We arose in the cool of the morning, at six o'clock. After we had a cup of tea, some fruit, bread and butter, the open carriage was at the door, and we put on our pith helmets to keep off the sun, and drove away. First we went to the Jain hospital for animals. The Jains are a curious sect of Hindus, and one of their ideas is the sacredness of animal life. And so they have a great hospital, where they gather all the sick and wounded animals they can find, and cure them if they can, or keep them till they die. The broken-legged cows, sick pigeons, mangy dogs, and melancholy monkeys are very curious. We stayed there awhile, and then drove to the Parsee burial-place. The Parsees are Persian sun-worshipers, who have been settled here for centuries, and are among the most intelligent and enterprising citizens. Their pleasant way of disposing of their dead is to leave a body on a high tower, where vultures devoted to that business come, and in about an hour consume all its flesh, leaving the bones, which, after four weeks of drying in the sun, are tumbled into a common pit, where they all crumble together into dust. You see the towers with vultures waiting on top for the next arrival, but no one is allowed to enter.

Then we came home and had our breakfast, after which we drove into the town, whence I sent a telegram of "Merry Christmas" to you at eleven o'clock. Then we went to the service at the cathedral, which was very good. Then I drove out to the Government-house, where the governor, Sir James Furgusson, had invited me to lunch. Very pleasant people were there, and the whole thing was interesting. The drive out and in, about four miles each way, was through the strangest population, and in the midst of the queerest sights. After my return (I went there alone), we wandered about the native bazaars, and saw their curious trades. At eight o'clock Mr. Kittredge gave us a sumptuous dinner at the Byculla Club, where, with turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pies, we made the best of that end of Christmas day which we knew how. After that, about ten o'clock, we wandered out into a native fair, where we saw their odd performances until late into the night, when we drove home along the cool sea-shore, and went to bed, tired but happy, after the funniest Christmas day we ever passed.

We go now for a short trip to Carlee and Poonah, to see some curious old Buddhist temples. When we get back from there we start for a long journey to Ahmedabad, Jeypore, Delhi, Lahore, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpoor, Allahabad, Benares, and Calcutta. This will take three weeks or a month.

I hope you had a happy Christmas. And now a happy New Year to you! Hurrah for 1883! I hope you will have a splendid watch-meeting, and think of me.

No mail leaves here for England except every Friday, so this will not go for three days yet. We are off to-morrow for the country.

BOMBAY, January 2, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: A happy New Year to you! May 1883 be the happiest of any yet! I see no reason why it should not be. We shall not frisk about quite as much as we did thirty years ago, when we were boys. For all that, there are soberer joys even for such old chaps as you and I, and if the birds fly somewhat more sluggishly than of old, why, perhaps it will be all the easier to get the salt on their tails. So a happy New Year to William! The New Year broke on me as I was driving in a tonga from Deogaon to Nandgaon. A tonga is a queer sort of dog-cart, drawn by two sharp little ponies with a yoke over their necks as if they were oxen; you see we have been spending a good part of the last week in going up the hills to see the wonderful Buddhist and

Brahmanical caves and temples. And Sunday we spent in a bungalow on the top of a hot hill, out of which, two thousand years ago, these wonderful people hewed these marvelous affairs.

Think of a structure bigger than Trinity Church, with spires, columns, and domes a hundred feet high, which is not a structure at all, but is carved out of solid rock, and hewn into chambers, corridors, courtyards, and shrines; almost every inch of its surface inside and out covered with sculptures, some very big and stately, some as fine as jewels, and all full of the most interesting religious and historical meaning. Think of that, old fellow! That is the most splendid of the caves, but there are thirty-five of them, all more or less wonderful, and some almost as fine as this. We spent Sunday there, and Sunday night, about ten o'clock (for you do everything you can by night, to avoid the heat), we took our tongas and drove six hours down from Elora, where the caves are, to the railway. On the way, just as we were stopping to change ponies, and some half-naked Hindus were howling to one another over their arrangements, and the Southern Cross was blazing in the sky, and the moon was struggling up, 1883 came tripping in. I thought of you at home, and wondered whether you were having a watch-meeting, and what you thought of the New Year; then I remembered it was only three o'clock in Boston, and that you were just going to afternoon church. So I tumbled back into the tonga again, and we jolted on.

You see I am getting somewhat at the country. It is interesting far beyond anything I expected. Our friends Kittredge and Lowell have been more kind and devoted than you can imagine. No one in a week could have seen more, or seen it better, than we. This afternoon we leave Bombay, and launch out for ourselves. We have a capital fellow for a traveling servant, a dusky gentleman with a turban and a petticoat, a low-caste Hindu named Huri. When you get this, about the 1st of February, we shall have passed through northern India, and shall be in Calcutta. In a day or two we shall get out of excessive heat, and not be troubled with it again until we leave Calcutta for southern India. I am splendidly well. My young traveling companion is very pleasant.

BANKAPOOR, Tuesday, January 3, 1883.

DEAR LIZZIE: Since I wrote to you last, we have come over from Benares, and to-day have been making a delightful excursion to Buddh-Gaya where, as Edwin Arnold tells us so prettily, Gautama sat six years under a bo-tree, and thought and thought until at last was the Dukha-Satya opened to him, and Buddhism began. In these days, when a large part of Boston prefers to consider itself Buddhist rather than Christian, I consider this pilgrimage to be the duty of a minister who preaches to Bostonians, and so this morning before sunrise we started for Gaya, and the red Barabar Hills.

We had slept in the railway station, which is not an uncommon proceeding in the out-of-the-way parts of India, where there is no pretense of a hotel, and where you do not know anybody to whose bungalow you can drive up, as you can to that of almost any man to whom you ever bowed in the street. They are a most hospitable folk, only when you go to stay with them you are expected to bring your own bedding and your own servant, which saves them lots of trouble. Think of my appearing at your door some afternoon with a mattress and Katie! We had to drive ten miles in a rattling gharry, and as we went the sun rose just as it did on Buddha in the same landscape in the fifth book of the "Light of Asia," which, as you see, I have been reading with the greatest interest. We had to walk the last two miles, because the ponies, who must have been Mohammedans, would not go any farther. It was a glorious morning, and by and by we suddenly turned into an indescribable ravine — one tumbled mass of shrines and topes and monuments, hundreds on hundreds of them set up the last two thousand years by pilgrims. In the midst, two hundred feet high, a queer, fantastic temple (which has been rebuilt again and again), but which has in it the original Buddha figure of Asoka's time, a superb great altar statue, calm as eternity, and on the outside, covered with gold leaf, the seat on which the master sat those six long years. The bo-tree has departed long ago, and the temples were not there when he was squatting and meditating. The landscape was the same, and though this is one of the places to which thousands of pilgrims come from both the Buddhist and the Brahmanical worlds, the monuments which they set up were not as interesting as the red hills on one side, and the open plain on the other, which Sakya must have seen when he forgot for a moment to gaze at the soles of his own feet and looked upon the outer world.

It is a delightful country, this India, and now the climate is delightful. The Indian winter is like the best of our Indian summer, and such mornings and midnights you never saw. We had two weeks in Delhi, because my companion, Evert Wendell, must needs pick up the smallpox. It is rather good to know one town of a great country so well as I know that, and it is on the whole, I suppose, the most interesting town in India. I think I know every one of its superb old tombs by heart. He could not have chosen a better place if he was bound to do such a ridiculous thing at all.

I wished you a happy New Year when the old year left us in the midst of a night drive among the hills. I hope you felt my wish around the globe, or through it, whichever way wishes go. . . .

Affectionately, P.

DELHI, January 14, 1883.

Delhi is an immensely interesting place, and it is not a bad thing to see it thoroughly. It is the old center of Mohammedan power in India. Here the Great Mogul ruled for years and years, and the great mosque is one of the wonders of the Mussulman world. Here, too, was the center of the great meeting in 1857, and the town is full of interesting points connected with that history. Then the present life, both Hindu and Mohammedan, is vastly interesting. The streets are endless pictures. This morning the Jumna was full of bathers in the sacred stream. The bazaars are crowded with the natives of all parts of India. The processions of marriages and burials meet you everywhere. The temples, with their hideous gods, are all along the streets, and the fakirs go clinking their begging-bowls everywhere.

At present there is particular excitement because the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab is here with his whole suite. They entered the city yesterday morning with a train of elephants and camels, and all the citizens in their best clothes turned out to see them. Now they are encamped on a broad field, just below the mission, and they make a most picturesque array. For days whole hosts of wretched-looking folk have been sweeping the streets, dusting the temples, and cleaning up everything in anticipation of the coming of the governor sahib.

Later, Sunday afternoon.

I preached this morning in the English church, and had the usual English congregation. I am getting so used to English people in these days that a real American would seem a strange sort of creature. The English are faithful to their duties, and their Indian civil service ought to be the pattern of the world. I wish that we had anything like it in America. The trouble about the whole thing is that the Englishman does not really like the Indian, and does not aim for any real liking from him; also, the Englishman suffers so in this terrible Indian climate that he cannot live here permanently; each officer is anxious to get through his service, get his pension, and be off for England. Such brave and devoted work as our missionary hosts are doing must tell, and the English rulers are gradually getting the Indians fit for more and more self-government. . . .

Affectionately,

PHILLIPS.

DELHI, January 21, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: Here I am still at Delhi for another Sunday. What do you think has happened? Wendell has had the smallpox! . . . I have seen Delhi, which is one of the most interesting of Indian towns, through and through, and especially the mission work, that is most nobly, sensibly, and faithfully done. Yesterday afternoon, in the most desolate and degraded part of all the town, as I stood with a little crowd under a tree, with the hubbub of heathen life around us, all sorts of faces, stupid, bright, hostile, eager, and scornful, I heard a native catechist preach the Gospel in Urdu, of which I could not understand a word, and thought there could not be a better missionary picture. A group of Sikh soldiers came up, splendid-looking fellows, with fine faces, enormous turbans, curled beards, who entered into lively discussion with the preacher, and for a time the debate ran very high. I could not make out which had the best of it, but the catechist seemed to understand himself very well.

The principal point of the Sikhs seems to be that what God made every man he meant that man to continue, so there could be no good reason for changing one's religion. But when the preacher asked them how the Sikh religion (which is only about two hundred years old) began, he rather had them.

I went for a three-days' trip to Lahore and Umritsir, which was exceedingly interesting. They are in the Sikh country, which is a region quite by itself, with the finest set of men in India and a religion of its own. At Umritsir is their great place of worship, the Golden Temple, a superb structure, with the lower half of most beautiful mosaic and the upper half of golden plates, standing in the middle of an enormous artificial lake called the Lake of Immortality. There is a beautiful white marble bridge connecting the island with the shore. I saw their picturesque worship one morning just after sunrise. This was a very fine trip.

The lieutenant-governor has been in camp here for two weeks, Sir Charles Atchison, to whom I had an introduction from Sir Richard Temple. Friday morning, a stunning menial in red and yellow appeared on a camel at my door, with a note saying that he (the lieutenant-governor, not the menial) and Lady Atchison requested the pleasure of my company at dinner. I went, and it was great fun. We had a swell dinner in a gorgeous tent, with about thirty persons, and no end of picturesque servants to wait on us. The lieutenant-governor was very pleasant, and when I left promised me some more letters to people in Calcutta. I took his daughter in to

dinner, and had a nice talk with her. She is a sensible young Scotch lassie. . . .

I have been preaching again to-day, so that for three Sundays I have been on duty. Of course these are purely European congregations. . . .

It is the most splendid weather possible now, about like our best May or early June weather. In the mornings it is rather cold; the natives go about with most of their bedclothes wrapped about their heads, though their legs are bare, and do not seem to mind the cold. By ten or eleven o'clock they are sitting in the sun, with almost everything off of them, and burning themselves a shade or two more brown. Their picturesqueness is endlessly interesting. . . .

Ever affectionately,

P.

BENARES, January 28, 1883.

MY DEAR MARY: . . . This is the sacredest place in India. There are five thousand Hindu temples in Benares. It is the very Back Bay of Asia. You stumble at every step on a temple with its hideous idol. If you hear a gentleman or lady muttering behind you in the street, they are not abusing you, but only saying prayers to Vishnu or Siva, who has a little shrine somewhere in the back yard of the next house. There is one sweet temple to their monkey god, where they keep five hundred monkeys. I went to this temple yesterday morning, and the little wretches were running over everything, and would hardly let you go, wanting you to feed them. They are so sacred that if you hurt one of them you would have an awful time. It reminded me of nothing so much as your drawing-room after dinner.

Then I went down to the Ganges, where hundreds and hundreds of people were bathing in the sacred river. Pilgrims from all over India had come to wash their sins away, and were scrubbing themselves as thick as they could stand for two miles along the bank of the stream. It is a beautiful religion, at least in this, that it keeps its disciples always washing themselves.

By and by we came to a place where in a little hollow by the river's side a pile of wood was burning; two men were waving a big piece of cloth to fan the flame, and gradually as it burned you caught sight through the flame of a strange bundle lying in the midst of the wood and slowly catching fire. Then you knew that it was the funeral pile of some dead Hindu who had died happy in knowing that he would be burned beside the sacred river, and that his ashes would be mingled with its waters. Then came another curious and pathetic sight. Close by the side of this burning pile was another, all prepared, but not yet lighted. Soon I saw a man leading a little naked boy some four years old into the water. He washed the little chap all over, then stood him up beside the pile of wood; a priest up above on a high altar said some prayers over him, and the man gave the little boy a blazing bunch of straw, and showed him how to stick it into the midst of the wood until the whole caught fire. It was a widower showing his small son how to set his mother on fire. The little fellow seemed scared, and cried, and when they let him go ran up to some other children,—probably cousins,—who put his clothes on for him, and then he squatted on his heels, and quietly watched the flames.

While this was going on they had brought down the body of a child perhaps seven or eight years old, and for it they built another pile of wood close to the water. Then they took the body into the stream and bathed it for a moment, then brought it out and laid it on the wood. The father of the child went into the water and washed himself all over. After he came out the priest at the altar chanted a prayer for him. Then he went up to an old woman who sold straw, and bought a bundle, haggling some time over the price. This he lighted at the burning pile of the little boy's mother, and with it set his own child's pile in flames. They had covered the little body with a bright red cloth, and it was the prettiest funeral pile of all. By this time another body, a wasted and worn old man, had come, and they were already bathing him in the Ganges, while some men were gathering up the ashes (of somebody who was burned earlier in the day) and throwing them into the river, where they float to certain bliss. So it goes on all the time, while a great crowd is gathered around, some laughing, some praying, some trafficking, some begging. While we looked on, an interesting-looking fakir came up with a live snake pleasantly curled around his neck, and begged an alms, while the boys behind kept pulling the tail of his hideous necklace to make him mad, and just down the slope beside the water the mother was being burned by the little boy, and the child by her father.

This is not a cheerful letter, but on less serious occasions the Hindus are a most amusing people. On these cool mornings the whole population seems to go about with its bedclothes around its head and legs all bare. They never sit, but squat all over the place. When you meet them they make believe take up some dust from the ground and put it on their heads. I wish you could see my servant Huri. He looks like a most sober, pious female of about forty-five. He wears petticoats and bloomers. Where he sleeps and what he eats I have not the least idea. He gets eight dollars a month, finds himself, and is the most devoted and use-

ful creature you ever saw, but as queer an old woman as ever lived. . . .

Affectionately,

P.

The Hindus are the most pathetic and amusing people, my dear Mary. This morning after I had written this long letter, we went down once more to the Ganges, and watched the bathers and the burners for a long time. On the way we almost destroyed large numbers of the infant population, who crawl about the streets, and run under the horses' feet, and are just the color of the earth of which they are made, so that it is very hard to tell them from the inanimate clay. Almost none of them wear any clothes until they get to be six or seven years old; then their clothes soon get to be the same color as their skins, and it does not help you much.

We passed a pleasant temple of the Goddess of Smallpox, and looked in a moment, just out of association. Her name is Sitla, and her temple is a horrid-looking place. On the way through the city there are all sorts of amusing sights. Here is a fellow squatted down in the dirt, blowing away on a squeaking flute, and as he blows there are a lot of snakes, cobras, and all sorts of dreadful-looking things swinging back and forth around him, sticking their heads out of his baskets. Suddenly the musician starts up and begins a fantastic dance, and in a few minutes makes a dive at a chap in the crowd, and by sleight of hand seems to take a long snake (which he has concealed somewhere about him) out of the other fellow's turban. Then the crowd howl and jeer, and we throw the dirty musician a quarter of a cent. All this is pleasantest to see from the carriage. Just as we are turning away there is a cheerful noise of a band coming down the narrow street, and there appear a dozen men and boys playing on queer drums, cymbals, and trumpets. After them a crowd of women singing a wild and rather jolly air, then on horseback a small boy of twelve all dressed up in gilt paper and white cloth, and on another horse a little girl about the size of Tood, who is his bride. She is dressed like a most gorgeous doll, and has to be held on the horse by a man who walks behind. They have all been down to the Ganges for worship, and now are going home to the wedding-feast, after which the bride will be taken to the boy's mother's house to be kept for him; and a hard time the little wretch will have. The wedding-procession comes to grief every few minutes in the crowded streets. Sometimes a big swell on an elephant walks into the midst of the band, and for a few minutes you lose sight of the minstrels altogether, and hear only fragments of the music coming out of the neighboring houses, where they have taken refuge. Sometimes there come a group of people, wailing, crying, and singing a doleful hymn as they carry a dead body to the Ganges, and for a while the funeral and marriage music get mixed; but they always come unsnarled, and the wedding picks itself up and goes its way. Then you stop a moment to see a juggler make a mango-tree grow in three minutes from a seed to a tall bush. You drop into the bazaars and see their pretty silks; then you stop and listen to a guru preaching in a little nook between two houses; so you wander on until you see the Ganges flashing in the sun, and thousands of black and brown backs popping in and out, as the men and women take their baths.

When they come out they sit with their legs folded under them for a long time, look at nothing, think of nothing, and meditate; then they go to a gentleman who sits under a big umbrella with a lot of paint-boxes about him, and he puts a daub on their foreheads whose color and pattern tell how long they have bathed and prayed, and how holy they are after it all.

I have been looking at Huri, who is squatted on the ground in the sun, just outside my door, as I am writing. He wears a gold and purple turban. The poor fellow was upset in a rickety cab last week after he had left me at the station, and says his bones are bent; but he has been carefully examined, and we can find no harm. He always sleeps just outside my door at night. Last night I heard the jackals when I went to bed, and was quite surprised to find the whole of Huri in my room when I woke up this morning. I wish I could bring him home. Good-by again.

P.

CALCUTTA, February 3, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: Lots of letters to-day — the best of them your Christmas letter, telling that you received my Bombay telegram, and went to church and heard Bishop Clark; how you had lots of presents, and went to Salem, and saw James and Sallie in the afternoon. It was all delightful, and reading it, as we drove along to-day in Dharamtolla street (which means the "Way of Righteousness," and a funny, shabby old Hindu way of righteousness it is), it seemed as if I saw you all at your home life. The palm-trees turned to elms, the naked Indians to Boston men and women, with Boston greatcoats buttoned up to their respectable Boston chins. It was all delightful! Do thank for me the whole Salem round-robin.

Since I wrote that tremendous letter to Mary last Sunday, another week of India has passed. I have been down to Gaya, and seen where Buddha sat and contemplated for six years, and a marvelous strange place it is, with

ten thousand Buddhas carved on every side. Then I came on here, and have been seeing interesting things and people for three days. Calcutta is not half so nice as Bombay, but there are people here whom I wanted very much to see. "Stately Bombay" and "Fair Calcutta" the Anglo-Indians are fond of saying. I have just written an enormous letter to Arthur about Chunder Sen, to whom I made a long visit the other day. This afternoon I went to one of the schools supported by the Zenana Mission (of which you have sometimes heard from Trinity reading-desk), gave the prizes to a lot of little Hindus, and made an address which was translated into Bengalee for my audience.

P.

CALCUTTA, February 11, 1883.

DEAR WILLIAM: This week I have seen the Himalayas. Last Monday we left Calcutta at three o'clock by rail; at seven we crossed the Ganges on a steamboat, just as if it had been the Susquehanna. All night we slept in the train, and the next day were climbing up and up on a sort of steam tramway, which runs to Darjeeling, a summer station, at the foot of the highest hills, but itself a thousand feet higher than the top of Mount Washington. There the swells go in the hot months, but now it is almost deserted. We reached there on Tuesday evening in the midst of rain, found that the great mountains had not been seen for eight days, and everybody laughed at our hope of seeing them. We slept, and early the next morning looked out on nothing but clouds. About eight o'clock the curtain began to fall, and before nine there was a most splendid view of the whole range. In the midst was the lordly Kunchain-Junga, the second highest mountain in the world, 28,156 feet high. Think of that! Certainly they made the impression of height, such as no mountains ever gave me before.

By and by we rode about six miles to another hill called Senchul, whence the tip of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,002 feet, is visible. That was interesting, but the real glory of the day was Kunchain-Junga. We gazed at him till the jealous clouds came again in the afternoon and covered him; then we roamed over the little town, and went to a Buddhist village a couple of miles away. The people here are Thibetans by origin, and they keep associations with the tribes upon the other side of the great hills. A company of Thibetans, priests and Lamas, had come over to celebrate the new year, which with them begins on the 9th of February. They had the strangest music, dances, and queer outdoor plays. We were welcomed as distinguished strangers, set in the place of honor, feasted with oranges, and begged for bakshish.

The next morning there were the giant hills again, and we looked at Kunchain-Junga (I want you to learn his name) till eleven o'clock, when we took train again for Calcutta, and arrived there Friday afternoon about five. It was a splendid little journey, and one always to be remembered. On my return to Calcutta I found two invitations waiting; one was to dine at the Government-house with the viceroy, Thursday evening. Of course I was too late for that, and was very sorry. Now I shall not see the great man and the viceregal court at all. The other was to an evening party, Friday, given by the Rajah Rajendra Narayan Del Bāhadur, "in honor of the late British victory in Egypt." Of course I went to this, and it was the biggest thing seen in India for years. It is said to have cost the old rajah a lac of rupees, or $50,000. At any rate, it was very splendid and very queer—acres of palace and palace grounds blazing with lights; a thousand guests, the natives in the most beautiful costumes of silk and gold; a Nautch dance going on all the time in one hall, a full circus, horses, acrobats, clowns, and all, only after native fashion, in a great covered courtyard; supper perpetual, and the great drawing-room blazing with family jewels. I stayed till one o'clock, and then came home, as if from the Arabian Nights, and went to bed.

I cannot tell you all I am doing or have done. This morning for a change I preached in Henry Martyn's old pulpit in the Mission Church. To-morrow morning we sail on the P. and O. steamer *Rohilla* for Madras, a three-days' voyage. Thence we travel by Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madura to Tuticorin. Then across by sea to Colombo, and after a week in Ceylon, sail in the *Verona* (P. & O.) on the 7th of March (the day Daniel Webster made his speech) for Suez. From Suez by rail to Alexandria, seeing Cairo on the way, and the recent battle-field of Tel el Kebir. When you get this, about the 24th of March, I shall probably be in Alexandria, perhaps spend Easter there. Thence I somehow go to Spain, getting there about April 1.

Affectionately,

P.

KANDY, March 4, 1883.

MY DEAR MARY: Do you know, I think this place is good enough and important enough to write a letter to you from. In the first place, it is the farthest point of my travels. From this time my face is turned homeward. In the second place, I think it must be the most beautiful place in all the world. I do not see how there could be one more beautiful. I wish you could have driven with me this morning at sunrise, through the roads with hundreds of different kinds of palm-trees, and to the

Buddhist temple, where they were offering fresh flowers to Buddha, and banging away on drums in his honor, enough to kill you; then out to the gardens where cinnamon, nutmeg, clove trees, tea and coffee plants, pineapples, mangoes, bamboos, banyans, India-rubber trees, and a hundred other curious things are growing. Here and there you meet an elephant or a peacock, and the pleasant-faced natives smile at you out of their pretty houses.

Oh, this beautiful island of Ceylon,
With the cocoanut-trees on the shore,
It is shaped like a pear with the peel on,
And Kandy lies in at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!)
Even when it is spelt with a K,
And the people are cheerful and dirty,
And dress in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy,
With two ear-rings and half of a shirt,—
He 's considered the swell of all Kandy,—
And the rest of him 's covered with dirt.

And here comes the belle of the city,
With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers,
And the babies so jolly and fat,
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women,
And the shaven Buddhistical priests,
And the lake which the worshipers swim in,
And the wagons with curious beasts.

The tongue they talk mostly is Tamul,
Which sounds you can hardly tell how:
It is half like the scream of a camel,
And half like the grunt of a sow.

But it is too hot to make any more poetry. It is perfectly ridiculous how hot it is. I would not walk to that Buddhist temple opposite for anything. If I tried to, you would never see my familiar face in Clarendon street any more. I am glad, with all the beauty of Ceylon, that there are only two days more of it. It is too near the equator. Wednesday morning the *Verona* sails from Colombo, and will carry me to Suez, and the Indian trip is over. It has been one unmixed pleasure from beginning to end.

We have a new boy. Huri's language gave out at Calcutta. He did not know the queer tongues they talk in southern India, and he had to be sent back to Bombay. We parted with tears and rupees. Then came another boy, who had to be summarily dismissed; he was too stupid for anything. It made the journey far too laborious when we had to take care of him. Now we have a beautiful creature named Tellegoo, or something like that. He wears a bright yellow-and-green petticoat, which makes him look very gay, and a tortoise-shell comb in his hair! Our association with him will be brief, for we leave him on the wharf when we sail Wednesday, and there will be fewer rupees and no tears.

I went to church this morning, and the minister preached on the text, "Bake me a little cake first," and the point was that before you bought any clothes or food you must give something toward the endowment of the English church at Kandy. It was a really pretty sermon. . . .

There are the Buddhists howling again. It must be afternoon service. The priests go about without a bit of hair on their heads and wrapped in dirty yellow sheets. My love to everybody.

Affectionately,

P.

ON S. S. "VERONA," March 25, 1883.

DEAR JOHNNY: . . . How I wish you were here to-night! We would sit late on deck, and you should tell me all about Springfield, and I would tell you all about India. This long return voyage is a splendid chance to think it over and arrange in one's memory the recollections of the wondrous land. Besides the countless pictures which one saw every day, eleven great sights stand out which you must see when you go to India. They are these:

First. The Rock Temples of Carlee and Elora. Think of buildings as big as Christ's Church, Springfield, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, and covered, inside and out, with Hindu sculptures of the richest sort.

Second. The deserted city of Ambir—a city of the old Moguls with hardly a human inhabitant; palaces and temples abandoned to the jackals and the monkeys.

Third. The *Kuttub* at Delhi—the most beautiful column in the world, covered with inscriptions; the most splendid monument of the Mohammedan power.

Fourth. The Golden Temple of Umritsir. Think of a vast, artificial lake in whose center, reached by a lovely white marble bridge, is the holy place of the Sikhs, the lower half of most delicate marble mosaics, and the upper of sheets of beaten gold.

Fifth. The Taj at Agra—a dream of beauty. The tomb of an old Mogul empress, made of the finest marble, and inlaid in the most dainty way; the whole as large as the State-house.

Sixth. The river shore of the Ganges at Benares—mile after mile of palaces and temples, and in front of them the bathing-places of the living and the burning-places of the dead.

Seventh. Buddh-Gaya—where Buddha sat for six years under the bo-tree till the enlightenment came to him. A valley full of Buddhist temples is there now.

Eighth. The view of Kunchain-Junga from Darjeeling, the second highest mountain in the world. Think of a hill five times as high as Mount Washington, blazing with snow in the sunshine.

Ninth. The Seven Pagodas, near Madras, where whole stories of the Hindu mythology are sculptured on the face of perpendicular rocks. They are queer enough.

Tenth. The Sivite Temple at Tanjore, one mass of brilliant color and sculpture, with its great pyramid two hundred feet high.

Eleventh. The Temple at Kandy in Ceylon, where they keep Buddha's tooth. You see the strange Buddhist priests and their strange ways.

These are the greatest things in India, and there are ever so many more like them, only not quite so great or interesting. I am very glad I went, and I wish that everybody who cares about interesting things could go there too.

Affectionately,

P.

THE HEIR OF THE McHULISHES.

By the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

A Story in Two Parts.—Part I.

I.

THE consul for the United States of America at the port of St. Kentigern was sitting alone in the settled gloom of his private office. Yet it was only high noon of a "seasonable" winter's day, by the face of the clock that hung like a pallid moon on the murky wall opposite to him. What else could be seen of the apartment by the faint light that struggled through the pall of fog outside the lusterless windows presented the ordinary aspect of a business sanctum. There were a shelf of fog-bound admiralty law, one or two colored prints of ocean steamships under full steam, bow on, tremendously foreshortened, and seeming to force themselves through shadowy partitions; there were engravings of Lincoln and Washington, as unsubstantial and shadowy as the dead themselves. Outside, against the window, which was almost level with the street, an occasional procession of black silhouetted figures of men and women, with prayer-books in their hands and gloom on their faces, seemed to be born of the fog, and prematurely to return to it. At which a conviction of sin overcame the consul. He remembered that it was the Sabbath day, and that he had no business to be at the consulate at all.

Unfortunately, with this shameful conviction came the sound of a bell ringing somewhere in the depths of the building, and the shuffling of feet on the outer steps. The light of his fire had evidently been seen, and like a beacon had attracted some wandering and possibly intoxicated mariner with American papers. The consul walked into the hall with a sudden right-eous frigidity of manner. It was one thing to be lounging in one's own office on the Sabbath day, and quite another to be deliberately calling there on business.

He opened the front door, and a middle-aged man entered, accompanying and partly shoving forward a more diffident and younger one. Neither appeared to be a sailor, although both were dressed in that dingy respectability and remoteness of fashion affected by second and third mates when ashore. They were already well in the hall, and making their way toward the private office, when the elder man said, with an air of casual explanation, "Lookin' for the American consul; I reckon this yer 's the consulate?"

"It is the consulate," said the official, dryly, "and I am the consul; but—"

"That 's all right," interrupted the stranger, pushing past him, and opening the door of the private office, into which he shoved his companion. "Thar, now!" he continued to the diffident youth, pointing to a chair, and quite ignoring the presence of the consul. "Thar 's a bit of America. Sit down thar. You 're under the flag now, and can do as you darn please." Nevertheless, he looked a little disappointed as he glanced around him, as if he had expected a different environment and possibly a different climate.

"I presume," said the consul, suavely, "you wish to see me on some urgent matter; for you probably know that the consulate is closed on Sunday to ordinary business. I am here myself quite accidentally."

"Then you don't live here?" said the visitor, disappointedly.

"No."

"I reckon that 's the reason why we did n't see no flag a-flyin' when we was a huntin' this

place yesterday. We was directed here, but I says to Malcolm, says I, 'No; it ain't here, or you 'd see the Stars and Stripes afore you 'd see anythin' else.' But I reckon you float it over your house, eh?"

The consul here explained smilingly that he did *not* fly a flag over his lodgings, and that except on national holidays it was not customary to display the national ensign on the consulate.

"Then you can't do here — and you a *consul* — what any nigger can do in the States, eh? That's about how it pans out, don't it? But I did n't think *you 'd* tumble to it quite so quick, Jack."

At this mention of his Christian name, the consul turned sharply on the speaker. A closer scrutiny of the face before him ended with a flash of reminiscence. The fog without and within seemed to melt away; he was standing once more on a Western hillside with this man; a hundred miles of sparkling sunshine and crisp, dry air stretching around him, and above a blue and arched sky that roofed the third of a continent with six months' summer. And then the fog seemed to come back heavier and thicker to his consciousness. He emotionally stretched out his hand to the stranger. But it was the fog and his personal surroundings which now seemed to be unreal.

"Why, it 's Harry Custer!" he said with a laugh that, however, ended in a sigh. "I did n't recognize you in this half light." He then glanced curiously toward the diffident young man, as if to identify another possible old acquaintance.

"Well, I spotted you from the first," said Custer, "though I ain't seen you since we were in Scott's Camp together. That 's ten years ago. You 're lookin' at *him*," he continued, following the consul's wandering eye. "Well, it 's about him that I came to see you. This yer 's a McHulish — a genuine McHulish!"

He paused, as if to give effect to this statement. But the name apparently offered no thrilling suggestion to the consul, who regarded the young man closely for further explanation. He was a fair-faced youth of about twenty years, with pale reddish-brown eyes, dark hair reddish at the roots, and a singular white and pink waxiness of oval cheek, which, however, narrowed suddenly at the angle of the jaw, and fell away with the retreating chin.

"Yes," continued Custer; "I oughter say the *only* McHulish. He is the direct heir — and of royal descent! He 's one of them McHulishes whose name in them old history times was enough to whoop up the boys and make 'em paint the town red. A regular campaign boomer — the old McHulish was. Stump speeches and brass-bands war n't in it with the boys when *he* was around. They 'd go their bottom dollar and last cartridge — if they 'd had cartridges in them days — on him. That was the regular McHulish gait. And Malcolm there 's the last of 'em — got the same style of features, too."

Ludicrous as the situation was, it struck the consul dimly, as through fog and darkness, that the features of the young man were not unfamiliar, and indeed had looked out upon him dimly and vaguely at various times, from various historic canvases. It was the face of complacent fatuity, incompetency, and inconstancy, which had dragged down strength, competency, and constancy to its own idiotic fate and levels — a face for whose weaknesses valor and beauty had not only sacrificed themselves, but made things equally unpleasant to a great many minor virtues. Nevertheless the consul, with an amused sense of its ridiculous incongruity to the grim Scottish Sabbath procession in the street, and the fog-bound volumes of admiralty law in the room, smiled affably.

"Of course our young friend has no desire to test the magic of his name here, in these degenerate days."

"No," said Custer, complacently; "though between you and me, old man, there 's always no tellin' what might turn up over in this yer monarchy. Things of course are different over our way. But jest now Malcolm will be satisfied to take the title and property to which he 's rightful heir."

The consul's face fell. Alas! it was only the old, old story. Its endless repetitions and variations had been familiar to him even in his youth and in his own land. "Ef that man had his rights," had once been pointed out to him in a wild Western camp, "he 'd be now sittin' in scarlet on the right of the Queen of England!" The gentleman who was indicated in this apocalyptical vision, it appeared, simply bore a singular likeness to a reigning Hanoverian family, which for some unexplained reason he had contented himself with bearing with fortitude and patience. But it was in his official capacity that the consul's experience had been the most trying. At times it had seemed to him that much of the real property and peerage of Great Britain was the inherited right of penniless American republicans who had hitherto refrained from presenting their legal claims, and that the habitual first duty of generations of British noblemen on coming into their estates and titles was to ship their heirs and next of kin to America, and then forget all about them. He had listened patiently to claims to positions more or less exalted — claims often presented with ingenuous sophistry or pathetic simplicity, prosecuted with

great good humor, and abandoned with invincible cheerfulness; but they seldom culminated more seriously than in the disbursement of a few dollars by the consul to enable the rightful owner of millions to procure a steerage passage back to his previous democratic retirement. There had been others, less sincere, but more pretentious in quality, to whom, however, a letter to the Heralds' College in London was all sufficient, and who, on payment of various fees and emoluments, were enabled to stagger back to New York or Boston with certain unclaimed and forgotten luggage, which a more gallant ancestor had scorned to bring with him into the new life, or had thrown aside in his undue haste to make them citizens of the republic. Still, all this had grown monotonous and wearisome, and was disappointing as coming through the intervention of an old friend who ought to know better.

"Of course you have already had legal opinion on the subject over there," said the consul, with a sigh, "but here, you know, you ought first to get some professional advice from those acquainted with Scotch procedure. But perhaps you have that too."

"No," said Custer, cheerfully. "Why, it ain't only two months ago that I first saw Malcolm. Tumbled over him on his own farm jest out of MacCorkleville, Kentucky, where he and his fathers before him had been livin' nigh a hundred years — yes, *a hundred years*, by Jove! ever since they first emigrated to the country. Had a talk over it; saw an old Bible about as big and as used up as that," lifting the well-worn consular Bible — "with dates in it, and heard the whole story. And here we are."

"And you have consulted no lawyer?" gasped the consul.

"The McHulishes," said an unexpected voice that sounded thin and feminine, "never took any legal decision. From the craggy summits of Glen Crankie he lifted the banner of his forefathers, or raised the war-cry 'Hulish dhu, ieroe!' from the battlements of Craigiedurrach. And the clan gathered round him with shouts that rent the air. That was the way of it in old times. And the boys whooped him up and stood by him." It was the diffident young man who had half spoken, half recited, with an odd enthusiasm that even the culminating slang could not make conventional.

"That 's about the size of it," said Custer, leaning back in his chair easily with an approving glance at the young man. "And I don't know if that ain't the way to work the thing now."

The consul stared hopelessly from the one to the other. It had always seemed possible that this dreadful mania might develop into actual insanity, and he had little doubt but that the younger man's brain was slightly affected. But this did not account for the delusion and expectations of the elder. Harry Custer, as the consul remembered him, was a level-headed, practical miner, whose leaning to adventure and excitement had not prevented him from being a cool speculator, and he had amassed more than a competency by reason of his judicious foresight and prompt action. Yet he was evidently under the glamour of this madman, although outwardly as lazily self-contained as ever.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the consul in a suppressed voice, "that you two have come here equipped only with a statement of facts and a family Bible, and that you expect to take advantage of a feudal enthusiasm which no longer exists — and perhaps never did exist out of the pages of romance — as a means of claiming estates whose titles have long since been settled by law, and can be claimed only under that tenure? Surely I have misunderstood you. You cannot be in earnest."

"Honest Injun," said Custer, nodding his head lazily. "We mean it, but not jest that way you 've put it. F'r instance, it ain't only us two. This yer thing, ole pard, we 're runnin' as a syndicate."

"A syndicate?" echoed the consul.

"A syndicate," repeated Custer. "Half the boys that were at Eagle Camp are in it, and two of Malcolm's neighbors from Kentucky — the regular old Scotch breed like himself; for you know that MacCorkle County was settled by them old Scotch Covenanters, and the folks are Scotch Presbyterians to this day. And for the matter of that, the Eagle boys that are in it are of Scotch descent, or a kind of blend, you know,—in fact, I 'm half Scotch myself — or Irish," he added thoughtfully. "So you see that settles your argument about any local opinion, for if them Scots don't know their own people, who does?"

"May I ask," said the consul, with a desperate attempt to preserve his composure, "what you are proposing to do?"

"Well," said Custer, settling himself comfortably back in his chair again, "that depends. Do you remember the time that we jumped them Mexican claims on the North Fork — the time them greasers wanted to take in the whole river-bank because they 'd found gold on one of the upper bars? Seems to me we jest went peaceful-like over there one moonshiny night, and took up *their* stakes and set down *ours*. Seems to me *you* were one of the party."

"That was in our own country," returned the consul, hastily, "and was an indefensible act, even in a lawless frontier civilization. But you are surely not mad enough even to conceive of such a thing *here!*"

"Keep your hair on, Jack," said Custer, lazily. "What 's the matter with constitutional methods, eh? Do you remember the time when we did n't like Pueblo rules, and we laid out Eureka City on their lines, and whooped up the Mexicans and diggers to elect mayor and aldermen, and put the city front on Juanita Creek, and then corralled it for water lots? Seems to me you were county clerk then. Now who 's to keep Dick Macgregor and Joe Hamilton, that are both up the Nile now, from droppin' in over here to see Malcolm in his own house? Who 's goin' to object to Wallace or Baird, who are on this side, doin' the Eytalian lakes, from comin' here on their way home, or Watson and Moore and Timley, that are livin' over in Paris, from joinin' the boys in givin' Malcolm a housewarmin' in his old home? What 's to keep the whole syndicate from gatherin' at Kelpie Island up here off the west coast, among the tombs of Malcolm's ancestors, and fixin' up things generally with the clan?"

"Only one thing," said the consul, with a gravity which he nevertheless felt might be a mistaken attitude. "You should n't have told *me* about it. For if, as your old friend, I cannot keep you from committing an unconceivable folly, as the American consul here it will be my first duty to give notice to our legation, and perhaps warn the authorities. And you may be sure I will do it."

To his surprise Custer leaned forward and pressed his hand with an expression of cheerful relief. "That 's so, old pard; I reckoned on it. In fact, I told Malcolm that that would be about your gait. Of course you could n't do otherwise. And it would have been playin' it rather low down on you to have left you out in the cold — without even *that* show in the game. For what you will do in warnin' the other fellows, don't you see, will just waken up the clan. It 's better than a campaign circular."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the consul, with a half-hysterical laugh. "But we won't consider so lamentable a contingency. Come and dine with me, both of you, and we 'll discuss the only thing worth discussing,— your *legal* rights,— and you can tell me your whole story, which, by the way, I have n't heard."

"Sorry, Jack, but it can't be done," said Custer, with his first approach to seriousness of manner. "You see, we 'd made up our mind not to come here again after this first call. We ain't goin' to compromise you."

"I am the best judge of that," returned the consul, dryly. Then suddenly changing his manner, he grasped Custer's hands with both his own. "Come, Harry," he said earnestly, "I will not believe that this is not a joke, but I beg of you to promise me one thing,— do not move a step further in this matter without legal counsel. I will give you a letter to a legal friend of mine — a man of affairs, a man of the world, and a Scot as typical perhaps as any you have mentioned. State your *legal* case to him — only that; but his opinion will show you also, if I am not mistaken, the folly of your depending upon any sectional or historical sentiment in this matter."

Without waiting for a reply, he sat down and hastily wrote a few lines to a friendly local magnate. When he had handed the note to Custer, the latter looked at the address, and showed it to his young companion.

"Same name, is n't it?" he asked.

"Yes," responded Mr. McHulish.

"Do you know him?" asked the consul, evidently surprised.

"We don't; but he 's a friend of one of the Eagle boys. I reckon we would have seen him anyhow; but we 'll agree with you to hold on until we do. It 's a go. Good-by, old pard! So long!"

They both shook the consul's hand, and departed, leaving him staring at the fog into which they had melted as if they were unreal shadows of the past.

II.

THE next morning the fog had given way to a palpable, horizontally driving rain, which wet the inside as well as the outside of umbrellas, and caused them to be presented at every conceivable angle as they drifted past the windows of the consulate. There was a tap at the door, and a clerk entered.

"Ye will be in to Sir James MacFen?"

The consul nodded, and added, "Show him in here."

It was the magnate to whom he had sent the note the previous day, a man of large yet slow and cautious nature, learned and even pedantic, yet far-sighted and practical; very human and hearty in social intercourse,—which, however, left him as it found him,— with no sentimental or unbusinesslike entanglements. The consul had known him sensible and sturdy at board meetings and executive councils; logical and convincing at political gatherings; decorous and grave in the kirk; and humorous and jovial at festivities, where perhaps later in the evening, in company with others, hands were clasped over a libation lyrically defined as a "right guid williewaught." On one of these occasions they had walked home together, not without some ostentation of steadiness; yet when MacFen's eminently respectable front door had closed upon him, the consul was perfectly satisfied that a distinctly proper and unswerving

man of business would issue from it the next morning.

"Aye, but it 's a soft day," said Sir James, removing his gloves. "Ye 'll not be gadding about in this weather."

"You got my note of introduction, I suppose?" said the consul, when the momentous topic of the weather was exhausted.

"Oh, aye."

"And you saw the gentleman?"

"Aye."

"And what 's your opinion of—his claims?"

"He 's a fine lad—that Malcolm—a fine type of a lad," said Sir James, with an almost too effusive confidence. "Ye 'll be thinking so yourself—no doubt? Aye, it 's wonderful to consider the preservation of type so long after its dispersal in other lands. And it 's a strange and wonderful country that of yours, with its plantations—as one might say—of homogeneity unimpaired for so many years, and keeping the old faith too—and all its strange survivals. Aye, and that Kentucky, where his land is—it will be a rich State! It 's very instructing and interesting to hear his account of that remarkable region they call 'the blue-grass country,' and the stock they raise there. I 'm obliged to ye, my friend, for a most edifying and improving evening."

"But his claim—did he not speak of that?"

"Oh, aye. And that Mr. Custer—he 's a grand man, and an amusing one. Ye 'll be great comrades, you and he! Man! it was delightful to hear him tell of the rare doings and the bit fun ye two had in the old times. Eh, sir, but who 'd think that of the proper American consul at St. Kentigern!" And Sir James leaned back in his chair, and bestowed an admiring smile on that official.

The consul thought he began to understand this evasion. "Then you don't think much of Mr. McHulish's claim?" he said.

"I 'm not saying that."

"But do you really think a claim based upon a family Bible and a family likeness a subject for serious consideration?"

"I 'm not saying *that* either, laddie."

"Perhaps he has confided to you more fully than he has to me, or possibly you yourself knew something in corroboration of his facts."

"No."

His companion had evidently no desire to be communicative. But the consul had heard enough to feel that he was justified in leaving the matter in his hands. He had given him fair warning. Yet, nevertheless, he would be even more explicit.

"I do not know," he began, "whether this young McHulish confided to you his great reliance upon some peculiar effect of his presence among the tenants, and of establishing his claim to the property by exciting the enthusiasm of the clan. It certainly struck me that he had some rather exaggerated ideas, borrowed, perhaps, from romances he 'd read, like Don Quixote his books of chivalry. He seems to believe in the existence of a clan loyalty, and the actual survival of old feudal instincts and of old feudal methods in the Highlands. He appears to look upon himself as a kind of local Prince Charlie, and, by Jove! I 've an idea he 's almost as crazy."

"And why should he na believe in his own kith and kin?" said Sir James, quickly, with a sudden ring in his voice, and a dialectical freedom quite distinct from his former deliberate and cautious utterance. "The McHulishes were chieftains before America was discovered, and many 's the time they overran the border before they went as far as that. If there 's anything in blood and loyalty, it would be strange if they did na respond. And I can tell ye, ma frien', there 's more in the Hielands than any 'romancer,' as ye call them,—aye, even Scott hissel', and he was but an Edinboro' man,—ever dreamed of. Don't fash yoursel' about that. And you and me 'll not agree about Prince Charlie. Some day I 'll tell ye, ma frien', mair aboot that bonnie laddie than ye 'll gather from your partizan historians. Until then ye 'll be wise when ye 'll be talking to Scotchmen not to be expressing your Southern prejudices."

Intensely surprised and amused at this sudden outbreak of enthusiasm on the part of the usually cautious lawyer, the consul could not refrain from accenting it by a marked return to practical business.

"I shall be delighted to learn more about Prince Charlie," he said, smiling, "but just now his prototype—if you 'll allow me to call him so—is a nearer topic, and for the present—at least until he assume his new titles and dignities—has a right to claim my protection, and I am responsible for him as an American citizen. Now, my dear friend, is there really any property, land, or title of any importance involved in his claim, and what and where, in Heaven's name, is it? For I assure you I know nothing practical about it, and cannot make head or tail of it."

Sir James resumed his slow serenity, and gathered up his gloves. "Aye, there 's a great deer-forest in Ballochbrinkie, and there 's part of Loch Phillibeg in Cairngormshire, and there 's Kelpie Island off Moreovershire. Aye, there 's enough land when the crofters are cleared off, and the small sheep-tenants evicted. It will be a grand property then."

The consul stared. "The crofters and tenants evicted!" he repeated. "Are they not part of the clan, and loyal to the McHulish?"

"The McHulish," said Sir James with great deliberation, "has n't set foot there for years. They 'd be burning him in effigy."

"But," said the astonished consul, "that 's rather bad for the expectant heir—and the magic of the McHulish presence."

"I 'm not saying that," returned Sir James, cautiously. "Ye see he can be making better arrangements with the family on account of it."

"With the family?" repeated the consul. "Then does he talk of compromising?"

"I mean they would be more likely to sell for a fair consideration, and he 'd be better paying money to them than the lawyers. The syndicate will be rich, eh? And I 'm not saying the McHulish would n't take Kentucky lands in exchange. It 's a fine country, that blue-grass district."

The consul stared at Sir James so long that a faint smile came into the latter's shrewd eyes; at which the consul smiled, too. A vague air of relief and understanding seemed to fill the apartment.

"Oh, aye," continued Sir James, drawing on his gloves with easy deliberation, "he 's a fine lad that Malcolm, and it 's a praiseworthy instinct in him to wish to return to the land of his forebears, and take his place again among them. And I 'm noticing, Mr. Consul, that a great many of your countrymen are doing the same. Eh, yours is a gran' country of progress and ceevel and religious liberty, but for a' that, as Burns says, it 's in your blood to turn to the auld home again. And it 's a fine thing to have the money to do it—and, I 'm thinking, money well spent all around. Good morning. Eh, but I 'm forgetting that I wanted to ask you to dine with me and Malcolm, and your Mr. Custer, and Mr. Watson, who will be one of your syndicate, and whom I once met abroad. But ye 'll get a bit note of invitation, with the day, from me later."

The consul remembered that Custer had said that one of the "Eagle boys" had known Sir James. This was evidently Watson. He smiled again, but this time Sir James responded only in a general sort of way, as he genially bowed himself out of the room.

The consul watched his solid and eminently respectable figure as it passed the window, and then returned to his desk, still smiling. First of all he was relieved. What had seemed to him a wild and reckless enterprise, with possibly some grim international complications on the part of his compatriots, had simply resolved itself into an ordinary business speculation—the ethics of which they had pretty equally divided with the local operators. If anything, it seemed that the Scotchman would get the best of the bargain, and that, for once at least, his countrymen were deficient in foresight. But that was a matter between the parties, and Custer himself would probably be the first to resent any suggestion of the kind from the consul. The vision of the McHulish burned in effigy by his devoted tenants and retainers, and the thought that the prosaic dollars of his countrymen would be substituted for the potent presence of the heir, tickled, it is to be feared, the saturnine humor of the consul. He had taken an invincible dislike to the callow representative of the McHulish, who he felt had in some extraordinary way imposed upon Custer's credulity. But then he had apparently imposed equally upon the practical Sir James. The thought of this sham ideal of feudal and privileged incompetency being elevated to actual position by the combined efforts of American republicans and hard-headed Scotch dissenters, on whom the soft Scotch mists fell from above with equal impartiality, struck him as being very amusing, and for some time thereafter lightened the respectable gloom of his office. Other engagements prevented his attendance at Sir James's dinner, although he was informed afterward that it had passed off with great éclat, the later singing of "Auld lang Syne" and the drinking of the health of Custer and Malcolm with "Hieland honors." He learned also that Sir James had invited Custer and Malcolm to his lacustrine country-seat in the early spring. But he learned nothing more of the progress of Malcolm's claim, its details, or the manner in which it was prosecuted. No one else seemed to know anything about it; it found no echo in the gossip of the clubs, or in the newspapers of St. Kentigern. In the absence of the parties connected with it, it began to assume to him the aspect of a half-humorous romance. He often found himself wondering if there had been any other purpose in this quest or speculation than what had appeared on the surface, it seemed so inadequate in result. It would have been so perfectly easy for a wealthy syndicate to buy up a much more valuable estate. He disbelieved utterly in the sincerity of Malcolm's sentimental attitude. There must be some other reason—perhaps not known even to the syndicate.

One day he thought that he had found it. He had received a note addressed from one of the principal hotels, but bearing a large personal crest on paper and envelop. A Miss Kirkby, passing through St. Kentigern on her way to Edinburgh, desired to see the consul the next day, if he would appoint an hour at the consulate; or, as her time was limited, she would take it as a great favor if he would call at her hotel. Although a countrywoman, her name might not be so well known to him as those of her "old friends" Harry Custer, Esq.,

and Sir Malcolm McHulish. The consul was a little surprised; the use of the title — unless it referred to some other McHulish — would seem to indicate that Malcolm's claim was successful. He had, however, no previous knowledge of the title of "Sir" in connection with the estate, and it was probable that his fair correspondent — like most of her countrywomen — was more appreciative than correct in her bestowal of dignities. He determined to waive his ordinary business rules, and to call upon her at once, accepting, as became his patriotism, that charming tyranny which the American woman usually reserves exclusively for her devoted countrymen.

She received him with an affectation of patronage, as if she had lately become uneasily conscious of being in a country where there were distinctions of class. She was young, pretty, and tastefully dressed; the national feminine adaptability had not, however, extended to her voice and accent. Both were strongly Southwestern, and as she began to speak she seemed to lose her momentary affectation.

"It was mighty good of you to come and see me, for the fact is, I did n't admire going to your consulate — not one bit. You see, I 'm a Southern girl, and never was 'reconstructed' either. I don't hanker after your Gov'ment. I have n't recognized it, and don't want to. I reckon I ain't been under the flag since the wah. So you see, I have n't any papers to get authenticated, nor any certificates to ask for, and ain't wanting any advice or protection. I thought I 'd be fair and square with you from the word 'go.'"

Nothing could be more fascinating and infectious than the mirthful ingenuousness which accompanied and seemed to mitigate this ungracious speech, and the consul was greatly amused, albeit conscious that it was only an attitude, and perhaps somewhat worn in sentiment. He knew that during the war of the rebellion, and directly after it, Great Britain was the resort of certain Americans from the West as well as from the South who sought social distinction by the affectation of dissatisfaction with their own Government or the ostentatious simulation of enforced exile; but he was quite unprepared for this senseless protraction of dead-and-gone issues. He ventured to point out with good-humored practicality that several years had elapsed since the war, that the South and North were honorably reconciled, and that he was legally supposed to represent Kentucky as well as New York. "Your friends," he added smilingly, "Mr. Custer and Mr. McHulish, seemed to accept the fact without any posthumous sentiment."

"I don't go much on that," she said with a laugh. "I 've been living in Paris till maw — who 's lying down up-stairs — came over and brought me across to England for a look around. And I reckon Malcolm 's got to keep touch with you on account of his property."

The consul smiled. "Ah, then, I hope you can tell me something about *that*, for I really don't know whether he has established his claim or not."

"Why," returned the girl with naïve astonishment, "that was just what I was going to ask *you*. He reckoned you 'd know all about it."

"I have n't heard anything of the claim for two months," said the consul; "but from your reference to him as 'Sir Malcolm,' I presumed you considered it settled. Though, of course, even then he would n't be 'Sir Malcolm,' and you might have meant somebody else."

"Well, then, Lord Malcolm — I can't get the hang of those titles yet."

"Neither 'Lord' nor 'Sir'; you know the estate carries no title whatever with it," said the consul, smilingly.

"But would n't he be the laird of something or other, you know?"

"Yes; but that is only a Scotch description, not a title. It 's not the same as Lord."

The young girl looked at him with undisguised astonishment. A half laugh twitched the corners of her mouth. "Are you sure?" she said.

"Perfectly," returned the consul, a little impatiently; "but do I understand that you really know nothing more of the progress of the claim?"

Miss Kirkby, still abstracted by some humorous astonishment, said quickly: "Wait a minute. I 'll just run up and see if maw 's coming down. She 'd admire to see you." Then she stopped, hesitated, and as she rose added, "Then a laird's wife would n't be Lady anything, anyway, would she?"

"She certainly would acquire no title merely through her marriage."

The young girl laughed again, nodded, and disappeared. The consul, amused yet somewhat perplexed over the naïve brusqueness of the interview, waited patiently. Presently she returned, a little out of breath, but apparently still enjoying some facetious retrospect, and said, "Maw will be down soon." After a pause, fixing her bright eyes mischievously on the consul, she continued:

"Did you see much of Malcolm?"

"I saw him only once."

"What did you think of him?"

The consul in so brief a period had been unable to judge.

"You would n't think I was half engaged to him, would you?"

The consul was obliged again to protest that in so short an interview he had been unable to conceive of Malcolm's good fortune.

"I know what you mean," said the girl, lightly. "You think he 's a crank. But it 's all over now; the engagement 's off."

"I trust that this does not mean that you doubt his success?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "That 's all right enough, I reckon. There 's a hundred thousand dollars in the syndicate. Maw put in twenty thousand, and Custer 's bound to make it go — particularly as there 's some talk of a compromise. But Malcolm 's a crank, and I reckon if it was n't for the compromise the syndicate would n't have much show. Why, he did n't even know that the McHulishes had no title."

"Do you think he has been suffering under a delusion in regard to his relationship?"

"No; he was only a fool in the way he wanted to prove it. He actually got these boys to think it could be filibustered into his possession. Had a sort of idea of 'a rising in the Highlands,' you know, like that poem or picture — which is it? And those fool boys, and Custer among them, thought it would be great fun and a great spree. Luckily, maw had the gumption to get Watson to write over about it to one of his friends, a Mr — Mr — MacFen, a very prominent man."

"Perhaps you mean Sir James MacFen," suggested the consul. "He 's a knight. And what did *he* say?" he added eagerly.

"Oh, he wrote a most sensible letter," returned the lady, apparently mollified by the title of Watson's adviser, "saying that there was little doubt, if any, that if the American McHulishes wanted the old estate they could get it by the expenditure of a little capital. He offered to make the trial; that was the compromise they 're talking about. But he did n't say anything about there being no 'Lord' McHulish."

"Perhaps he thought, as you were Americans, you did n't care for *that*," said the consul, dryly.

"That 's no reason why we should n't have it if it belonged to us, or we chose to pay for it," said the lady, pertly.

"Then your changed personal relations with Mr. McHulish is the reason why you hear so little of his progress or his expectations?"

"Yes; but he don't know that they are changed, for we have n't seen him since we 've been here, although they say he 's here, and hiding somewhere about."

"Why should he be hiding?"

The young girl lifted her pretty brows. "Maybe he thinks it 's mysterious. Did n't I tell you he was a crank?" Yet she laughed so naïvely, and with such sublime unconsciousness of any reflection on herself, that the consul was obliged to smile too.

"You certainly do not seem to be breaking your heart as well as your engagement," he said.

"Not much — but here comes maw. Look here," she said, turning suddenly and coaxingly upon him, "if she asks you to come along with us up north, you 'll come, won't you? Do! It will be such fun!"

"Up north?" repeated the consul, interrogatively.

"Yes; to see the property. Here 's maw."

A more languid but equally well-appointed woman had entered the room. When the ceremony of introduction was over, she turned to her daughter, and said, "Run away, dear, while I talk business with — er — this gentleman," and, as the girl withdrew laughingly, she half stifled a reminiscent yawn, and raised her heavy lids to the consul.

"You 've had a talk with my Elsie?"

The consul confessed to having had that pleasure.

"She speaks her mind," said Mrs. Kirkby, wearily, "but she means well, and for all her flightiness her head 's level. And since her father died she runs me," she continued with a slight laugh. After a pause, she added abstractedly, "I suppose she told you of her engagement to young McHulish?"

"Yes; but she said she had broken it."

Mrs. Kirkby lifted her eyebrows with an expression of relief. "It was a piece of girl-and-boy foolishness, anyway," she said. "Elsie and he were children together at MacCorkleville, — second cousins, in fact, — and I reckon he got her fancy excited over his nobility, and his being the chief of the McHulishes. Of course Custer will manage to get something for the shareholders out of it, — I never knew him to fail in a money speculation yet, — but I think that 's about all. I had an idea of going up with Elsie to take a look at the property, and I thought of asking you to join us. Did Elsie tell you? I know she 'd like it — and so would I."

For all her indolent, purposeless manner, there was enough latent sincerity and earnestness in her request to interest the consul. Besides, his own curiosity in regard to this singularly supported claim was excited, and here seemed to be an opportunity of satisfying it. He was not quite sure either that his previous antagonism to his fair countrywoman's apparent selfishness and snobbery was entirely just. He had been absent from America a long time; perhaps it was he himself who had changed, and lost touch with his compatriots. And yet the demonstrative independence and recklessness of men like Custer were less objectionable to, and less inconsistent with, his American ideas

than the snobbishness and almost servile adaptability of the women. Or was it possible that it was only a weakness of the sex, which no republican nativity or education could eliminate? Nevertheless he looked up smilingly.

"But the property is, I understand, scattered about in various places," he said.

"Oh, but we mean to go only to Kelpie Island, where there is the ruin of an old castle. Elsie must see that."

The consul thought it might be amusing. "By all means let us see that. I shall be delighted to go with you."

His ready and unqualified assent appeared to relieve and dissipate the lady's abstraction. She became more natural and confiding; spoke freely of Malcolm's mania, which she seemed to accept as a hallucination or a conviction with equal cheerfulness, and, in brief, convinced the consul that her connection with the scheme was only the caprice of inexperienced and unaccustomed idleness. He left her, promising to return the next day and arrange for their early departure.

His way home lay through one of the public squares of St. Kentigern, at an hour of the afternoon when it was crossed by working men and women returning to their quarters from the docks and factories. Never in any light a picturesque or even cheery procession, there were days when its unwholesome, monotonous poverty and dull hopelessness of prospect impressed him more forcibly. He remembered how at first the spectacle of barefooted girls and women slipping through fog and mist across the greasy pavement had offended his fresh New World conception of a more tenderly nurtured sex, until his susceptibilities seemed to have grown as callous and hardened as the flesh he looked upon, and he had begun to regard them from the easy local standpoint of a distinct and differently equipped class.

It chanced, also, that this afternoon some of the male workers had added to their usual solidity a singular trance-like intoxication. It had often struck him before as a form of drunkenness peculiar to the St. Kentigern laborers. Men passed him singly and silently, as if following some vague alcoholic dream, or moving through some Scotch mist of whisky and water. Others clung unsteadily but as silently together, with no trace of convivial fellowship or hilarity in their dull fixed features and mechanically moving limbs. There was something weird in this mirthless companionship, and the appalling loneliness of those fixed or abstracted eyes. Suddenly he was aware of two men who were reeling toward him under the influence of this drug-like intoxication, and he was startled by a likeness which one of them bore to some one he had seen; but where, and under what circumstances, he could not determine. The fatuous eye, the features of complacent vanity and self-satisfied reverie were there, either intensified by drink, or perhaps suggesting it through some other equally hopeless form of hallucination. He turned and followed the man, trying to identify him through his companion, who appeared to be a petty tradesman of a shrewder, more material type. But in vain, and as the pair turned into a side street the consul slowly retraced his steps. But he had not proceeded far before the recollection that had escaped him returned, and he knew that the likeness suggested by the face he had seen was that of Malcolm McHulish.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Bret Harte.

THE TEST.

"THY love," he cried, "is like a fragrant flower
Whose stainless beauty cannot fade or die."
"And thine," she, blushing, said, "is like some high,
Still tide, that knows no ebb to check its power."
But when life's changes brought a darkened hour,
In secret each heart feared love's doom was nigh.
The tide goes down; storms kill the blossoms shy;
Then, clasping hands, they turned to meet the shower.
Courage and hope were nursed for many a day.
At last the mists rolled off; their dream was true.
Beneath no restless tide the anchor lay
That held her safe; his deathless blossom grew
More fair. Love's test fulfilled, along their way
Sang blithe content, 'neath clouds or skies of blue.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

THE HILTONS' HOLIDAY.

I.

HERE was a bright, full moon in the clear sky, and the sunset was still shining faintly in the west. Dark woods stood all about the old Hilton farm-house, save down the hill, westward, where lay the shadowy fields which John Hilton, and his father before him, had cleared and tilled with much toil — the small fields to which they had given the industry and even affection of their honest lives.

John Hilton was sitting on the doorstep of his house. As he moved his head in and out of the shadows, turning now and then to speak to his wife, who sat just within the doorway, one could see his good face, rough and somewhat unkempt, as if he were indeed a creature of the shady woods and brown earth, instead of the noisy town. It was late in the long spring evening, and he had just come from the lower field as cheerful as a boy, proud of having finished the planting of his potatoes.

"I had to do my last row mostly by feelin'," he said to his wife. "I 'm proper glad I pushed through, an' went back an' ended off after supper. 'T would have taken me a good part o' to-morrow mornin', an' broke my day."

"'T ain't no use for ye to work yourself all to pieces, John," answered the woman, quickly. "I declare it does seem harder than ever that we could n't have kep' our boy; he 'd been comin' fourteen years old this fall, most a grown man, and he 'd work right 'longside of ye now the whole time."

"'T was hard to lose him; I do seem to miss little John," said the father, sadly. "I expect there was reasons why 't was best. I feel able an' smart to work; my father was a girt strong man, an' a monstrous worker afore me. 'T ain't that; but I was thinkin' myself to-day what a sight o' company the boy would ha' been. You know, small 's he was, how I could trust him to leave anywheres with the team, and how he 'd beseech to go with me wherever I was goin'; always right in my tracks I used to tell 'em. Poor little John, for all he was so young he had a great deal o' judgment; he 'd ha' made a likely man."

The mother sighed heavily as she sat within the shadow.

"But then there 's the little girls, a sight o' help an' company," urged the father, eagerly, as if it were wrong to dwell upon sorrow and loss. "Katy, she 's most as good as a boy, except that she ain't very rugged. She 's a real little farmer, she 's helped me a sight this spring; an' you 've got Susan Ellen, that makes a complete little housekeeper for ye as far as she 's learnt. I don't see but we 're better off than most folks, each on us having a workmate."

"That 's so, John," acknowledged Mrs. Hilton, wistfully, beginning to rock steadily in her straight splint-bottomed chair. It was always a good sign when she rocked.

"Where be the little girls so late?" asked their father. "'T is gettin' long past eight o'clock. I don't know when we 've all set up so late, but it 's so kind o' summer-like an' pleasant. Why, where be they gone?"

"I 've told ye; only over to Becker's folks," answered the mother. "I don't see myself what keeps 'em so late; they beseeched me after supper till I let 'em go. They 're all in a dazzle with the new teacher; she asked 'em to come over. They say she 's unusual smart with 'rethmetic, but she has a kind of gorpen look to me. She 's goin' to give Katy some pieces for her doll, but I told Katy she ought to be ashamed wantin' dolls' pieces, big as she 's gettin' to be. I don't know 's she ought, though; she ain't but nine this summer."

"Let her take her comfort," said the kind-hearted man. "Them things draws her to the teacher, an' makes them acquainted. Katy 's shy with new folks, more so 'n Susan Ellen, who 's of the business kind. Katy 's shy-feelin' and wishful."

"I don't know but she is," agreed the mother slowly. "Ain't it sing'lar how well acquainted you be with that one, an' I with Susan Ellen? 'T was always so from the first. I 'm doubtful sometimes our Katy ain't one that 'll be like to get married—anyways not about here. She lives right with herself, but Susan Ellen ain't nothin' when she 's alone, she 's always after company; all the boys is waitin' on her a'ready. I ain't afraid but she 'll take her pick when the time comes. I expect to see Susan Ellen well settled, — she feels grown up now,— but Katy don't care one mite 'bout none o' them things. She wants to be rovin' out o' doors. I do believe she 'd stand an' hark to a bird the whole forenoon."

"Perhaps she 'll grow up to be a teacher," suggested John Hilton. "She takes to her book more 'n the other one. I should like one on

'em to be a teacher same 's my mother was. They 're good girls as anybody 's got."

"So they be," said the mother, with unusual gentleness, and the creak of her rocking-chair was heard, regular as the ticking of a clock. The night breeze stirred in the great woods, and the sound of a brook that went falling down the hillside grew louder and louder. Now and then one could hear the plaintive chirp of a bird. The moon glittered with whiteness like a winter moon, and shone upon the low-roofed house until its small window-panes gleamed like silver, and one could almost see the colors of a blooming bush of lilac that grew in a sheltered angle by the kitchen door. There was an incessant sound of frogs in the lowlands.

"Be you sound asleep, John?" asked the wife presently.

"I don't know but what I was a'most," said the tired man, starting a little. "I should laugh if I was to fall sound asleep right here on the step; 't is the bright night, I expect, makes my eyes feel heavy, an' 't is so peaceful. I was up an' dressed a little past four an' out to work. Well, well!" and he laughed sleepily and rubbed his eyes. "Where 's the little girls? I 'd better step along an' meet 'em."

"I would n't just yet; they 'll get home all right, but 't is late for 'em certain. I don't want 'em keepin' Mis' Becker's folks up neither. There, le' 's wait a few minutes," urged Mrs. Hilton.

"I 've be'n a-thinkin' all day I 'd like to give the child'n some kind of a treat," said the father, wide awake now. "I hurried up my work 'cause I had it so in mind. They don't have the opportunities some do, an' I want 'em to know the world, an' not stay right here on the farm like a couple o' bushes."

"They 're a sight better off not to be so full o' notions as some is," protested the mother, suspiciously.

"Certain," answered the farmer; "but they 're good, bright child'n, an' commencin' to take a sight o' notice. I want 'em to have all we can give 'em. I want 'em to see how other folks does things."

"Why, so do I,"—here the rocking-chair stopped ominously,—"but so long 's they 're contented—"

"Contented ain't all in this world; hoppertoads may have that quality an' spend all their time a-blinkin'. I don't know 's bein' contented is all there is to look for in a child. Ambition 's somethin' to me."

"Now you 've got your mind on to some plot or other." (The rocking-chair began to move again.) "Why can't you talk right out?"

"'T ain't nothin' special," answered the good man, a little ruffled; he was never prepared for his wife's mysterious powers of divination. "Well there, you do find things out the master! I only thought perhaps I 'd take 'em tomorrow, an' go off somewhere if 't was a good day. I 've been promisin' for a good while I 'd take 'em to Topham Corners; they 've never been there since they was very small."

"I believe you want a good time yourself. You ain't never got over bein' a boy." Mrs. Hilton seemed much amused. "There, go if you want to an' take 'em; they 've got their summer hats an' new dresses. I don't know o' nothin' that stands in the way. I should sense it better if there was a circus or anythin' to go to. Why don't you wait an' let the girls pick 'em some strawberries or nice ros'berries, and then they could take an' sell 'em to the stores?"

John Hilton reflected deeply. "I should like to get me some good yellow-turnip seed to plant late. I ain't more 'n satisfied with what I 've been gettin' o' late years o' Ira Speed. An' I 'm goin' to provide me with a good hoe; mine 's gettin' wore out an' all shackly. I can't seem to fix it good."

"Them 's excuses," observed Mrs. Hilton, with friendly tolerance. "You just cover up the hoe with somethin', if you get it — I would. Ira Speed 's so jealous he 'll remember it of you this twenty year, your goin' an' buyin' a new hoe o' anybody but him."

"I 've always thought 't was a free country," said John Hilton, soberly. "I don't want to vex Ira neither; he favors us all he can in trade. 'T is difficult for him to spare a cent, but he 's as honest as daylight."

At this moment there was a sudden sound of young voices, and a pair of young figures came out from the shadow of the woods into the moonlighted open space. An old cock crowed loudly from his perch in the shed, as if he were a herald of royalty. The little girls were hand in hand, and a brisk young dog capered about them as they came.

"Wa' n't it dark gittin' home through the woods this time o' night?" asked the mother, hastily, and not without reproach.

"I don't love to have you gone so late; mother an' me was timid about ye, and you 've kep' Mis' Becker's folks up, I expect," said their father, regretfully. "I don't want to have it said that my little girls ain't got good manners."

"The teacher had a party," chirped Susan Ellen, the elder of the two children. "Goin' home from school she asked the Grover boys, an' Mary an' Sarah Speed. An' Mis' Becker was real pleasant to us: she passed round some cake, an' handed us sap sugar on one of her best plates, an' we played games an' sung some pieces too. Mis' Becker thought we did real well. I can pick out most of a tune on the cabinet organ; teacher says she 'll give me lessons."

"I want to know, dear!" exclaimed John Hilton.

"Yes, an' we played Copenhagen, an' took sides spellin', an' Katy beat everybody spellin' there was there."

Katy had not spoken, she was not so strong as her sister, and while Susan Ellen stood a step or two away addressing her eager little audience, Katy had seated herself close to her father on the doorstep. He put his arm around her shoulders, and drew her close to his side, where she stayed.

"Ain't you got nothin' to tell, daughter?" he asked, looking down fondly, and Katy gave a pleased little sigh for answer.

"Tell 'em what 's goin' to be the last day o' school, and about our trimmin' the schoolhouse," she said, and Susan Ellen gave the program in most spirited fashion.

"'T will be a great time," said the mother, when she had finished. "I don't see why folks wants to go trapesin' off to strange places when such things is happenin' right about 'em." But the children did not observe her mysterious air. "Come, you must step yourselves right to bed!"

They all went into the dark, warm house, the bright moon shone upon it steadily all night, and the lilac flowers were shaken by no breath of wind until the early dawn.

II.

THE Hiltons always waked early. So did their neighbors, the crows and song-sparrows and robins, the light-footed foxes and squirrels in the woods. When John Hilton waked, before five o' clock, an hour later than usual because he had sat up so late, he opened the house door and came out into the yard, crossing the short green turf hurriedly as if the day were too far spent for any loitering. The magnitude of the plan for taking a whole day of pleasure confronted him seriously, but the weather was fair, and his wife, whose disapproval could not have been set aside, had accepted and even smiled upon the great project. It was inevitable now, that he and the children should go to Topham Corners. Mrs. Hilton had the pleasure of waking them, and telling the news.

In a few minutes they came frisking out to talk over the great plans. The cattle were already fed, and their father was milking. The only sign of high festivity was the wagon pulled out into the yard, with both seats put in as if it were Sunday; but Mr. Hilton still wore his every-day clothes, and Susan Ellen suffered instantly from disappointment.

"Ain't we goin', father?" she asked complainingly, but he nodded and smiled at her, even though the cow, impatient to get to pasture, kept whisking her rough tail across his face. He held his head down and spoke cheerfully, in spite of this vexation.

"Yes, sister, we 're goin' certain, an' goin' to have a great time too." Susan Ellen thought that he seemed like a boy at that delightful moment, and felt new sympathy and pleasure at once. "You go an' help mother about breakfast an' them things; we want to get off quick 's we can. You coax mother now, both on ye, an' see if she won't go with us."

"She said she would n't be hired to," responded Susan Ellen. "She says it 's goin' to be hot, an' she 's laid out to go over an' see how her aunt Tamsen Brooks is this afternoon."

The father gave a little sigh; then he took heart again. The truth was that his wife made light of the contemplated pleasure, and, much as he usually valued her companionship and approval, it was sure that they should have a better time without her. It was impossible, however, not to feel guilty of disloyalty at the thought. Even though she might be completely unconscious of his best ideals, he only loved her and the ideals the more, and bent his energies to satisfying her indefinite expectations. His wife still kept much of that youthful beauty which Susan Ellen seemed likely to reproduce.

An hour later the best wagon was ready, and the great expedition set forth. The little dog sat apart, and barked as if it fell entirely upon him to voice the general excitement. Both seats were in the wagon, but the empty place testified to Mrs. Hilton's unyielding disposition. She had wondered why one broad seat would not do, but John Hilton meekly suggested that the wagon looked better. The little girls sat on the back seat dressed alike in their Sunday hats of straw with blue ribbons, and their little plaid shawls pinned neatly about their small shoulders. They wore gray thread gloves, and sat very straight. Susan Ellen was half a head the taller, but otherwise, from behind, they looked much alike. As for their father, he was in his Sunday best — a plain black coat, and a winter hat of felt, which was heavy and rusty-looking for that warm early-summer day. He had it in mind to buy a new straw hat at Topham, so that this with the turnip-seed and the hoe made three important reasons for going.

"Remember an' lay off your shawls when you get there, an' carry them over your arms," said the mother, clucking like an excited hen to her chickens. "They 'll do to keep the dust off your new dresses goin' an' comin'. An' when you eat your dinners don't get spots on you, an' don't point at folks as you ride by, an' stare, or they 'll know you come from the

country. An' John, you call into Cousin Ad'line Marlow's an' see how they all be, an' tell her I expect her over certain to stop awhile before hayin'. It always eases her phthisic to git up here on the highland, an' I 've got a new notion about doin' over her best-room carpet sence I see her that 'll save rippin' one breadth. An' don't come home all wore out; an', John, don't you go an' buy me no kickshaws to fetch home. I ain't a child, an' you ain't got no money to waste. I expect you 'll go, like 's not, an' buy you some kind of a foolish boy's hat; do look an' see if it 's reasonable good straw, an' won't splinter all off round the edge. An' you mind, John —"

"Yes, yes, hold on!" cried John, impatiently; then he cast a last affectionate, reassuring look at her face, flushed with the hurry and responsibility of starting them off in proper shape. "I wish you was goin' too," he said, smiling. "I do so!" Then the old horse started, and they went out at the bars, and began the careful long descent of the hill. The young dog, tethered to the lilac bush, was frantic with piteous appeals; the little girls piped their eager good-bys again and again, and their father turned many times to look back and wave his hand. As for their mother, she stood alone and watched them out of sight.

There was one place far out on the high-road where she could catch a last glimpse of the wagon, and she waited what seemed a very long time until it appeared and then was lost to sight again behind a low hill. "They 're nothin' but a pack o' child'n together," she said aloud, and then felt lonelier than she expected. She even stooped and patted the unresigned little dog as she passed him, going into the house.

The occasion was so much more important than any one had foreseen that both the little girls were speechless. It seemed at first like going to church in new clothes, or to a funeral; they hardly knew how to behave at the beginning of a whole day of pleasure. They made grave bows at such persons of their acquaintance as happened to be straying in the road. Once or twice they stopped before a farm-house, while their father talked an inconsiderately long time with some one about the crops and the weather, and even dwelt upon town business and the doings of the selectmen, which might be talked of at any time. The explanations that he gave of their excursion seemed quite unnecessary. It was made entirely clear that he had a little business to do at Topham Corners, and thought he had better give the little girls a ride; they had been very steady at school, and he had finished planting, and could take the day as well as not. Soon, however, they all felt as if such an excursion were an every-day affair, and Susan Ellen began to ask eager questions, while Katy silently sat apart enjoying herself as she never had done before. She liked to see the strange houses, and the children who belonged to them; it was delightful to find flowers that she knew growing all along the road, no matter how far she went from home. Each small homestead looked its best and pleasantest, and shared the exquisite beauty that early summer made, shared the luxury of greenness and floweriness that decked the rural world. There was an early peony or a late lilac in almost every dooryard.

It was seventeen miles to Topham. After a while they seemed very far from home, having left the hills far behind, and descended to a great level country with fewer tracts of woodland, and wider fields where the crops were much more forward. The houses were all painted, and the roads were smoother and wider. It had been so pleasant driving along that Katy dreaded going into the strange town when she first caught sight of it, though Susan Ellen kept asking with bold fretfulness if they were not almost there. They counted the steeples of four churches, and their father presently showed them the Topham Academy, where their grandmother once went to school, and told them that perhaps some day they would go there too. Katy's heart gave a strange leap; it was such a tremendous thing to think of, but instantly the suggestion was transformed for her into one of the certainties of life. She looked with solemn awe at the tall belfry, and the long rows of windows in the front of the academy, there where it stood high and white among the clustering trees. She hoped that they were going to drive by, but something forbade her taking the responsibility of saying so.

Soon the children found themselves among the crowded village houses. Their father turned to look at them with affectionate solicitude.

"Now sit up straight and appear pretty," he whispered to them. "We 're among the best people now, an' I want folks to think well of you."

"I guess we 're just as good as they be," remarked Susan Ellen, looking at some innocent passers-by with dark suspicion, but Katy tried indeed to sit straight, and folded her hands prettily in her lap, and wished with all her heart to be pleasing for her father's sake. Just then an elderly woman saw the wagon and the sedate party it carried, and smiled so kindly that it seemed to Katy as if Topham Corners had welcomed and received them. She smiled back again as if this hospitable person were an old friend, and entirely forgot that the eyes of all Topham had been upon her.

"There, now we 're coming to an elegant

house that I want you to see; you 'll never forget it," said John Hilton. "It 's where Judge Masterson lives, the great lawyer; the handsomest house in the county, everybody says."

"Do you know him, father?" asked Susan Ellen.

"I do," answered John Hilton, proudly. "Him and my mother went to school together in their young days, and were always called the two best scholars of their time. The judge called to see her once; he stopped to our house to see her when I was a boy. An' then, some years ago — you 've heard me tell how I was on the jury, an' when he heard my name spoken he looked at me sharp, and asked if I wa' n't the son of Catharine Winn, an' spoke most beautiful of your grandmother, an' how well he remembered their young days together."

"I like to hear about that," said Katy.

"She had it pretty hard, I 'm afraid, up on the old farm. She was keepin' school in our district when father married her — that 's the main reason I backed 'em down when they wanted to tear the old school-house all to pieces," confided John Hilton, turning eagerly. "They all say she lived longer up here on the hill than she could anywhere, but she never had her health. I wa' n't but a boy when she died. Father an' me lived alone afterward till the time your mother come; 't was a good while, too; I wa' n't married so young as some. 'T was lonesome, I tell you; father was plumb discouraged losin' of his wife, an' her long sickness an' all set him back, an' we 'd work all day on the land an' never say a word. I s'pose 't is bein' so lonesome early in life that makes me so pleased to have some nice girls growin' up around me now."

There was a tone in her father's voice that drew Katy's heart toward him with new affection. She dimly understood, but Susan Ellen was less interested. They had often heard this story before, but to one child it was always new and to the other old. Susan Ellen was apt to think it tiresome to hear about her grandmother, who, being dead, was hardly worth talking about.

"There 's Judge Masterson's place," said their father in an every-day manner, as they turned a corner, and came into full view of the beautiful old white house standing behind its green trees and terraces and lawns. The children had never imagined anything so stately and fine, and even Susan Ellen exclaimed with pleasure. At that moment they saw an old gentleman, who carried himself with great dignity, coming slowly down the wide box-bordered path toward the gate.

"There he is now, there 's the judge!" whispered John Hilton, excitedly, reining his horse quickly to the green roadside. "He 's goin' down-town to his office; we can wait right here an' see him. I can't expect him to remember me; it 's been a good many years. Now you are goin' to see the great Judge Masterson!"

There was a quiver of expectation in their hearts. The judge stopped at his gate, hesitating a moment before he lifted the latch, and glanced up the street at the country wagon with its two prim little girls on the back seat, and the eager man who drove. They seemed to be waiting for something; the old horse was nibbling at the fresh roadside grass. The judge was used to being looked at with interest, and responded now with a smile as he came out to the sidewalk, and unexpectedly turned their way. Then he suddenly lifted his hat with grave politeness, and came directly toward them.

"Good morning, Mr. Hilton," he said. "I am very glad to see you, sir," and Mr. Hilton, the little girls' own father, took off his hat with equal courtesy, and bent forward to shake hands.

Susan Ellen cowered and wished herself away, but little Katy sat straighter than ever, with joy in her father's pride and pleasure shining in her pale, flower-like little face.

"These are your daughters, I am sure," said the old gentleman, kindly, taking Susan Ellen's limp and reluctant hand; but when he looked at Katy, his face brightened. "How she recalls your mother!" he said with great feeling. "I am glad to see this dear child. You must come to see me with your father, my dear," he added, still looking at her. "Bring both the little girls, and let them run about the old garden; the cherries will soon be getting ripe," said Judge Masterson, hospitably. "Perhaps you will have time to stop this afternoon as you go home?"

"I should call it a great pleasure if you would come and see us again some time. You may be driving our way, sir," said John Hilton.

"Not very often in these days," answered the old judge. "I thank you for the kind invitation. I should like to see the fine view again from your hill westward. Can I serve you in any way while you are in town? Good-by, my little friends!"

Then they parted, but not before Katy, the shy Katy, whose hand the judge still held unconsciously while he spoke, had reached forward as he said good-by, and lifted her face to kiss him. She could not have told why, except that she felt drawn to something in the serious, worn face. For the first time in her life the child had felt the charm of manners; perhaps she owned a kinship between that which made him what he was, and the spark of nobleness and purity in her own simple soul. She turned

again and again to look back at him as they drove away.

"Now you have seen one of the first gentlemen in the country," said their father. "It was worth comin' twice as far—" but he did not say any more, nor turn as usual to look in the children's faces.

In the chief business-street of Topham a great many country wagons like the Hiltons' were fastened to the posts, and there seemed to our holiday-makers to be a great deal of noise and excitement.

"Now I 've got to do my errands, and we can let the horse rest and feed," said John Hilton. "I 'll slip his headstall right off, an' put on his halter. I 'm goin' to buy him a real good treat o' oats. First we 'll go an' buy me my straw hat; I feel as if this one looked a little past to wear in Topham. We 'll buy the things we want, an' then we 'll walk all along the street, so you can look in the windows an' see the han'some things, same 's your mother likes to. What was it mother told you about your shawls?"

"To take 'em off an' carry 'em over our arms," piped Susan Ellen, without comment, but in the interest of alighting and finding themselves afoot upon the pavement the shawls were forgotten. The children stood at the doorway of a shop while their father went inside, and they tried to see what the Topham shapes of bonnets were like, as their mother had advised them; but everything was exciting and confusing, and they could arrive at no decision. When Mr. Hilton came out with a hat in his hand to be seen in a better light, Katy whispered that she wished he would buy a shiny one like Judge Masterson's; but her father only smiled and shook his head, and said that they were plain folks, he and Katy. There were dry-goods for sale in the same shop, and a young clerk who was measuring linen kindly pulled off some pretty labels with gilded edges and gay pictures, and gave them to the little girls, to their exceeding joy. He may have had small sisters at home, this friendly lad, for he took pains to find two pretty blue boxes besides, and was rewarded by their beaming gratitude.

It was a famous day; they even became used to seeing so many people pass. The village was full of its morning activity, and Susan Ellen gained a new respect for her father, and an increased sense of her own consequence, because even in Topham several persons knew him and called him familiarly by name. The meeting with an old man who had once been a neighbor seemed to give Mr. Hilton the greatest pleasure. The old man called to them from a house doorway as they were passing, and they all went in. The children seated themselves wearily on the wooden step, but their father shook his old friend eagerly by the hand, and declared that he was delighted to see him so well and enjoying the fine weather.

"Oh, yes," said the old man, in a feeble, quavering voice, "I 'm astonishin' well for my age. I don't complain, John, I don't complain."

They talked long together of people whom they had known in the past, and Katy, being a little tired, was glad to rest, and sat still with her hands folded, looking about the front yard. There were some kinds of flowers that she never had seen before.

"This is the one that looks like my mother," her father said, and touched Katy's shoulder to remind her to stand up and let herself be seen. "Judge Masterson saw the resemblance; we met him at his gate this morning."

"Yes, she certain does look like your mother, John," said the old man, looking pleasantly at Katy, who found that she liked him better than at first. "She does, certain; the best of young folks is, they remind us of the old ones. 'T is nateral to cling to life, folks say, but for me, I git impatient at times. Most everybody 's gone now, an' I want to be goin'. 'T is somethin' before me, an' I want to have it over with. I want to be there 'long o' the rest o' the folks. I expect to last quite a while though; I may see ye couple o' times more, John."

John Hilton responded cheerfully, and the children were urged to pick some flowers. The old man awed them with his impatience to be gone. There was such a townful of people about him and he seemed as lonely as if he were the last survivor of a former world. Until that moment they had felt as if everything were just beginning.

"Now I want to buy somethin' pretty for your mother," said Mr. Hilton, as they went soberly away down the street, the children keeping fast hold of his hands. "By now the old horse will have eat his dinner and had a good rest, so pretty soon we can jog along home. I 'm goin' to take you round by the academy, and the old North meeting-house where Dr. Barstow used to preach. Can't you think o' somethin' that your mother 'd want?" he asked suddenly, confronted by a man's difficulty of choice.

"She was talkin' about wantin' a new pepper-box, one day; the top o' the old one won't stay on," suggested Susan Ellen, with delightful readiness. "Can't we have some candy, father?"

"Yes, ma'am," said John Hilton, smiling and swinging her hand to and fro as they walked. "I feel as if some would be good myself. What 's all this?" They were passing a photographer's doorway with its enticing array of portraits. "I do declare!" he exclaimed ex-

citedly, "I 'm goin' to have our pictures taken; 't will please your mother more 'n a little."

This was, perhaps, the greatest triumph of the day, except the delightful meeting with the judge; they sat in a row, with the father in the middle, and there was no doubt as to the excellence of the likeness. The best hats had to be taken off because they cast a shadow, but they were not missed, as their owners had feared. Both Susan Ellen and Katy looked their brightest and best; their eager young faces would forever shine there; the joy of the holiday was mirrored in the little picture. They did not know why their father was so pleased with it; they would not know until age had dowered them with the riches of association and remembrance.

Just at nightfall the Hiltons reached home again, tired out and happy. Katy had climbed over into the front seat beside her father, because that was always her place when they went to church on Sundays. It was a cool evening, there was a fresh sea wind that brought a light mist with it, and the sky was fast growing cloudy. Somehow the children looked different; it seemed to their mother as if they had grown older and taller since they went away in the morning, and as if they belonged to the town now as much as to the country. The greatness of their day's experience had left her far behind, the day had been silent and lonely without them, and she had had their supper ready, and been watching anxiously, ever since five o'clock. As for the children themselves they had little to say at first — they had eaten their luncheon early on the way to Topham. Susan Ellen was childishly cross, but Katy was pathetic and wan. They could hardly wait to show the picture, and their mother was as much pleased as everybody had expected.

"There, what did make you wear your shawls?" she exclaimed a moment afterward, reproachfully. "You ain't been an' wore 'em all day long? I wanted folks to see how pretty your new dresses was, if I did make 'em. Well, well! I wish more 'n ever now I 'd gone an' seen to ye!"

"An' here 's the pepper-box!" said Katy, in a pleased, unconscious tone.

"That really is what I call beautiful," said Mrs. Hilton, after a long and doubtful look. "Our other one was only tin. I never did look so high as a chiny one with flowers, but I can get us another any time for every day. That 's a proper hat, as good as you could have got, John. Where 's your new hoe?" she asked as he came toward her from the barn, smiling with satisfaction.

"I declare to Moses if I did n't forget all about it," meekly acknowledged the leader of the great excursion. "That an' my yellow-turnip seed, too; they went clean out o' my head, there was so many other things to think of. But 't ain't no sort o' matter; I can get a hoe just as well to Ira Speed's."

His wife could not help laughing. "You an' the little girls have had a great time. They was full o' wonder to me about everythin', and I expect they 'll talk about it for a week. I guess we was right about havin' 'em see somethin' more o' the world."

"Yes," answered John Hilton, with humility, "yes, we did have a beautiful day. I did n't expect so much. They looked as nice as anybody, and appeared so modest an' pretty. The little girls will remember it perhaps by an' by. I guess they won't never forget this day they had 'long o' father."

It was evening again, the frogs were piping in the lower meadows, and in the woods, higher up the great hill, a little owl began to hoot. The sea air, salt and heavy, was blowing in over the country at the end of the hot bright day. A lamp was lighted in the house, the happy children were chatting together, and supper was waiting. The father and mother lingered for a moment outside and looked down over the shadowy fields; then they went in, without speaking. The great day was over, and they shut the door.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

IN LIFE'S TUNNEL.

Borne by a Power resistless and unseen
We know not whither,
We look out through the gloom with troubled mien:
How came we hither?

Darkness before and after. Blank, dim walls
On either side,
Against which our dull vision beats and falls,
Met and defied.

Shrouded in mystery that leaves no room
To guess aright,
We rush, uncertain, to a certain doom —
When lo, — the light!

Grace Denio Litchfield.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

OFF FOR SOUTH AMERICA — A STORM.

CONVINCED that, owing both to lack of public and government support, and to the growing carelessness as to details among Italian managers and actors, dramatic art was suffering a partial eclipse in Italy, after a tour in 1869 in Spain and Portugal, which, owing to the very heavy expenses, and to the revolutionary movements in progress, produced but scanty returns, I decided to accept the offer of a respected South-American impresario. I was anxious to test the question whether in the New World work and study could look for an adequate reward; and I was attracted also by the foreign appreciation of my country through the agency of art.

The new company which I formed for the year 1871 was made up in part of artists who were in Florence at the time, and in part of others whom I knew by reputation. Isolina Piamonti, a very clever and sympathetic actress, with a melodious voice and an attractive face; Signor and Signora Aiudi, with their daughter Pierina, who afterward became one of the best younger leading ladies on the stage; Lorenzo Piccinini, and Domenico Giagnoni, were my chief supporters, and with them I had twenty of lesser rank whom I need not name. This was a company which for South America might be called extremely good; it was certainly one of the best that had ever played in those countries. Before setting out, I gave twelve representations in Bologna, to get the company well organized and working in unison, selecting those plays which I meant to give in America. At the close of the Lenten season, we all went to Genoa, and embarked aboard the steamer *Isabella*. The cost of the voyage both ways for the entire company was paid by our impresario, Señor Pestalardo of Buenos Ayres, with which city the South-American experience of our company was to begin. The national festival fell just at the time when we were due at Buenos Ayres, and that of Montevideo was to be celebrated during our stay there. Everything was well planned, organized, and provided for, so that the speculation could not fail; the impresario and I counted on sharing a handsome profit, almost a fortune, as a result of the tour.

It was my first voyage to America, the first time that I dared the ocean in a nutshell; and, whatever may be said, this experience must produce a certain impression upon anybody. Hardly had we entered the Gulf of Lyons, which is traditionally unkind to the sailor, when a tempest burst upon us, so furious that we carried away one of our masts, and had our sails torn to ribbons, and suffered some damage about the decks. All the passengers were compelled to keep below to avoid danger from the waves. I begged the captain's permission to remain awhile on the bridge to admire that imposing spectacle of irritated nature. To tell the truth my desire to admire the fury of Neptune had only a secondary place in my mind. I was terrified at the idea of being drowned like a rat in my state-room berth, and I fostered the vain hope that since I was a very strong swimmer I might be able to save myself in the event of shipwreck. So far as I could, in the midst of the violent motion, and my alarm at the danger, I made my observations. What a magnificent spectacle it was! The sky was veiled with impenetrable clouds; the sea was a confused mass of black velvet drapery with tufts of white lace, moved and changed in countless ways by the violent gusts, and hurled with a crash against the sides of our ship. The rain beat against my face, and the lamps shot fitful rays over the horrible but majestic scene, while the detonations of thunder, and the vivid gleams of the lightning, recalled to my mind the siege of Rome.

At daybreak we found ourselves running in dangerous proximity to the African coast. The ship's prow was turned toward Gibraltar, and we made that port with difficulty. It required three days to put the vessel in condition to go to sea again.

A MODEL FOR OTHELLO.

AT Gibraltar I spent my time studying the Moors. I was much struck by one very fine figure, majestic in walk, and Roman in face, except for a slight projection of the lower lip. The man's color was between copper and coffee, not very dark, and he had a slender mustache, and scanty curled hair on his chin. Up to that time I had always made up *Othello* simply with my mustache, but after seeing that superb Moor I added the hair on the chin, and sought to copy his gestures, movements, and carriage. Had I been able I should have imitated his voice also, so closely did that splendid Moor represent to

me the true type of the Shakesperian hero. *Othello* must have been a son of Mauritania, if we can argue from *Iago's* words to *Roderigo:* "He goes into Mauritania"; for what else could the author have intended to imply but that the Moor was returning to his native land?

AT MONTEVIDEO.

By reason of adverse winds and weather our voyage to Montevideo occupied forty-two days, and when the tender of the steamship company came to meet us, it was with the melancholy announcement that yellow fever had broken out in Buenos Ayres, and that the death-rate was eight hundred a day. This was depressing news, especially to me who had submitted to the discomforts of so long a voyage, and had punctually paid my artists thirty per cent. above their regular salary, and ten francs of extra pay each, during a month and a half of idleness, in the hope of replenishing my greatly diminished exchequer with the fruits of my art. But much more than by my personal hardships, and the expenditure of a considerable sum, I was occupied by my responsibility for the safety of my companions, whom I had involuntarily led into this predicament. My impresario had taken refuge in the country beyond Buenos Ayres, and there was no way of communicating with that city, since the sanitary cordon fenced it in, and the telegraph was in operation only for government service. I did not know a soul in the country, I did not speak the language, and for a moment I felt bewildered. On landing, I soon found myself with Signor Sivori, a wealthy Genoese merchant, who had been commissioned by my impresario to place himself at my disposition and to be my guide and helper. The excellent man asked me whether I was in need of funds, but I answered him that I was in need of nothing but a theater. Sivori told me that that had been provided for as soon as the epidemic had appeared in Buenos Ayres, and that the Solis Theater, the best in Montevideo, was at my disposal. A day later our first announcement was issued; but I am sure that the natives, when they read my name on the posters, asked themselves whether I was a tenor or a ballet-dancer. I opened with the "Morte Civile," and the next day there was no further question as to what I was. The newspapers and the Italian residents had made my quality public, and signs of general satisfaction were manifest. After the first night the theater was always crowded. It was the custom of the country to give only three representations a week, but I was requested to give four, to content those who wished to see me oftener. The house, at opera-prices, could hold no more than about $3000; but for my benefit-night the receipts were $4500, for everybody wanted boxes and orchestra-chairs, and the best seats were at a premium. I received a great number of presents, and wreaths and bouquets enough to cover the whole stage.

In connection with this benefit at Montevideo occurred a rather curious episode. As I have said, King Victor Emmanuel had presented me with a diamond which he had habitually worn. On account of my devotion to the "Re Galantuomo," I never took this off my finger, except in those cases in which artistic considerations forbade the wearing of it. One night when the "Morte Civile" was played, I had to take the ring off, because it would not have been proper to retain it in my character of a convict fleeing from prison, and, as was my custom, I placed it with my watch and chain at the back of my dressing-table. After the play, a number of people came to my room while I was dressing, to congratulate me, and my servant handed me my watch and chain, but forgot the ring. My attention was distracted by the conversation of so many people, and I did not notice the absence of the ring; but when I came to go to bed I perceived it, and sent my man to the theater to recover it. The keeper did not live in the building, and all the doors of the theater were closed. The next morning my servant got up very early and hurried to the theater, but the sweepers had already put the actors' rooms in order, and my ring was no longer to be found. Had I lost my finger I should not have felt more lively regret. I lodged a complaint with the police, and several persons were arrested; I had notices posted promising a liberal reward; I had the form of the diamond lithographed with a description of the ring, and sent copies to all the jewelers of America and Europe; but I got no word of it, and never recovered it. All Montevideo talked of this unfortunate accident. On my benefit-night, while I was receiving the ovations of the public, and was almost buried in the flowers that were thrown to me, a beautiful child of five or six years advanced with a silver salver in his hand, and held out to me a small object which was upon it. As I bent down to kiss the little fellow, a quantity of flowers thrown from a box struck the salver, and caused the little packet to fall, and I lost sight of it in the mass of flowers. The curtain fell, and while the audience was demanding me before the curtain a number of people from the wings swarmed around me to find the object which had gone astray; but I was distrustful on account of my previous loss, and shouted in a loud voice: "Off the stage, all of you!" My imperious and threatening command caused the stage to be evacuated at once, while the

little child who had brought the gift fled, terrified and weeping. I began a search alone among the flowers, and I soon found the object, which had fallen out of its box. It proved to be a very beautiful brilliant, to which was attached a card with the words:

You have lost the ring of a King;
The Republicans of Montevideo restore it to you.

The kind thought gave me great pleasure, and the ring was superb; still it could not replace that which had been stolen.

During our stay of two months at Montevideo the epidemic at Buenos Ayres ceased, and communication was reopened. Shortly afterward I announced our last appearance, with "Giosue il Guardacoste" ("Joshua the Coast-guard"). All the arrangements were made with the steamer *America* to carry the company to Buenos Ayres, whence no sanitary bulletins had been issued for two weeks. So lively was the sympathy felt for me by all classes that on my farewell night the audience was not like the public paying homage to an artist; it was an affectionate family which saw with grief the departure of a well-loved member. In the midst of the applause and *bravi*, I distinguished the cry as if with one voice: "*Otra vez! Otra vez!*" ("Once more! Once more!"), with the sense that I should stay one night more to repeat my last play; and there was no way of stopping this cry until I had expressed my formal consent. I secured a delay of twenty-four hours from the management of the steamship company, so that I should not miss my engagement at Buenos Ayres. On the morning following this final representation, two hours before our sailing-time, as I was preparing my small private baggage, I heard a confused sound in the distance, mingled with martial strains, coming from several directions. As I arranged the objects upon my toilet-table, I said to myself: "It remains to be seen whether there is some commotion which will prevent us from getting off!" In a little while two gentlemen presented themselves, one an Italian, the other a native, in dress-coats and white cravats and gloves, and requested the favor of accompanying me on board the *America*. I accepted with pleasure, but I could not make out the occasion of this request. The Italian then told me: "The citizens of Montevideo with the resident Italian colony, of whom we are the delegates, wish the honor and pleasure of accompanying you to the steamer." I then first understood that I was the object of a popular demonstration, and I answered the gentlemen that I was at their orders. I left the baggage to my servant, and descended the stairs with the two delegates, one on each side of me.

When I reached the street two bands struck up, and a great shout of "Viva Salvini!" arose from the throats of a crowd numbering thousands. The streets through which I was to pass were strewn with flowers, the windows were hung with draperies, and filled with ladies and children, who threw down flowers; as to the men, they were either in the procession, or standing at the doors of their houses, holding their hats in the air and shouting. Our advance was very slow on account of the immense crowd which packed the streets, and although I was surrounded by an escort of gentlemen who requested the people to make way for me, we were often compelled to stop, our path being wholly blocked. At short intervals a pause was made, while addresses were read to me in Spanish or Italian. When the reading stopped, the cheers would begin again, and in this way we at last reached the mole, upon which had been erected during the night a large arch of greens and flowers, under which I had to pass. But first all the addresses were presented to me engrossed on parchment, and the people wanted to place around my body an enormous wreath tied with the colors of Italy and of Uruguay. It was not possible for me to walk with this rather voluminous decoration on my back, and I passed under the triumphal arch carrying the wreath in my hands, with the aid of the citizen delegates. Two tugs dressed with flags were waiting to take me out to the *America*. The bands and many citizens went on board of one, and with the two delegates I embarked on the other. At my side I found old Signor Sivori, with tears in his eyes! Before proceeding to the *America* the two tugs steamed around the harbor, passing alongside all the men-of-war of various nations which were stationed at Montevideo. The sailors manned the yards, and the officers were drawn up on the quarter-decks, and all cheered while their flags were dipped in salute. The *America* sounded her whistle to summon her passengers on board, and then a thunderous shout arose from the mole; it was the parting greeting of the people of Montevideo. I went aboard the *America* with my head whirling from so great a manifestation of esteem, and I found my colleagues so full of excitement and emotion that they embraced and kissed me.

BUENOS AYRES AND RIO DE JANEIRO.

At Buenos Ayres I found the populace saddened by the recent epidemic (which had not left a single family unscathed), and in need of distraction and of breathing an atmosphere of less depression, and the Teatro Colon was always filled. Almost all the boxes were closed with gratings, for the families in mourning

did not wish to be deprived of the pleasure of the theater, but did not care to appear openly; so it seemed as if I were playing in a convent or a harem. I heard people applauding me, but I could not see them. In success and financial returns, Buenos Ayres was not behind Montevideo; but we lost the national festivals in both cities — occasions which are always highly profitable to a theater. From Buenos Ayres I went to Rio de Janeiro, where I was disappointed in not finding the Emperor Dom Pedro, who was traveling in Europe. Nevertheless the Princess Regent, daughter of the Emperor, did not miss a single night at our theater, and on the evening of my benefit she had me summoned to her box, and presented to me a beautiful solitaire, which was handed to me by her consort, the Comte d'Eu. She honored me with an invitation to the imperial palace, and I found her of the most exquisite amiability.

I met no actor of distinction in South America. The theaters were all busy with *zarzuele*, as *bouffe* operas are called in Spanish, and these they gave with much spirit and correctness. The audiences show interest, as do all those of the Latin races, but they are much quieter than in Italy. They rise easily to enthusiasm, and as easily forget their impressions.

ERNESTO ROSSI.

After the close of my tour in South America, I returned to Italy, having signed an agreement for the carnival-season at the Teatro Valle in Rome. I had some time to spare, so I gave first a few performances at Bologna and at Naples.

It was, I believe, at about this time that the proposition was made to me that I should play *Pylades*, in Alfieri's "Orestes," with Ernesto Rossi. I have always been delighted at an opportunity to join forces with artists of real worth, and I accepted the offer with the greatest pleasure, all the more so because the part of *Pylades*, in my opinion, has the advantage of lending itself to the production of a great effect with comparatively light fatigue. Be very sure of your lines, keep under control any exuberance in your vocal power, mark the positions liberally, accentuate your phrasing in just measure, hold the interest and curiosity of your audience by the play of your expression, be natural and simple while yet maintaining the dignity of the buskin, and the part of *Pylades* is mastered. I had before this seen Ernesto Rossi in other parts of the highest importance, such as *Paolo* in "Francesca da Rimini," *Romeo*, and *Hamlet*. There was a time when, in the last of these parts, the Italian public considered him as superior to all others who had essayed it. Whether this judgment was right or wrong, it is indubitable that in that rôle he satisfied the canons of Italian taste more perfectly than those of the Anglo-Saxon. While he was still young, his sympathetic face and his voice were well adapted to Shakspere's eccentric personage, as, indeed, to all rôles in which the passion of love was dominant. I do not believe there ever was an artist who could pronounce the words, "I love you!" as Ernesto Rossi said them. The word "love" sounded well on his lips, but that of "rage" seemed astonished to fall from them, and out of place. Impassioned characters found in him an innate comprehension, but he could not sink himself sufficiently in such as were virile and imposing; this was from no defect in his ability, but owing to lack of natural aptitude for such parts. Many of the parts which he played, and which won renown for him, were by his fine and keen intellect, and by his unwearied study, fashioned and polished like a diamond. The cutting of the gem was perfect, its rays projected their multiform colors and dazzled and charmed; yet it could not be maintained that it was of pure water. It had a faint straw tinge, indistinguishable except to experts, but visible to the experienced, to the intelligent, and to careful analysts, and this almost imperceptible tinge was the fact that the art did not sufficiently conceal the man. Very frequently the man himself would be betrayed in a gesture, or an expression, or in the voice. While the audience was impressed by the actor's innumerable endowments, and had before its eyes the very personage and passion that he was portraying, of a sudden its illusion would vanish, and it would be reminded of the man who was playing a part, who was studying his inflections, and designing his motions. In Ernesto Rossi this small defect is like a mole on the face of a beautiful woman, which may even be looked upon as a charm.

FIRST TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES.

After a few months of rest, I resolved to get together a new company, selecting those actors and actresses who were best suited to my repertory. The excellent Isolina Piamonti was my leading lady; and my brother Alessandro, an experienced, conscientious, and versatile artist, supported me. An Italian theatrical speculator proposed to me a tour in North America, to include the chief cities of the United States, and although I hesitated not a little on account of the ignorance of the Italian language prevailing in that country, I accepted, influenced somewhat by my desire to visit a region which was wholly unknown to me. Previous to crossing the ocean I had several months before me, and these served me to get my company in training.

My first impressions of New York were most favorable. Whether it was the benefit of a more vivifying atmosphere, or the comfort of the national life, or whether it was admiration for that busy, industrious, work-loving people, or the thousands of beautiful women whom I saw in the streets, free and proud in carriage, and healthy and lively in aspect, or whether it was the thought that these citizens were the great-grandchildren of those high-souled men who had known how to win with their blood the independence of their country, I felt as if I had been born again to a new existence. My lungs swelled more freely as I breathed the air impregnated with so much vigor and movement, and so much liberty, and I could fancy that I had come back to my life of a youth of twenty, and was treading the streets of republican Rome. With a long breath of satisfaction I said to myself: "Ah, here is life!" Within a few days my energy was redoubled. A lively desire of movement, not a usual thing with me, had taken possession of me in spite of myself. Without asking myself why, I kept going here and there, up and down, to see everything, to gain information; and when I returned to my rooms in the evening, I could have set out again to walk still more. This taught me why Americans are so unwearied and full of business. Unfortunately I have never mastered English sufficiently to converse in that tongue; had I possessed that privilege, perhaps my stay in North America would not have been so short, and perhaps I might have figured on the English stage. What an enjoyment it would have been to me to play Shakspere in English! But I have never had the privilege of the gift of tongues, and I had to content myself with my own Italian, which is understood by but few in America. This, however, mattered little; they understood me all the same, or, to put it better, they caught by intuition my ideas and my sentiments.

My first appearance was in "Othello." The public received a strong impression, without discussing whether or not the means which I used to cause it were acceptable, and without forming a clear conception of my interpretation of that character, or pronouncing openly upon its form. The same people who had heard it the first night returned on the second, on the third, and even on the fourth, to make up their minds whether the emotions they experienced resulted from the novelty of my interpretation, or whether in fact it was the true sentiment of *Othello's* passions which was transmitted to them—in short, whether it was a mystification or a revelation. By degrees the public became convinced that those excesses of jealousy and fury were appropriate to the son of the desert, and that one of southern blood must be much better qualified to interpret them than a northerner. The judgment was discussed, criticized, disputed; but in the end the verdict was overwhelmingly in my favor. When the American has once said "Yes," he never weakens; he will always preserve for you the same esteem, sympathy, and affection. After New York I traveled through a number of American cities — Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Washington, and Boston, which is rightly styled the Athens of America, for there artistic taste is most refined. In Boston I had the good fortune to become intimately acquainted with the illustrious poet, Longfellow, who talked to me in the pure Tuscan. I saw, too, other smaller cities, and then I appeared again in New York, where the favor of the public was confirmed, not only for me, but also for the artists of my company, and especially for Isolina Piamonti, who received no uncertain marks of esteem and consideration. We then proceeded to Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Toledo, and that pleasant city, Detroit, continuing to Chicago, and finally to New Orleans. I reached New Orleans at carnival time, and, in a masked procession in which all nations were represented, I was revolted and offended to see Italy figuring as Pope Pius IX. giving his benediction to a band of brigands, who with their daggers in their teeth were kneeling at the Holy Father's feet. I was so much disgusted by this offensive and repulsive travesty, due to the suggestion of some renegade, as well as by the unpardonable ignorance of the carnival committee, that I could not refrain from publishing a letter of protest, over my signature, in which I said:

> Italy for true Italians should be represented by Victor Emmanuel, by Gioberti, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Every good Italian must repel, protest against, and despise this insult offered to a nation which, by its antique traditions, and by its recent deeds, deserves the respect and the admiration of the civilized world; and we are sure of finding an echo of adhesion to this sentiment among the American people, which is accustomed to render homage and justice to all that is noble and generous.

Italians congratulated me, the press kept silence, and the people remained indifferent; and so the matter was forgotten. This was the only disagreeable experience of this tour in America.

From New Orleans we sailed to Havana, but found in Cuba civil war, and a people that had but small appetite for serious things, and was moreover alarmed by a light outbreak of yellow fever. One of my company was taken down with the disease, but I had the

pleasure of seeing him recover. Luckily he had himself treated by Havanese physicians, who are accustomed to combat that malady, which they know only too well. Perhaps my comrade would have lost his life under the ministrations of an Italian doctor. In the city of sugar and tobacco, too, it was "Othello" which carried off the palm. Those good manufacturers of cigars presented me on my benefit with boxes of their wares, which were made expressly for me, and which I despatched to Italy for the enjoyment of my friends. In spite of the many civilities which were tendered to me, in spite of considerable money profit, and of the ovations of its kind-hearted people, I did not find Cuba to my taste. Sloth and luxury reign there supreme.

I returned from Cuba to the United States, and gave five performances in Philadelphia and ten in New York, after which we went to Rio de Janeiro on the steamer *Ontario*, a voyage of twenty-eight days. We stopped on the way at St. Thomas, and at Para, on the great river Amazon. A short time after our voyage, the *Ontario* was lost with all her passengers and crew. My good star has always followed me, and in the innumerable journeys undertaken during the long period of my travels I have never had to lament an accident.

AGAIN IN BRAZIL.

THE Dom Pedro Theater of Rio de Janeiro was the first scene of our activity. The favorable season, the freedom from epidemic, and the certain presence of the Emperor Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, who had returned from his travels in Europe, were most favorable, both to the brilliancy of our artistic success, and to our financial profit. The Emperor had me often at his palace in the city, and invited me to a lunch at the country palace of Petropolis, where I saw the Empress, to whom I could give no greater pleasure than to talk of her dear Naples. The affability, kindness, and learning of Dom Pedro are well known. He was a perfect polyglot, and conversed with me in unimpeachable Italian; the Empress still spoke with the Neapolitan accent. I played ten times at the Dom Pedro, and then I changed to the Fluminense Theater, which was intended for opera, and there I appeared eight times more, with a constantly growing affluence of spectators. On my days off, I enjoyed visiting the enchanting suburbs of the city, and I formed the opinion that the real America is in Brazil. There Nature bestows her gifts with abundance, and all growth is luxuriantly rank. The trees are as high as our campanili, the roses are as large as pineapples, the birds display a thousand hues, the sky is always serene, the men are courteous, the women most amiable, and even the negroes are more docile and civilized than in their native land. The climate, alas! leaves much to be desired, and if a European is not careful to lead a hygienic and well-regulated life, he runs the risk of leaving his bones there. I was under contract to go to Chile, but during my stay in Brazil negotiations were concluded arranging for a few appearances on the way at Montevideo, and at Buenos Ayres. I gave twelve nights more in Montevideo at the Solis Theater, for which the house was taken by storm. For my benefit the boxes and the best places were put up at auction, and nearly twice the proceeds of the regular prices was taken in. The theater-managers each made $2500 for their own account. The people insisted upon my remaining at Montevideo through all the time that I had destined for Buenos Ayres, and I consented the more readily because in the latter city there was some appearance of political disturbance, which soon developed into civil war. The opera, which had suspended at the Solis Theater to make room for me, had to wait, under an indemnity, for two weeks more before opening again. I paid £1000 sterling to the administration of the English steamers for the voyage and return of my company from Montevideo to Valparaiso, and, traversing the Straits of Magellan, in eleven days we were in Chile. I should not be frank if I said that the Chileans received us with enthusiasm. Both at Valparaiso and at Santiago I had a *succès d'estime*, little more, and our business was light, but yet covered the large expenses of so costly a journey. The returns, however, did not compensate for the trouble of going there, especially as we were shut out of Peru by one of the numerous revolutions.

Upon my return I arranged to give a farewell appearance at Montevideo. On the morning of my arrival fourteen persons lay dead in the Plaza de la Matrice, as an accompaniment to the presidential elections. Our play was given, notwithstanding, and to a splendid house. This ended my engagements with the company, and I pursued the voyage on the same English steamer to Bordeaux, while my companions took the Italian ship.

APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

IN Paris I found a letter from the impresario Mapleson, who proposed that I should go to London with an Italian company, and play at Drury Lane on the off-nights of the opera. I was in doubt for a considerable time whether to challenge the verdict of the British public; but in two weeks after reaching Italy, by dint of telegrams I had got together the force of

artists necessary, and I presented myself with arms and baggage in London, in the spring of 1875.

Hardly had I arrived, when I noticed the posting, on the bill-boards of the city, of the announcement of the seventy-second night of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum Theater, with Henry Irving in the title-rôle. I had contracted with Mapleson to give only three plays in my season, "Othello," the "Gladiator," and "Hamlet," the last having been insisted upon by Mapleson himself, who, as a speculator, well knew that curiosity as to a comparison would draw the public to Drury Lane.

IMPRESSIONS OF IRVING'S "HAMLET."

I WAS very anxious to see the illustrious English artist in that part, and I secured a box and went to the Lyceum. I was recognized by nobody, and remaining as it were concealed in my box, I had a good opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. I arrived at the theater a little too late, so that I missed the scene of *Hamlet* in presence of the ghost of his father, the scene which in my judgment contains the clue to that strange character, and from which all the synthetic ideas of *Hamlet* are developed. I was in time to hear only the last words of the oath of secrecy. I was struck by the perfection of the stage-setting. There was a perfect imitation of the effect of moonlight, which at the proper times flooded the stage with its rays or left it in darkness. Every detail was excellently and exactly reproduced. The scene was shifted, and *Hamlet* began his allusions, his sallies of sarcasm, his sententious sayings, his points of satire with the courtiers, who sought to study and to penetrate the sentiments of the young prince. In this scene Irving was simply sublime! His mobile face mirrored his thoughts. The subtle penetration of his phrases, so perfect in shading and incisiveness, showed him to be a master of art. I do not believe there is an actor who can stand beside him in this respect, and I was so much impressed by it, that at the end of the second act I said to myself, "I will not play *Hamlet!* Mapleson can say what he likes, but I will not play it"; and I said it with the fullest resolution. In the monologue, "To be, or not to be," Irving was admirable; in the scene with *Ophelia* he was deserving of the highest praise; in that of the *Players* he was moving, and in all this part of the play he appeared to my eyes to be the most perfect interpreter of that eccentric character. But further on it was not so, and for the sake of art I regretted it. From the time when the passion assumes a deeper hue, and reasoning moderates impulses which are forcibly curbed, Irving seemed to me to show mannerism, and to be lacking in power, and strained, and it is not in him alone that I find this fault, but in nearly all foreign actors. There seems to be a limit of passion within which they remain true in their rendering of nature; but beyond that limit they become transformed, and take on conventionality in their intonations, exaggeration in their gestures, and mannerism in their bearing. I left my box saying to myself: "I too can do *Hamlet*, and I will try it!" In some characters Irving is exceptionally fine. I am convinced that it would be difficult to interpret *Shylock* or *Mephistopheles* better than he. He is most skilful in putting his productions on the stage; and in addition to his intelligence he does not lack the power to communicate his counsels or his teachings. Withal he is an accomplished gentleman in society, and is loved and respected by his fellow-citizens, who justly look upon him as a glory to their country. He should, however, for his own sake, avoid playing such parts as *Romeo* and *Macbeth*, which are not adapted to his somewhat scanty physical and vocal power.

THE DECLINE OF TRAGEDY.

THE traditions of the English drama are imposing and glorious! Shakspere alone has gained the highest pinnacle of fame in dramatic art. He has had to interpret him such great artists as Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Siddons, and Irving; and the literary and dramatic critics of the whole world have studied and analyzed both author and actors. At present, however, tragedy is abandoned on almost all the stages of Europe. Actors who devote themselves to tragedy, whether classical, romantic, or historical, no longer exist. Society-comedy has overflowed the stage, and the inundation causes the seed to rot which more conscientious and prudent planters had sown in the fields of art. It is desirable that the feeling and taste for the works of the great dramatists should be revived in Europe, and that England, which is for special reasons, and with justice, proud of enjoying the primacy in dramatic composition, should have also worthy and famous actors. I do not understand why the renown and prestige of the great name of Garrick do not attract modern actors to follow in his footsteps. Do not tell me that the works of Shakspere are out of fashion, and that the public no longer wants them. Shakspere is always new — so new that not even yet is he understood by everybody, and if, as they say, the public is no longer attracted by his plays, it is because they are superficially presented. To win the approval of the audience, a dazzling and conspicuous *mise-en-scène* does not suffice, as some seem to

imagine, to make up deficiency in interpretation; a more profound study of the characters represented is indispensable. If in art you can join the beautiful and the good, so much the better for you; but if you give the public the alternative, it will always prefer the good to the beautiful.

RECEPTION IN LONDON.

My season in London was a real event. The London public had very great attractions both at Drury Lane and at Covent Garden. At the former such celebrated artists as Nilsson and Tietjens, with the tenors Campanini and Fancelli, and the basso Nannetti, were singing in "Lohengrin," "Fidelio," and "Lucia di Lammermoor"; at Covent Garden, Patti and the barytone Cotogni were delighting their hearers with "La Traviata," "Dinorah," and the "Barbiere di Siviglia." I was acting at Drury Lane on the three alternate nights when opera was not given. Whether it was the novelty, or that "Othello" had not been played for a long time, or merely one of the anomalies of the public, which, when it has once set its face in any direction, can with difficulty be made to change, Drury Lane was crowded on the nights when I played *Othello*. The Prince of Wales did me the honor to summon me to his box to assure me of his admiration. The celebrated poet Browning proved his friendship by securing my admission as a guest to the Athenæum Club. The Garrick Club and the Arts Club tendered me a reception, and granted me honorary membership. I went to call upon the *diva* Patti, who was surrounded by the most select society, on one of her reception-days, and she had the courtesy to make me this compliment: "Do you know, Salvini, that I am a little jealous of you?"

Between April 1 and July 16, 1875, I gave "Othello" thirty times, the "Gladiator" four times, and "Hamlet" on my last ten appearances. The last play gave the final touch to my reputation; to this a few lines which I had from Robert Browning will testify. After playing *Hamlet* I expressed to him my regret that I had not been able to attain in that rôle all that I had aimed at; and he answered me:

> My dear Salvini: I do not know whether what you say to me is true about the chords of tenderness which you lacked, or which failed to respond to the touch, in your first representation of "Hamlet." But this I know, that during your play on Friday the entire lyre of tragedy resounded magnificently. Ever yours,
>
> Robert Browning.

I left behind in London many genial acquaintances and enduring friendships, besides a sincere affection for a young orphan girl who became my wife in the course of that year. I went away with much regret, but with the hope of returning to England for the long season of the following year.

A TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

I returned to Italy well satisfied with my first experience in London, and I arranged with Colonel Mapleson for a tour in England to begin March 1, 1876, to include the chief cities outside of London, and the season in the capital itself. My new wife was unable to accompany me on the journey which had previously been arranged, and she remained in Florence. I visited Newcastle, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, and Birmingham, and on May 15 I appeared again in London, at the Queen's Theater, which has since been pulled down. Mr. Mapleson certainly was not fortunate in his choice of so obscure a theater; yet our performance of "Othello" drew, even if under difficulties, a public generous of applause. After the seventh repetition of the Moor of Venice I fell seriously ill, tortured by a carbuncle between the shoulder-blades which gave me intense suffering. For seventeen days I could not close my eyes, and when wearied nature could no longer resist sleep, the lancinating spasms of my torment counterbalanced the refreshment. The Prince of Wales showed me the thoughtful attention of sending me his own physician, who after consultation declared that my days were numbered. Fortunately he was mistaken; but the gloomy opinion spread, and several newspapers mentioned it. My sole anxiety was the fear that it would reach my wife's ears, and to prevent her from setting out to join me, and spare her the fatigues of the journey and a great anxiety, which would surely have been injurious to her in her condition, I sent her word that a severe attack of rheumatism in my right shoulder prevented me from writing to her with my own hand. In this state of affairs I saw that even if I were to get well I should be an invalid for several months, and I determined to discharge my company and shoulder the financial loss. Although my doctor sought to console me with hopeful words, from the impression betrayed by my dear and good friends who came to see me, I was convinced that all was over with me. Some of them had hardly entered the room and caught sight of me, when they fled without speaking, covering their eyes with their hands, and making other manifestations of grief.

Fate willed that my illness should gradually assume a less alarming character; and after three days, during which I was given up, the doctor declared that the danger was past, but that I should have to undergo, as I had anticipated,

a long convalescence. My appetite returned a little, I was able to keep up my strength with good wine, and soon I was assured that I should live to see again my family and my native land. As soon as I could stand on my feet I arranged everything for my departure. I stopped for two days in Paris to rest. Ristori, who was staying in that capital with her family, had previously invited me to spend a day with her, and she was astonished at my emaciation and at the alteration in my features. When at last I reached Florence, I had to explain everything to my wife, who gave herself up to a torrent of tears at the thought of my danger, and of how she had been cut off from succoring me in this painful experience.

VIENNA.

After a period of rest with my family at San Marcello and Antiguano, I returned to Florence with my health perfectly regained, and with all my former energy, and formed a new company with the purpose of going to Austria and Germany. To secure the applause of a public accustomed to weigh in the balance artists as conscientious, as thoughtful, and as philosophic as the Germans was a prize not to be despised, and I desired to win it. On February 22, 1877, I opened at the Ring Theater in Vienna, with the indispensable "Othello," and although the audience, with a few exceptions, did not understand a word I uttered, I flattered myself that I was received with favor. This confusion of tongues, which, as we are taught, God brought about as a punishment upon the builders of the Tower of Babel, might, one would think, be revoked after so many years, so that all might use one language. But this is not to be! To-day every ignorant person speaks one language; one who respects himself must be master of two; an educated man must know three or four; and a learned man is necessarily a polyglot. Yet it seems to me that all the time that must be spent in the study of language is wasted, and that it could be given much more fruitfully to the acquisition of the sciences. I envy those who can learn many tongues with ease, for this gift has never developed in me; and in Vienna, particularly, because of this, I suffered some embarrassment. We Italians have, however, a facility in making ourselves understood without speaking, supplying the lack of words by gestures, and by the mobility of our expression, and by these means I was often able to unravel difficulties. The most lively interest in my playing was shown by the artists of the Burg Theater, some of whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately; and I shall always cherish the recollection of the courtesies which I received from Sonnenthal, Lewinsky, Mitterwusser, and the clever and amiable wife of the last. The Viennese are full of enthusiasm for the arts; they honor and appreciate highly any one who rises above mediocrity, and give expression to their sentiments by the nightly homage to their favorite artists of a profusion of flowers and wreaths. I made such a collection of souvenirs that my lodgings were hardly large enough to hold them all. The press was unusually favorable to me, and from the translations which I procured of the articles concerning me I found that little or nothing had escaped appreciation of all that I had expected would be lost on account of my foreign idiom. I do not refer to the praises which were addressed to me, but to the detailed studies of my conceptions. There were just observations, judgments seriously weighed, urbane and dignified criticisms, and praise unmarred by exaggeration: nothing could be more correct, more wise, more conscientious.

The German actors have one most valuable quality — that of studying much, a feature which in general is wanting in us Italians, for we are wont to fancy that we have done much study when in fact our preparation is still insufficient. The Germans are more patient in application; they investigate with accuracy the personage whom they are to play, and they lead all the actors of the world in their talent for merging their own personality in that of their rôle. It may be that they are somewhat lacking in life, that they do not rise to the feverish heights of passion, but always remain calm and collected; but what harmony and precision in the whole! One might imagine that they were guided by a mathematical study, as it were, of their art, and that they had undertaken to put it into methodical practice. From this come that unison, that evenness of the whole, which have earned such high encomiums for the Meininger Company. The great actress Wolter, the Ristori of the North, by her intellectual qualities stands in the first rank among the actresses of the century. In talent and penetration, and in identification of herself with her rôles, she is second to none, and she is not wanting in a spark of genius to illuminate her carefully elaborated interpretations.

I remained at Vienna from February 22 to April 8, and played twenty-five times, in "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," the "Gladiator," the "Morte Civile," "David Garrick," and "Ingomar." I made the acquaintance of the author of the last very beautiful and interesting composition, Baron von Bellinhausen, who wrote under the pseudonym of F. Halm, and he was kind enough to declare me his most successful interpreter. If you can only succeed in an enterprise, your temerity in hav-

ing attempted it will always be condoned; and it was in truth a temerity on my part to play in Vienna a German piece which had already been admirably presented by celebrated actors. But "fortune favors the brave!"

A RECITATION AT DOM PEDRO'S.

DURING my season in Vienna, Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, Emperor of Brazil, and the most erudite crowned head of the century, was expected in that city. One morning at eight o'clock the secretary of the Brazilian legation came to my hotel to announce to me that the Emperor Dom Pedro desired to see me as soon as possible. I dressed at once, and at nine I was in the presence of his majesty. As soon as he saw me he said to me in pure Italian, and with as much eagerness as if he were asking me to save his throne: "Salvini, you must do me a service!" I was somewhat taken aback, for I did not see how I could be in a position to do service to an emperor. "Your Majesty," I said, "in what can I be so happy as to serve you?" He answered, "You must play the 'Morte Civile.'" I was reassured and breathed freely, and answered: "It will give me much pleasure, your Majesty; but I have already given the 'Morte Civile' five times, and I fear that the public may have had enough of it." "Do it the sixth time for me," said the Emperor, "and never mind the public." I said: "Your Majesty's judgment outbalances that of an entire public, and your desire shall be satisfied as an honor to myself." On that evening all aristocratic Austria crowded the Ring Theater. During Dom Pedro's sojourn in Vienna, I was invited to recite Prati's poem "La Cena d'Alboino," in a large concert-hall, for the benefit of the Viennese students. In addition the entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music. Dom Pedro was among the first of the audience to arrive. While I was waiting my turn, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor Francis Joseph invited Dom Pedro to go to the imperial palace on some pressing business. Dom Pedro was visibly annoyed, but he arose and left the hall, so I had to make my recitation without him as an auditor. Before he left Vienna, being unable to return all the innumerable attentions paid to him, he directed his minister to give a grand entertainment, and I was not forgotten. Unfortunately I had to play *Othello* on the night in question. Greatly fatigued as I always was by that play, when it was done I dressed, and went to the Brazilian minister's residence. The crowd of nobles and dignitaries, with all the feminine aristocracy of Vienna, was so dense as to make it almost impossible to pass from one room to another. I placed myself in a door-way, and perceived Dom Pedro before me, who, while talking with the Princess Metternich, kept turning his glance in my direction. Of a sudden he rose, and, coming straight up to me, he requested me to repeat the poem of Prati's of which he was so fond, and which he had been unable to hear at the Academy. I saw that I was lost.

"Your Majesty," said I, "I come from playing *Othello*, and my voice is rough from it; moreover I do not know whether it will be opportune for me to recite in Italian before these ladies and gentlemen who are not acquainted with the language."

"Never mind! Never mind!" he replied. "If these gentlemen do not understand, so much the worse for them; but you will do me a very great pleasure, for I am very fond of those verses of Prati's, whom I know personally."

How could I refuse? Soon the orchestra, which had been playing on a raised dais, passed into another room, and the dais was left free for my stage. Dom Pedro himself directed the placing of chairs in rows like those of a theater, and when all was ready, and the company had been informed of what I was to recite, the Emperor invited me to begin. I found that not all my audience were ignorant of Italian, for from time to time there were spontaneous cries of *Bravo!* and *Bene!* Some understood, some pretended to understand, and most understood not a word. My recitation was nevertheless effective, and when it was done I was surrounded by many beautiful ladies and by many gentlemen, who offered me abundant congratulations — perhaps to pay their court to the Emperor. Dom Pedro waited until the crowd had finished its phrases of admiration, and then approached me, much moved, and spoke in my ear only the words: "Sublime! Thank you." This was at about two o'clock, and I drove back to my lodgings so wearied and worn out that I could not sleep, by reason of my overwrought nerves. The next day I concluded that it was at no little sacrifice that one could win the admiration of an emperor. I ought, however, to be grateful to him, for after such an advertisement the Ring Theater was patronized by the best society during the remaining nights of my season.

PLAYING AT POTSDAM.

FROM Vienna I went to Pesth, thence to Prague, and then to Berlin. In the capital of Germany I met with a flattering greeting. I had the opportunity to know the most distinguished men in literature and in art. The court displayed much interest in my acting, and the old Emperor William particularly, as I judged, must have felt much sympathy for me,

for he would rise from his chair and go to the back of his box to applaud without being seen. It appears that etiquette imposed upon him reserve in open manifestation of approval. The Crown-princess Victoria, now the widow of the Emperor Frederick, honored me with undisguised marks of her approval, and did not lose a single one of my performances. People wanted me to petition for presentation at court, but I declined, for the reason that I did not care to expose myself to the humiliation of a refusal, and that if any of the august personages desired to know me personally, they had only to command my presence before them. It seemed that etiquette did not admit of that; but my feeling of delicacy kept me fixed in my resolution. At last I received a summons to present myself at court. I was received by the Crown-prince Frederick William and the Crown-princess Victoria, with all their children, then very small, and was treated with the greatest affability and courtesy. Among many questions which they put to me, they asked me whether I should have any objection to give a play with my company in the theater at Potsdam. I could not refuse so kindly an invitation. The evening and the play were decided upon. The next day a chamberlain came to ask me diplomatically what compensation I wished for giving this play at the private court theater. I answered that when I gave my coöperation for an entertainment outside of a public theater it was not my custom to fix a price, and that I would not do it. The chamberlain, however, insisted, saying that it was not proper that the court should accept a gift; to which I replied that it was not my intention to make a gift, and that I would ask as my compensation the gloves which the Crown-princess would have worn when applauding me. I had great trouble to persuade the diplomatic messenger to take back my answer, but he had to content himself with it. On the appointed day I took my company to Potsdam to play "Sullivan," a comedy for which only the dress of to-day is requisite. All my actors were lodged in a wing of the palace, where refreshments were provided, and I was invited to take my place in a carriage in which were the Crown-princess Victoria and her sons, and we drove to Sans Souci to visit the memorials to Frederick the Great and to Voltaire. The princess described every object and locality to me in detail, with the greatest interest and affability, together with all the memories attached to scenes so full of associations. Upon our return to the palace, I made ready to give my play. A sudden indisposition kept the old Emperor from being present. The small but graceful theater was literally packed with the official representatives of all nations, with the most distinguished of the nobility, the diplomatic corps, the magistracy, and the military. The performance was of glacial frigidity, for at court all applause is absolutely prohibited. After the play I was invited to take tea with the Crown-prince and Crown-princess, and I found myself in the midst of all these beautiful and elegant ladies and distinguished gentlemen, who plied me with questions, congratulations, and compliments. Of these one, which surpassed all the others both in its form and in its exquisite idea, was addressed to me by the Crown-princess, who said to me: "Since Rachel, you are the first, Salvini, to tread the stage at Potsdam; I think that its doors must be closed after so great an event!" And in fact the doors of the theater in Potsdam have not been reopened since my appearance there. I went away from Berlin delighted with the kindness and courtesy of the German court, and with a public of such intelligence; and upon my arrival at Trieste, where I stopped to make four appearances, I was informed by the German consul that there was an object addressed to me at the custom-house. I went there, and found a ring with a solitaire diamond, which had been sent to me by the Emperor William and the Crown-prince and Crown-princess, as a souvenir of my appearance at Potsdam.

Tommaso Salvini.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Idleness and Crime.

WE have shown in previous articles in this series that American boys, partly because of the passing away of the apprentice system, and partly because of the hostility of the foreign-controlled labor-unions, are virtually excluded from the mechanical trades. In the present article we shall endeavor to show what an injustice this exclusion is to the boys, and how serious are the consequences to the moral welfare of the whole country. We are bringing up our boys, or a very large proportion of them, in enforced idleness, turning over the fields of honorable and useful toil, which belong by natural right to them, to foreigners, nearly all of whom are ignorant, many of whom are vicious and depraved, and few of whom have any sympathy with American institutions and ways of life. What are the consequences? We will let statistics speak upon this point.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Robert P. Porter, the Superintendent of the Census, we have been allowed to examine the advance proof-sheets of the statistics relating to pauperism and crime, which have been col-

lected and prepared by the Rev. Frederick H. Wines, and which will be published some time during the present year as one of the volumes of the forthcoming Eleventh Census. These tables show that the number of white male prisoners in all the prisons, penitentiaries, and reformatory institutions in the United States in 1890 was 52,894. Of this number 38,156 were native-born; of 20,101 of these native-born, both parents were native; of 2729 of them, one parent was native; of 3560 of them, the nativity of one or both parents was unknown; of 11,766, both parents were foreign-born. Only 13,869 of the 52,894 prisoners were foreign-born. That is to say, nearly three fourths of the convicted criminals in the United States are born in this country, more than half of them of American parents, only a little more than one fourth being foreign-born.

This is a startling exhibit, but before commenting upon it, let us examine the figures which Mr. Wines has collected as to the occupations of prisoners at the time of their conviction. Of the 52,894, it appears that 31,426 had no trade whatever; and of this 31,426, no fewer than 23,144 were native-born. That is to say, nearly three-fourths of those who had become criminals through lack of occupation were Americans. Let us go a little further with Mr. Wines's valuable statistics, and examine the ages of the prisoners at the time of conviction. We find that 11,753 were between 20 and 24 years, 10,642 between 25 and 29 years, 7815 between 30 and 34 years, 5716 between 35 and 39 years, or a total of 36,126 between the ages of 20 and 40,—that is, nearly three fourths of the whole. The average age of all prisoners was less than 32 years; of native-born it was about 30 years, and of foreign-born it was about 31. Mr. Wines says, in a special bulletin on homicide, that of 4425 whites charged with that crime in 1890, 3157 were born in the United States, and he adds: "More than four fifths have no trade. The foreign-born and their children have much more generally acquired a trade than the native whites."

These figures tell their own story with such startling plainness that comment upon them seems scarcely necessary. What they show is that American boys are becoming criminals and filling our prisons, because of lack of occupation. They are denied the privilege of learning a trade, are brought up in idleness, and turned into the world with no means of earning an honest livelihood. It is an old story that idleness leads to vice and crime. In all our large cities there are thousands of boys coming to manhood every year who are denied the opportunity to fit themselves for upright, industrious, and useful lives because the doorway to every trade is shut and barred against them. It is in the large cities that the apprentice rules are most nearly prohibitive, yet it is these cities which offer the best field for mechanical labor, for the best work is done there. If a boy cannot learn his trade there, he cannot learn it thoroughly anywhere on the apprentice plan. It is to the cities that the swarms of foreign laborers come, finding ready admission to all trade-unions, and filling the places which American boys would have were they permitted to learn the trades.

As a nation we are shutting our own sons out of the field of American labor, thus filling our prisons and reformatories and almshouses with them, and are letting into that field for full possession hordes of foreigners who make it a menace to the safety of American institutions, and a constant peril to the peace and welfare of American society. Is this an enlightened policy for a nation to follow? Can we bring up our own sons to lives of idleness and crime, and not reap the consequences in wide-spread national humiliation and disaster? Can we hope to make better citizens out of the socialists and anarchists and other degraded and disorderly elements of foreign countries than we can make out of our sons? If we could perform this miracle, should we still not be guilty of gross, heartless, and shameless neglect of our own offspring?

The evil consequences increase with every year. Statistics of crime show that the proportion of criminals to population has been increasing steadily and rapidly since 1850. In that year we had one criminal to every 3500 of population. In 1890 we have one for every 786.5 of population. This is an increase of 445 per cent. in criminals as compared with an increase of 170 per cent. in population. We cannot charge this increase to our large foreign immigration, because, as the figures cited by us show, nearly three fourths of all our criminals are native-born.

Aside from all moral and political aspects of the case, the pecuniary cost of such a policy is a very serious matter. There are fifty large penitentiaries and over 17,000 county jails in the country, as well as almost innumerable other places of imprisonment. The cost of construction of these institutions has been estimated by good authorities as exceeding $500,000,000. The cost of maintenance is well nigh incalculable.

In every way in which the matter is viewed, the folly of it is apparent, but all other aspects of it sink into insignificance when compared with the injustice which it inflicts upon our sons. No right-thinking American who loves his fellow-man, and has the welfare and honor of his country at heart, can contemplate this without shame and anxiety. One fifth of our entire able-bodied male population is engaged in the mechanic arts. Shall this great body be made up of self-respecting, enlightened American citizens, or shall it be made up of foreigners, more or less disorderly and ignorant, and almost entirely un-American in sentiment? These are questions which every American ought to ponder, and when he has pondered them there can be no doubt of his answer. In subsequent articles we shall treat of the remedies for the present situation, viewing them in the light of the experience of other countries.

A Word Further as to Gold and Silver.

WE have received a very large number of letters in regard to our recent editorial articles on "Two Values of the Silver Dollar" and "Has Gold Appreciated in Value?" It is impossible to publish these, or to reply separately to the questions asked in them; but, as many of the letters touch upon the same general points, we shall endeavor to make the answer to these satisfactory to all our correspondents.

In regard to the first-named article, several correspondents in Colorado have objected because we stated that the silver dollars and silver certificates issued under the Bland act of 1878 were, like the treasury notes issued under the Sherman act of 1890, redeemable in gold. Since that article was written, two most important declarations have been made as

to the policy of the national administration toward silver. The first was given out by President Cleveland on April 23, and in it he said: "The President and his Cabinet are absolutely harmonious in the determination to exercise every power conferred upon them to maintain the public credit, *to keep the public faith, and to preserve the parity between gold and silver and between all financial obligations of the Government.*" The second one was given out by Secretary Carlisle on June 13, in which, after making a statement of the silver, silver certificates, and treasury notes issued, treating all as equal members of our common stock of silver obligations, he quoted the clause of the Sherman act of 1890 in which it is declared to be the "established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other," etc., and then said: "In the execution of this declared policy of Congress, it is the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury, when the necessity arises, to exercise all the powers conferred upon him by law, in order *to keep the Government in a condition to redeem its obligations in such coin as may be demanded, and to prevent the depreciation of either as compared with the other.*"

No exception is made, in either of these declarations, of the silver dollars and silver certificates, aggregating $378,166,793, which were issued under the Bland act during the twelve years of its existence. Of this amount, $330,997,504 were in certificates. According to Mr. Carlisle's statement, the total coinage of silver dollars under all acts since 1878 has been $419,294,835, and of this great total only $58,016,010 have passed into actual circulation. What our Colorado correspondents assume is, that $378,000,000 of the $419,000,000 of legal-tender silver money in circulation, or more than three fourths of it, is not redeemable in gold, and that both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury do not refer to these three fourths when they speak of the Government's obligations. The assumption is preposterous on its face. If it were true, silver would long since have dropped to its own level, and the country would to-day be upon the silver standard. If our Colorado critics will read the language of the Bland act in regard to the silver certificates, and then read the language of the Sherman act in regard to the treasury notes, they will see that the phraseology as to what both shall be receivable for, is identical in the two cases. Of the silver certificates the Bland act says: "Such certificates shall be receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues, and when so received, may be reissued." Of the treasury notes the Sherman act says, they shall be redeemable on demand, in coin, and "shall be receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues, and when so received, may be reissued." It is true that the Bland act also says that the silver coin deposited for, or representing, the certificates shall be retained in the treasury for the payment of the same; but that does not affect their value so long as the Government adheres to its policy of maintaining gold and silver at a parity. In fact, the declaration of the Sherman act, in regard to the "established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law," settles the status of all silver dollars and silver certificates. They all buy a gold dollar's worth of goods, buy a gold dollar's worth of taxes or customs duties, and if not technically redeemable in gold, are practically so, for they are interchangeable with treasury notes, which are so redeemable. They circulate side by side with the treasury notes and national-bank notes, and are able to do so because the Government's credit is behind them.

In regard to the question of appreciation in the value of gold, the following, by a reader in Holton, Kansas, is typical of many others which have reached us:

> You would greatly oblige myself,—a constant reader of your monetary articles in THE CENTURY,—as well as many others who, I am led to believe, are not clearly satisfied as to the ample supply of gold to make a single standard of it, if you would inform us, through the columns of THE CENTURY, whether there is enough gold to maintain a single standard.

The talk about there not being enough gold in the world to do the business of the world, has been heard with more or less constancy since 1873. Previous to that time, there was no question of the kind heard. Since 1873, the world's stock of gold, as the annual reports of the Director of the Mint show, has been increased by the addition of about $1,500,000,000. Dr. Soetbeer estimates the production of gold since the end of the fifteenth century to have been $7,549,596,900. As we pointed out in our previous article, the stock of gold does not disappear with use, the annual supply is added to the total supply previously existing, and the total stock to-day is very much larger than it ever was before. The highest authorities on the subject have no doubt that there is an ample supply for the business of the world to conduct its trade upon. They point out, as we did in our previous article, that the tendency of the age is to use continually less and less coin in the transaction of business, and that there never was a period in the world's commercial history when the existing quantity of gold was so large as it is now, in proportion to the uses or purposes it has to serve.

As to the relation between the amount of gold in the world and the amount of business of the world, there is no means for calculating that; but, as Mr. Wells points out in his "Recent Economic Changes," the function of gold, as a medium of exchange, is rapidly diminishing in importance by the supplementation of other and better agencies, while the function of gold as a measurer or verifier of values is increasing. It is because of its exemption from value fluctuations that the whole civilized world is turning to it as the one safe standard of value, and it is because of the uncertain and fluctuating value of silver, that one nation after another has been compelled to abandon that metal as such standard. Why should the United States have fears about the gold supply which no other nation has? If the leading nations of Europe can run the risk of a scarcity, we certainly can do the same. The "scant supply" talk is, in fact, the last bugaboo of the free silver coinage advocates, and, like all their previous bugaboos, ought not to alarm anybody. Before this number of THE CENTURY reaches its readers, we trust that Congress will have taken the first step toward putting the American republic abreast with the financial intelligence of the rest of the world by the unconditional repeal of the bullion purchase clause of the Sherman law. The simple truth is, that silver has ceased to be a precious metal, and nothing that all the nations of the earth can do to restore it to its lost position will affect it a particle. It is a victim of the laws of nature.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Use and Abuse of Executive Clemency.

THE recent pardon of the three anarchists confined in Joliet Prison for their share in the frightful Haymarket massacre of 1886 has brought into renewed prominence the dangerous manner in which the exercise of executive clemency may be abused. By his action in this case Governor Altgeld has perverted the fundamental theory of the pardoning power. He has invaded the jurisdiction of the courts by re-trying the case and examining the law and the facts — a duty which, under our system of government, is left to the judge and jury. In brief, he, who, as chief executive of the State, is bound to exert his utmost power to defend the law, has in this instance seemingly done his best to bring its administration into contempt. The exercise of the pardoning power should be so regulated as to subserve the best interests of the State. Governor Altgeld, however, has used the power of his high office, not to strengthen the hands of those whose duty it is to uphold law and order, but to rebuke and humiliate them.

The necessity for the existence of some power to pardon persons convicted of crime is recognized by everybody. Kent declares that such a power is indispensable, "since, otherwise, men would sometimes fall a prey to the vindictiveness of accusers, the inaccuracy of testimony, and the fallibility of jurors and courts." The exercise of executive clemency is not in itself obnoxious to the general sense of the nation, which is always willing to see justice tempered with mercy. Public opinion, therefore, may be divided as to the propriety of remitting the unexpired portions of the sentences imposed upon the Chicago anarchists, but it is unanimous in resenting the manner in which this particular act of executive mercy was performed. What peculiar facilities has the governor of Illinois for reversing of his own motion, and without any possibility of adequate examination, a case which was subjected to a full and exhaustive review by the Appellate Court of Illinois, and by the Supreme Court of the United States, both of which sustained the verdict of the lower court? Governor Altgeld had an undoubted right to pardon these prisoners if he so desired, but he had no right to assume the functions of an appellate court. He did not stop with the exercise of his prerogative. He was not content with simply pardoning the prisoners, but assumed to review the case and decide upon the legal points,— an unheard-of proceeding,— and then went out of his way to attack at great length the court before which the offenders were tried, the methods used at the trial, the rulings of the judge, and the verdict of the jury.

As everybody knows, there are three great divisions of authority in the government of every State — the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary. For a governor so to encroach upon the functions of the judiciary is a very dangerous thing. Indeed, the pardoning power could not be used more unwisely than by presuming to retry a case, and reverse and overturn all the collected and corroborative decisions of the courts which have considered it. Nothing can be more dangerous to good government than for an executive to interfere with the other two departments of the government, assuming to do their work for them, and differently.

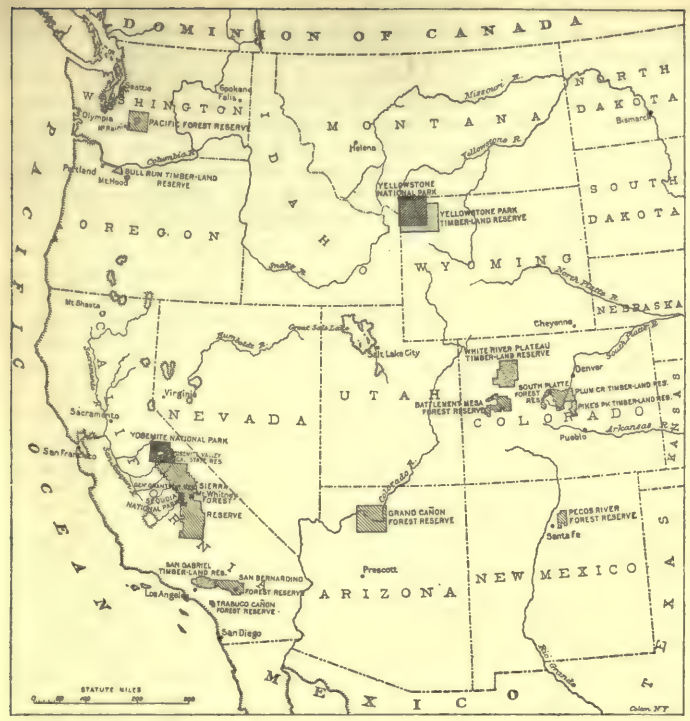
A bill was introduced in the New York legislature last winter which sought to take from the executive the power of pardon, allowing pardons to be granted by the courts alone, upon the presentation of new evidence of an extenuating nature. It is urged that the pardoning power is a judicial function, and that its lodgment in the executive is an anomaly in our institutions. It is also argued that the power is too important to be intrusted to a single official, especially a governor, who is usually overburdened with administrative duties, and who must find it impossible to devote the time necessary to a proper consideration of the numerous cases which are constantly before him. There is much to be said on that side of the question, but it should be remembered that there have been flagrant abuses of the pardoning power in States where the governor does not exercise the power. New Jersey, for instance, has a Court of Pardons; yet in New Jersey not long since the Jersey City ballot-box stuffers were set free through the action of this court. In at least twenty-eight States the pardoning power is vested in the governor alone. He may pardon a criminal without assigning any reasons for so doing, though as a rule the grounds upon which his decision is based are made public. If, however, he sees fit to review the decision of the trial court, and by his own pardon to annul its action, a governor should at least refrain from commenting unfavorably upon the action of the judiciary, which is an independent branch of the government. Such criticism on his part is calculated to work national mischief, since it naturally inspires the criminal classes with contempt for our courts and judicial methods.

Charles Robinson.

Our New National Forest Reserves.

SOME misapprehension exists as to the real meaning and further consequences of the forest-reservation policy recently inaugurated by the General government. The fifteen great timber-land tracts reserved by the proclamations of President Harrison, upon the recommendations of Secretary Noble, are not national parks, although it is hoped that several will become such. The policy of creating such pleasure-grounds as the Yellowstone, Sequoia, General Grant, and Yosemite National Parks does not want for approval or defenders against the few settlers, miners, and herders who resent the withdrawal of such tracts from the public domain. Sentiment applauds the preservation of the natural scenery and the many objects of wonder and interest in those Rocky Mountain and Sierra parks, which under the care of the General government are to be enjoyed by the people for all time.

The practical and far-seeing policy of creating gov-



NATIONAL PARKS AND FOREST RESERVATIONS. DRAWN BY G. W. COLTON.

ernment forests and timber-land reserves must be popularized by campaigns of education, argument, and proof in the immediate region of the reserves. These forest tracts are reserved as climatic agents in equalizing temperatures; as protective measures to guard, preserve, and regulate the water-supply of neighboring agricultural regions; and as economic measures to preserve and cultivate supplies of timber for a time when the present reckless and wasteful lumbering system will have exhausted all forests not owned and reserved by the Government. Such reservations have been opposed in many sections by the very classes to be benefited and protected by the reserves. The average American, living only for the present day and the dollars of the moment, in this extravagant age of wood does not consider the lumberless condition of the next century, when wood will rank with metal as in Europe, when wood will be little used as a building material, when rails will be laid on metal ties, and stone piers and docks replace our wooden wharves resting on acres of piles. The guarding of the water-supply is the only argument that appeals to Western settlers, and several Colorado valleys with empty flumes and irrigation ditches already offer object-lessons as to the effect of wholesale forest destruction on any watershed.

Germany and France learned a century ago that forest destruction dried up the rivers, turned fertile plains to deserts, and increased climatic extremes. In those countries, forestry is an established profession, and wood-crops are cultivated as much as root or cereal crops. Russia has lately been taught the severe lesson of forest destruction, and in French and German schools has trained foresters to preserve and manage its timber lands and redeem its wastes. India, Australia, and Canada have systems of forest preservation and management. The government forests in India return an average net revenue of $300,000 a year. Great forest fires are a thing of a past dark age in Canada, and its lumbermen coöperate with the Dominion authorities in protecting the forests.

The United States alone lags behind the age. It did not learn from others' experience to reserve in the beginning all timber lands for the General government, to derive a perpetual revenue from them, besides guarding the best interests of the people thereby. The Timber Culture Laws were a failure, as only ten per cent. of nearly 31,000,000 acres taken up were planted with trees as required. More government timber is destroyed by fire each year than is used by the people. In addition to $8,000,000 annually lost in burned timber, the Government recovers an average of but one thirtieth of the value of timber stolen.

The United States sells its forest lands at $2.50 an acre, lumber companies indirectly acquiring a square mile of land for little over $1600, while the timber on it is often worth $20,000. The French government forests return an average profit of $2.50 an acre annually from timber sales, or two and a half per cent. interest on the value of the land. The United States now owns only enough forest land to provide a continual timber-supply to its present population, if forests are managed and lumber used as in Germany. The United States is exactly in the position of a man making large drafts on and using up an immense idle capital, which, if properly invested, would return an interest sufficient for his expenditures. In 1885 the government of Bavaria sent an expert forester to study the timbers of the United States, who stated: "In fifty years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably have a preference for American kinds, we shall now begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."[1]

The European is amazed at the reckless destruction by lumbering in our Eastern States; Eastern lumbermen comment upon the wasteful methods of Northwest and California lumbermen; while John Muir of California has remarked that in Washington trees are evidently "a larger sort of pernicious weed," to be got rid of in every way possible.

The forest lands in the Eastern and Middle States are all under private control, and will have to be purchased back by the States or associations, if protective forests for guarding the watersheds are to be established. New York State, while holding 715,000 acres of forest land in the Adirondack region, contemplates a protec-

[1] See Report of the Division of Forestry, United States Department of Agriculture, 1890. B. E. Fernow, Chief of Division.

tive reserve of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 acres, by the purchase of adjoining tracts. The forests of the Adirondack League, covering 93,000 acres, were the first timber tract in the United States to undergo systematic forest management. Mr. George Vanderbilt's 10,000 acres in North Carolina form the first private estate where forestry is practised—*i. e.*, a treatment of forest areas based upon scientific and rational principles, upon a knowledge of physical, physiological, and economic facts. The citizens of New Hampshire have voluntarily contributed to a fund for saving the remaining forest tracts in the White Mountain region, and the legislature of that State will doubtless take steps to acquire and manage permanent State forests. The Chickamauga Military Park Association is enlarging its area, and will save the acres of hemlock forests which the Tennessee tanning companies are destroying for the bark alone. The General government has lately ceded 40,000 acres of forest lands to the State of Minnesota for a public park. Professor Fernow, chief of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, in his annual pleas for the reservation and rational management of the government forest lands, has often urged that abandoned military reservations should be planted to forests for the benefit of the adjoining agricultural lands. The methods and benefits of systematic planting and care might be profitably exhibited on all military reservations in the United States, and model arboretums thus created throughout the Western States particularly.

The first steps of inquiry into the extent of forest areas of the United States were taken in August, 1876, when Congress, after repeated appeals, called upon the Commissioner of Agriculture for a report upon the timber lands and forest products of the United States. Professor Sargent's report on the woods and forests of the United States, in the report of the Tenth Census (1880), again called attention to the situation and its needs. A forestry division was established in the Bureau of Agriculture in 1881, but its only work for twelve years has been collecting data, furnishing statistics, and persistently urging and proving the necessity for the Government's reserving and systematically managing the fraction of forest lands remaining in its possession. Since 1882, the Forestry Division has had encouragement and practical aid from the American Forestry Association, which has regularly memorialized Congress, and through its attorneys argued the Government into reserving a part of its forest lands. The association has membership in thirty-four States, and has been instrumental in the organization of State forestry commissions. Its publications[1] supplement the able reports of Professor B. E. Fernow, and continue a campaign of education and enlightenment.

The Timber Culture Laws were repealed by act of Congress, March 3, 1891, and a final clause, which the American Forestry Association has the credit of originating and attaching, provided.

> Sec. 24. That the President of the United States may, from time to time, set apart and reserve, in any State or Territory having public land bearing forests, any part of the public lands wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations, and the President shall, by public proclamation, declare the establishment of such reservation and the limits thereof.

In accordance with this act, Secretary Noble, after investigation by the General Land Office, made recommendations, and President Harrison issued proclamations, withdrawing from entry or sale these fifteen tracts of forest lands, their combined area, exclusive of the Afognak Reserve in Alaska, amounting to about twenty thousand square miles, or about thirteen million acres.

Reserves.	*Date of President's Proclamation.*	*Area.*	
		Square Miles.	*Acres.*
ALASKA—			
Afognak Island, Kadiak Group. Fish-Culture and Timber Reserve	Dec. 24, 1892.		
ARIZONA—			
Grand Cañon Forest Reserve. In Coconino Co.	Feb. 20, 1893.	2,893	1,851,520
CALIFORNIA—			
San Gabriel Timber Land Reserve. In Los Angeles and San Bernardino Cos.	Dec. 20, 1892.	868	555,520
Sierra Forest Reserve. In Mono, Mariposa, Fresno, Tulare, Inyo, and Kern Cos	Feb. 14, 1893.	6,400	4,096,000
San Bernardino Forest Reserve. In San Bernardino Co	Feb. 25, 1893.	1,152	737,280
Trabuco Cañon Forest Reserve. In Orange Co.	Feb. 25, 1893.	78	49,920
COLORADO—			
White River Plateau Timber Land Reserve. In Routt, Rio Blanco, Garfield, and Eagle Cos	Oct. 16, 1891.	1,872	1,198,080
Pike's Peak Timber Land Reserve. In El Paso Co.	Feb. 11, 1892, and supplemented March 18, 1892.	288	184,320
Plum Creek Timber Land Reserve. In Douglass Co.	June 23, 1892.	280	172,200
South Platte Forest Reserve. In Park, Jefferson, Summit, and Chaffee Cos.	Dec. 9, 1892.	1,068	683,520
Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve. In Garfield, Mesa, Pitkin, Delta, and Gunnison Cos.	Dec. 24, 1892.	1,341	858,240
NEW MEXICO—			
Pecos River Forest Reserve. In Santa Fé, San Miguel, Rio Arriba, and Taos Cos.	Jan. 11, 1892.	486	311,040
OREGON—			
Bull Run Timber Land Reserve. In Multnomah, Wasco, and Clackamas Cos.	June 17, 1892.	222	142,080
WASHINGTON—			
Pacific Forest Reserve. In Pierce, Kittitas, Lewis, and Yakima Cos.	Feb. 20, 1893.	1,512	967,680
WYOMING—			
Yellowstone National Park Timber Land Reserve. On the South and East of the Yellowstone National Park	March 30, 1891, supplemented Sept. 10, 1891.	1,936	1,239,040

Actual settlers and miners within the boundaries are not interfered with, but as such reservation prevents any additions to the little communities, these pioneers will naturally be inclined to seek more populous neigh-

[1] See also "Publications of the American Economic Association of Baltimore, Maryland," Vol. VI., No. 3, containing three papers on forest administration read at a joint session of the American Economic and American Forestry Associations, December, 1890, by Messrs. Gifford Pinchot, Edward A. Bowers, and B. E. Fernow, which furnish an epitome of the whole subject.

borhoods. While the natural scenery and the wild game are preserved as in a national park, the proper administration and preservation of these protective and economic forests will benefit the adjoining regions, and their treatment upon the best economic principles furnish object-lessons to private owners of forest lands. They must be protected from fire and depredations if nothing else can be done. The preservation of the underbrush and the "forest cover,"— the thick mat of leaves and twigs covering the soil,— upon which tree growth and even water flow so greatly depend, are next considerations, and broad fire lanes must be cut to enable even the temporary patrols to save the forests until they are in charge of foresters. The extension of the Yellowstone National Park was the first reserve made under the new act, and the first proclamation followed as quickly as the necessary plats and papers could be made out. It saved to the people the forest lands bordering the park, and it prevented the vandal plan of lopping off a great corner of the park, which the Cooke City miners proposed as an alternative to running a railway line through the park itself. This forest belt further insured the preservation of the park scenery, and it added to that demesne the picturesque Absaroka range, sheltering the head waters of several streams and breeding-grounds of elk and other large game.

Afognak, the second island in size of the Kadiak group in southern Alaska, was reserved at the instance of the United States Fish Commissioners as a fish-culture and timber reserve. The great forest belt of the northwest coast, the rainiest and most densely wooded region in the world, ends at the Kadiak line. All this wooded coast region of Alaska is virtually a timber reserve. The general land laws have never been extended to that territory. Only mineral claims and town sites may be entered. The great salmon fisheries are not leased or supervised in any way by the Government. Cannery owners may settle upon and purchase any lands needed in one-hundred-and-sixty-acre tracts, at $1.25 an acre. They may exhaust the streams, drive away the fish, use any nets or methods they wish, disregard even a weekly close season, and deprive the Indians of their chief food supply by thus usurping their hereditary fishing-grounds. They pay no taxes on buildings, boats, nets, catch, or shipments, and do not require any license. They may not cut timber save on their own tracts, nor ship any lumber out of the territory.

Some of the most important reserves were made in the last fortnight of Secretary Noble's term of office, among them that bordering the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in Arizona. This great tract of nearly two million acres is almost square. Its lines begin five miles east of the Hualpai Indian Reservation, which tourists cross in driving from Peach Springs station, on the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad to the cañon. The reserve holds nearly one hundred miles of the finest cañons, including the western end of Marble Cañon, and among other lookouts Spanish Point, from which Coronado viewed the wonderful gorge in 1542. It preserves the extensive Coconino forests lying south of the cañon's edge, and many plateaus covered with dense growths of *Pinus ponderosa*. The first thought of those who favored this reservation was the protection of the marvelous scenery of the region, while the Forestry Division regards it as one of the most important reserves for the benefits it secures to future residents of the adjoining regions.

Secretary Noble merely withdrew from entry the two tracts of land in eastern Arizona covered with the fragments of the petrified forests, admitting that the Supreme Court might decide that petrified forests were not legitimate timber reserves under the provisions of the act. The withdrawal of these lands prevents the petrified forests from falling into the hands of speculators and toll-collectors when increased travel and railroad extension shall have made Arizona's wonders more accessible. Future legislation may empower the President to proclaim them as national parks or protected reserves.

California has gained much by the new forest policy, and the most important of all the reserves made, as regards its immediate benefit to the greatest number of people, is the vast Sierra Forest Reserve, of 6400 square miles, or 4,096,000 acres, in southern California. The proclamation of February 14, 1893, set aside this great tract, which, beginning at the southern boundaries of the Yosemite National Park, forms with that tract, the Sequoia, and the General Grant National Parks a continuous public reservation running for 220 miles along the crest of the Sierras, and averaging about fifty miles in width. It protects the watersheds of eight rivers and hundreds of tributary streams draining into the San Joaquin River, and preserves the water-supply of half that great agricultural valley. In these forests are many scattered groups and groves of giant sequoias, belts of magnificent sugar-pines, and other growths peculiar to the Sierras. Mount Whitney (14,898 feet) and the highest peaks of the range are within the reserve, and the cañons of the King and Kern rivers, which with the Tuolumne and American River cañons in the Yosemite National Park provide as many more rival Yosemites for the enjoyment of the people. The value of this reserve as a protective and economic measure cannot fail to be appreciated by agriculturists dependent upon irrigating systems in other parts of the State, and to hasten the policy suggested by so practical a man and miner as the late Senator George Hearst of California, who believed that all Sierra and other mountain lands above a certain elevation should be reserved by the General government. Nothing could better conduce to the future prosperity of the Pacific States than to have such a mountain-summit reserve extending from the Mojave desert to British Columbia on the Sierra and Cascade lines, and another stretching from the redwood regions of Humboldt and Mendocino counties along the Coast and Olympic ranges to the Straits of Fuca.

The San Gabriel Timber Land Reserve, lying along the Sierra Madre range north of Los Angeles from Saliдad Cañon to Cajon Pass, protects the watershed of the San Gabriel and Los Angeles rivers, and insures the continued fertility of the beautiful valley at the base of the mountains. The San Bernardino Forest Reserve adjoins it, extending from Cajon Pass to San Gorgonio, and protecting the watershed of the Santa Ana river, whose tributaries supply the Colton and Riverside citrus regions. The little Trabuco Cañon Forest Reserve preserves the forests along the Santa Ana slopes near the coast, and insures the water-supply of the Santa Ana and Capistrano regions.

The Colorado forest reserves have been urged and

applauded by the State Forestry Association, but the Colorado senators, representing miners, settlers, and other objectors, have succeeded in restricting the area of the reserves, and delaying action upon reserves already determined. The Pike's Peak Timber Reserve, some thirty miles long and ten miles wide, surrounds the great landmark of the plains with a protective inclosure. The Plum Creek Reserve joins it on the north, and the South Platte Reserve joins the latter on the west, the three reserves forming a large irregular tract in the very center of the State, covering the wildest of the mountain region between Denver and Leadville. This preserves the remaining forests, protects the head waters of the South Platte and many feeders of the Arkansas, and, insuring the water-supply of Denver and other towns at the edge of the plains, has a considerable influence upon the fertility of the adjoining prairie.

The White River Plateau Reserve to the northwest of these central forest tracts is the largest in the State. It was reduced to its present size from an originally larger reserve, and settlers and miners are making every effort now to have it further reduced in their interests. The tract shelters the head waters of the White, Green, and Grand rivers, and preserves much natural scenery. The Battlement Mesa Reserve lies along the range between the Grand and the Gunnison rivers, holding the sources of many of their tributaries, and surrounds the Grand and Battlement Mesas with their strange formations and picturesque groupings.

The Pecos River Reserve in New Mexico preserves the thin forests along the crest of the mountains north of Santa Fé and Las Vegas, protecting the water-supplies of those places and the adjoining plains, occupied by agriculturists and stock-raisers.

Secretary Noble was able to make but one reserve in the State of Oregon. The Bull Run Reserve, which might have enjoyed several other equally descriptive and more attractive names, slopes from the northwest side of Mount Hood almost to the banks of the Columbia. It protects the head waters of Bull Run, Hood River, and the Multnomah, whose beautiful fall on the banks of the Columbia near the Cascades is the chief object of beauty seen by travelers between The Dalles and Portland. It is greatly to be regretted that the snowy peak of Mount Hood (11,225 feet) was not at that time made the center of a reserve four or six times the size of this trifling Bull Run tract.

The Pacific Forest Reserve, immediately surrounding the peak of Mount Rainier, is in form nearly square, measuring forty-two miles from north to south and thirty-six miles from east to west. The reserve is seen from the cities of Tacoma and Seattle, and its boundaries are almost touched by the Northern Pacific Railway at Stampede Pass, at Wilkeson, and at Carbonado. The natural scenery in the reserve is not surpassed by anything in the Sierras, and the densest of the Cascade forests clothe its slopes. The proclamation declaring the reserve was delayed several weeks by a contest between the citizens of Seattle and Tacoma as to the name the tract should bear—whether the Mount Rainier or the Mount Tacoma Reserve should be established. The same controversy, once settled by the decision of the United States Board of Geographic Names that Vancouver's name, Mount Rainier, must remain unchanged on all government maps, charts, and publications, again raged in the two communities last winter. "Cascade Reserve" should have been the name by all rights, Rainier being the highest (14,444 feet) peak of that range, but that title having been chosen for an Oregon reserve then under consideration. "Pacific" was chosen because the Pacific Ocean may be seen from Rainier's summit, the highest point within the reserve. Only thirty-eight people in all have reached the summit of Mount Rainier, and not all of them saw the ocean, 120 miles distant, at the base of the Olympic range. The Pacific Reserve holds so much natural scenery, so much of interest and wonder, that it is certain to become a national park, with hotels, roads, and trails. Its great attractions, besides the twin craters and steaming ice caves at the summit, are the dozen splendid glaciers descending by magnificent ice-falls to the level of a thousand feet; the many curious evidences of volcanic action; the circle of beautiful parks near the timber line, with lakes and trout-streams, lesser cones and craters; a wonderful flora, and forests which are fancifully said to be those of the Carboniferous age. The great peak has been ascended as late as October, and experienced Sierra climbers pronounce the view from Eagle Cliff, near the west border of the reserve, the finest mountain view on the Pacific coast, far surpassing the outlook from Inspiration Point on the Yosemite's edge. When this reserve is declared a park, some more appropriate name, as Tahoma, Puyallup, Nisqually, Conifer, Cascade, or, best of all, Glacier Park may be adopted.

Fearful destruction has been wrought in this reserve by forest fires already, and its further protection should be a matter of pride with citizens of Washington until the General government has authority to patrol and protect it. With all the rank, luxuriant growth of the Cascade region, the tracts burned by a retreating band of Nisqually Indians in 1853 have not recovered their forest growths naturally, even after forty years. Bleached trunks and stumps alone show above the acres of bush and scrub undergrowth. Destructive floods and an unequal water-supply have already followed the ruin caused by fire and ax around the great mountain. Herders, campers, hunters, and mountain-climbers are responsible for many recent forest fires. A great tract was but lately desolated in order to open a trail up Nisqually bluff to the camping-grounds in Paradise Valley. Campers have fired many trees in the high parks for the pleasure of seeing the moss-hung spruces swept by sheets of flame, or burn at night like huge signal-torches. Sheep-herders have destroyed forests of larches and miles of underbrush on the eastern slopes by firing the grassy parks in the fall.

Additional forest reserves were contemplated in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Colorado, California, and Washington, and Secretary Noble's recommendations waited only upon President Harrison's attaching his signature to the necessary proclamations. While heartily in accord with his Secretary of the Interior, President Harrison preferred leaving these reservations to be considered and acted upon by the new administration. Since there is no protection or management provided for the reserves already proclaimed, they are saved from settlers' and lumbermen's axes, only to be left to the mercy of any careless or malicious persons who may fire them. Two bills were introduced in the last Congress looking to the protection and management of these government forests, but neither became a law.

The Paddock bill, introduced in the Senate, June, 1892, provided for a thorough system of forest management by the Department of Agriculture, with a competent commissioner and inspector, resident foresters and rangers, "to protect and improve the forest cover within the reservations, for the purpose of securing favorable conditions of water flow and continuous supplies of timber to the people of the districts within which the reservations are situated." Military aid in protecting the reservations from fire and trespassers, and enforcing rules and regulations, was provided, also coöperation with State forest management. Land best adapted to agriculture was to be restored to the public domain; mining to be prosecuted within the reserves under special regulations, and wood to be cut under a system of licenses by lumbermen and others; cutting or removing timber, burning, injuring, tapping, or girdling timber, to be punished by fine and imprisonment upon judgment of any United States court or commissioner; ship-owners and railroad companies transporting any lumber or timber product unlawfully obtained to be liable to the same penalties; and all revenue derived from the reserves in any way to constitute a separate fund to be expended by the Secretary of Agriculture for the care and preservation of the reservations. This bill was drawn up at the instance of the American Forestry Association, and received the active support of its members, and the zealous attention of its attorney. It found a place on the calendar, but did not become a law. The McRae substitute bill in the House was introduced in January and reported in February, but failed of consideration by the Fifty-second Congress. The McRae bill provided only for the immediate protection of the reserves by troops; for selling timber of commercial value to the highest bidder; for restoring agricultural lands to the public domain; and for creating a fund for reservation use from timber sales.

The fact that the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, the originator of Arbor Day and President of the American Forestry Association, has since become the Secretary of Agriculture, to whom the management of the government forests will be intrusted, is promise enough of the attitude of the present administration toward the new national forest policy. The appointment of Mr. Edward A. Bowers, the secretary and formerly the attorney of the American Forestry Association, as Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office, is another assurance that the best interests of the Government and the people will be guarded in these initial years of the great undertaking.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

Money and a Day's Work.

I HAVE read with interest and profit your editorial in the June CENTURY, "Has Gold Appreciated in Value?" It occurs to me that there is a primary measure of value, which you do not mention, but tried by which the value of gold will be found to have deviated but little in thirty years past. I refer to labor,—not the price of labor, but "days' works." I have not at hand exact data, but practical miners tell me that the average result from a day's work in gold-mining is not perceptibly different from thirty years ago, while the average day's work in the silver-mines will produce three times as much as in 1865. On the theory that the natural relative price of commodities is determined by the *brawn* expended in the production, while *demand* is but a modifier of the rule, it would seem that much of the mystery relating to the deviation in values may be explained.

WATERTOWN, SOUTH DAKOTA. *Doane Robinson.*

Christianity Outside the Churches.

IN the "Forum" of October, 1890, Bishop Huntington emphasized anew the fact to which Professor Ely had already called attention—viz., that a wide-spread alienation, and indeed distrust, of the church existed even among those working-men who would yet applaud the name of Christ and listen respectfully to his teachings. This is a fact to the very serious significance of which the ecclesiastical authorities and leaders of our churches have given, as yet, far too little weight.

But there is another fact, due primarily to much the same causes, of perhaps even more serious import, but to which even less attention has been given. This is the extent to which some of the most sincere Christian believers of our day, especially among men of intellect, of education, and of moral culture, have come to hold aloof from the institutional fellowship of Christ's professed disciples. The Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, in his precious little volume, "Personal Creeds," says (p. 75):

"There is now a good deal of unformulated and even unbaptized Christianity in the thought and life of men outside of the church. Christ is becoming more real in many ways to this generation. His doctrine, although perhaps not so fully apprehended as it might be, is entering effectively into much of the best striving and working of men who are standing aloof from the churches." And again (p. 102): "With a high sense of moral honor, they prefer to go without any belief in a divine plan of salvation, rather than to profess belief in some conceptions which take no active hold on their experience of life."

In even stronger language writes Professor Bruce ("Kingdom of God," p. 144): "I am even disposed to think that a great and steadily increasing portion of the moral worth of society lies outside of the church—separated from it, not by godlessness, but rather by exceptionally intense moral earnestness. Many, in fact, have left the church in order to be Christians." And again (p. 272): "Instead of claiming for the church that within it alone is salvation to be found, earnest men are more inclined to ask whether salvation is to be found in it at all, and does not rather consist in escaping from its influence. A good many are asking such revolutionary questions even now; and it is foolish for churchmen simply to be shocked and to characterize them as profane. The church is only a means to an end. It is good only in so far as it is Christian. There is no merit or profit in mere ecclesiasticism. Whatever reveals the true Christ is of value and will live. Whatever hides Christ—be it pope, priest or presbyter, sacraments or ecclesiastical misrule—is pernicious and must pass away."

Few things are more difficult than to form a calm and an unprejudiced judgment of our own times, and especially of any course of events in which we are ourselves taking, however slight, yet an interested part. We read the published story of the past with the feeling that personal equations have been largely allowed for already by the judicious historian. But in the attempt to judge of that history which is still "in the

making," not only must an allowance for the personal equation be made by us in the reception of every witness and in the weighing of every opinion; but it must be made by the writer, most of all for himself, and by the reader, in his turn, for both the writer and himself.

Now it may be "a short and easy method" with the writers of such language as that quoted above to rebuke them and to deny the truth of the witness which they bear. There is a precedent, in the case of St. Stephen, for stopping our ears and running upon such preachers with one accord and casting them out. The clergy and other religionists who intrench themselves at once in the *a priori* position that there can be no such genuine extra-institutional Christianity, and who take counsel only among themselves and will receive no witness that will not bear the test of their own orthodoxy, may so dispose of this whole subject.

But let the Christian minister or loyal churchman who is so happy as to have even one honest and earnest friend of clear head, of true judgment, and of high moral life,— a business man of integrity, a lawyer of unsullied honor, an authority in science,— among "them that are without,"— a friend between whom and himself there is such mutual trust that either will speak to the other with entire candor,— let that churchman ask that friend whether the language in question is or is not true. Let the father whose sons have never come to feel that they may not tell him honestly all that is in their thoughts, and who, at the same time, associate on terms of free, unmeasured, earnest, mutual confidence with the more thoughtful, high-hearted, and upright young men of their own age and interests — let that father ask his sons whether this is not especially true of very many of the best later graduates and undergraduates of our colleges.

It is the misfortune or the weakness of most of us, and notably of the clergy, that in proportion to our own personal sincerity in the faith which we profess, and our devotion to the church of our allegiance, our friends and even our sons hesitate to tell us plainly, because of the pain it will give us, just what they see and hear, what they believe and know. We unconsciously withdraw from the testimony we ought to hear and out of the reach of such plain speaking; and then we pronounce confidently on a state of things of which we really know nothing.

The fact probably is that both Dr. Smyth and Professor Bruce have borne only faithful witness. The present writer, as at present informed, has no reason to abate one word of such witness. He has not found that testimony directly to the point was either far to seek or hard to get; and so far as he has been able to get direct access to the facts, they fully confirm it.

There has probably been no epoch in Christian history when the best intellects were more deeply interested in religious questions than now; when young men of early advantages and of education were more eager to know what is truth or to give themselves to its proclaiming and to its defense. There never was a time when God was more real to educated and to thinking men generally; when there was, among such men, more real interest in the Bible and desire to study it; when such men were more ready to listen to the story of Christ and to his doctrine, so only it be his and not some gloss which the theologians or ecclesiastics have put upon or substituted for it.

Why then this holding aloof of just such men from the churches which appeal to them in Christ's name and, as they claim, by his authority? Why this self-dissociation from the organized fellowship of those who are united on these very grounds?

The answer to such questionings is at hand if we are ourselves candid enough to suffer it to be given us.

We shall be told, in the first place, that the scientifico-theological philosophy of the day, of which it is claimed that the great law of evolution holds the master key,— that the best biblical criticism of the last generation,— that the powerfully revived Greek doctrine of the divine immanence as distinguished from the Latin doctrine of the divine transcendence,— that these have greatly revolutionized as well as given a new and strong impulse to the best thinking of earnest men; and that it has been made impossible for them any longer either to accept, or to profess without accepting, the old ways of regarding religious data, or the old traditional ideas and formulas of the churches or the dogmatic teachings based upon them.

We shall, at the same time, be reminded that the churches — at all events, those who are the presumably representative authorities and teachers in them — are, as a rule, slow to realize the facts or to admit the force of these changes in religious thinking; that they insist dogmatically upon the old confessions and traditions as part and parcel of the very warp and woof of divine truth; and that it is therefore difficult for those with whom this new religious philosophy and these new convictions find acceptance not to feel themselves virtually excluded from the churches, indeed absolutely repelled by them. At all events, if not drawn to some one minister by teaching which commends itself at once to their intellect and to their conscience, they certainly are not interested, as they might once have been, in the discussion of the claims of the rival churches upon their adhesion or upon their loyalty, upon the acceptance of this or of that confession, of a given form of ecclesiastical polity, or even of the apostolic succession of its chief ministers. They do not care to study or even to consider these questions. They will hold as apostolic and will follow that ministry which leads them most directly Christward, which most truly and most consistently bears witness to him. No other argument has force with them.

Such will be the first reply given us. Let us give it its full weight. And yet there is another and probably a more powerful reason for the facts under consideration than even this,— one indeed which gives to this much of its effect.

For the present has been truly said to be "a day of light and revelation," in which the light is searching all things and discriminating what is real and eternal from the superficial and transitory, and still more from what is unreal.

And it is, therefore, above all other reasons, because those most under the influence of this new theological philosophy feel that the churches are less loyal to truth for its own sake than to their own traditions; less anxious to be faithful to Christ than to adhere to themselves, to their own interpretations of his teachings, to the ecclesiastical habits and even to the ignorances and unreal conventionalities of their past, that they hold aloof from them.

However unjust and prejudiced this may seem to us,

who will venture to say that the churches have given no warrant for any such feelings? It will be difficult to maintain such a defense so long as the churches refuse to consider how far there may perhaps be grounds for such a feeling, and so long as any one who may honestly and loyally raise this question and ask for such self-examination is promptly suppressed. The churches which will not suffer such questions to be asked loyally by their own faithful sons must expect to have them asked in far sterner accents by their enemies.

But when the churches, when any one of them, by her leaders and representative men, shall, with honest and manly candor, court criticism and the most searching trial of all things which may have become unreal, when they manifest a sincere devotion, above all things else, to Christ's Christianity, even should the theological traditions of their past be convicted of error in the new light of truth, and the customs and methods and ecclesiastical life, which are now taken for granted, of unreality by the new revelation, when any church thus illustrates its supreme loyalty to truth and to Christ, then those who now stand so utterly apart, in their own loyalty to both, will return by one and another and at last in flocks to ecclesiastical allegiance.

There is, indeed, great reason to hope that this may soon be; for, to continue the quotations made above, Dr. Smyth goes on to say: "Within the Church itself there is beginning to make itself felt and efficacious, a revival of simpler and more real Christian life." And Professor Bruce (p. 356): "If, as both faith and philosophy attest, Christianity be the absolute religion, perennial because perfect, not destined to be superseded by any better, because better is impossible, it must be able to shake itself clear of whatever hampers the free expression of its eternal vitality. . . . The need of a new hour of emancipation is a prophecy of its coming."

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *Wm. Chauncy Langdon.*

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

THE picture "The Angel with the Flaming Sword," on page 696, was painted by Edwin Howland Blashfield in Paris in the winter of 1891, exhibited in the Salon of that year, and is now in the American section of the Fine Arts Building at the World's Fair. It is a canvas of large size, of much story-telling power, and is notable for stately simplicity. Mr. Blashfield has evidently approached his task in a devout spirit. The angel appears to recognize the justice of the sentence, and as a true servant wishes to execute the divine commission, but he does so with sorrow, as though he would fain hear the voice of his Master calling to the erring to return. The artist, who has admirably managed the mixed expression of justice and sorrow on the face of the angel, is to be congratulated on having produced a picture with rare religious feeling. Technically this painting is the peer of Mr. Blashfield's other works. In one respect — namely, the firmness of its drawing — it is a step in advance.

For a more extended notice of Mr. Blashfield's work the reader is referred to this magazine for Dec., 1892.

LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

LYDIA FIELD EMMET, whose picture "In her First Youth" appears on page 728, was born in Pelham, New York. Her first art knowledge was derived from her talented sister, Rosina Emmet Sherwood. While still in her teens she became, at the Art Students' League, a pupil of W. M. Chase, and later of Boulanger and Lefebvre at the Académie Julien, Paris.

Miss Emmet has done much pretty and graceful illustrating for children's books and periodicals. Her most important work is a wall-painting of large proportions, representing Music, Literature, Painting, Sculpture, and Embroidery, in the hall of the Woman's Building at the Chicago World's Fair.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

At the Sign of the Skull.

A STRANGE old tavern have I seen:
The walls are thick, the garden green;
'T is damp and foul, yet through the door
Do rich men come as well as poor.
They come by night, and they come by day,
And never a guest is turned away.

The landlord, an unwholesome fellow,
Has a complexion white and yellow,
And, though he looks exceeding thin,
Does nothing else but grin and grin
At all his guests — who, after a while,
Begin to imitate his smile.

The guests are a fearful sight to see,
Though some are people of high degree;
For no one asks, when a carriage arrives,
A decent account of the inmates' lives;
But holy virgins and men of sin
Sleep cheek by jowl in this careless inn;
And beautiful youths in their strength and pride
Have taken beds by a leper's side;
But all sleep well, and it never was said
That any kind of complaint was made.
For all the people who pass that way
Appear to intend a lengthened stay.

The house has a singular bill of fare —
Nothing dainty, nothing rare;
But only one dish, and that dish meat,
Which never a guest was known to eat.
Night and day the meal goes on,
And the guests themselves are fed upon!

These merry guests are all of them bound
To a land far off — but I never found
That any one knew when he should start,
Or wished from this pleasant house to part.

O strange old tavern, with garden green!
In every town its walls are seen.
Now the question has often been asked of me,
"Is it really as bad as it seems to be?"

Theodore C. Williams.

The Poverty-Party at Papineau's Hall.

AUTUMN it was, and the evenings grew long,—
Sure it was time for a wee bit of fun;
Music and dancing can never be wrong
When the day's labor is over and done.
Forty-four couples we gathered in all
At the Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall!

All of us poor folk, but all of us young;
High beat our hearts with the joy of full life;
None of us boys but was secretly stung—
Stung with the hope of possessing a wife!
Never again will such pleasure befall
At a young people's party at Papineau's Hall!

Cornet and organ made music divine!
Smooth was the floor and the lamps brightly gleamed;
Brighter than stars did Peggy's eyes shine:
She was the lassie of whom my heart dreamed;
She was the fairest, the belle of the ball
At our Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall!

Waltzes and schottisches, polkas and reels,
Followed each other like gems round a crown.
Peggy well heeded my earnest appeals,—
Ten times or over I wrote her name down;
And I took her to supper and carried her shawl
At the Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall.

Late was the hour when the party was done;
Yet the last dance would none of us miss.
Seeing 'em home was the cream of the fun:
Peggy she gave me her first little kiss!
Now we are old, but we often recall
The Poverty-party at Papineau's Hall!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Sayings for the Sexes.

A PERFECT woman may be adorable; a woman who is perfect would be beyond endurance.

WHEN the heart is breaking from an old love, there is apt to be a crevice through which a new attachment enters, and wholly heals the fracture.

LOVE at sight is not considered nearly so good a security, in the matrimonial market, as love twelve months after date.

SHORT courtships make long miseries.

SOME marriages seem to be, in the main, only an alliance between a man and a woman for offensive purposes toward one another, and for defensive purposes against the outside world.

WOMEN are prone to be sentimental and sympathetic. A man they might not ordinarily admire or esteem, may arouse their profound interest by appearing to be wretched. Then their pity is in peril of becoming passion. "I am so unhappy," from a man's lips, has perhaps inflamed as many feminine hearts as his most ardent "I love you."

FORTUNE is malicious. She provides luxuries for those who are dying of dyspepsia.

LAUGHTER reveals one's true nature; it expresses the inmost. Shrewd rascals seldom laugh.

MANY persons think they need sympathy, when all they want is flattery.

UNDER the shadow of gratitude lurks resentment—the resentment of incurring obligation undischarged.

HE who is without enemies deserves no friends, and rarely has any.

Junius Henri Browne.

Poetic License.

SHOULD I tell you, sweetest heart!
How I feel;
If I humbly at your feet
Were to kneel;
Should I mention that I loved
None but you;
If I begged for "just a kiss"
—As I do;

Ordinarily, I know
What you 'd say,
And can very clearly see
Just the way
You would most superbly rise,
Would express your great surprise,
And, with fire in your eyes,
"Fire" me.

But pray ponder, gentle girl,
Upon this:
Such confessions no one need
Take amiss;
The poets, with credentials
Such as these,
By poetic license say
What they please.

So you cannot stop my bold
"I love you!"
Nor forbid that for the kiss
I should sue.
Nor, moreover, can you, pray—
Can you swear that all I say
Is but in a poet's way,
And not true?

As for me, must I confess,
"'Neath the rose,"
That no better can I guess
(For who knows?)
If you might not whisper, "Yes,"
Or demurely acquiesce,
And permit the sweet caress,
Were this prose?

W. D. Ellwanger.

"What Shall we Name the Baby?"

"WHAT shall we name the baby?"
"Some sweet old Irish name,
That shall wake the fairest fancies
Whenever we say the same:
Something that breathes of the shamrock,
Something that speaks of the sea,
Something that shows old Ireland
As bright as bright can be.

"When we were young together,
We roamed old Ireland through,
And Molly was the sweetest name,
The sweetest name I knew:
We 'll name the baby Molly—
Oh, the name it is so dear!
'T will waken blessed memories
Through every changing year."

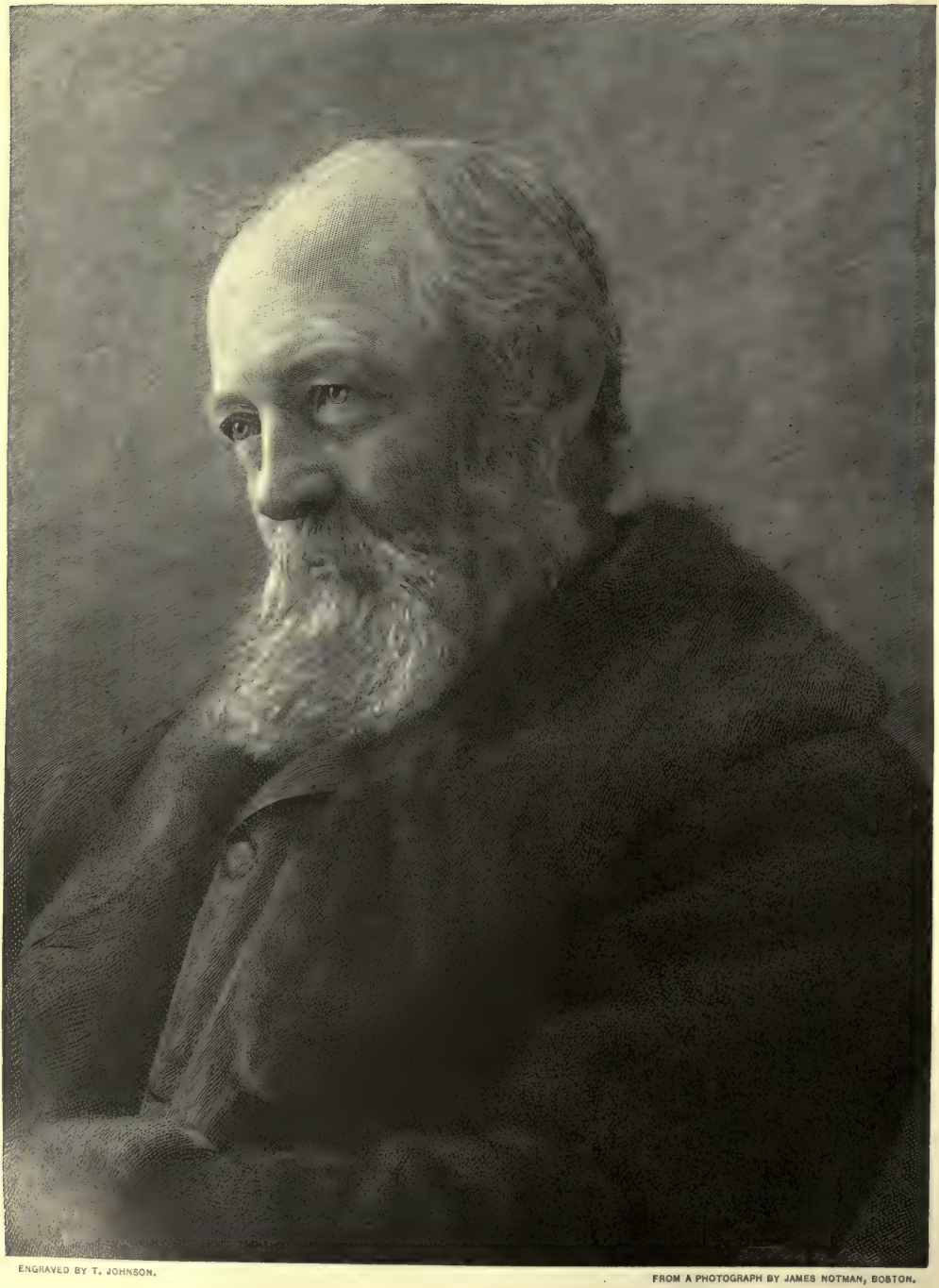
Jennie E. T. Dowe.

The Voice of Dreams.

As dreams obey caprice and not our will,
So with the Muse, that wayward voice of dreams:
To-day the pipes of Pan, Pierian streams,
To-morrow withered reeds by waters warped and still.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES NOTMAN, BOSTON.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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LIFE AMONG GERMAN TRAMPS.

WITH PICTURES BY WARNER ZEHME.

WILLIAM II. of Germany is the ruler of about fifty millions of people. A small fraction comprises the nobility, while the great majority are commoners, and the rest, about one hundred thousand, are roving beggars. His imperial majesty is probably well acquainted with his nobles, and he thinks that he understands the commoners, but the tramp who passes his castle now and then is a foreigner at home. Yet he is found in every city, town, and village, and there is hardly a home in the empire which he has not visited. He tramps the public highways as freely and fearlessly as the laborer, and rides on the royal railways as boldly as a king. His business in life is to prey upon the credulity of the charitable, and to steal when the eye of the law is not on watch. In spite, however, of all this publicity, but comparatively little is known of his real life and character. Various books and pamphlets have been written about him, but they have usually been grounded on second-hand information, as I have looked in vain for any account of a personal study of tramp life.

Being desirous of knowing the real facts in the case, I at first supplemented my reading by various conversations with beggars as they lounged around near my home in Berlin, and occasionally invited some of the more intelligent into my study, and plied them as cleverly as possible with all sorts of questions. But they invariably fooled me, and told the most romantic of tales, believing, probably, that they were what I wanted. Time after time I have said to them, "Oh, come now, give over this story-telling, and let me have something that is really true." But they seemed unable to comprehend my purposes, and, true to their national traits, it was not in them to take part in any scheme which they could not understand. How to get at what I desired was the question. I called at the Bureau of Statistics, hoping surely to find here carefully tabulated statistics of vagrancy; but I was disappointed.

Dr. Berthold,[1] who kindly told me all he knew, said that Pastor von Bodelschwingh was the man who had made the best census of trampdom, and he had claimed that there were 200,000 arrests in Germany each year for begging; that 100,000 of them represented irreclaimable vagabonds, 80,000 bona-fide seekers of work, and the remaining 20,000 the maximum number of reclaimable beggars. Dr. Berthold continued: "The only way to know the entire truth about the tramp is to live with him. I had the intention to do this myself, but I delayed it too long, and now I am too old." He was very kind, and gave me some valuable hints, but admitted that nothing very definite was known about the wandering beggar.

I finally decided to give up these fruitless investigations, and to become a tramp myself in order to achieve my ends. I felt fairly equipped for such an undertaking, having had a two-years' residence in Germany, and having also played the tramp in my own country. My plan, however, was not to study the enforced

[1] Dr Berthold is a well-known statistician, writer, and authority on matters pertaining to German Labor Colonies.

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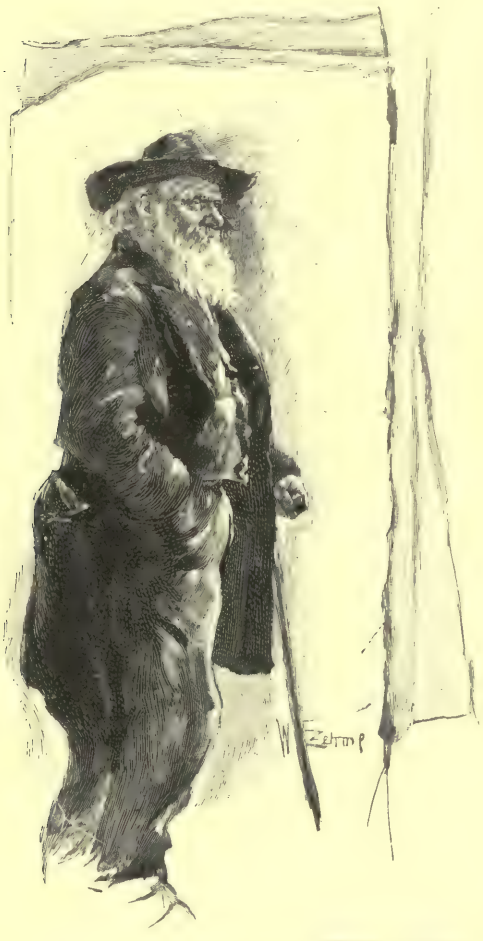
vagrant, but rather the man who wanders because he desires to, and prefers begging to working. And in that which follows I have attempted to describe my experiences with voluntary beggars only.

On April 11 I made ready for the journey. My outfit was a close copy of the fashions in trampdom, my clothes being both old and easy to bear. I took no pass with me because, in the first place, I could not get a German



A BERLIN TYPE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

pass, and, secondly, I was anxious to find out just what experiences an unidentified man must go through. If I were to repeat the experiment I should do differently. Having decided to begin my investigations in Magdeburg, there being various reasons why I should not play the beggar in Berlin, I left my home on the date mentioned, and hurried through the streets to the railway station, where I invested a few groschen in a fourth-class ticket. My first afternoon was consequently spent in what very closely resembles the common American freight-car, except that it is windowed, and occasionally has planks braced against the sides to serve as seats. The floor, however, or a piece of baggage, is the more customary resting-place. A ride in this miserable box costs two pfennigs the kilometer, and the passengers are naturally of the lower order of travelers, including the tramps, who make quite as much use of fourth-class privileges as our own vagrants do of the freight-trains.

My companions on the first trip were a queer lot. In one end of the car was a band playing the vilest music for the few sechser (five-pfennig pieces) occasionally thrown down to them. Their only rival was a little tambourine girl, who danced and rattled her noisy instrument as if her life depended upon her agility, as no doubt it did. The other travelers were market-women, laborers, and journeymen, and a fellow called Peasant Carl, who was more of a tramp than anything else, in spite of the fact that he had a trade. We were soon talking on various subjects, and it was not difficult to lead the conversation to the subject of tramp life. Carl was considerably surprised to find that an American should be "auf der Walze" (on the road), and needed some proof ere he was convinced that I was a roadster. My old clothes and general forlorn condition were not sufficient, and I was compelled to tell him quite a story. Once satisfied on this point, he turned out to be a good friend, and among other valuable facts that he generously gave me were scraps from the German tramp vocabulary, which he said might "come handy," since I was a stranger. I found that *Kunde*, or customer, was the general word for vagrant, but as the term vaguely covers the thousands of traveling journeymen in the community also, another term has been invented for the genuine tramp, none other than *Chausseegrabentapezirer*, or upholsterer of the highway ditches. What could be more genuinely, deliciously German?

As this dialect is rather unique, and as different from the German language proper as black from white, I am tempted to give a few more words, tabulating them, for comparison's sake, alongside their American equivalents:

English.	*German.*	*German Tramp Dialect.*	*American Tramp Dialect.*
Bread	Das Brod	Der Kramp	Punk.
Water.	Das Wasser	Der Gänsewein	
To beg	Betteln	Abklappen	To Batter.
To walk	Laufen	Tibbeln	To Drill.
Policeman	Der Schutzmann	Der Putz	The Bull.
The Gensdarmes	Gensdarmes	Der Deckel	
Village	Das Dorf	Der Kaff	Jerktown.
Whisky-flask	Die Schnappsflasche	Die Finne	TheGrowler.
(The) Passport	Der Reise-Pass	Die Flebbe	
Hunger	Der Hunger	Der Kohldampf	

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE FOURTH-CLASS CAR.

This vocabulary will give a fair idea of the dialect. It is much more complete than the American, affording, as it does, ample means whereby entire secrecy can be secured in public places. It is spoken by both *Handwerksburschen* and tramps, and it is my opinion that the former were not the originators, as is sometimes averred, but have rather acquired a fair knowledge of it by associating year after year, on the road, with beggars.

On my arrival in Magdeburg, my friend Carl suggested that we go to Die Herberge zur Heimath, a lodging-house somewhat above the common grade, where we could at least have our supper, but where I could not lodge, having no pass. This institution must be distinguished from the ordinary Herberge, or low-class lodging-house, and has a history worth more than a passing paragraph. It is a sort of refined edition of the Salvation Army Shelter, and was founded on religious and humanitarian principles largely by the efforts of Professor Perthes of Bonn, whose first enterprise of the kind, at Bonn, has been so widely copied that at least three hundred towns of Germany now furnish this comfortable and respectable refuge to the traveling apprentice or journeyman, and, if he will conform to its usages and requirements, to the tramp also.

Entering the main room of the Heimath, I was surprised to see Carl rap on a table and the men sitting at the same to follow suit. I found out later that this meant "Hello," and that the after knock indicated "All right." Shaking hands is also a customary greeting in German trampdom, but hardly ever in American vagrancy. Tramps also call one another "Brother," and use the pronoun "thou" invariably in preference to "you." The inmates of the Heimath, I soon found, were drawn from three

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

THE PEN.

classes. First, the apprentice making his first journey, and usually a very stupid fellow. The tramp was here also, but only, I think, to prey upon the Handwerksbursche, for no whisky is sold on the premises, and prayers are held morning and evening, a custom which all true roadsters despise. The rest were men fairly well on in life, who work occasionally and beg the remainder of the time. I counted altogether sixteen recognized beggars (Chausseegrabentapezirern), but made no attempt to make their acquaintance, having decided not to study them in foreign quarters, but to seek them in their real homes. For Die Herberge zur Heimath is not a tramps' nest, although some Germans think so, and as soon as I had had a fair supper, for which I paid three cents, I left with Carl for another domicile. We were not long in finding the Herberge proper, or perhaps improper, where life is seen in all its dirtiest phases. Entering the common meeting-room, and saluting as usual, we sat down at a table where there were other tramps also. I was immediately asked: "Wo kommst Du her? Wo willst Du hin? Was hast Du fur geschäft?" I answered these questions as cleverly as I could, and was soon deep in various conversations. Before I had been talking long,

I made the acquaintance of a beggar belonging to the class called Kommando-Schieber. These fellows beg usually within very small districts, and know every house that is "good" for a meal or a pfennig. My newly made friend was kind enough to instruct both Carl and me in regard to Magdeburg.

HUNTING FOR HIS PASS.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

"This town is rather *heiss* [unfriendly]," said he, "but if you look out and beg very carefully you can get along. A great trick here now is to tip the *portier* of good houses, and thus get the pull on every flat in the building. You 've got to look out for the Putz, though, for if you 're caught, you 're sure for twenty-four hours in the *Kasten* [prison]. Another scheme that works pretty well with us fellows who know the town is to send around begging-letters. You can easily make quite a *stoss* [haul] if you work the plan well. Still, it 's risky for strangers. If you 're going to stay here long, you 'd better make friends with the *Herbergsvater*. He 's a pretty good *kerl* [fellow], and if you let him know that you 've got a little money, he 'll look out for you when the Putz makes his inspection now and then. There 's nothing, you know, like standing in with them that 's *klug* [clever], and you can bet that fellow is. . . . What do you say to a schnapps, brother?"

He had earned his drink, for he gave me a great many hints which were necessary to successful begging. One of them was about getting a pass. "Now, if you can scrape a little coin together," he said, "I 'll tell you how to

get a Flebbe that no Putz can find out whether it 's forged or not. You see that fellow over there near the window—well, he looks like a fool, but if you can give him five marks, he 'll get you a 'Wanderbuch' that 'll pass you anywhere. But don't go at him too clumsily, you know; take the matter easy. Nothing like taking your time, brother, is there?" I agreed that this was orthodox tramp doctrine, and determined to think the matter over, which I did, and came to the conclusion that I might eventually get into more trouble with a false pass than without any. And later experience approved the decision.

SLEEPING IN A BARN. ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

My first night in this tramps' nest was one I shall never forget. I slept with an old beggar in a bed long since given over to other lodgers, who fought us that night as if we were Frenchmen. And the stench in the sleeping-room was similar to that in a pigsty. Any complaint, however, would have been useless, for the price paid was only three cents, and for that sum of money one could not expect very much. Then, too, the host asked for no "Legitimations-Papier," and this was an advantage which must be set over against most of the annoyances. Nevertheless, I was glad enough to turn out early in the morning and look for a breakfast, which was soon found, but thoroughly European in quantity. Carl continued begging even after his breakfast, while I remained in the lodging-house talking with some of the inmates. I was surprised to see how fairly well dressed the German tramp is. The men in the Herberge were clad much more respectably than their American *confrère*, and seemed to have a desire to appear as decent as possible. Their intelligence was also very fair, every one being able to read and write as well as cipher. This, however, is not so surprising, for they were by no means young. It is my opinion that the majority of German tramps are over thirty years of age. There are some boys on the road, it is true, but by no means the number found in American trampdom. And I am happy to say that my experience convinces me that their treatment by the elder men is much more humane than in my own country. There is not in the German, either, that viciousness which seems ingrained in the character of the American vagrant. The latter is a more generous fellow, however, than the German, as I learned by practical experience. When some of the tramps returned to the Herberge in the afternoon, I tried their good fellowship by asking several for a sechser with which to buy a cup of coffee. I offered my very sore foot as an excuse for not having myself begged. But they were not touched in the slightest. One fellow said, "If you can't beg your own money, why, you 'd better get off the road, for no other Chausseegrabentapezirer will hustle for you." An American beggar would, as a rule, have handed me a penny, if he had it. But these men sat drinking their beer, schnapps, and coffee, utterly incapable, at least then, of a bit of brotherly charity. They had plenty of money too. During the day nearly every one had begged from ninety pfennigs to one mark twenty, while Carl returned about five o'clock with three marks in hand.

"ARE YOU CLEAN?"

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

I think the usual wage for diligent begging is between one mark fifty and four marks, in addition to the three meals. Of course there are a few who are much more successful. One fellow at the Herberge, for instance, who had been in England and could speak English quite well, claimed that he begged forty marks in one week last winter from the Americans in Dresden. Another vagrant told a story of a man he had met in south Germany on the road with two hundred marks in his pocket, which he had collected in two weeks in Munich. It is a great amusement for the tramp off duty to figure out the possibilities of his calling, and to illustrate the same with stories. There was one beggar in the room who even kept an account of his income and expenses. I saw the record for March, and found that his gains had been ninety-three marks and a few pfennigs, not including the meals which he had had in various kitchens where the servants were friendly. I must say right here, however, that such success is found only in cities. For I sampled the charity of the country time after time, and it is worth a bare living only, or, as Carl was wont to say, "One can't get fat on it."

We were convinced of this as soon as we had left Magdeburg, and started afoot for Brunswick. Carl begged in every village that we passed through, but he could seldom get more than twenty or twenty-five pfennigs, with numerous slices of bread. I made no attempt to beg money, but visited several houses and asked for food so that my companions might not suspect me. I was fairly well treated, at least quite as charitably as I would have been in the States, and I think that, taking the country as a whole, the rewards of begging in Germany are much higher than in either England or America. The people seem bound to give, although they have had beggars among them for centuries.

My second night on the road was quite as interesting as the first. I had stopped with Carl and two other men in a little village not far from Brunswick, where there was no Herberge, and only one inn, or *Gasthaus*, as it was called. We asked the woman in charge if we could lodge for the night, but she was by no means friendly, saying we were unclean. She told us to go to the barn, where we could sleep for a groschen apiece. As there was nothing better to do, we followed her instructions, and spent the night, which was cold for April, on some bundles of straw. I was fairly well repaid for this unpleasant experience by the various conversations which I overheard. One tramp was philosophizing in a maundering way over his life on the road, and what first brought him there. He reasoned that as he was born lazy, the blame should be put on his parents, but he finally concluded that the Schnappsflasche also had had a hand in the business. Another companion said: "Why should I work, when I can beg more than I can possibly earn? Now if I should follow my trade I could earn about eighteen marks a week. But as a beggar I can beat that by ten marks. No, brother; it is n't all the blame of the Schnappsflasche that we 're on the road. I, for one, am here because I can do better than anywhere else. Is n't that so?" And he nudged me for an answer.

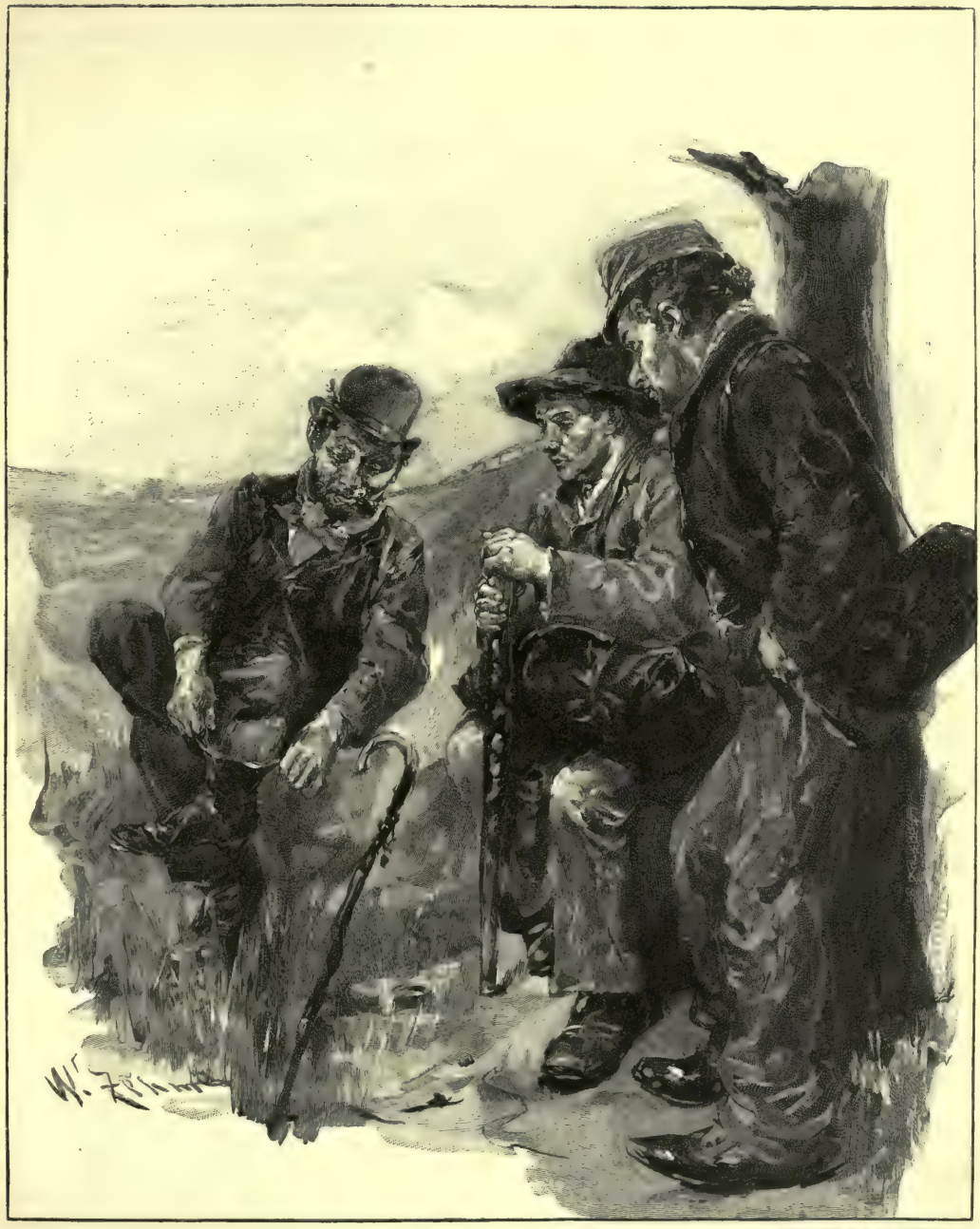
"Well," I said, "we lads on the road seem to have more money than most laborers, but we seldom have a decent place to lay our heads. For instance, what sort of place is this we 're in now?"

"Yes, that 's true," he returned; "but then, we 're never sick, always happy, and perhaps we 're just as well off as anybody else. You forget that we never work, and that 's a great thing in our favor. Those lads who have their homes have to work for them, and don't you forget it. It 's my opinion that the home is n't worth the labor."

I think this latter opinion is quite general in German vagrancy, and is one of its main causes. Liquor, however, is just as much of a curse in Germany as anywhere else, and brings more men into trampdom than is calculated. The Schnappsflasche is in nearly every tramp's pocket, and he usually empties it twice a day. It is a wonder to me how he can do it, for the schnapps is almost pure alcohol, and burns the throat terribly. Yet I found just outside of Brunswick a female tramp, nearly sixty years of age, who could empty Die Finne in a single "go," and seemed healthy too. This woman was the only feminine roadster I met during the journey, and I think she is one of the very few.

About noon of April 14 I arrived in Brunswick with Carl, who was on his way to Bremen, where he intended shipping as a coal-trimmer for New York, if possible. He was disgusted with Germany, he said, and felt that America was the only place for his nervous activity. He was somewhat surprised, however, as I was too, to find in Brunswick three American negroes who seemed to think quite the contrary of their country. One was an "actor," and the other two were ex-waiters, and they were traveling about the community and getting their living by dancing and singing in the streets and saloons. Charley — the actor — said: "We 're doin' pretty well; have our three squares a day, and all the booze we want. Can't do better than that at home." I explained this to Carl, as none of the negroes spoke German; but he could not be convinced that gold was not lying loose in the streets of American cities. In the afternoon his hatred of Germany was not quite so intense, as he begged a mark and a half in about two hours. One man that he visited was a member of "The Society against Begging and Vagrancy," and had a sign to that effect on his gate-post; but Carl found him, it seems, a generous Samaritan. This interested me considerably, for I had heard good reports of this society and its members, as well as of its success in fighting vagabondage. I asked several fellows what they thought of the organization. One tramp claimed that he always visited its members,— at least those having signs on their gates,— for he was quite as apt to be well treated as not. Others were drastic in their criticisms, and said that the society would let a man starve rather than feed him. Carl, I think, was about right when he said that some members of the society fed vagrants, and some did not, and it was all according to chance.

From Brunswick a crowd of tramps, including myself, rode in a fourth-class car to a little station called Peine, in the direction of Hanover. A few of the men remained here in order to take in the *Verpflegung-Station* until the next day. This station, of which there are



ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

CHAUSSEEGRABENTAPEZIRERN.

about two thousand in Germany, is a place where a man professing to be penniless can have a night's lodging, together with supper and breakfast, for a few hours' work. I moved on toward Hanover with fifteen other men who were bound in the same direction. They all had money, and no love for the Verpflegung-Station. We tramped along at a pace of about five kilometers to the hour — the usual gait of tramps when they are compelled to use the highways. They can usually beg enough food on the road, and thus the walking is not so disagreeable, for the German roads are superb.

At one little village where we stopped for refreshments the crowd took the place by storm, and the people were actually frightened into giving us bread and meat. It is true that the fellows were rather violent and used threat-

ening language, yet there was no need to fear them, as they would hardly have attempted to do any great harm. For the German tramp, as a rule, though a great talker and "blower," is a coward, after all, and when answered rather roughly usually subsides. At the village of Lehrte we again boarded a train, and rode into Hanover late in the evening. Some of my companions went to the Heimath, but the majority hunted out the common Herberge, and I followed the crowd. I was treated in the same fashion as at Magdeburg, and was asked no questions about a pass. There was great excitement in the Herberge over several little auctions, which the tramps were conducting for their own benefit. Some had coats, vests, and trousers to sell, while others were crying the virtue of old buttons, collars, cuffs, neckties, and even pocket-books, the latter being found in almost every tramp's pocket. He finds them companionable, he says, whether he has any money or not. Several coats sold for five and ten cents apiece, while trousers brought higher prices. Knives were also on the market, and fully a dozen changed hands. I was struck in these auctions by the absence of Jews. In fact, I met only three during the trip, and they were extremely well dressed. I fancy that a tramp's life hardly offers inducements to men of their predilections. Yet one would think that no work and a fair reward for begging would satisfy even their trading propensities.

The trip from Hanover to Bremen was rather uninteresting, with only one incident worth recording. Five tramps, including myself, had stopped on Easter night at one of the large bonfires that the peasants had built, just outside of Hanover, to commemorate the great holiday. When we arrived they were carousing most jovially, and seemed only too glad to welcome other companions; so we all took part, and danced around the fire, sometimes with the peasant girls, and then again by ourselves or singly. The peasants took no notice of the fact that we were tramps, and shared their sour milk and brown bread with us as if we were their best friends. One old fellow took such a fancy to Carl that he actually gave him a sechser. I was surprised to see him accept it, for the old man needed it much more than he did. This illustrates very truthfully the utter lack of friendly consideration in the character of the German tramp. One of the American species would have returned the penny with thanks, for he is a generous fellow, and can appreciate other interests than his own. But the Chausseegrabentapezirer has the least tender feeling of any beggar of my acquaintance. Even as a boon companion he falls far below the standard, and would never be tolerated in American trampdom. I can now understand why the great majority of German beggars in America are compelled to remain by themselves, and to choose companions from their own ranks. Their selfishness bars them out of the true brotherhood.

In Bremen poor Carl suffered a keen disappointment. He found that he could not ship as a coal-trimmer without a pass permitting him to leave the country. I advised him to seek work, and to earn money enough to pay his passage to New York. His trade was not overcrowded, and he had had a chance to labor in nearly every town we had visited, and I knew that he could succeed in Bremen. He finally decided to follow my advice; but the resolution weakened him so that I fear for a week at least he was a sorry-looking fellow. When we separated, he said, "Auf wiedersehn in Sheekago in '93." Indeed, nearly every tramp that I met intended to cross the ocean in '93, and to take part in Germany's exhibit at the fair. Of course they have not all succeeded, but some most certainly have. And what will the Americans do with them? Who can tell?

While I was sitting in the Heimath in Bremen, who should come in but a policeman and a detective. They passed around among the laborers, journeymen, and vagrants, asking a few questions, and looking occasionally at the men's passes. I was in somewhat of a tremble, and expected to be quizzed also. But, as luck would have it, they passed me by, and I escaped a searching. They arrested one tramp, but he was the only unfortunate I met during my travels. I learned afterward that he was sentenced to two days' imprisonment. An American beggar would have told the judge that he could stand on his head that long, but the German took it more seriously. From Bremen I decided to go south, and compare my experiences in northern Germany with tramp life in the vicinity of Cologne. I left Bremen with seven men on the train, and traveled the first day as far as Osnabrück, where I made an unnecessary halt, for I found nothing new or interesting there. There were plenty of tramps, it is true, but they had no news to impart, except that Osnabrück was a poor town. One youngster could hardly say enough against its hospitality. He claimed that he had even begged of the clergymen, and all that he received were "a few paltry pfennigs." I must admit that the boy was not far from correct in his judgment, for I visited several houses, and all I got was a dry piece of bread, which was given me by an old woman wiser than she was generous. Learning that I was a foreigner, she must needs know all about my ancestors, where I had come from, and where I was going. And then she made me listen to a long account of her boy in Piper City,—she

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

ON THE ROAD.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

AN AUCTION.

was not sure whether it was in North or South America,—and asked me if I had ever met him. I told her that I had not, and she was nearly dumfounded. She thought that in the States, "where there were so few people," everybody should know everybody else. I left her to her surprise and chagrin.

The city of Münster was my next stopping-place, and a greater contrast to Osnabrück could hardly exist. At the Herberge I learned that the town was considered one of the best between Hamburg and Cologne. The evidence was certainly convincing, for the tramps had all the liquor they could drink, as well as numerous bundles of food. Two fellows were doing a good business in exchanging their bread and *wurst* (sausage) for groschen which others had begged instead of something to eat. I invested a few sechser in these wares, and was most bountifully repaid, receiving half a loaf of bread and two good-sized sausages for two and a half cents of our currency. This custom is very prevalent in German trampdom, and will illustrate the machinery of vagrancy. Some men will beg only for food, while others devote most of their lives to looking for money, and in almost any Herberge, even in the Heimath, these two parties can be found trading as if they were in a market. They scold, and haggle, and fight while the trade is progressing, but when the bargain is finished good fellowship is again resumed. And the joviality in the Herberge after the "market" was as boisterous and companionable as if there had not

been the slightest trouble. Even the innkeeper took part, and danced around the room with his guests as if he were as much of a tramp as any of them. I think he had been a roadster some time in his life, for he entered into the schemes and plans as earnestly as the law allows. Some of the men were discussing the number of charitable families in Münster, and more especially those "good" for money. One man, in order to make good his point, enumerated by name the families friendly to beggars. The innkeeper, not agreeing with him, pieces. It is needless to say that such a man is invaluable to beggars. They hold him dearer than any other member of the clan, and pay him most liberally for his wisdom by spending nearly all of their money in his inn. This they can afford to do, for without his information and protection, they would encounter hardships and difficulties insurmountable. During my stay at the Herberge, the proprietor sent out as many as eight fellows to different parts of the town, well posted and equipped for successful begging. Three of

DANCING AROUND A BONFIRE. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

gave his own census of the Münster people, and it was most interesting to hear from his lips just what citizens were worth visiting and what not. Having conducted a tramp hotel in the city for years, he had found it to his interests to gather and dispense information useful to his customers. He could tell exactly what house was "good" for a meal or a "hand-out," and could also map out the districts sure to yield pfennigs, groschen, or half-mark these men returned while I was still there, having averaged three marks and a half apiece in about five hours. If they had worked for this length of time their wage would have been about one mark apiece.

The journey from Münster to Düsseldorf is so tiresome afoot, and there is so little of interest lying between the towns, that I made the trip by rail, with three companions bound for Bavaria. These men had been tramping

around in northern Prussia for nearly two months, and were thoroughly disgusted with their experiences. This was not surprising, however, for the Bavarian as well as the Saxon tramps think there is no prosperity outside of their own provinces, and, wander as much as they will in foreign parts, usually return to their own fields, feeling that they made a mistake in leaving. Begging in these provinces is also much more remunerative than anywhere else in Germany. Even the religion in Bavaria favors mendicancy, and it is only necessary to stand on a Sunday morning in front of some church to make a very fair haul. The tramps loaf around in the neighborhood of the churches and *stossen* (tackle) the poor Catholics as they pass in and out, usually getting a pfennig at least. One old roadster, thankful that he had lost a leg in the war of 1870, was unusually successful; but I heard afterward that he had been in the city for years, and probably the people take care of him as a sort of relic. He was rather clever, too, and had formed some sage opinions on charity and poverty. "The poor people," he said, "are the best friends we have. They give ten times where the rich man gives once." This is an indisputable fact.

ENGRAVED BY C SCHWARZBURGER.

A TYPE.

In Cologne, where I arrived April 21, the tramps were planning trips into southern Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol. I had intended to make at least one of these excursions, but I was tired, nauseated, and homesick. I made quick work with the towns of Elberfeld, Essex, Barmen, and Dortmund, and once settled down in Berlin, with almanac and gazetteer before me, found I had been 15 days "auf der Walze," had traveled over 1000 kilometers, studied more than 70 towns and villages, and met 341 voluntary vagrants, all of them, however, less voluntary than I.

The German tramp, if these experiences justify me in judging him, is a fairly intelligent fellow of not more than average tramp education, more stupid and less vicious than his American *confrère*, and with the traits of his nationality well stamped upon him. He is cautious, suspicious to a degree, ungenerous, but fairly just and square-dealing in the company of his fellows. He is too much of a Bohemian to be a Social Democrat, but has not enough patriotism to be easily fired with enthusiasm for his Kaiser. He loves schnapps and hates what he calls the "verdammte Heiligkeit" such as Die Herberge zur Heimath seeks to cultivate. He has generally served his three years in the army, but will dodge the recruiting officer by skipping his country whenever possible, if he has not. Notwithstanding this pervasive lack of patriotism, he has his own dangers for the country. In the February riots in Berlin (1891) he was out in force, not for labor rights as against capital, but lending his shoulder to the wheel which he fondly hoped might turn in the direction of a general overthrow of the existing social state and order.

In regard to the public on which the German tramp lives and thrives, it is only necessary to say that it is even more inanely generous than its counterpart in the United States. With all its groans under taxes, military and otherwise, it nevertheless takes upon itself voluntarily the burden of the voluntary vagrant — the man who will not work. This is the more surprising when one recollects that the entire theoretical treatment of beggars in Germany is founded on the supposition that each one is a bona-fide seeker of labor. The community practically says to the culprit: You can make use of our Verpflegung-Stationen, where you can work for your lodging and meals, and have also a half-day to search for work, if you can identify yourself as a seeker of labor. We not only offer this, but also attempt to guarantee you, through the efforts of our philanthropists, a casual refuge in Die Herberge zur Heimath, while you are out of work. And if, through untoward circumstances or through your own carelessness and weakness, you have fallen so low that the Stationen and the Heimath cannot take you in because your identification-papers are irregular, and you appear more of a vagabond than an unfortunate laborer, we then invite you into the Labor Colonies, founded also by our philanthropists, where you can remain until you have earned good clothes and a respectable name. But if we catch you begging, we will punish you as a vagrant; consequently you would do better to make use of all the privileges we offer, and thus break no laws. This is the theory, and I consider it a good one. But the man who will not work passes through these institutions as freely as the man who will, owing to the lack of determined discrimination on the part of the officers, and the desperate cleverness of the offenders.

Josiah Flynt.

PLAGUE ON A PLEASURE-BOAT.

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. WYLLIE.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

TANGLED IN THE MAIN-SHEET.

FEW persons would think of counting infectious disease among the vicissitudes of yachting. Notwithstanding the fact that the hygienic environments of a fairly appointed pleasure-boat are well nigh perfect, it sometimes happens that the worst forms of plague break out on board these craft, and, owing to the comparatively limited space to which the passengers and crew are confined, produce even greater terror and inconvenience than attend similar visitations on board crowded ocean liners. Many years ago I had an experience of this sort, which it may be seasonable to refer to now, in view of the recent ravages of cholera in Europe.

In the year 1867 I was making a passage from Kingstown to the Clyde on board the 36-ton cutter *Storm*, manned by a crew of five men, shipped at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, none of whom were acquainted with the Irish Channel; and as I was the only amateur on board, and possessed some local knowledge, I was obliged to act as pilot for the run.

On the way to Scotland we put into Carlingford Loch, where a regatta took place the day after our arrival, at which the Carlingford Challenge Cup was won in gallant style by the 36-tonner *Echo*, then the property of Vice-Commodore William Izod Dogherty, of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, as good a sailor and as genial a host as ever trod a deck. I served as a man before the mast on this occasion, which has remained a red-letter day in my mental log, as the *Echo's* victory was the first winning event in which I had taken part. I had previously sailed so many unsuccessful races that I was beginning to regard myself as a sort of Jonah, and was somewhat apprehensive that the same notion might get into the heads of superstitious sailing-masters, and lead to my being dropped from the roll of eligible hands. The spell was broken, however, at Carlingford.

I must admit that my personal exertions contributed rather to the excitement of this particular occasion than to its successful result. My station was at the main-sheet, and my duty was to pay it out gently, and belay it securely, as circumstances demanded. This was a position of responsibility and trust, confided to me, as an experienced and trustworthy hand, by my friend Captain Oliver, an excellent and suc-

cessful racing skipper of the olden times. His confidence had nearly proved singularly misplaced. At a critical moment in a jibe, when the main-boom was poised almost exactly over the rudder-head, and it had become my duty to let the main-sheet run out at moderate speed, keeping it in check by a round turn over the end of the quarter-bitts, I felt my leg grasped suddenly with considerable force, and, looking back to see who the untimely joker might be, I discovered to my dismay that, as I knelt on the deck with my back to the bow, a loop of the main-sheet had lassoed my calf as neatly as a cow-boy would a steer. As the rope tightened I could do nothing to help myself, and in a few seconds the imprisoned leg must have been jammed in the bitts with disastrous consequences to limb, if not to life, had not my frantic yell brought to my assistance a deft-handed mariner, who took in the situation at a glance, and set me free by a turn of the wrist, easy enough when one had command of the loose end of the rope. The same motion jerked the main-sheet free at the very moment when a mountain squall struck us. The sheet ran out with lightning speed until the big knot at the end flew past my ear like a musket-ball. The boom brought up against the lee rigging with a mighty shock, which caused the good ship to sink her nose into the water, and to elevate her stern, while her towering pyramid of canvas — over 125 feet from the deck to the end of the 50-foot balloon-topsail yard — appeared to surge forward over the bows, as if she were about to turn a somersault.

There was a moment of breathless suspense, during which we all expected to see the mast go by the board, or the topsail come down by the run; but the stanch weather-rigging, and the equally reliable steel-wire backstays, held their own. The incident became a thing of the past, no bones having been broken either literally or metaphorically — a state of things for which I had much reason to be thankful.

As soon as he recovered his voice, Captain Oliver brought his broad palm down on his brawny thigh with a slap that sounded like the discharge of a carronade, and exclaimed, with his favorite expletive, "But, sir, that was bad work." No name was mentioned, but a guilty conscience made me hang my head, thereby pleading guilty to the shocking nautical crime of having let the main-sheet run away with me.

The day after the race opened with a gale from the southwest, but it moderated in the afternoon, so that about 4 P. M. we determined to avail ourselves of the fair wind, and to run across to the Isle of Man, about fifty miles to leeward, where we meant to lay in a season's supply of wines, spirits, and tobacco, commodities which in those days were to be had almost duty-free in the hospitable ports of the self-governed little kingdom which enjoys practical independence under its own legislature, known as the "House of Keys," and the administration of a governor appointed by the British crown. Having snugged down to suit the weather, we were soon scudding along the lovely shores of this landlocked arm of the sea, which in point of mountainous grandeur is not surpassed by anything to be found among the Norwegian fiords or the Scottish lakes.

Carrying only trysail, reefed foresail, and storm-jib, the eleven miles of inland water were quickly run through, and we found ourselves in the open, running before a heavy following sea, and rapidly leaving in the distance the rugged peaks of the Mourne and Carlingford mountains, which rise sheer from the sea-level to a height of 3000 feet at the entrance to the loch. The racing speed at which we swept along before the fierce gale soon brought the Manx highlands into view, the famous detached cliff known as the "Calf" marking the southern extremity of the island, and towering to a height of some 800 feet.

As soon as the lighthouse which crowns the summit threw its beams over the waters, I surrendered the deck to the English skipper, and having previously impressed on him that the second harbor light, after passing the Calf, marked the port of Douglas, our next stopping-place, I went below and was soon wrapped in that dreamless slumber which the tired yachtsman can evoke at will.

How long I slept has never been ascertained exactly, but I awoke with that feeling which every one has experienced of having been an unconscionable time in the land of Nod. Almost at the same moment the sailing-master entered the cabin and reported that we were then closing up with the second harbor light on the east side, but that there was also a bright light visible some distance at sea, which he thought must be a light-ship.

Getting my head above deck with as little delay as possible, I saw that a light-ship was indeed close by, showing that we had overrun our distance by some sixteen miles, and were then off Ramsay, near the northern end of the island. In response to my indignant and, I fear, by no means polite remonstrances, the sailing-master assured me that a sharp lookout had been kept since rounding the Calf, and that only one harbor light had been passed. Although I received this statement with undisguised skepticism at the time, it turned out afterward that he was probably right. The frugal authorities at the southerly

port, Castletown, extinguished their beacon whenever all the fishing-boats belonging to the haven happened to be in port, as very likely they were that blustery night.

I had no business at Ramsay, and was not acquainted with the anchorage. I saw nothing for it, therefore, but to beat back to Douglas the best way we could. The port lay well to windward, and the wind, which was now blowing a hurricane, appeared to come down from the mountains at an angle which prevented the formation of waves, while it lashed the sea into white spray which swept along in close clouds a foot or two above the surface, looking exactly like the low-lying fog often seen hanging over meadows at sundown.

UNDER SHORT SAIL. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

When the yacht came up into the wind she was buried to the companion, notwithstanding the very modest show of canvas, and the fact that she was one of the ablest of old "Wully Fife's" build, and had many tons of lead stowed below the cabin ceiling (the lead-mine bolted to the keel had not as yet been evolved in naval architecture).

On the second tack an incident occurred which is unique in my experience, although it constantly happens in nautical romances written by landsmen. A sail split into ribbons, and blew away. In this case it was a foresail, made by Lapthorne, which succumbed to the fury of the gale; and as the spitfire jib was too small to work with alone, we had to take it in, and set a No. 3 well out on the bowsprit to balance the aftersail. Under this jury-rig we made good play to windward in the smooth sea, aided by the tremendous wind, which sent us smoking through the water like a steamer, half decks under most of the time.

The night scene was now strange and weird. On the starboard hand the Manx highlands towered black and apparently perpendicular, like an ebony wall 600 feet high, throwing a dark shadow over the sea, projected by the light of the moon, which at intervals shone with great brilliancy, and appeared but little elevated above the summit of the gigantic barrier. Outside the line of shadow the dark hulls of several large ships, which were lying to under the shelter of the island, showed above the illuminated spray, like aërial machines floating on clouds. As we approached one of these vessels, a square-rigger of about 2000 tons, which lay almost directly in our course, it became a question whether or not we could pass her to windward. She was lying to, under spanker and jibs, and as she came up to the wind every now and then, and fell off again, her performance suggested that the wheel had been left to take care of itself. Finally deciding that she was forging ahead a little, we elected to pass her to leeward, giving her a good berth. In passing we were becalmed by her lofty sides, and our little ship sprang upright, and oscillated from port to starboard, when suddenly released from the extra pressure put upon her when we bore away without slacking a sheet. When broad off the ship's waist, I caught a glimpse of a group of sailors, doubtless the deck

watch, taking it easy round the cook's galley-pen, and at the same time not only smelled but tasted the sulphurous fumes of the burning coke, which even at that moment reminded me of the peculiar odors for which the tunnels of the London Metropolitan Railway had already established a cosmopolitan reputation. I noticed also the white form of our youthful cook and steward emerge from the fore-hatch, and marked him staring with open-mouthed astonishment at the black mass to windward. He had been thrown out of his bunk when the yacht suddenly righted and rolled over to starboard in the lee of the big ship. The other hands sat on deck, well aft, in the shelter of the substantial bulwarks with which yachts were supplied in those days, keeping their heads low out of the way of the trysail blocks, which flapped from side to side in the slack wind. These trifling details became of importance in the light of subsequent developments; for to the relative positions occupied by the steward and the other hands at this encounter I have always attributed the catastrophe which overtook him, and the immunity which they enjoyed.

At that period cholera was raging in the Baltic and North Sea ports, and cases had occurred in Liverpool; but it had not as yet made its appearance in Dublin, nor did it at any time obtain a foothold at the Carlingford watering-places, which, as every Irishman knows, are such salubrious localities that not even the oldest inhabitant dies there unless he be smothered between two feather-beds — a popular Hibernian remedy for hydrophobia, too much mother-in-law, and other crying evils.

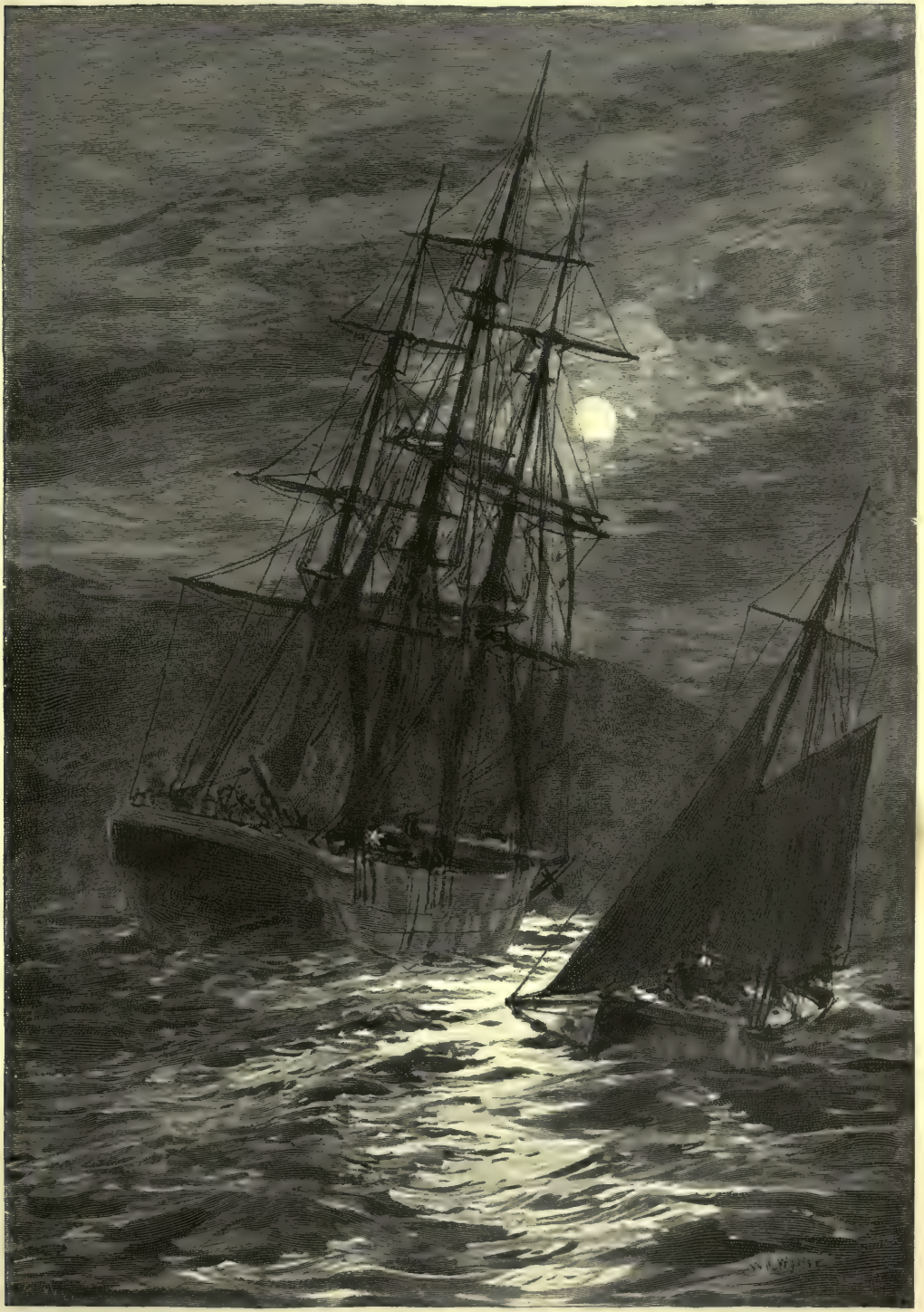
As, therefore, none of the places at which we had touched within the preceding three weeks had been infected, it seems reasonable to infer that the cholera germs, which developed in the person of the unfortunate steward a few hours later, must have blown on board our craft when we passed to leeward of the big ship. I have often thought that the mouthful of sulphurous vapor which I inhaled, in passing, may have done its work as a germicide and saved me from sharing his fate.

About daybreak the captain came aft, and whispered into my ear that the steward was ill in the forecastle, complaining of severe internal pains, and showing other symptoms of cholera. The very mention of the dread plague gave me the cold shivers. Having a vivid imagination in those days, I had an instantaneous vision of an infected ship, deserted by its crew, and myself left alone in a strange port, in sole charge of a 36-tonner. The men were not articled, and were as free to depart as domestics were ashore, a privilege of which these latter often availed themselves, abandoning their employers to escape the plague. I know now that none of those stanch seamen would have thought of deserting our ship had old Nick himself blown on board, attended by all the plagues of Egypt in addition to the cholera bacillus, which in those days was still an unknown quantity even in scientific circles.

Giving the tiller to the mate, I followed the skipper below into the forecastle, where we found the sufferer lying on a locker, his face drawn and twitching with pain, and presenting in a marked manner the cadaverous bluish appearance characteristic of the disease. We assisted him into the vacant lady's cabin aft; laid him on a mattress, covered with his own hammock and blankets; applied salt heated on a pan to the abdomen; and administered chlorodyne and brandy internally in frequent small doses. Under this treatment the patient appeared to revive a little; and as we were now close up to Douglas, I left him in the hands of the skipper, and went on deck to resume my occupation as pilot. The gale had blown itself out, and we beat into the roads against a nice breeze, which enabled us to pick out without difficulty likely-looking moorings belonging to some absent native. Having ascertained that the bridle was well up to our weight, we made it fast to the bitts, and were thus securely linked to the Manx soil, avoiding the delay and labor incidental to letting go our own anchor, and ready to start again at a moment's notice — a state of things for which we had afterward much reason to be thankful, but for which, it must be admitted, we were indebted rather to chance than to foresight.

Our substantial and beamy 18-foot boat was immediately launched off the deck, and manned by the skipper, one hand, and myself. The sick sailor was brought up, wrapped in blankets, and made as comfortable as his circumstances would permit in the stern-sheets, on his own hammock, to which the captain had adapted two boat-hook handles as bearers, converting it into a handy field-ambulance. We rowed ashore to the beach a little to the right of the harbor pier, where a watchman was generally on duty at the regular landing-place.

Disembarking without obstruction, I took the front berth as carrier, and with the captain in the shafts behind, started off at the double for the city infirmary, with the situation of which I was familiar. Arrived at the door, I kicked vigorously, and the moment the door was opened a little, I threw my weight against it, the captain put on pressure behind, and we literally burst into the hall before the sleepy janitor had time to administer the usual interrogations as to whether the case was chronic or accident, medical or surgical, answers to which in this emergency might have resulted in a refusal to admit the patient be-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"WE ELECTED TO PASS HER TO LEEWARD, GIVING HER A WIDE BERTH."

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

TAKING THE COOK ASHORE.

fore dispensary hours in the morning — a danger to which I was quite alive, having had previous hospital experiences. Disregarding the torrent of "lowland Scotch" which the old porter poured forth as soon as he recovered his voice, I called in a peremptory tone for the house surgeon. Almost at the moment I spoke, a head was protruded from a side room, and I was called on by name to "come in." I found myself in the doctor's sleeping-room, and recognized him as a man who had been in my class at the University of Dublin.

Hoping I had found a friend in court, I put him in possession of the facts in a few words — some too many, however, for I very indiscreetly gave my own diagnosis of the case. At the word cholera the doctor looked grave, as well he might, and told me that I had committed a flagrant breach of laws recently enacted by the House of Keys, by bringing a sick man ashore without a permit, and that the least penalty for the offense would be imprisonment in Peel Castle, a medieval fortress at the other side of the island, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott. "However," he added, "the thing has to be met sooner or later, and as the poor devil is here, we must do the best we can for him."

Having arranged a little by-play for the mystification of the old janitor, who was the myrmidon of the authorities, and might have got the friendly doctor into trouble had the latter appeared to submit too easily to an unwarranted intrusion, we passed together into the hall, this private interview not having lasted longer than the few minutes occupied by the doctor in getting into his clothes.

His countenance, after examining the patient, confirmed our worst suspicions. We were indeed in contact with the destroying specter whose wing at that moment overshadowed Europe, and struck terror into the hearts of nations, producing paroxysms of popular dread which would now be regarded as cowardice.

Turning to me, the physician, as in duty bound, entered a vigorous protest against the irregularity of my conduct in having brought the man ashore, and called on me to take him back again forthwith. I assured him, in a tone calculated to reach the ears of the janitor, but not those of the sufferer, that if the sick man were not kept in the hospital, I would leave him on the steps outside rather than take him back to the yacht. This declaration suddenly convinced the old Scotchman that I was an unchristian brute — a conclusion at which he was certain to arrive, in any case, when he learned that I was an Irishman; for the Saxon Scotch invariably regard Highlanders, Hibernians, and other Celts as "leetle maire than sauvages."

Yielding apparently to a dire necessity, the

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

SLIPPING AWAY FROM THE AUTHORITIES.

doctor directed us to carry the patient into an empty detached ward which had, to all appearances, been in readiness for some such emergency, although it was probably expected that the first occupant would have arrived in more orthodox fashion. Here he was put into a comfortable bed, under the care of a skilled nurse, who quickly put in an appearance, and I may finish the history of the case by recording that under the skilful hands of the doctor and his assistants the man finally recovered, although his disease was officially described as unmistakable Asiatic cholera of the most malignant type.

After a friendly glass of grog in the pharmacy, and supplied with an ample stock of disinfectants for use on board the yacht, we left the hospital and regained our boat. When leaving I tipped half a sovereign to the old porter, on the off chance that it might induce him to keep his mouth shut, or only open that capacious receptacle for the purpose of pouring in some of the choice usquebaugh which was to be had on the island free of duty, and to which none of his countrymen were ever known to entertain the least objection. As a matter of fact, our backs were scarcely turned before

the sly old fox was off to the high bailiff, with the result that a warrant was immediately issued for my arrest, which came within an ace of being duly executed, as I shall presently narrate.

While rowing off to the yacht, I noticed with surprise that during our absence the trysail had been taken in and the mainsail set up. The captain explained this by informing me that he had warned the men not to go below until he returned, and that to give them ample occupation on deck he had ordered the main-

tin plate containing a quantity of sulphur in the forecastle and in each cabin, ignited a spirit-lamp under each, and, having previously closed the doors in the bulkheads, he came on deck. Without saying a word to anybody, he stepped into the boat, and mopped her thoroughly with the potent fluid, not forgetting even the oars and spurs.

Having completed this exhaustive process of local disinfection, which in point of thoroughness and efficiency seems to me to have been

"BEYOND PURSUIT." ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

sail to be got up and other preparations made for getting under way. This was only taking time by the forelock, as our original plan contemplated merely a stoppage of a couple of hours at this port, while taking in stores.

When we got on board, we found the sail-room open, and the men handing up the jib-headed topsail, and also the balloon-jib, which the state of the weather suggested we might be able to carry on our way to Scotland in lieu of the working foresail, which had been blown away in the gale. The topsail was sent aloft and laced to the mast, the balloon-jib set up, the sheets toggled on, and the clue triced up out of the way by the foresail downhaul, leaving the big sail ready to let fall at a moment's notice.

In the mean time the captain went below alone, and soused dilute carbolic acid over every place and thing which had been associated with the sick man. He then placed a

well up to the most approved modern standard, the captain and I sponged our hands and garments with the germicide, and then stood together on the companion-stairs for about a quarter of an hour, during which time volumes of sulphurous vapor rolled up from the main cabin, saturating not only our clothing, but our lungs — a very disagreeable experience, recalling, by an association of ideas which I need scarcely explain, Lord Palmerston's reply to the South African wine-grower who wanted his lordship to indorse Cape sherry as a cure for gout. Having tried a sample, the great statesman is reported to have said with characteristic urbanity, "Sir, your wine is a delicious beverage, but I rather think I prefer the gout."

As soon as the vaporizer in the cabin had burned itself out, and the atmosphere become breathable, the crew were sent below to have their breakfast off whatever cold viands the

cook's pantry might afford, helped out with bottled beer and cold tongue from the cabin stores. The forecastle and the lady's cabin remained hermetically sealed for several hours longer.

I contented myself with a frugal but unwholesome meal of pâté de foie gras, washed down by a small bottle of Burgundy, which I took on deck, keeping a bright lookout all the time on a certain emporium situated near the shore end of the pier, a famous mart for all sorts of delicacies appreciated on board ship, especially those excisable articles which we had come here to lay in "in bulk." I did not expect that any legal action would be taken against us until later in the forenoon, if at all, and I was determined to risk a visit to this seductive establishment as soon as the tardy proprietor opened his shop for business.

In counting on delay, however, I reckoned without my involuntary hosts, the Douglas harbor authorities, nor had I calculated on the activity of the hospital porter, who was probably liquidating a part of my misspent half-sovereign in the tavern near the high bailiff's house at the very moment when three suspiciously respectable-looking citizens presented themselves on the field of my sea-glass, attended by a gorgeous functionary wearing a laced cocked-hat and a robe trimmed with fur. This party walked to the end of the pier, and stood there gazing in the direction of the *Storm*, which must have made a pretty picture, lying head to wind in the morning sunshine, with all sail set. Their gestures and attitudes convinced me that their interest was centered on that craft, and my guilty conscience invested the aldermanic-looking individual with the dignity of high bailiff at least. After an apparently earnest confabulation with his modest-looking associates, the dignitary addressed himself to some of the crew belonging to the harbor-master's barge, which hung from davits close at hand. When I saw them handling the tackles, and preparing to let the boat fall into the water, it struck me that the time had arrived when discretion became the better part of valor. Our crew was still below finishing breakfast, but the trusty captain stood by my side, watching the proceedings on the pier with an anxious eye.

"Captain," said I, "these fellows are coming off here. We had better give them the slip."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied he; and without calling the hands, or making another remark, he walked forward, cast the bridle into the sea, and, coming aft with the buoy-rope in his hand, taking care to pass it outside the rigging, he belayed it on the quarter. A fresh breeze blew off the land, and the ebb-tide ran out fast. Held by the stern, the combined forces turned the yacht on her own length. As soon as her bowsprit pointed in the right direction, the captain let go the hospitable moorings, and overhauled the main-sheet. I took the helm, and laid her on her course for Scotland. She gathered way rapidly, and was going at the rate of eight knots, the balloon-jib pulling like a team of horses, and the crew dancing round on deck making everything shipshape, by the time the harbor barge swept round the pier-head, propelled by four stalwart oarsmen. Upon seeing that we were beyond pursuit, the high bailiff (he may have been only the parish beadle) stood up, and waved his cocked-hat at the flying yacht.

The chances are that our pursuers were as glad to be rid of the pest-ship as we were to escape. If so, everybody was pleased, and we may safely conclude that whatever he may think of the yarn, the reader is gratified now that it has spun itself out, and at last reached the end.

J. Stuart Stevenson.

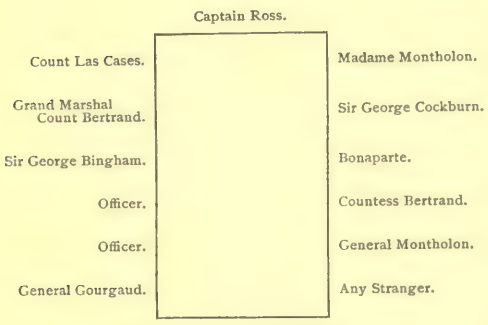
THE COLD METEORITE.

WHILE through our air thy kindling course was run,
A momentary glory filled the night;
The envious stars shone fainter, for thy light
Garnered the wealth of all their fires in one.
Ah, short-lived splendor! journey ill begun!
Half buried in the earth that broke thy flight,
No longer in thy broidered raiment dight,
Here liest thou, dishonored, cold, undone.
"Nay, critic mine, far better 't is to die
The death that flashes gladness, than alone
In frigid dignity to live on high;
Better in burning sacrifice be thrown
Against the world to perish, than the sky
To circle endlessly, a barren stone."

William Reed Huntington.

TAKING NAPOLEON TO ST. HELENA.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF THE TRIP, WRITTEN BY THE ADMIRAL'S SECRETARY.[1]



PLAN OF THE TABLE DURING THE VOYAGE.
(FROM MR. GLOVER'S MANUSCRIPT.)

A NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA, PARTICULARLY RELATING TO THE ACTIONS AND CONVERSATION OF BONAPARTE, ONCE THE SCOURGE OF MANKIND, BUT NOW THE *DETENU* OF THAT NATION WHOSE ATTEMPTED DESTRUCTION HAD BEEN THE MAINSPRING OF HIS ACTIONS FOR MANY YEARS.

July 26, 1815.— Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn was appointed by the Government to convey Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena, which had been selected as the spot of all others most likely to secure him against returning to Europe. The *Northumberland*, Captain C. B. H. Ross, which ship was in the Medway, was hurried round to Portsmouth with all possible expedition. She arrived there on the 31st, when the utmost exertions were made to complete her for foreign service.

August 2–5.— On this day Sir George Cockburn arrived at Portsmouth, and on the afternoon of the third, notwithstanding the ship was in the greatest possible state of confusion (from the hurried manner in which stores of every description had been put on board), we sailed from Spithead, with the *Bucephalus* and *Ceylon*, troopships having on board the second battalion of the 53d Regiment, commanded by Colonel Sir George Bingham. A company of artillery, commanded by Captain Greatly, was also on board the *Northumberland*. We had calm weather with light airs occasionally, which greatly enabled the ship being put somewhat to rights.

August 6.— About noon, when off Berry Head, we discovered a squadron which proved to be the *Tonnant*, having the flag of Lord Keith, commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet; the *Bellerophon* (having on board Napoleon Bonaparte and his suite); and the *Eurotas* frigate. Sir George Cockburn went on board the *Tonnant* when the squadron anchored to the westward of Berry Head. On communicating with the *Tonnant*, we found that Lord Keith had sailed suddenly with his squadron from Plymouth to prevent any difficulty or unpleasant consequences in removing Bonaparte to the *Northumberland*, it being understood that a writ of *habeas corpus*, or subpœna, had been taken out to remove him to London, to appear as evidence at some trial, in consequence of which it was determined that this ex-emperor should be removed at sea. During the afternoon a conference was held by Lord Keith, Sir George Cockburn, and Maréchal Bertrand, relative to the transhipment of the French party; and after dinner Lord Keith, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn, went on board the *Bellerophon* to make known to Bonaparte that it was necessary to remove him to the *Northumberland* as quickly as possible and convenient, for the purpose of being conveyed to St. Helena. Bonaparte protested strenuously against this procedure, and the right of the British government thus to dispose of him. Sir George, however, contented himself by observing that as a military officer he must obey his instructions, and therefore expressed a hope that

[1] This diary by John R. Glover, secretary to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, is here first published by arrangement with T. Fisher Unwin, Esq., of London. The original is in possession of the Reverend O. M. Grindon, The Vicarage, South Wraxall, Bradford-on-Avon, England, whose father-in-law married the widow of Mr. Glover. Mr. Grindon writes: "I can assure you that there is not a shadow of reason for supposing that the Napoleon MS. has been, even partially, printed before."

Careful inquiry fails to reveal any such publication of the narrative, which is not only unique as a contribution to Napoleonic literature, but has added interest in connection with Las Cases' account of the same voyage in his "Memoirs of Napoleon," both in the resemblances and in the differences which mark the two accounts. The longer sub-title is part of the original MS., which has been followed verbatim, except in one or two instances of manifest error.

EDITOR.

he (Bonaparte) would be ready to move the next day with such of his followers as it was determined were to accompany him.

August 7.— After breakfast Sir George Cockburn went again on board the *Bellerophon* to examine the baggage of Bonaparte and his followers, at which they were excessively indignant. Nevertheless, everything was inspected, but no one of the French officers would attend. All the arms were delivered up, and 4000 napoleons were detained by Sir George Cockburn, and delivered to Captain Maitland to be forwarded to the treasury; after which the luggage was transhipped, and every necessary arrangement made. About two o'clock Bonaparte came on board the *Northumberland*, accompanied by Lord Keith. On coming on deck he said to Sir George Cockburn (in French), "Here I am, General, at your orders." He then begged to be introduced to the captain, and asked the names of the different officers on deck, to what regiments they belonged, and other questions of trifling import. He then, with Sir George Cockburn, Lord Keith, and some of his followers, went into the after cabin, where he was left. The following persons were allowed to follow Bonaparte into exile, and came at the same time with him from the *Bellerophon*, viz.: General Comte de Bertrand, grand marshal of the palace; General de Montholon; General Gourgaud; Comte Las Cases, and his son, about thirteen years of age; Comtesse de Bertrand, with three children; Comtesse de Montholon, with one child; three valets de chambre; three valets de pied; a maître d'hôtel; a chef d'office; a cook; a porter; a lamp-lighter (*lampiste*); and a male servant of Maréchal Bertrand's. The following persons were allowed to come on board from the *Eurotas* frigate to take their final leave of Bonaparte, viz.: Lieutenant-Colonel Resigny, Lieutenant-Colonel Schultz, Le Chef d'Escadre Mercher, Captain Autrié, Captain Rivière, Captain St. Catherine, Captain Piontkowski, and Lieutenant-Colonel Plaisir, the major part of whom appeared affected on quitting their quondam master, most particularly Piontkowski, who, after using every entreaty in vain to be allowed to accompany Bonaparte, solicited most earnestly to be allowed to become a servant. But this was also refused, and they all returned.[1]

The admiral after this went into the after cabin with some of the officers, and, finding Bonaparte seemed to assume an exclusive right to this cabin, he desired Maréchal Bertrand to explain that the after cabin must be considered as common to us all, and that the sleeping-cabin could alone be considered as exclusively his. Bonaparte received this intimation with submission and apparent good humor, and soon after went on deck, where he remained a considerable time, asking various questions of each officer of trifling import. He particularly asked Sir George Bingham and Captain Greatly to what regiments they belonged, and when told that Captain Greatly belonged to the artillery, he replied quickly, "I also belonged to the artillery." After conversing on deck for some time, this ex-emperor retired to the cabin allotted him as a sleeping-cabin, which is about nine feet wide and twelve feet long, with a narrow passage leading to the quarter-gallery. The admiral had a similar sleeping-cabin on the opposite side. The after cabin is our general sitting-room and the fore cabin our mess-room; the others of the party are accommodated below by the captain and some of the officers giving up their cabins, and by building others on the main deck. Thus this man, who but a short time since kept nations in dread, and had thousands at his nod, has descended from the emperor to the general with a flexibility of mind more easily to be imagined than described. He is henceforth to be styled general, and by directions from our Government he is to have the same honors and respect paid him as a British general not in employ.

Our mess now consists of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn; C. B. H. Ross, captain of the *Northumberland*; Mr. J. R. Glover, secretary to Sir George Cockburn; Sir George R. Bingham, colonel of the 53d Regiment (a passenger); General Bonaparte; Maréchal Bertrand; Major-Generals de Montholon and Gourgaud; Le Comte de Las Cases; and Mesdames Montholon and Bertrand. At 6 P. M. dinner was announced, when we all sat down in apparent good spirits, and our actions declared our appetites fully equal to those spirits. General Bonaparte ate of every dish at table, using his fingers instead of a fork, seeming to prefer the rich dishes to the plain dressed food, and not even tasting vegetables. Claret was his beverage, which he drank out of a tumbler, keeping the bottle before him. He conversed the whole of dinner-time, confining his conversation principally to the admiral, with whom he talked over the whole of the Russian campaign, and attributed the failure of it in the first instance to the burning of Moscow, in the next to the frost setting in much sooner than was expected. He said he meant only to have refreshed his troops for four or five days, and then to have pushed on for St. Petersburg; but finding all his plans frustrated by the burning of Moscow, and his army likely to perish, he hurried back to Paris, setting out with a chosen body-guard, one half of which was frozen to death the first night. He said nothing could be more horrible than the retreat from Moscow, and indeed the whole of the Russian cam-

[1] See full and probably more correct list, p. 831.—ED.

paign; that for several days together it appeared to him as if he were marching through a sea of fire, owing to the constant succession of villages in flames, which arose in every direction as far as the eye could reach. He said the burning of these villages, as well as of Moscow, was attributed to his troops, but that it was invariably done by the natives. After dinner he did not drink wine, but he took a glass of noyau after his coffee, previous to rising from table. After dinner he walked the deck, conversing principally with the admiral, and to whom he said, during this conversation, that previous to his going to Elba he had made preparations for having a navy of a hundred sail of the line; that he had established a conscription for the navy; and that the Toulon fleet was entirely manned and brought forward by people of this description; that he had ordered them positively to get under way and manœuver every day the weather would permit, and to occasionally exchange long shots with our ships; that this had been remonstrated against by those about him, and it had cost him much money to repair the accidents which occurred from the want of maritime knowledge, such as ships getting foul of each other, splitting their sails, springing their masts, etc.; but he found this tended to improve the crews, and he determined to persevere in his plan. After walking for some time, he proposed a round game at cards, in compliance with which the admiral, Sir George Bingham, Captain Ross, and myself assembled with General Bonaparte and his followers in the after cabin, where we played at *vingt-un* [*sic*] (which was the game chosen by the ex-emperor) till nearly eleven o'clock, when we all retired to our beds.

Could any person ignorant of the events which had so lately occurred have witnessed the group at cards, he never could possibly have imagined that it consisted of a fallen emperor, a fallen marshal, two fallen generals, an ex-count, two ex-countesses, an English admiral (guardian of the fallen), and an English colonel, captain, and secretary in office; nor could he have distinguished any difference in the countenances of those fallen and those in the plenitude of their power.

As the ship had not been fitted for so many passengers, there was difficulty in providing them with adequate room and accommodation, as each asked and expected a separate apartment. The general was provided as before mentioned, Captain Ross gave up his cabin to Marshal and Madame Bertrand, I gave up mine to General and Madame Montholon, and it was arranged that General Gourgaud and Count Las Cases were to sleep on sofa-beds in the after cabin, until cabins could be built for them between decks.

August 8.—The weather unpleasant; wind from northeast, with much swell. We lay to most of this day off Plymouth, waiting to be joined by the squadron destined to accompany us. The *Havannah*, *Zenobia*, and *Peruvian* joined during the day. The last was despatched to Guernsey to procure French wines, and rejoin us at Madeira. Owing to the swell and consequent motion, but few of our guests were able to come to table, and the general did not make his appearance during the day.

August 9.—The *Zephyr*, *Icarus*, *Redpole*, and *Ferret* joined from Plymouth, which completed our destined squadron (except the *Weymouth*, store-ship). We proceeded down Channel with a fresh wind from the northwest and much swell. The ex-emperor made his first appearance this day about two o'clock, and after walking a short time on deck he went into the after cabin, where he played at chess until dinner was announced. During the first part of the dinner he was very reserved; but after taking a few glasses of wine, he threw off that reserve and conversed freely, but chiefly with the admiral, of whom he made many and particular inquiries relative to India and the state of our forces there. He said that formerly he had corresponded with Tippoo Saib, and on going to Egypt he entertained hopes of reaching India; but the removal of the vizir, and the change of politics with the Ottoman Porte, with other circumstances, had frustrated his hopes and prevented him pursuing that career which he had at first contemplated. He sat but a short time at dinner, and then went on deck, where he walked, keeping his hat off and looking round steadfastly and rather sternly to see if the British officers did the same. However, as the admiral, after saluting the deck, put his hat on, the officers did the same (the admiral having previously desired that the officers should not be uncovered), and thus not a British head was uncovered, at which he was evidently piqued, and soon retired to the after cabin. His followers were constantly uncovered in his presence, and watched his every motion with obsequious attention. About 8 P. M., General Gourgaud begged of us to join the vingt-un party, which the admiral, Sir George Bingham, Captain Ross, and myself did, and played until about half-past nine, when Bonaparte retired to bed. During this evening he talked but little and appeared sulky; however, this produced no alteration in our manners toward him, neither was he payed more respect than any other officer present. This afternoon the *Zenobia* was despatched to put letters into the post-office at Falmouth, off which place we were.

August 10.—The weather moderate; the wind to the westward, with considerable swell

from that quarter. As soon as the *Zenobia* rejoined, we made sail on the starboard tack. Our passengers, with the exception of the general, were all assembled at the second breakfast about half-past ten. This meal consisted of soup, roasted meat, a haricot, marmalade, with porter and claret as a beverage (which, I understand, is the constant breakfast of the general), the ladies, and even the children, drinking both porter and wine with water. Between two and three Bonaparte made his appearance on deck, asking various questions as to the names of the vessels with us, the probable time of our voyage to Madeira, etc. His fellow-prisoners are ever uncovered in his presence, and in speaking to him invariably address him either "Sire" or "Votre Majesté," but the admiral as well as the officers at all times address him as general. However, the difficulty of repressing the inclination to pay him marked attention is evident, and the curiosity of both officers and men in watching his actions is very easily perceived. About four o'clock he retired to the after cabin, where he played at chess with General Montholon until dinner-time. He appeared to play but badly, and certainly very much inferior to his antagonist, who nevertheless was determined not to win the game from his ex-majesty. At dinner he ate heartily of every dish, his fork remaining useless, whilst his fingers were busily employed. During dinner, in conversation with the admiral relative to our contests with America, he said Mr. Madison was too late in declaring war; that he had never made any requisition to France for assistance; but that he (Bonaparte) would very readily have lent any number of ships of the line Mr. Madison might have wished for, if American seamen could have been sent to man them and carry them to America; but that, the affairs of France beginning to go wrong about that period, it was out of his power to afford any material assistance to the American government. During the dinner he drank very heartily of claret out of a tumbler, but nothing after dinner except a glass of noyau. When coffee was served, he swallowed his hastily, and got up from table before many of us were even served, and went on deck, followed by Maréchal Bertrand and Comte Las Cases. This induced the admiral to desire the remainder of the party not to quit the table, and directed the steward in future to serve coffee to the general, and such of his followers as chose to take it, immediately after the cloth was removed, whilst we would continue at table and drink our wine.

Bonaparte walked the deck, asking various trifling questions, until nearly dark, when our vingt-un party was again formed. The general was again unlucky, losing ten or twelve napoleons, but with perfect good humor. About half-past nine he retired to his sleeping-cabin. General Gourgaud (who was one of the general's aides-de-camp at the battle of Waterloo), in conversation with the admiral, said that during that battle, when the Prussians appeared, General Bonaparte believed them to have been General Grouchy's division, he having left between 30,000 and 40,000 men with that general under orders to advance (in the direction from which the Prussians came) if from the firing heard General Grouchy should have reason to suppose the day was obstinately contested by the English; and this he said induced Bonaparte to persist in his efforts so long, and occasioned (when it was discovered that there was nothing but Prussians on the French flank) so general and complete a rout. He said Bonaparte was forced off the ground by Soult, and he proceeded as quickly as possible afterward to Paris; but so great were the panic and disorder among the French soldiers that many of them, without arms or accoutrements, actually arrived in Paris, some behind carriages, and others in carts, etc., on the same day with the general and his attendants, not having halted once from the moment of their quitting the field, and reporting everywhere as they passed that all was lost. Our latitude to-day at noon was 49° 41′ N.

August 11.—The weather bad and squally, with an unpleasant swell and wind from the northwest. Our guests were all seasick, and General Gourgaud was the only one able to sit at table. Bonaparte did not quit his cabin the whole day. Maréchal Bertrand, in a conversation relative to General Bonaparte's return, stated it was actuated by what the papers mentioned of the distracted state of France, and that he was received everywhere as a father returning to his children. Our latitude to-day was 48° 48′ N., longitude, 5° 58′ W.

August 12.—The weather moderate; wind to the westward, with much swell, which caused so unpleasant a motion as to prevent our female guests from assembling at the breakfast-table. About three o'clock Bonaparte made his appearance upon deck; but owing to the motion, he found it difficult to walk. However, with the help of Sir George Bingham's arm, he walked for about half an hour, asking commonplace questions, and pitying those on board the brigs in company, which seemed to roll and pitch very much. General Montholon, Comte Las Cases, and the two ladies complained much of seasickness; nevertheless, we all assembled at five o'clock at dinner, except General Montholon. Bonaparte was more silent than usual, and did not eat so heartily, apparently affected by the motion. After dinner he walked a considerable time with the admiral, in earnest conversation. About eight we adjourned to the after cabin, and played the usual game of

vingt-un until near ten. The admiral told me that in the conversation with the general this evening, in speaking of Ferdinand of Spain, he (the general) considered him both a fool and a coward, that he was perfectly under the dominion of priesthood, and was merely a passive instrument in the hands of the monks. He added that he looked on King Charles of Spain as an honest, good man, but that he had lost everything by his attachment to a bad wife. Among other things he mentioned that Baron de Kolly, who was sent by the British government to bring off Ferdinand, was first discovered by his endeavoring to gain some person to his interest in Paris, and also from suspicion excited by the command of money which he appeared to possess; that upon his being arrested all his papers were discovered, and then it was determined to send off a police officer from Paris to personate Kolly at Valençay, to deliver the prince regent's letter, and to assure Ferdinand that everything was prepared for his escape, purposely to prove how he would act under such circumstances; but in spite of everything this sham Kolly could urge (and Bonaparte added that he was a clever fellow), Ferdinand's courage was not equal to the undertaking, and he obstinately refused to have anything to do with the supposed agent of Great Britain. The general said that until Kolly was discovered at Paris, the French government had no idea of our attempting to carry off Ferdinand; but however, he was quite convinced, had Kolly not been discovered, the pusillanimity of Ferdinand would have prevented all possibility of our success. Our latitude this day at noon was 46° 30′ N., and longitude 8° 2′ W.

August 13.—The weather very fine, with calms. Napoleon has hitherto breakfasted in his cabin. Our other guests were all assembled at the second breakfast, and it was evident from their appetites that they had forgot their seasickness. During the forenoon Madame Bertrand expressed great regret at having undertaken the voyage; she also expressed hopes that Maréchal Bertrand and herself would be allowed to return to England in the course of twelve months. Between two and three the general came on deck, and walked until nearly dinner-time. He made many inquiries relative to a French merchant brig spoken by one of the squadron, which was fourteen days from Havre. He seemed anxious to know how long we should be in reaching Madeira, and whether we were likely to anchor there. At dinner the Rev. George Rennell, chaplain of the ship, who had been invited to dine with us, happening to sit opposite the general, the latter observed him with peculiar attention, and during the whole of the dinner-time he was completely occupied in asking questions relative to the Protestant religion,—asking what were the forms of our church service; whether we used music; whether we used extreme unction; whether we prayed for the dead; how many sacraments we had, and how often the sacrament was performed; whether our religion was similar to either the Calvinist or Lutheran; whether length of time was necessary to study, and how long so before a clergyman could be ordained; how many different sects of dissenters we had in England; whether we believed in transubstantiation—in fact he asked almost every possible question. He also asked Mr. Rennell whether he had ever seen the Roman Catholic worship performed; and being answered in the affirmative (in Spain), he said, "Ah, there you would see it with every pompous effect." After dinner he walked until nearly dark, when he retired to the after cabin. I went in shortly after, and, on taking up one of his books, of which he has a very good collection, he asked me if I had ever read Ossian. I replied I had in English, when he said, "I do not know what it is in English, but it is very fine in French," and immediately offered me the book he had in his hand, and which was Ossian. After conversing a few minutes he asked, "What is the hour?" and being told it was eight, he said, "It is time to play at vingt-un." Madame Bertrand, seeing that I appeared somewhat surprised, it being Sunday evening, said, "Do you never play cards on Sunday?" I replied it was not customary. Bonaparte said, "Why, the upper circles in London play cards on Sundays," to which I assented. He then said, "The admiral, I suppose, will not dislike it. Send for him and the colonel" (meaning Sir George Bingham). Cards were produced, and we played for about an hour (but neither the admiral nor Sir George Bingham joined the party), when Bonaparte went to bed. Our latitude at noon was 45° 42′ N., longitude, 8° 10′ W.

August 14.—Light winds, with a continuation of fine weather. Bonaparte, as usual, breakfasted in his cabin. He walked the deck both before and after dinner, and spent the evening playing at vingt-un; but nothing occurred in his conversation worthy of notice. Both he and the admiral appeared distant to each other. Madame Bertrand during the day made many anxious inquiries as to our opinions whether the English ministry would allow her and the maréchal to return to England. To-day, in a conversation with Mr. Barry O'Meara, late surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, who was permitted by Lord Keith, at the request of General Bonaparte, to accompany him to St. Helena (and who is now considered one of the general's suite), he told me that on July 15 the

following persons quitted France with Bonaparte.[1]

To-day at noon our latitude was 45° 13′ N., and longitude 9° 5′ W. We had still light airs, with the wind to the westward, and with much less swell than usual. This being Bonaparte's birthday, all his followers appeared dressed in their best. He walked as usual before dinner, and appeared particularly cheerful. He asked numerous questions relative to the Cape of Good Hope: as to the color of the natives; their disposition; what inland traffic was carried on; how far the interior had been explored. During the dinner he reverted to his northern campaign, saying had he succeeded in that, he seriously intended to have invaded Great Britain. At dinner we all drank his health in compliment to his birthday, with which civility he seemed much pleased. He walked a considerable time with the admiral after dinner, talking of the invasion of England. He said that when the demonstration was made at Boulogne, he had most perfectly and decidedly made up his mind to it (the invasion); that his putting guns into the praams and the rest of his armed flotilla was only to deceive and endeavor to make us believe he intended to make a descent upon England with their assistance only, whereas he had never intended to make any other use of them than as transports, and entirely depended on his fleets being enabled to deceive ours by the route and manœuvers he intended them to make; and that they would thereby be enabled to get off Boulogne, so as to have a decided superiority in the Channel long enough to insure his making good a landing, for which he said everything was so arranged and prepared that he would have required only twenty-four hours after arriving at the spot fixed on. He said he had 200,000 men for this service, out of which 6000 were cavalry, which would have been landed with horses and every appointment complete and fit for acting the moment they were put on shore; and that the praams were particularly intended for carrying over these horses. He said the exact point of debarkation had not been fixed on, as he considered it not material, and only therefore to be determined by the winds and circumstances of the moment; but that he intended to have got as near to Chatham as he conveniently could, to have secured our resources there at once, and to have pushed on to London by that road. He told Sir George Cockburn he had ordered his Mediterranean admiral to proceed with his fleet to Martinique to distract our attention, and draw our fleet after him, and then to exert the utmost efforts to get quickly back to Europe; and looking into Brest (where he had ordered another fleet under Ganteaume to be ready to join him), the whole was to push up Channel to Boulogne, where he (Bonaparte) was to be ready to join them, and to move with them over to our coast at an hour's notice. And in point of fact, he said, he was so ready, his things embarked, and himself anxiously looking for the arrival of his fleets, when he heard of their having returned indeed to Europe; but instead of their coming into the Channel, in conformity with the instructions he had given, they had got to Cadiz, where they were blocked up by the English fleet, with which they had had a partial engagement off Ferrol, and thus, he said, by the disobedience and want of management of his admirals, he saw in a moment that all his hopes with regard to invading England were frustrated, with this additional disadvantage (which he had fully foreseen when he first turned in his mind the idea of such an attempt), that the preparations at Boulogne had given a stronger military bias to every individual in England,

[1] GÉNÉRAUX.—Le Lieutenant-Général Comte Bertrand, grand maréchal; le Lieutenant-Général Duc de Rovigo; le Lieutenant-Général Baron Lallemand (refused permission to go), A. D. C. à sa Majesté; le Lieutenant-Général Baron Gourgaud, A. D. C. à sa Majesté; Le Comte Las Cases, conseiller d'état.

DAMES.—Madame la Comtesse Bertrand; Madame la Comtesse Montholon.

OFFICIERS.—Lieutenant-Colonel De Planat; M. Maingant, chirurgien de sa Majesté. Mr. Barry O'Meara, surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, accompanies the general as his surgeon in lieu of M. Maingant, who was re-landed in France.

ENFANTS.—Three children of Madame la Comtesse Bertrand; one child of Madame la Comtesse Montholon.

OFFICIER.—M. Las Cases, page.

SERVICE DE LA CHAMBRE.—M. Marchand, 1st valet de chambre; M. Gilli, valet de chambre; M. St. Denis, valet de chambre; M. Navarra, valet de chambre; M. Denis, garçon de garde-robe.

LIVRÉE.—M. Archambaud, 1st valet de pied; M. Gaudron, valet de pied; M. Gentilini, valet de pied.

SERVICE DE LA BOUCHE.—M. Fontain, 1st maître d'hôtel; M. Freron, 1st chef d'office; M. La Fosse, 1st cuisinier; M. Le Page, cuisinier; two femmes de chambre de Madame la Comtesse Bertrand; one femme de chambre de Madame la Comtesse de Montholon.

SUITE DE PERSONNES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT SA MAJESTÉ.—One valet de chambre du Duc de Rovigo; one valet de chambre du Comte Bertrand; one valet de chambre du Comte Montholon; one valet de pied du Comte Bertrand. The foregoing went on board the *Bellerophon*.

OFFICIERS.—Le Lieutenant-Colonel Resigny; Capitaine Autrié; Capitaine Piontkowski; Sous-Lieutenant St. Catherine; Lieutenant-Colonel Schultz; Capitaine Mercher; Lieutenant Rivière.

SUITE DE SA MAJESTÉ.—Cipriani, maître d'hôtel; Rosseau, lampiste; Archambaud, valet de pied; Livianay, garde d'office; Fumeau, valet de pied. The above on board the *Myrmidon*.

N. B.—The names were copied from the original French list delivered on board the *Bellerophon*. General Gourgaud, one of the first mentioned, went to England with a letter to the Prince Regent; but, not being permitted to land, he returned on board the *Bellerophon* when that ship arrived in Torbay.

and enabled ministers to make greater efforts than they otherwise perhaps would have been permitted to do. He added that he believed, however, the English administration had entertained great alarms for the issue, if he had got over, as his secret agents at the Russian court reported to him that Great Britain had most pressingly urged that court with Austria to declare war against France for the purpose of averting from England the danger of this threatened invasion, which he said, however, he had given up from the moment he found his fleets had failed. Having then turned his whole attention to his new enemies on the Continent, his force collected at Boulogne enabled him to make the sudden movement which proved fatal to General Mack, and gave him (Bonaparte) all the advantages which followed. In short, the account he gave very much tallied with Goldsmith's relation of the same circumstances as given in his "History of the Cabinet of St. Cloud."

During the conversation Bonaparte told the admiral in a manner not at all suspicious that Admiral Villeneuve decidedly put himself to death, though the general in talking of him seemed very strongly impressed with an idea of that admiral's unpardonable neglect, disobedience, and negligence throughout. He also said that he had ordered Admiral Dumanoir to be tried by a court martial for his conduct at the battle of Trafalgar, and that he had exerted all his influence to have him shot or broke, but that he had been acquitted in spite of him; and he added that when the sentence of acquittal was given, Admiral Cosmao (who was one of the members of the court, and whom he said he decidedly considered to be the best sea officer now in France, and whom he had therefore lately created a peer) broke his own sword at the time that of Dumanoir was returned to him, which act Bonaparte seemed most highly pleased with. In the course of the evening he told Sir George that he had prepared a strong expedition at Antwerp, destined to act against Ireland, which he had only been prevented from sending forward by his own affairs taking an unfavorable turn on the Continent. He was in very high spirits this evening, and was very fortunate at vingt-un, which seemed to please him the more as it was his birthday. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 43° 51′ N. and 10° 21′ W.

August 16.—Our fine weather continued, with light airs. Bonaparte walked before and after dinner, and was particularly cheerful in conversation, asking a variety of questions relative to St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope. He inquired most particularly as to the number of respectable families at St. Helena, the number of ladies there, and how many officers' wives were in the squadron. After dinner to-day he had a long conversation with the admiral, whom he assured, on his word of honor, that on returning from Elba he had not held communication or correspondence with, nor had he received any invitation from, any of the marshals or generals whatever, and that it was entirely owing to the representations in the public papers of the state of France that he was induced to return, and no longer to hesitate in taking the steps he did. He stated that, on reaching Grenoble, the garrison showed an inclination to resist his progress, but that on his putting himself in front, throwing open his greatcoat to show himself more conspicuously, and calling out, "Kill your emperor if you wish it!" the whole immediately joined, and that afterward he received nothing but congratulations and proofs of attachment all the way to Paris. Maréchal Bertrand related to me the foregoing circumstances in a very similar manner, adding, however, that at first Bonaparte found some difficulty in inducing the officers to espouse his cause, and that many of them, on being sent for by Bonaparte, stated that they had taken the oath of allegiance to Louis XVIII., and consequently that as their troops had deserted them their appointments were null and void, and that they had acted up to their faith as far as regarded Louis. Bonaparte then asked them if they would accept commissions from him, when there were very few but what replied in the affirmative, and served under his banners. Bertrand also said that as they proceeded toward Paris their forces increased most rapidly; that he felt convinced that Maréchal Ney left Paris with a full intention of opposing Bonaparte, but, finding his army to a man quitting him, he espoused the cause of Bonaparte, and became a strenuous supporter of his. Bonaparte, amongst other things, told the admiral that on his return to Paris from Elba he had paid too much attention to, and had submitted too much to the opinion of, the Jacobin party, which he was now persuaded had not been so requisite as he then conceived it to be; and that had he depended altogether on his own popularity, he should have succeeded better. He said the circumstances of the times compelled him to form his army quickly, and how he could; and in consequence of not having time to examine and weed it, many officers remained in it who had received their appointments from Louis XVIII., and who were much disaffected to him, and anxious to betray him. He said many of his officers deserted previous to the battle of Waterloo; and in speaking of the French nation he said that the lower orders of the people were the most sincere, the most firm, and at the same time the best dispositioned in the world; but in the proportion as

you rose the class their characters became the worse, and above the bourgeois they were too fickle and too volatile to be at all depended on. They had one principle for to-day and another for to-morrow, according to the circumstances of the moment; and he attributed his Waterloo disasters solely to the disaffected officers of his army. In talking of the battle he assured the admiral he had never for a moment mistook the Prussians for Grouchy's division, but that he knew early in the day that the Prussians were closing on his flank; that this, however, gave him little or no uneasiness, as he depended on General Grouchy also closing with him at the same time, and he had ordered a sufficient force to oppose the Prussians, who were in fact already checked. And he added that he considered the battle throughout the day to be very much in his favor, but that so soon as it was dusk the disaffected officers promulgated the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" which spread such confusion and alarm throughout his whole line that it became impossible to counteract it, or to rally his troops, situated as they were. But, he said, had it been daylight an hour longer, he was positive the result would have been very different; he further said that had he been able, when the alarm and confusion first took place, to have placed himself in a conspicuous situation in front, it would have insured the rallying of all his troops around him; but as it was, treachery and darkness combined rendered his ruin inevitable. He said that on the morning of June 18 he did not entertain the most distant idea that the Duke of Wellington would have willingly allowed him to have brought the English army to a decisive battle, and consequently he had been the more anxious to push on, and if possible to force it, considering nothing else could offer him a chance of surmounting the difficulties with which he was surrounded; but, he added, could he have beaten the English army, he was positive scarcely one would have escaped being either killed or taken, in which case the Prussian army (having been already beaten on the 16th) must have made a precipitate retreat, or most probably would have been dispersed, and certainly entirely disorganized. It was his intention then to have pushed on by forced marches to have met the Austrians before any junction could have been made between them and the Russians, which would have placed the game in his own hands, even if hostilities had been obstinately persevered in; though in the state of things he had built on the idea that a victory over the English army in Belgium, with its immediate results, would have been sufficient to have produced a change of administration in England, and have afforded him a chance of concluding an armistice, which he said was really his first object, as he felt that France was not equal to the efforts she was then making, and it was perfectly impossible for her to think of making any adequate resistance against the numerous forces of the allies, if once united and acting in concert against him. He said that things, however, having taken the turn they did against him, he was compelled to act as he had done, and he felt convinced that Great Britain had not pursued the wisest policy by refusing him an asylum, as he was ready to have pledged his honor, and would have done so, not to have quitted the kingdom, nor to have interfered in any manner directly or indirectly with the affairs of France, or in politics of any sort, unless hereafter requested so to do by our Government; that the influence he had over the minds of the people of every description in France would have enabled him to have kept them quiet under whatever terms it might have been thought necessary for the future security of Europe to impose on France; but that if terms at all repugnant to the vanity of the French nation were acquiesced in by the Bourbons, it would render them more unpopular than they even are at present, and that the people, sooner or later (waiting a favorable crisis), would rise *en masse* for their destruction. He said the disbanding of the French army was of little or no consequence, as the nation was now altogether military, and could always form into an army at any given signal. The admiral, in answer to the observations he had made, said that after the events of latter years, he did not think the Government of Great Britain could be supposed to have sufficient reliance in him (Bonaparte) to have allowed him to take up his residence in England, due reference being had to the present state of affairs in France and to the feelings of the allies on the Continent, however conscious he himself might be of his own integrity and of the sacredness with which he would have observed any stipulations to which he would have pledged his word of honor. The admiral observed that he therefore was surprised at his not retiring in preference to Austria, where his connection with the emperor would have afforded him a strong claim to more distinguished reception and consideration. Bonaparte replied that had he gone to Austria he had no doubt but what he would have been received with every attention, but that he could not bring himself to submit to receive a favor from the Emperor of Austria after the manner in which he had now taken part against him, notwithstanding his former professions of affection, and his close connection with him, which latter, Bonaparte added, had not by any means been sought for by himself. He then gave the following curious relation respecting his marriage with Maria Louise. He said that,

when at Erfurth, the emperor Alexander took an opportunity one day of pressing upon him how important his having a legitimate heir must prove to the future repose of France and Europe, and Alexander therefore advised his setting aside Josephine, to which if he would consent the emperor offered him in marriage a Russian princess (he believed Princess Anne was named). But Bonaparte said he did not at the moment pay much attention; for, having lived so long with Josephine in such harmony, and having so much reason to be satisfied with her, the idea of causing her pain disinclined him from entering further on the subject; added to which, he said he was already well aware of the falseness of the character of the emperor Alexander. He therefore merely observed in reply that as he was living on the best possible terms with Josephine, he had never even thought of an arrangement of the nature mentioned by his imperial majesty. However, some time after, when at Paris, being strongly urged by his own friends on the same point, and Josephine having herself assented, he sent to Russia to acquaint Alexander of his wish and readiness to espouse the Russian princess who had been proffered him when at Erfurth. This intimation, he said, the Russian Government received with every outward mark of satisfaction, professing its readiness to accede to the match, but at the same time starting difficulties upon various points, and most particularly with regard to securing the princess the right of exercising her own religion, to which end it was demanded that a Greek chapel might be established for her in the Tuileries. This, Bonaparte said, he did not care about himself; but being a thing so uncustomary, added to other points requested by Russia, much discussion and many difficulties arose with regard to the Russian alliance, when some of his ministers, with Beauharnais, his son-in-law [*sic*], waited on him and pressed the advantage which might result should he consent to ask in marriage an Austrian princess, adding that the Austrian ambassador would readily engage for his court coming into any arrangement he (Bonaparte) might wish for this object. To which he replied, if such was the case, and the affair could be concluded at once, he should not on his part make objections to this new plan, and would give up the idea of forming a Russian alliance. This being the case, it was instantly agreed upon to take the contract of marriage of Louis XIV. for a guide in arranging his with the Austrian princess; and such was the expedition used that the necessary documents were prepared, signed, and sent off for the approbation of the Emperor of Austria before twelve o'clock that night. The latter acceded without hesitation to everything, and by his manner of forwarding it gave all reason to believe he was not only satisfied, but most highly pleased with the arrangement; and thus Bonaparte said he became the emperor's son-in-law without any other solicitation or intrigue on his part, and without having even once seen Maria Louise until she arrived in France as his wife. He therefore thought the emperor's conduct toward him since his reverses began was not in unison with his conduct or profession toward him in prosperity, or such as he had a right to expect from the father of his wife; and consequently he said he would rather have gone anywhere in his distress, or have done anything, than have placed himself in a situation to have been obliged to ask protection *as a favor* from a prince who he thought had behaved toward him so unjustly. He finished by saying he had been deceived by the English, but, harshly and unfairly as he considered himself treated by them, yet he found comfort from feeling that he was under the protection of British laws, which he could not have felt had he gone elsewhere, where his fate might have depended on the whim of the individual. He scarcely said anything as to his wish to have escaped to America, although in different conversations with his followers they have implied he was very anxious to get there and to live as a private individual without meddling with politics. He played his game of vingt-un as usual, and went to bed about ten o'clock. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 42° 59′ N. and 10° 42′ W.

August 17.—Light winds and pleasant weather. This day the *Peruvian* rejoined us from Guernsey, where she had been sent for French wines. Captain White having brought some French newspapers, they were read with avidity by our guests. At dinner Bonaparte remarked that the *presidents des departements et des arrondissements* appointed by Louis were with very few exceptions the same persons that he (Bonaparte) should have appointed had he continued in power. In the evening, when talking of himself, he told the admiral that he had been placed in chief command as a general officer at the age of 24; that he made the conquest of Italy when he was 25; that he had risen from nothing to be sovereign of his country (as consul) at 30, and that if chance had caused him to be killed the day after he entered Moscow, that his would have been a career of advancement and uninterrupted success without parallel; and he said the very misfortunes which afterward befell the French army would in such case most probably have tended rather to the advantage than disadvantage of his fame, as, however inevitable they were, they would have been attributed to his loss, rather than to their true cause.

We played our usual game of vingt-un, and Bonaparte quitted the table abruptly, and went to bed earlier than usual. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 41° 57′ N. and 11° 11′ W.

August 18.—Moderate weather. Bonaparte renewed his questions to-day relative to the Cape, and asked particularly whether any caravans went from thence to Egypt, and whether any person had ever penetrated across the country. In the evening he talked much with the admiral about the Queen of Naples, saying he had had much correspondence with her, as well while she was in Sicily as in Naples; that his general advice to her was to remain quiet, and not interfere with the arrangements of the greater powers of Europe. By letters received from his wife he learned that after the Queen of Naples had returned to Vienna, she had taken great notice of, and had been very kind to, his son; and that in a conversation she had with his wife, she had asked her why she did not follow him (Bonaparte) to Elba. Maria Louise answered that she wished to do so, but that her father and mother would not allow her. The Queen of Naples interrogated her as to whether she really liked him, when, being answered in the affirmative, and Maria Louise speaking further in his favor, the queen said to her, "My child, when one has the happiness to be married to such a man, papas and mamas should not keep one away from him whilst there are windows and sheets by which an escape to him might be effected."

In the course of the evening he told the admiral he considered the Russians and Poles to be decidedly a braver race of people than all the rest of Europe, except the French and English, and in particular very far superior to the Austrians. He said the Emperor of Austria possessed neither firmness nor stability of character; that the King of Prussia was *un pauvre bête;* that the emperor Alexander was a more active and clever man than any of the other sovereigns of Europe, but that he was extremely false. He asked the admiral if he was aware that, when in friendship with him at Erfurth, he had signed with him a joint letter to the King of England to require the relinquishing of the right of maritime visitation of neutrals. He said that Russia was much to be feared if Poland was not preserved in an independent state, to be a barrier between Russia and the rest of Europe. He added, however, that whatever might be decided on this subject at the congress, he did not think that Russia would succeed in making Poland an appendage to that empire, the Poles being too brave and too determined ever to be brought to submit quietly to what they considered as disgrace and national degradation. Bonaparte spoke in high terms of the King of Saxony, and said he was the only sovereign who had kept faith with him to the last. In the course of conversation he mentioned that the Bourbons were most cordially hated in France, and that nothing but the allied forces could keep them on the throne; that the nation might be quiet for a short time, but that in a few years there would, in his opinion, be a general insurrection. We played as usual at vingt-un until near ten, when Bonaparte retired. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 48° 50′ N. and 11° 20′ W.

August 19.—We had light airs and pleasant weather. Our guests were all in good humor. General Gourgaud, who was one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp at the battle of Waterloo, persisted that, whatever Bonaparte might say to the contrary, he did mistake the Prussian army for General Grouchy's division, and he attributed their disasters in a great measure to that mistake. He boasted much of the exploits of that day; amongst other vauntings he declared that at one time he might have taken the Duke of Wellington a prisoner, but he *desisted* from it, knowing the effusion of blood it would have occasioned.

Bonaparte to-day gave the admiral an amusing account of his being admitted a Mussulman when in Egypt. He said the sheiks and other chiefs there had many consultations on the subject, but at last they admitted him and his followers among the faithful, and with express permission to drink wine, provided that on opening every bottle they would determine to do some good action. Bonaparte requiring an explanation of what was intended by the term good action, the head sheik informed him such as giving charity to people in distress, digging a well in a desert, building a mosque, and such like. He said that had he continued in Egypt, things would not have taken the turn they did; that Kleber was an excellent man and good soldier, but that he did not understand or try to manage the people of the country, and that his assassination was caused by his having beaten one of the principal sheiks, which was considered an indignity to the whole. Bonaparte said that General Menou, who succeeded Kleber, was a brave man, but without abilities. He also stated that the Turks have at different times sent persons to murder him (Bonaparte), but that the people of the country, from his having humored them, invariably gave him sufficient warning, and prevented the assassins getting near him; whereas he said the man who killed Kleber (who did not attempt to gain the good opinion of the country) was suffered to hide himself in Kleber's garden, and when the general was walking there alone, the assassin sprang upon him unawares, and stabbed him, after which, instead of attempting to escape, he sat down at one

end of the garden until he was taken by the general's guard, which was almost immediately after he had perpetrated the deed. However, Maréchal Bertrand, who relates this event in a very similar manner, affirms that the assassin did attempt to escape, and that after a strict search he was found concealed in a well in the garden. Bonaparte, in answer to some questions put to him by the admiral, said that if everything had even turned out in Egypt equal to the most sanguine hopes and wishes he entertained on sailing for that country, yet that nevertheless he should have returned as he did, in consequence of the information he received from France.

Bonaparte played at vingt-un as usual, and was in uncommon high spirits. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 39° 9′ N. and 11° 26′ W.

August 20.—The weather continued fine, but we had much swell, to which I attributed Bonaparte's not walking before dinner. Divine service was performed, but not one of our guests had the curiosity to witness the ceremony. At dinner Bonaparte asked the clergyman many questions relative to the Protestant religion, and in what it differed from the Roman Catholic. He walked after dinner, and then went direct to his sleeping-cabin without playing at cards. Our latitude and longitude to-day were 37° 19′ N. and 12° 14′ W.

August 21.—Our weather continued much the same. Captain Hamilton of the *Havannah*, and Captain Mansel of the 53d, dined with us, and Bonaparte, who was in very good spirits, conversed more than usual, asking numerous questions on various trifling subjects. We assembled at the card-table earlier than usual, and the game was changed from vingt-un to lottery, and we became as noisy a group as ever assembled on such an occasion. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 35° 56′ N. and 13° 16′ W.

August 22.—We got the northeast wind which usually prevails in these latitudes, with fine weather. Bonaparte requested the admiral to write for some books for him from Madeira. At dinner he asked many questions about the different islands in the Atlantic, particularly to what nations they belonged, on which points his ignorance was most glaring. Talking of the West Indies, he said that had he continued at the head of the French Government, he never would have attempted the reoccupation of St. Domingo; that the most he would have established with regard to that island would have been to keep frigates and sloops stationed around it to force the blacks to receive everything they wanted from, and to export all their produce exclusively to, France; for, he added, he considered the independence of the blacks there to be more likely to prove detrimental to England than to France. This latter remark is a reiteration of his feelings with respect to England, as in all the calculations he makes, the proportion of evil which may accrue to our nation seems to bear in his mind the first consideration. In the evening we played at vingt-un, and he retired about his usual hour. Our latitude and longitude to-day were at noon 34° 58′ N. and 13° 31′ W.

August 23.—Our northeast wind veered to the east, freshened, and the weather became hot, hazy, and unpleasant. About two o'clock we made Porto Santo, and afterward Madeira. Bonaparte did not walk before dinner; at the meal he appeared pensive and out of spirits. He asked the admiral some questions relative to Madeira, as to its extent, how long it had been discovered, and by whom. Immediately after dinner he went on the poop, and observed the island very particularly as we ran along it until we brought to off Funchal after dark, when he went to the after cabin; and after playing a few games at piquet with Madame Montholon, he retired to his own cabin, evidently out of sorts. This day at noon we were about nine leagues E. S. E. of Porto Santo.

August 24.—We remained lying to off Funchal, the *Havannah* and troop-ships anchored in the roads to procure water and some cattle, and I went on shore to procure some wine and fruit. Mr. Veitch, his Majesty's consul, visited the ship, of whom Bonaparte asked numerous questions with respect to the island, its produce, the height above the level of the sea, its population, etc. Mr. Veitch dined on board, and after dinner Bonaparte walked with him and the admiral a considerable time, conversing on general topics, when he retired at once to his bedroom without joining the card-table. This day at noon we lay to off the town of Funchal, Madeira.

August 25.—We had a continuation of the violent and most disagreeable siroc wind, which commenced on our first making the island; and such was the superstition of the inhabitants, that they attributed this destructive siroc to Bonaparte being off the island, and were extremely apprehensive that their crops, which were nearly ripe, would be more than half destroyed. The frigate and troop-ships did not join until about three o'clock, having been much retarded by the violence of the weather in procuring supplies, which supplies, owing to the same cause, took us until dark in receiving, after which we made sail to the southward. The heat of the siroc, and the disagreeable nature of the wind, added to the motion of the ship, which was very considerable, evidently affected General Bonaparte. At dinner he ate very little, and was out of spirits; this evening

he played at vingt-un for about half an hour only, and then retired to his bedroom. During the day, at the recommendation of the admiral, he had his standing bed-place removed, taking a large cot in its stead. This day at noon we were about seven leagues S. W. of Madeira.

August 26.—Though the wind continued from the east, its siroc qualities had left it, to our great relief, and this proved a cool, pleasant day, with little or no motion. This change brought General Bonaparte out of his cabin earlier than usual, and he appeared in better health than he had been for some days. Having been on shore, he asked me what number of priests and churches there were at Funchal, and if there was any theater. After dinner he walked a considerable time with the admiral, talking generally of the affairs of Europe, and, among other things, he told the admiral he had observed in some of the French papers brought from Guernsey that the King of Prussia was about to change the nature of his government, and to admit a national representation in it, which he foretold would produce the greatest difficulties both to the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. He said he knew there were many revolutionary spirits in both those countries, and that the nations of the Continent were not adapted for a representative government like England. On the admiral's remarking that he had, however, adopted it in the constitution which he had himself established in France, he acknowledged he had done so, but added that it was not because he considered it a wise measure for the nation, but because his situation at the moment required him to yield this point to the popular feeling, and it being, he said, at the time his particular interest to substantiate any innovations, and, in short, whatever differed essentially from the old system of government, thereby to render more difficult the restoration of the former order of things, and therewith the dynasty of the Bourbons. He went again over the old ground of the military bias of the French nation, and the impolicy of exasperating the French people. He spoke much of their determined aversion to the Bourbons, which he said could not but be materially increased by the idea of that family being again put in possession of the government by means of foreign troops, who had carried ruin and devastation into the greater part of the country. Therefore he was quite sure the troubles of France were by no means at an end; they might be said to be smothered for the moment by terror, and by the presence of the allied troops, but if these forces withdrew from the country whilst the recollection of recent events remained fresh in the minds of the people, he averred that a general insurrection in France would take place immediately, and it would cause much difficulty and bloodshed ere it could be again suppressed. In the course of conversation he mentioned that he had left his brother Jerome at Paris, who had determined to remain there in disguise for some time until he saw the turn affairs were likely to take; he added that he did not know what had become of him (Jerome) afterward, as of course he had not been able to hear from him since. After his walk with the admiral he went into the after cabin, and before we had formed our card-party he retired to his sleeping-cabin. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 30° 53′ N. and 17° 22′ W.

August 27.—General Bonaparte walked some time with the admiral, during which he mentioned his having expended £3,000,000 sterling in the improvements at Cherbourg; that he had constructed there a basin, or rather a kind of inner harbor (as it was without gates), which would contain thirty sail of the line, and had fifty feet of depth at low water. The outer road, which he said was now perfectly safe in all winds, would also contain thirty sail of the line more. He had arranged everything for building ships there, and, in short, for making it a naval port of the first rank, and he added that he conceived such an establishment so situated would have caused us much difficulty with regard to our possessions of Jersey and Guernsey. The only thing he dreaded relative to this establishment, and which he was therefore taking every precaution to avert, was our getting momentary possession of the place by a *coup de main* at any favorable juncture, in which case he was aware that a few barrels of gunpowder scientifically placed might destroy in an instant what had cost so much time, expense, and labor to complete. This evening he played until about nine, and then retired to his cabin. To-day at noon we were about four leagues west of Gomera, with a fresh breeze from the northeast, running between the islands at the rate of about eleven miles an hour.

August 28.—Our northeast wind continued, but not so fresh as yesterday. The weather became hot, the thermometer being from 78° to 80°. General Bonaparte was particularly serious the whole of the day, and General Bertrand was very much out of sorts, in consequence of the admiral having refused to allow lights to be burnt in the sleeping-cabins all night. In the evening Bonaparte played at whist for a short time, and that very badly, and then retired to his sleeping-cabin. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 24° 23′ N. and 20° 23′ W.

August 29.—We had moderate weather, with much swell. General Bonaparte complained much of the heat, and sat in his sleep-

ing-cabin *en chemise* with the door open reading till about two o'clock, when he made his toilet, and then came into the after cabin, where he played at chess until dinner-time. Of late he has taken no exercise excepting a short walk after dinner, and even during this walk he generally leans half his time against one or other of the guns. In the evening he did not join the card-party, but played at chess with General Montholon. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 24° 23′ N. and 20° 23′ W.

August 30. — We had a fresh trade-wind, with disagreeable weather and heavy swell, which caused the ship to roll considerably. General Bonaparte seemed to suffer much from these causes; he ate very little, seemed disinclined to enter into conversation, and, after being a short time on deck after dinner, he retired to his own cabin without playing either at cards or chess. Our latitude and longitude this day at noon were 22° 27′ N. and 22° 12′ W.

August 31. — The fresh trade-wind and swell continued. The general, however, appeared better, though the rolling of the ship seemed still to affect him. In conversation with the admiral he mentioned that when his army in Egypt was seriously visited by the plague, the soldiers, and indeed the officers, became so disheartened that as general-in-chief he found it an absolutely necessary part of his duty to endeavor to give them confidence and reanimate them by visiting frequently the hospitals, and talking to and cheering the different patients. He said he caught the disorder himself, but recovered again quickly. This evening Bonaparte played chess, and was in very good spirits. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 19° 55′ N. and 25° 43′ W.

September 1. — We had a fresh trade-wind, accompanied with uncommonly thick weather, which prevented our making the island of St. Antonio as soon as was expected; but just as the sun set we found ourselves close to the southwest end of it, not having been able previously to discern any part. We brought to, with the intention of communicating with the islands in the morning, and of waiting for the *Peruvian* and *Zenobia*, which had been sent ahead to reconnoiter, and to search for a convenient watering-place. During this forenoon Bonaparte asked many questions relative to the Cape de Verde Islands. He also made some minute inquiries at dinner relative to the nature and cause of the Gulf Stream. This evening he played a rubber at whist, and then retired to his sleeping-cabin. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 17° 45′ N. and 25° 4′ W.

September 2.—During the night it blew a heavy gale of wind, and our party were much alarmed. Soon after daylight the wind veered from northeast to east and from east to southeast and south, still blowing so hard as to render it impracticable to communicate with the islands. About noon the two brigs rejoined without having been able to procure anything whatever, and giving an unfavorable report as to any chance of procuring water. We made sail to the southward and westward, the squadron being put to short allowance of water. General Bonaparte, in spite of the weather, made his appearance at dinner; but owing to the motion, he did not seem to enjoy himself, entering very little into conversation. This evening we played a short time at piquet. This day at noon we were about seven leagues off the southwest end of St. Antonio. Our latitude was 17° 6′ N.

September 3.—The wind continued to the northeast, and became light, baffling, and calm, with very hot weather, the thermometer being from 82° to 83° throughout the day. Bonaparte complained much of the heat. To-day, in talking over the affairs of France, amongst other things he said that after his arrival at Paris from Elba he had received assurances from the King of Spain, and from the Portuguese, that whatever appearances they might be forced to make, he might depend on their not taking any active offensive part against him. Bonaparte played cards this evening for about an hour, and then retired to his cabin. Latitude and longitude this day at noon, 16° 15′ N. and 20° 30′ W.

September 4.—Fine weather, with a moderate breeze from the northeast. General Bonaparte made his appearance in the after cabin earlier than usual, where he amused himself at chess until dinner-time. He was very cheerful at dinner, and after it he walked for a considerable time with the admiral, during which he related the Jaffa poisoning story, his statement of which was that, finding himself compelled to evacuate Jaffa, and leave it to be taken possession of by the troops of Djezza Pacha (whose cruelty of character was well known, and who invariably mutilated in the most barbarous manner such prisoners as fell into their hands), he ordered off before him all the sick of the army which could be moved, to facilitate which he even lent his own horses. When the chief surgeon represented to him that there were a few Frenchmen in such an advanced state of the plague that there did not remain even a probability of their recovering, and that the attempting to move them with the rest would endanger the whole army, Bonaparte, well knowing that if these unfortunate wretches fell into the hands of Djezza Pacha every possible cruelty would be practised on them in their last moments, asked the physician whether under the existing circumstances it would not be an act of charity to accelerate their death by opium; and on the physician declaring he did

not feel himself justified in adopting this proposed measure, he (General Bonaparte) ordered a council of all the medical men in the army to be assembled, to ascertain, in the first place, whether the removal of these people or of any of them might be effected without endangering in an unwarrantable degree the remainder of the army, and whether there existed any chance of adequate benefit accruing to them if their removal should be attempted. In the next place, if the council agreed on the absolute necessity of leaving some behind, then to consider whether it would not be better for the individuals themselves to relieve them of their sufferings by administering opium, rather than to leave them in the state they were to be tormented in their last moments by the cruelty of their implacable enemies, into whose hands they would inevitably be doomed to fall. He said this council was public, everybody knew what passed in it, and he therefore had been surprised at the many contradictory and ridiculous stories which he knew had got abroad respecting this transaction. He added that after this medical council had finished their deliberations, they reported to him it was their decided and unanimous opinion that these people ought not on any account to be removed, and that although they were of opinion there did not exist a possibility of their recovery, yet the majority of the council could not bear the idea of adopting such a measure as accelerating the death of an individual under their charge, however desperate his case might be; but they further stated that they had every reason to believe all difficulties on this head would cease by the natural consequences of the disease under which these poor fellows labored, if the general could so arrange as to retain the place forty-eight hours longer, at the expiration of which time they considered it scarcely possible that one of them could remain alive. On receiving this report, Bonaparte instantly determined on retaining Jaffa the time specified by the council, and he continued in it himself with the whole army twenty-four hours, and then left a strong rear-guard to hold it the other twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which time, he said, the prediction of the council was pretty well verified by the death of almost every one of the patients in question, and that the two or three who were left were in the very last possible stage. (This latter part of the statement was corroborated by Captain Beattie of the marines, serving on board the *Northumberland*, who at that time belonged to the *Theseus*, and who was one of the first who entered Jaffa after the French had quitted it, and even before the troops of Djezza Pacha. He states there were only three or four Frenchmen found alive in Jaffa, and those in the last stage of the plague. Captain Beattie also states that he heard nothing of the Jaffa poisoning story until he returned to England.) Bonaparte further stated that he considered the measure he wished to have adopted as being more worthy of praise than the contrary, and said that had he been one of those afflicted, he should have considered it the greatest act of kindness to be so dealt with, rather than to be left to be tormented by the wanton savages of Djezza Pacha's army. Such is the statement from this man of the Jaffa story, which has caused so much talk. Bonaparte walked this evening much later than usual, and retired at once to his own cabin. Our latitude and longitude to-day at noon were 15° 34′ N. and 26° 36′ W.

(To be concluded next month.)

John R. Glover.

LIFE.

BEFORE we knew thee thou wert with us; ay,
In that far time forgotten and obscure
When, doubtful of ourselves, of naught secure,
We feebly uttered first our human cry.
We had not murmured hadst thou passed us by,
And now, with all our vaunted knowledge sure,
We know not from what source of bounty pure
Thou camest, our dull clay to glorify.
Yet—for thou didst awake us when but dust,
Careless of thee—one tender hope redeems
Each loss by the dark river: more and more
We feel that we who long for thee may trust
To wake again, as children do from dreams,
And find thee waiting on the farther shore.

Florence Earle Coates.

WALT WHITMAN IN WAR-TIME.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM THE CAPITAL.[1]

WASHINGTON, Monday forenoon,
December 29, 1862.

DEAR, DEAR MOTHER: Friday the 19th inst. I succeeded in reaching the camp of the 51st New York, and found George alive and well. In order to make sure that you would get the good news, I sent back by messenger, to Washington (I dare say you did not get it for some time) a telegraphic despatch, as well as a letter—and the same to Hannah[2] at Burlington. I have stayed in Camp with George ever since, till yesterday, when I came back to Washington. About the 24th, George got Jeff's[3] letter of the 20th. Mother, how much you must have suffered, all that week, till George's letter came,—and all the rest must too. As to me, I know I put in about three days of the greatest suffering I ever experienced in my life. I wrote to Jeff how I had my pocket picked in a jam and hurry, changing cars, at Philadelphia,—so that I landed here without a dime. The next two days I spent hunting through the hospitals, walking all day and night, unable to ride, trying to get information,—trying to get access to big people, &c.—I could not get the least clue to anything—Odell would not see me at all—But Thursday afternoon, I lit on a way to get down on the government boat that runs to Aquia creek, and so by railroad to the neighborhood of Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburgh—so by degrees I worked my way to Ferrero's brigade, which I found Friday afternoon without much trouble after I got in camp,—when I found dear brother George, and found that he was alive and well. O you may imagine how trifling all my little cares and difficulties seemed—they vanished into nothing. And now that I have lived for eight or nine days amid such scenes as the camps furnish, and had a practical part in it all, and realize the way that hundreds of thousands of good men are now living, and have had to live for a year or more, not only without any of the comforts, but with death and sickness and hard marching and hard fighting, (and no success at that,) for their continual experience—really nothing we call trouble seems worth talking about. One of the first things that met my eyes in camp was a heap of feet, arms, legs, &c., under a tree in front a hospital, the Lacy house.

George is very well in health, has a good appetite—I think he is at times more wearied

[1] These letters have been selected from a volume, now in preparation by the literary executors of Walt Whitman, bearing the title "Hospital Letters," and are faithful copies of the originals. They are not published as having literary merit, but as throwing light upon the personality of the author of "Leaves of Grass," and especially as showing the spirit in which he entered upon and persevered in his self-imposed service to the sick and wounded of the war. To some it may seem undesirable to print these hastily scribbled, often penciled, often ungrammatical jottings, in which the great heart of the man is caught at unawares, off guard, and unveiled. From the point of view of the editors, it is important that the world should gradually come to know the man Walt Whitman—not specially as writer or philanthropist, or for any single feature or gift, but for his expansive personality, touching every shade and form of life.

Between Walt Whitman and his mother there existed a strong, perhaps exceptional, attachment. After the death of his father he was, in fact, the mother's chief counselor and aid. This woman, Louisa Van Velsor, born in 1795 and dying in 1873, possessed a remarkable nature, which, while not notable on the literary or esthetic side, was strong and clear-seeing and sympathetic. Walt always wrote to her in detail, when away from home. In 1848–49 he was in the South. The years between 1862–73 he spent in Washington. Few of the Southern letters seem to have been preserved. And while the Washington letters do not seem to present an unbroken chain, they are so nearly complete as truly to reflect the main experiences of his personal history in the period between the first letter and the last.

The editors have had no wish or anxiety to straighten out the informalities of the letters, or to supply their breaks, or to subdue them to literary form. In their very simplicity and directness, and evident avoidance of topics which books and book-makers most affect, they reveal a side of his character and life of which the public has heretofore known little.

The letters tell their own story. Walt went to the field in the hurry of his alarm at the report that his brother George had been perhaps seriously wounded. From this immediate first touch with the sorrow and disaster created by the war, his drift into the ardent after-employment of volunteer nurse was easy though peremptory. In connection with the records herewith presented, and with the volume of which they form a part, the reader is referred to Whitman's "Drum Taps" and "Specimen Days." Except for one letter addressed to his brother "Jeff," and another sent to Jeff's wife, and a third written to Mrs. Price, the entire series are the direct confessions of son to mother, couched in all the simple verbal beauty of manly love and reverence.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL,
R. M. BUCKE,
THOMAS B. HARNED.

[2] His sister, wife of Charles Heyde, still living at Burlington, Vermont.

[3] Thomas Jefferson Whitman, a brother. See Whitman's reference to him in "Specimen Days."

out and homesick than he shows, but stands it upon the whole very well. Every one of the soldiers, to a man, wants to get home.

I suppose Jeff got quite a long letter I wrote from camp, about a week ago. I told you that George had been promoted to Captain —his commission arrived while I was there. When you write, address, Capt. George W. Whitman, Co. K. 51st New York, Vol. Ferrero's brigade near Falmouth Va. Jeff must write oftener, and put in a few lines from mother, even if it is only two lines—then in the next letter a few lines from Mat,[1] and so on. You have no idea how letters from home cheer one up in camp, and dissipate home sickness.

While I was there George still lived in Capt. Francis's tent—there were five of us altogether, to eat, sleep, write, &c. in a space twelve feet square, but we got along very well —the weather all along was very fine—and would have got along to perfection, but Capt. Francis is not a man I could like much—I had very little to say to him. George is about building a place, half hut and half tent, for himself—(he is probably about it this very day) —and then he will be better off, I think. Every Captain has a tent, in which he lives, transacts company business, &c. has a cook, (or a man of all work,) and in the same tent mess and sleep his Lieutenants, and perhaps the 1st sergeant. They have a kind of fire-place—and the cook's fire is outside on the open ground. George had very good times while Francis was away —the cook, a young disabled soldier, Tom, is an excellent fellow, and a first-rate cook, and the 2d Lieutenant, Pooley, is a tiptop young Pennsylvanian. Tom thinks all the world of George—when he heard he was wounded, on the day of the battle, he left everything got across the river, and went hunting for George through the field, through thick and thin. I wrote to Jeff that George was wounded by a shell, a gash in the cheek—you could stick a splint through into the mouth, but it has healed up without difficulty already. Everything is uncertain about the army, whether it moves or stays where it is. There are no furloughs granted at present. I will stay here for the present, at any rate long enough to see if I can get any employment at any thing, and shall write what luck I have. Of course I am unsettled at present.

Dear mother, my love, WALT.

If Jeff or any one writes, address me, care of Major Hapgood, paymaster, U. S. Army, Corner 15th and F. Streets, 5th floor, Washington., D. C. I send my love to dear sister Mat, and to little sis[2]—and to Andrew[3] and to all my brothers. O Mat, how lucky it was you did not come—together, we could never have got down to see George.

WASHINGTON, Friday morning, Jan. 2, 1863.

DEAR SISTER:[4] You have heard of my fortunes and misfortunes of course, (through my letters to mother and Jeff.) since I left home, that Tuesday afternoon. But I thought I would write a few lines to you, as it is a comfort to write home, even if I have nothing particular to say. Well, dear sister, I hope you are well and hearty, and that little sis keeps as well as she always had, when I left home so far. Dear little plague, how I would like to have her with me, for one day. I can fancy I see her, and hear her talk. Jeff must have got a note from me about a letter I have written to the *Eagle*—you may be sure you will get letters enough from me, for I have little else to do at present. Since I laid my eyes on dear brother George, and saw him alive and well,— and since I have spent a week in camp, down there opposite Fredericksburgh, and seen what well men and sick men, and mangled men endure—it seems to me I can be satisfied and happy henceforward if I can get one meal a day, and know that mother and all are in good health, and especially if I can only be with you again, and have some little steady paying occupation in N. Y. or Brooklyn.

I am writing this in the office of Major Hapgood, way up in the top of a big high house, corner of 15th and F. Street—there is a splendid view, away down south, of the Potomac river, and across to the Georgetown side, and the grounds and houses of Washington spread out beneath my high point of view. The weather is perfect—I have had that in my favor ever since leaving home,— yesterday and to-day it is bright, and plenty warm enough. The poor soldiers are continually coming in from the hospitals, &c. to get their pay—some of them waiting for it to go home. They climb up here, quite exhausted, and then find it is no good, for there is no money to pay them—there are two or three paymasters' desks in this room, and the scenes of disappointment are quite affecting. Here they wait in Washington, perhaps week after week, wretched and heart-sick—this is the greatest place of delays and puttings-off, and no finding the clue to any thing—this building is the paymaster general's quarters, and the crowds on the walk and corner, of poor, sick, pale, tattered soldiers are awful—many of them, day after day, disappointed and tired out. Well, Mat, I will suspend my letter for the present, and go out through the city—I have a couple of poor fellows in the hospital to visit also. WALT.

[1] Wife of Thomas Jefferson Whitman.
[2] Eldest daughter of T. J. Whitman.
[3] A brother. [4] Written to Mrs. T. J. Whitman.

Saturday evening, Jan. 3d.

I write this in the place where I have my lodging room, 394 L. street, 4th door above 14th street. A friend of mine William D. O'Connor, has two apartments on the 3rd floor, very ordinarily furnished, for which he pays the *extra*ordinary price of $25. a month. I have a werry little bedroom on the 2nd floor. Mr. & Mrs. O'Connor and their little girl have all gone out "down town" for an hour or two, to make some Saturday evening purchases, and I am left in possession of the premises — so I sit by the fire, and scribble more of my letter. I have not heard anything from dear brother George since I left the camp last Sunday morning, 28th Dec. I wrote to him on Tuesday last — I wish to get to him the two blue woolen shirts Jeff sent, as they would come very acceptable to him,— and will try to do it yet. I think of sending them by mail, if the postage is not more than $1.

Yesterday I went out to the Campbell Hospital to see a couple of Brooklyn boys, of the 51st. They knew I was in Washington, and sent me a note, to come and see them. O my dear sister, how your heart would ache to go through the rows of wounded young men, as I did — and stopt to speak a comforting word to them. There were about 100 in one long room, just a long shed neatly whitewashed inside. One young man was very much prostrated, and groaning with pain. I stopt and tried to comfort him. He was very sick. I found he had not had any medical attention since he was brought there — among so many he had been overlooked. So I sent for the doctor, and he made an examination of him — the doctor behaved very well — seemed to be anxious to do right — said that the young man would recover — he had been brought pretty low with diarrhoea, and now had bronchitis, but not so serious as to be dangerous. I talked to him some time — he seemed to have entirely give up, and lost heart — he had not a cent of money — not a friend or acquaintance,— I wrote a letter from him to his sister — his name is John A. Holmes, Campbello, Plymouth county, Mass. I gave him a little change I had — he said he would like to buy a drink of milk, when the woman came through with milk. Trifling as this was, he was overcome and began to cry. Then there were many, many others. I mention the one, as a specimen. My Brooklyn boys were John Lowery, shot at Fredericksburgh, and lost his left forearm, and Amos H. Vliet — Jeff knows the latter — he has his feet frozen, and is doing well. The 100 are in a ward, (6) — and there are, I should think, eight or ten or twelve such wards in the Campbell Hospital — indeed a real village. Then there are some 38 more Hospitals here in Washington, some of them much larger.

Sunday forenoon, Jan. 4, '63

Mat, I hope and trust dear mother and all are well, and everything goes on good, home. The envelope I send, Jeff or any of you can keep for direction, or use it when wanted to write to me. As near as I can tell, the army at Falmouth remains the same.

Dear sister, good-bye.

WALT.

I send my love to Andrew and Jesse[1] and Eddy[2] and all — What distressing news this is of the loss of the Monitor —

OFFICE MAJOR HAPGOOD, COR. 15th & F. STS.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 13th '63

DEAR BROTHER:[3] Nothing new — still I thought I would write you a line this morning. The $4, namely: $2 from Theo. A. Drake and $2 from John D. Martin, inclosed in your letter of the 10th came safe. They too will please accept the grateful thanks of several poor fellows, in hospital here.

The letter of introduction to Mr. Webster, Chief Clerk, State Department, will be very acceptable. If convenient, I should like Mr. Lane to send it on immediately. I do not so much look for an appointment from Mr. Seward as his backing me from the state of New York. I have seen Preston King this morning for the second time — (it is very amusing to hunt for an office,— so the thing seems to me just now, even if one don't get it) — I have seen Charles Sumner three times — he says everything here moves as part of a great machine, and that I must consign myself to the fate of the rest — still an interview I had with him yesterday he talked and acted as though he had life in him, and would exert himself to any reasonable extent for me to get something. Meantime I make about enough to pay my expenses by hacking on the press here, and copying in the paymasters' offices, a couple of hours a day — one thing is favorable here, namely, pay for whatever one does is at a high rate. I have not yet presented my letters to either Seward or Chase — I thought I would get my forces all in a body, and make one concentrated dash, if possible with the personal introduction and presence of some big bug — I like fat old Preston King, very much — he is fat as a hogshead, with great hanging chops — the first thing he said to me the other day in the parlor of the Senate, when I sent in for him and he came out, was, "Why how can I do this thing, or any thing for you — how do I know but you are a secessionist — you look for all the world, like an old Southern planter, a regular Caro-

[1] A brother. [2] A brother.
[3] Written to Jeff. (T. J. W.).

lina or Virginia planter." I treated him with just as much hauteur as he did me with bluntness — this was the first time — it afterward proved that Charles Sumner had not prepared the way for me, as I supposed, or rather, not so strongly as I supposed, and Mr. King had even forgotten it — so I was as an entire stranger — But the same day C. S. talked further with Mr. King in the Senate, and the second interview I had with the latter, (this forenoon) he has given me a sort of general letter, endorsing me from New York — one envelope is addressed to Secretary Chase, and another to Gen. Meigs, head Quartermasters' Dept. Meantime I am getting better and better acquainted with office-hunting wisdom, and Washington peculiarities generally. I spent several hours in the Capitol the other day — the incredible gorgeousness of some of the rooms (interior decorations &c.) — rooms used perhaps but for merely three or four committee meetings in the course of the whole year, is beyond one's flightiest dreams. Costly frescoes of the style of Taylor's saloon in Broadway, only really the best and choicest of their sort, done by imported French & Italian artists, are the prevailing sorts (imagine the work you see on the fine china vases in Tiffany's, the paintings of Cupids & goddesses &c. spread recklessly over the arched ceiling and broad panels of a big room,— the whole floor underneath paved with tesselated pavement, which is a sort of cross between marble & china, with little figures drab, blue, cream color, &c.) These things, with heavy elaborately wrought balustrades, columns, & steps — all of the most beautiful marbles I ever saw, some white as milk, others of all colors, green, spotted, lined, or of our old Chocolate color,— all these marbles used as freely as if they were common blue flags, with rich door-frames and window-casings of bronze and gold,— heavy chandeliers and mantels, and clocks in every room — and indeed by far the richest and gayest, and most unAmerican and inappropriate ornamenting and finest interior workmanship I ever conceived possible, spread in profusion through scores, hundreds, (and almost thousands), of rooms — such are what I find, or rather would find to interest me, if I devoted time to it — But a few of the rooms are enough for me — the style is without grandeur, and without simplicity — These days, the state our country is in, and especially filled as I am from top to toe of late with scenes and thoughts of *the hospitals* (America seems to me now, though only in her youth, but brought already here feeble, bandaged and bloody in *hospital*), THESE DAYS, I say, Jeff, all the poppy-show goddesses, and all the pretty blue & gold in which the interior Capitol is got up, seem to me out of place beyond anything I could tell — and I get away from it as quick as I can when that kind of thought comes over me. I suppose it is to be described throughout — those interiors — as all of them got up in the French style — well enough for a New York.

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1863.

DEAREST MOTHER: I have not heard from George, except a note he wrote me a couple of days after he got back from his furlough — I think it likely the regiment has gone with its corps to the West, to the Kentucky or Tennessee region — Burnside at last accounts was in Cincinnati — Well it will be a change for George, if he is out there — I sent a long letter to Han last Saturday, enclosed George's note to me. Mother when you or Jeff write again, tell me if my papers & MSS are all right — I should be very sorry indeed if they got scattered, or used up or any thing — *especially* the copy of Leaves of Grass covered in blue paper, and the little MS book "Drum Taps" & the MS tied up in the square (spotted stone-paper) loose covers — I want them all carefully kept.

Mother it is quite a snow-storm here this morning — the ground is an inch and a half deep with snow — and it is snowing and drizzling — but I feel very independent in my stout army-boots, I go anywhere. I *have* felt quite well of my deafness and cold in my head for four days or so, but it is back again bad as ever this morning.

May 5, '63

DEAR MOTHER: I have not received any letter from George. I write to him & send papers to Winchester. Mother while I have been writing this a very large number of southern prisoners, I should think a 1000 at least, has past up Pennsylvania avenue, under a strong guard. I went out in the street, close to them to look at them. Poor fellows, many of them mere lads — it brought the tears, they seemed our own flesh and blood too, some wounded, *all* miserable in clothing, all in dirt and tatters — many of them fine young men. Mother I cannot tell you how I feel to see those prisoners.

WASHINGTON Monday morning, June 22 '63

DEAR MOTHER. . . . Well mother we are generally anticipating a lively time here or in the neighborhood, as it is probable Lee is feeling about to strike a blow on Washington, or perhaps right into it — and as Lee is no fool, it is perhaps possible he may give us a good shake — he is not very far off — yesterday was a fight to the southwest of here all day, we heard the cannons nearly all day — the wounded are arriving in small squads every day, mostly cavalry, a great many Ohio men — they send off

to-day from the Washington hospitals a great many to New York, Philadelphia, &c., all who are able, to make room, which looks ominous — indeed it is pretty certain that there is to be some severe fighting, maybe a great battle again, the pending week—I am getting so callous that it hardly arouses me at all — I fancy I should take it very quietly if I found myself in the midst of a desperate conflict here in Washington.

Mother I have nothing particular to write about — I see and hear nothing but new and old cases of my poor suffering boys in Hospitals, & I dare say you have had enough of such things — I have not missed a day at Hospital I think for more than three weeks — I get more & more wound round — poor young men — there are some cases that would literally sink and give up, if I did not pass a portion of the time with them — I have quite made up my mind about the lecturing &c project — I have no doubt it will succeed well enough, the way I shall put it in operation — you know mother it is to raise funds to enable me to continue my Hospital ministrations, on a more free-handed scale — as to the Sanitary Commissions and the like, I am sick of them all, & would not accept any of their berths — you ought to see the way the men as they lie helpless in bed turn away their faces from the sight of those Agents, Chaplains &c. (*hirelings* as Elias Hicks would call them — they seem to me always a set of foxes & wolves) — they get well paid, & are always incompetent & disagreeable — as I told you before the only good fellows I have met are the Christian Commission — they go everywhere & receive no pay. . . .

WALT.

WASHINGTON Wednesday forenoon
July 15 1863

DEAR MOTHER, So the mob has risen at last in New York — I have been expecting it, but as the day for the draft had arrived & everything was so quiet, I supposed all might go on smoothly — but it seems the passions of the people were only sleeping, & have burst forth with terrible fury, & they have destroyed life and property, the enrolment buildings &c as we hear — the accounts we get are a good deal in a muddle, but it seems bad enough — the feeling here is savage & hot as fire against New York (the mob — "Copperhead mob" the papers here call it.) & I hear nothing in all directions but threats of ordering up the gunboats, cannonading the city, shooting down the mob, hanging them in a body &c &c — meantime I remain silent, partly amused, partly scornful, or occasionally put a dry remark, which only adds fuel to the flames — I do not feel it in my heart to abuse the poor people, or call for a rope or bullets for them, but that is all the talk here, even in the hospitals. — The acc'ts from N Y this morning are that the gov't has ordered the draft to be suspended there — I hope it is true, for I find that the deeper they go in with the draft, the more trouble it is likely to make — I have changed my opinions & feelings on the subject — we are in the midst of strange and terrible times — one is pulled a dozen different ways in his mind, & hardly knows what to think or do. — Mother I have not much fear that the troubles in New York will affect any of our family, still I feel somewhat uneasy — about Jeff, if any one, as he is more around — I have had it much on my mind what could be done, if it should so happen that Jeff should be drafted — of course he could not go without its being the downfall almost of our whole family, as you may say Mat & his young ones, & a sad blow to you too mother & to all — I did n't see any other way than to try to raise the $300. mostly by borrowing if possible of Mr. Lane — mother I have no doubt I shall make a few hundred dollars by the lectures I shall certainly commence soon, (for my hospital missionary purposes & my own, for that purpose) & I could lend that am't to Jeff to pay it back. — May be the draft will not come off after all, I should say it was very doubtful if they can carry it out in N Y & Brooklyn — & besides it is only one chance out of several, to be drawn if it does — . . .

Aug. 18, 1863.

. . . I suppose they will fill up the 51st with conscripts, as that seems the order of the day — a good many are arriving here, from the north, & passing through to join Meade's army — we are expecting to hear of more rows in New York about the draft — it commences there right away I see — this time it will be no such doings as a month or five weeks ago. the gov't here is forwarding a large force of regulars to New York to be ready for any thing that may happen — there will be no blank cartridges this time — Well I thought when I first heard of the riot in N Y I had some feeling for them, but soon as I found what it really was, I felt it was the devil's own work all through — I guess the strong arm will be exhibited this time up to the shoulder. . . .

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8, Tuesday afternoon.

MOTHER it seems to be certain that Meade has gained the day, & that the battles there in Pennsylvania have been about as terrible as any in the war — O what a sight must have been presented by the field of action — I think the killed & wounded there on both sides were as many as eighteen or twenty thousand — in

one place, four or five acres, there were a thousand dead, at daybreak on Saturday morning — Mother one's heart grows sick of war, after all, when you see what it really is — every once in a while I feel so horrified and disgusted — it seems to me like a great slaughter-house & the men mutually butchering each other — then I feel how impossible it appears, again, to retire from this contest, until we have carried our points — (it is cruel to be so tossed from pillar to post in one's judgment) . . .

One of the things here always on the go, is long trains of army wagons — sometimes they will stream along all day, it almost seems as if there was nothing else but army wagons & ambulances — they have great camps here in every direction, of army wagons, teamsters, ambulance camps, &c. Some of them are permanent, & have small hospitals — I go to them, (as no one else goes, ladies would not venture) — I sometimes have the luck to give some of the drivers a great deal of comfort & help — Indeed mother there are camps here of everything — I went once or twice to the contraband camp, to the Hospital, &c. but I could not bring myself to go again — when I meet black men or boys among my own hospitals, I use them kindly, give them something &c. I believe I told you that I do the same to the wounded rebels, too — but as there is a limit to one's sinews & endurance & sympathies, &c. I have got in the way after going lightly as it were all through the wards of a hospital, & trying to give a word of cheer, if nothing else, to every one, then confining my special attentions to the few where the investment seems to tell best, & who want it most — Mother I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives by saving them from giving up, and being a good deal with them — the men say it is so, & the doctors say it is so — & I will candidly confess I can see it is true, though I say it of myself — I know you will like to hear it mother, so I tell you. . . .

Oct. 15, 1863[1]

. . . In the hospitals among these American soldiers from East and West, North and South, I could not describe to you what mutual attachments, passing deep and tender. Some have died but the love for them lives as long as I draw breath. These soldiers know how to love too, when once they have the right person. It is wonderful. You see I am running off into the clouds (perhaps my element) Abby I am writing this last note this afternoon — in Major H.'s office — he is away sick — I am here a good deal of the time alone — it is a dark, rainy afternoon — we don't know what is going on in front, whether Meade is getting the worst of it, or not — (but the result of the big elections permanently cheers us) — I believe fully in Lincoln — few know the rocks and quicksands he has had to steer through and over. . . .

[1] Written to Mrs. Price, Woodside, Long Island.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2, 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: I am writing this by the side of the young man you asked about, Lewis Brown in Army Square hospital. He is now getting along very well indeed — The amputation is healing up good, & he does not suffer anything like as much as he did. I see him every day. We have had real hot weather here, & for the last three days wet & rainy — it is more like June than February. Mother I wrote to Han, last Saturday — she must have got it yesterday — I have not heard anything from home since a week ago, (your last letter) — I suppose you got a letter from me Saturday last — I am well as usual — there has been several hundred sick soldiers brought in here yesterday — I have been around among them to-day all day — it is enough to make one heart-sick — the old times over again — they are many of them mere wrecks — though young men (sickness is worse in some respects than wounds) — one boy about 16, from Portland Maine, only came from home a month ago, a recruit, he is here now very sick & downhearted poor child, he is a real country boy, I think has consumption, he was only a week with his reg't — I sat with him a long time — I saw [it] did him great good — I have been feeding some their dinners — it makes me feel quite proud, I find so frequently I can do with the men what no one else at all can, getting them to eat, (some that will not touch their food otherwise nor for anybody else) — it is sometimes quite affecting I can tell you — I found such a case to-day, a soldier with throat disease, very bad, — I fed him quite a dinner — the men his comrades around just stared in wonder, & one of them told me afterwards that he (the sick man) had not eat so much at a meal, in three months — Mother I shall have my hands pretty full now for a while — write all about things home.

WALT.

Lewis Brown says I must give you his love — he says he knows he would like you if he should see you.

CULPEPER, VIRGINIA Friday night
Feb. 12th 1864

DEAREST MOTHER, I am still stopping down in this region, I am a good deal of the time down within half a mile of our picket lines, so that you see I can indeed call myself in the front. I stopped yesterday with an artillery camp in the 1st Corps at the invitation of Capt. Cranford who said that he knew me in Brook-

lyn. It is close to the lines — I asked him if he did not think it dangerous — he said no, he could have a large force of infantry to help him there, in very short metre, if there was any sudden emergency — The troops here are scattered all around much more apart than they seemed to me to be opposite Fredericksburgh last winter — they mostly have good huts & fireplaces &c — I have been to a great many of the camps, & I must say I am astonished how good the houses are almost everywhere — I have not seen one regiment nor any part of one, in the poor uncomfortable little shelter tents that I saw so common last winter after Fredericksburgh — but all the men have built huts of logs & mud — a good many of them would be comfortable enough to live in under any circumstances — I have been in the Division hospitals around here — there are not many men sick here, & no wounded — they now send them on to Washington — I shall return there in a few days, as I am very clear that the real need of one's services is there after all — there the worst cases concentrate, & probably will, while the war lasts — I suppose you know that what we call hospital here in the field, is nothing but a collection of tents on the bare ground for a floor, rather hard accommodation for a sick man — they heat them there by digging a long trough in the ground under them, covering it over with old railroad iron & earth, & then building a fire at one end & letting it draw through & go out at the other, as both ends are open — this heats the ground through the middle of the hospital quite hot — I find some poor creatures crawling about pretty weak with diarrhoea — there is a great deal of that — they keep them until they get very bad indeed, & then send them to Washington — the journey aggravates the complaint, & they come into Washington in a terrible condition. O mother how often and how many I have seen come into Washington, from this awful complaint, after such an experience as I have described, with the look of death on their poor young faces — they keep them so long in the field hospitals with poor accommodations, the disease gets too deeply seated.

To-day I have been out among some of the camps of the 2d division of the 1st Corps — I have been wandering around all day — & have had a very good time, over woods, hills & gulleys, indeed a real soldiers march — the weather is good & the traveling quite tolerable — I have been in the camps of some Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, & New York regiments — I have friends in them, & went out to see them, & see soldiering generally, as I never cease to crave more & more knowledge of actual soldiers life, & to be among them as much as possible — This evening I have also been in a large wagoner's camp — they had good fires & were very cheerful, I went to see a friend there too, but did not find him in — it is curious how many I find that I know & that know me. Mother, I have no difficulty at all in making myself at home among the soldiers, teamsters, or any — I most always find they like to have me very much, it seems to do them good, no doubt they soon feel that my heart and sympathies are truly with them, & it is both a novelty & pleases them & touches their feelings, & so doubtless does them good — & I am sure it does that to me — There is more fun around here than you would think for — I told you about the theatre the 14th Brooklyn has got up, they have songs & burlesques &c. some of the performers real good — as I write this I have heard in one direction or another two or three good bands playing — & hear one tooting away some gay tunes now, though it is quite late at night — Mother I don't know whether I mentioned in my last letter that I took dinner with Col Fowler one day early part of the week — his wife is stopping here — I was down at the 14th as I came along this evening too — one of the officers told me about a presentation to George of a sword &c. he said he see it in the papers — the 14th invited me to come & be their guest while I staid here, but I have not been able to accept — Col Fowler uses me tip-top — he is provost marshal of this region, makes a good officer — Mother I could get no pen & ink to-night [1] — Well dear mother I send you my Love & to George & Jeff & Matt & little girls & all.

WALT.

Direct to care of Major Hapgood as before & write soon. Mother I suppose you got a letter I wrote from down here last Monday.

WASHINGTON March 22 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: . . . Gen. Grant is expected every moment now in the Army of the Potomac to take active command — I have just this moment heard from the front — there is nothing yet of a movement, but each side is continually on the alert, expecting something to happen — O mother to think that we are to have here soon what I have seen so many times, the awful loads & trains & boat-loads of poor bloody and pale & wounded young men again, — for that is what we certainly will, & before very long — I see all the little signs, getting ready in the hospitals &c. — it is dreadful when one thinks about it — I sometimes think over the sights I have myself seen, the arrival of the wounded after a battle, & the scenes on the field, too, I can hardly believe my own recollection — what an awful thing war is — Mo-

[1] The letter is written with pencil.—EDITORS.

ther it seems not men but a lot of devils & butchers butchering each other. . . .

April 5 '64

Well mother I went to see the great spirit medium Foster — there were some little things some might call curious perhaps, but it is a shallow thing and a humbug — A gentleman who was with me was somewhat impressed, but I could not see anything in it worth calling supernatural — I would n't turn on my heel to go again and see such things, or twice as much — we had table rappings and lots of nonsense. . . .

WASHINGTON Tuesday noon April 19 '64

DEAREST MOTHER: . . . I went down to the Capitol the nights of the debate on the expulsion of Mr. Long last week, — they had night sessions, very late — I like to go to the House of Representatives at night, it is the most magnificent hall, so rich & large, & lighter at night than it is days, & still not a light visible, it comes through the glass roof — but the speaking and ability of the members is nearly always on a low scale, it is very curious & melancholy to see such a rate of talent there, such tremendous times as these — I should say about the same range of genius as our old friend Dr. Swalm, just about — you may think I am joking, but I am not, mother — I am speaking in perfect earnest — the Capitol grows upon one in time, especially as they have got the great figure on top of it now, & you can see it very well, it is a great bronze figure, the genius of Liberty I suppose, it looks wonderful toward sundown, I love to go down & look at it, the sun when it is nearly down shines on the headpiece & it dazzles & glistens like a big star, it looks quite curious.

Well mother we have commenced on another summer, & what it will bring forth who can tell? The campaign of this summer is expected here to be more active & severe than any yet — As I told you in a former letter Grant is determined to bend everything to take Richmond . . . he is in earnest about it, his whole soul & all his thoughts night and day are upon it — he is probably the most in earnest of any man in command or in the government either . . .

WASHINGTON April 26 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: Burnside's army passed through here yesterday — I saw George and walked with him in the regiment for some distance & had quite a talk — he is very well, he is very much tanned & looks hardy. I told him all the latest news from home — George stands it very well, & looks & behaves the same good and noble fellow he always was & always will be — it was on 14th St. I watched three hours before the 51st came along — I joined him just before they came to where the President & Gen Burnside were standing with others on a balcony, & the interest of seeing me &c. made George forget to notice the President & salute him, he was a little annoyed at forgetting it I called his attention to it, but we had passed a little too far on, & George would n't turn round even ever so little — however there was a great many more than half the army passed without noticing Mr. Lincoln & the others, for there was a great crowd all through the streets especially here & the place where the President stood was not conspicuous from the rest — The 9th Corps made a very fine show indeed — there were I should think five very full regiments of new black troops, under Gen Ferrero, they looked and marched very well. It looked funny to see the President standing with his hat off to them just the same as the rest as they passed by — then there [were] Michigan regiments, one of them was a regiment of sharpshooters, partly composed of Indians — then there was a pretty strong force of artillery — & a middling force of cavalry — many New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, R. I. &c. reg'ts — all except the blacks were veterans, seen plenty of fighting — mother it is very different to see a real army of fighting men, from one of those shows in Brooklyn, or New York, or on Fort Greene — Mother it was a curious sight to see these ranks after ranks of our own dearest blood of men, mostly young, march by worn & sunburnt & sweaty, with well worn clothes & thin bundles, & knapsacks, tincups & some with frying-pans strapt over their backs, all dirty & sweaty, nothing real neat about them except their muskets, but they were all as clean & bright as silver — they were four or five hours passing along, marching with wide ranks pretty quickly too — it is a great sight to see such a big army 25 or 30,000 on the march — they are all so gay, too, poor fellows; nothing dampens their spirits — they all got soaked with rain the night before — I saw Fred McReady & Capt Sims, & Col Le Gendre &c. I don't know exactly where Burnside's army is going — among other rumors it is said they go to the army of the Potomac to act as a reserve force &c. — another is that they are to make a flank march, to go round & get Lee, on the side &c. — we know nothing, — I hav'n't been out this morning & don't know what news — only that there is without doubt to be a terrible campaign here in Virginia this summer, & that all who know deepest about it are very serious about it — Mother it is serious times — I do not feel to fret or whimper, but in my heart & soul about our country, the army, the forthcoming campaign with all its vicissitudes & the wounded & slain — I dare say mother I feel the reality

more than some because I [am] in the midst of its saddest results so much — Others may say what they like, I believe in Grant & in Lincoln too — I think Grant deserves to be trusted, he is working continually — no one knows his plans, we will only know them when he puts them in operation — Our army is very large here in Virginia this spring & they are still pouring in from east & west — you don't see about it in the papers, but we have [a] very large army here . . .

2 o'clock, 28th, April 1864

DEAREST MOTHER: Just as I am going to mail this, I receive authentic information. Burnside's army is now about 16 or 18 miles south of here, at a place called Fairfax court house — They had last night no orders to move at present, & I rather think they will remain there, or near there — What I have written before as a rumor about their being to be held as a reserve, to act whenever occasion may need them is now quite decided on — You may hear a rumor in New York that they have been shipped in transports from Alexandria — there is no truth in it at all — Grant's Army of the Potomac is probably to do the heavy work — his army is strong and full of fight — Mother I think it is to-day the noblest army of soldiers that ever marched — nobody can know the men so well as I do, I sometimes think —. . .

WASHINGTON May 13 1864.
2 o'clock P. M.

DEAREST MOTHER: I wrote you a hurried letter late yesterday afternoon but left it myself at the P O in time for the mail,—you ought to have got it this forenoon, or afternoon at furthest.— I sent you two letters yesterday — I hope the carrier brings you your letters the same day — I wrote to the Brooklyn postmaster about it — I have heard from George up to Tuesday morning last, 10th, till which time he was safe,—the battle of Friday 6th was very severe — George's Co K lost one acting Lt Sturgis killed, 2 men killed, 4 wounded — as I wrote yesterday I have seen here Corp. Fred Saunders of Co K who was wounded in side, nothing serious, in Friday's fight, & came up here — I also talked with Sgt Brown, Co F. 51st rather badly wounded in right shoulder — Saunders said when he left Tuesday morning he heard (or saw them there I forget which) the 51st & its whole division were on guard duty toward the rear — the 9th Corps however has had hard fighting since, but whether the division, or brigade, the 51st is in, was in the fights of Tuesday 10th (a pretty severe one) or Wednesday I cannot yet tell, & it is useless to make calculations — & the only way is to wait & hope for the best — as I wrote yesterday there were some 20 of the 51st reg't killed & 50 wounded in Friday's battle, 6th inst — I have seen Col Le Gendre, he is here in Washington not far from where I am — 485 12th St., is his address — poor man, I felt sorry indeed for him, he is badly wounded & disfigured, he is shot through the bridge of the nose, & left eye probably lost — I spent a little time with him this forenoon — he is suffering very much,— spoke of George very kindly, said, "your brother is well" — his orderly told me he saw him, George, Sunday night last well — Fred Mc. Ready is wounded in hip, I believe bone fractured bad enough, but not deeply serious — I cannot hear of his arrival here, if he comes I shall find him immediately & take care of him myself — he is probably yet at Fredericksburgh, but will come up I think — Yesterday & to-day the badly wounded are coming in — the long lists of *previous arrivals*, (I suppose they are all reprinted at great length in N Y papers) are of men ¾ths of them quite slightly wounded, & the rest hurt pretty bad — I was thinking mother if one could see the men who arrived in the first squads, of two or three hundred at a time, one wouldn't be alarmed at those terrible long lists — Still there is a sufficient sprinkling of deeply distressing cases — I find my hands full all the time, with new & old cases — poor suffering young men, I think of them, & do try mother to do what I can for them (& not think of the vexatious skedaddlers & merely scratched ones, of whom there are too many lately come here) —

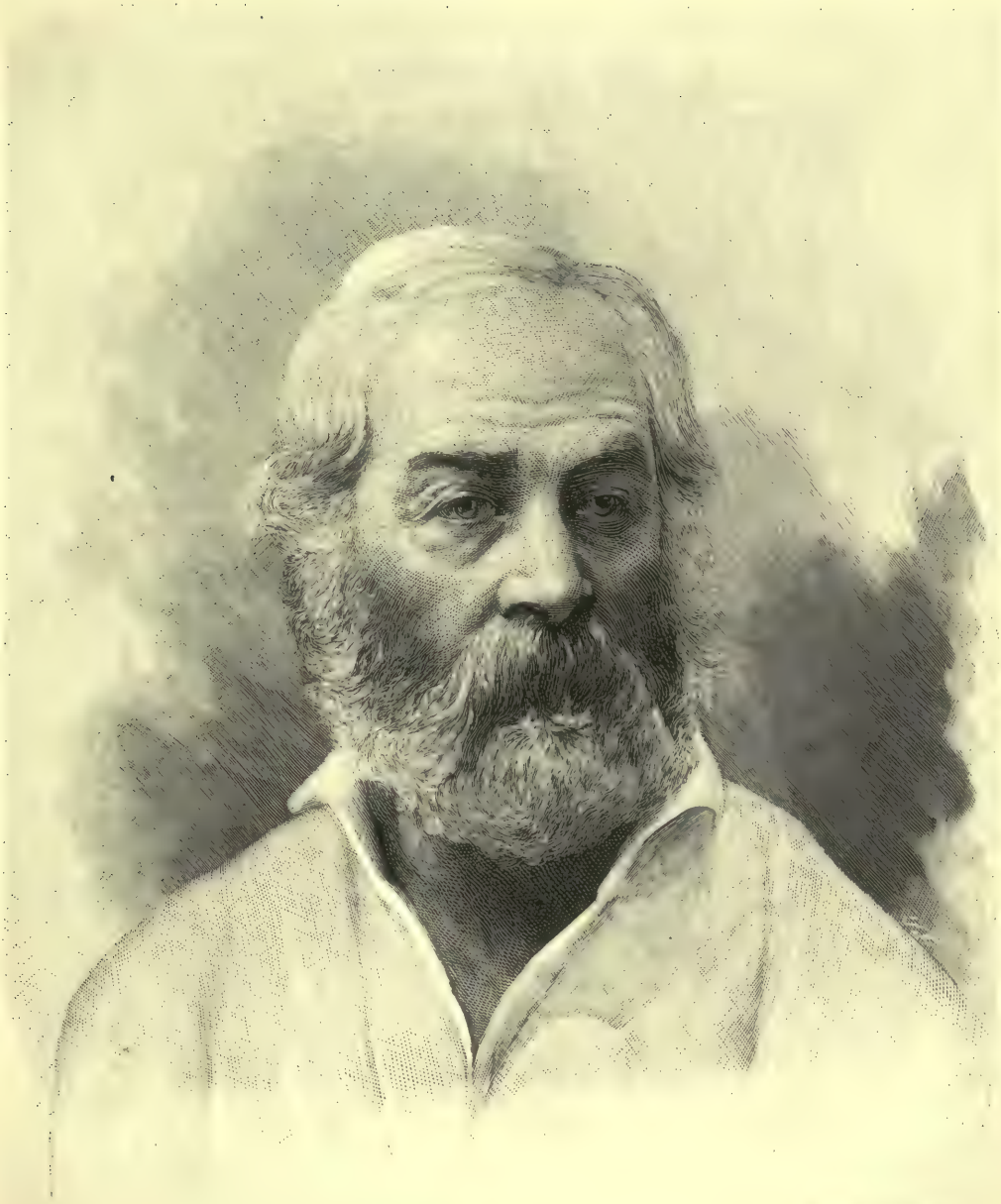
Dearest mother I hope you & all are well — you must keep a good heart — still the fighting is very mixed, but it *seems steadily turning into real successes* for Grant,— the news to-day here is very good — you will see it in N Y papers — I steadily believe Grant is going to succeed, & that we shall have Richmond — but O what a price to pay for it — We have had a good rain here & it is pleasanter & cooler — I shall write very soon again.

May 30 '64

. . . I have been in one of the worst hospitals all the forenoon, it contains about 1600 — I have given the men pipes & tobacco, (I am the only one that gives them tobacco,) O how much good it does some of them — the chaplains & most of the doctors are down upon it,— but I give them & let them smoke — to others I have given oranges, fed them &c. . . .

WASHINGTON June 3 1864

DEAREST MOTHER, Your letter came yesterday — I have not heard the least thing from the 51st since — no doubt they are down there with the Army near Richmond — I have not written to George lately — I think the news from the Army is very good — Mother you



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Walt Whitman
taken from life 1863
war time Washington
D C

know of course that it is now very near Richmond indeed, from five to ten miles — Mother if this campaign was not in progress I should not stop here, as it is now beginning to tell a little upon me, so many bad wounds, many putrefied, & all kinds of dreadful ones, I have been rather too much with — but as it is I shall certainly remain here while the thing remains undecided — it is impossible for me to abstain from going to see & minister to certain cases, & that draws me into others, & so on — I have just left Oscar Cunningham, the Ohio boy — he is in a dying condition — there is no hope for him — it would draw tears from the hardest heart to look at him — he is all wasted away to a skeleton, & looks like some one fifty years old — you remember I told you a year ago, when he was first brought in, I thought him the noblest specimen of a young western man I had seen, a real giant in size, & always with a smile on his face — O what a change, he has long been very irritable to every one but me, & his frame is all wasted away — the young Massachusetts 1st artillery boy, Cutler, I wrote about is dead — he is the one that was brought in a week ago last Sunday badly wounded in breast — the deaths in the principal hospital I visit, Armory Square, average one an hour —

I saw Capt Baldwin of the 14th this morning, he has lost his left arm — is going home soon — Mr. Kalbfleisch & Anson Herrick (M'C from New-York) came in one of the wards where I was sitting writing a letter this morning, in the midst of the wounded — Kalbfleisch was so much affected by the sight that he burst into tears — O I must tell you I gave the boys in the Carver hospital a great treat of ice cream, a couple of days ago, went round myself through about 15 large wards (I bought some ten gallons very nice) — you would have cried & been amused too, many of the men had to be fed, several of them I saw cannot probably live, yet they quite enjoyed it, I gave everybody some — quite a number of western county boys had never tasted ice cream before — they relish such things, oranges lemons, &c. — Mother I feel a little blue this morning, as two young men I knew very well have just died, one died last night, & the other about half an hour before I went to the hospital, I did not anticipate the death of either of them, each was a very, very sad case so young — Well mother I see I have written you another gloomy sort of letter — I do not feel as first rate as usual.

You don't know how I want to come home & see you all, you dear mother & Jeff & Mat & all — I believe I am homesick, something new for me — then I have seen all the horrors of soldiers' life & not been kept up by its excitement — it is awful to see so much, and not be able to relieve it

WASHINGTON June 7 1864

DEAREST MOTHER, . . . Well mother poor Oscar Cunningham has gone at last — he is the 82d Ohio boy (wounded May 3d '63) — I have written so much of him I suppose you feel as if you almost knew him . . . I believe I told you in last letter I was quite blue from the deaths of several of the poor young men I knew well, especially two I had strong hopes of their getting up — things are going pretty badly with the wounded — They are crowded here in Washington in immense numbers, & all those that come up from the Wilderness & that region, arrived here so neglected, & in such plight, it was awful — (those that were at Fredericksburgh & also from Belle Plain) . . . Many of the amputations have to be done over again — one new feature is that many of the poor afflicted young men are crazy, every ward has some in it that are wandering — they have suffered too much, & it is perhaps a privilege that they are out of their senses — Mother it is most too much for a fellow, & I sometimes wish I was out of it — but I suppose it is because I have not felt first rate myself — I am going to write to George to-day, as I see there is a daily mail to White House — O I must tell you that we got the wounded from our present field near Richmond much better than we did from the Wilderness & Fredericksburgh — We get them now from White House, they are put on boats there, & come all the way here, about 160 or 70 miles — White House is only twelve or fifteen miles from the field. . . .

WASHINGTON June 14 1864

DEAREST MOTHER I am not feeling very well these days — the doctors have told me not to come inside the hospitals for the present — I send there by a friend every day, I send things & aid to some cases I know, & hear from there also, but I do not go myself at present — it is probable that the hospital poison has affected my system, & I find it worse than I calculated — I have spells of faintness & very bad feeling in my head, fullness & pain, — & besides sore throat — my boarding place 502 Pennsylvania av. is a miserable place, very bad air — But I shall feel better soon, I know — the doctors say it will pass over — they have long told me I was going in too strong — some days I think it has all gone & I feel well again, but in a few hours I have a spell again. . . .

WASHINGTON June 17th 1864

DEAR MOTHER . . . I think I shall come home for a short time, & pretty soon (I will try it two or three days yet though, & if I find my illness goes over I will stay here yet a while — all I think about is to be here if any thing should happen to George). . . .

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

LIGHT IN SHADE. BY I. H. CALIGA.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

Henriette Ronner.

THE CATS OF HENRIETTE RONNER.

WITH PICTURES FROM PAINTINGS BY HENRIETTE RONNER.

I.

I WISH that the disposition were more general to take cats seriously. Ordinarily 't is touch and go that they be not kicked and s'catted offhand to perdition; and the very best that usually can be hoped for them is a half-contemptuous neglect, for the reason — none too cogent even when *Shylock* gave it, and now all frayed and tattered by ceaseless inconsiderate use through three centuries — that they are harmless and necessary. Neither of these points of view, the destructive or the tolerative, is that of the philosopher; and both are far removed from the scheme of benevolent goodness which created on this earth an amicable society of beasts and men.

In truth, for the clue to the existing misunderstanding and unappreciation of cat-nature by man-nature we must go all the way back to that dismal Apple; to that unlucky wrong twist, taken almost at the start in the journey, which — turning the whole project of human happiness topsyturvy, and fairly out of the windows — begot, among other manifold miseries, that dullness on the side of humanity which ever since has set men and beasts so hopelessly at odds.

It would be presumption on my part to criticize too closely the conduct of the elders of my own house; and even thus to rake up afresh a family scandal (that fortunately has come to be a little overlooked and palliated in the lapse of time) may be regarded in certain stickling quarters as traversing the canons of good taste. But I protest that in bringing

BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM SCHAUS.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

AN INTRUDER.

again to the surface for a moment those lamentable doings in the Garden of Eden my sole purpose is to discover the essential base of my argument; and I vow upon my family honor that toward my unfortunate progenitors (who so badly smirched it) I have only the kindliest feelings in my heart. The whole trouble came, doubtless, because they were as ill-fitted to deal successfully with the subtleties of ophidian casuistry as (Heaven knows!) I am myself.

But while I am willing thus handsomely to condone their pomological indiscretion, I

ENGRAVED BY A. R. MULLER.

"INNOCENCE." OWNED BY HAROLD AND DIDRIK DE BILDT.

am not at all disposed to belittle it, nor am I in the least degree oblivious of its miserable consequences. Of a certainty, had my ancestors exhibited upon that unfortunate occasion the strength of mind that evidently was expected of them, the Serpent would have been whisked sharply to the right about in utter discomfiture; and in departing he would have taken with him — possibly to some other planet, to repeat his experiment; certainly out of this one — the whole arsenal of evils and sorrows with which from that sad day onward he has harried and tortured mankind. Behind him he would have left untarnished the Golden Age — and instead of a mere traditionary survival of a time when men and beasts spoke the same language (or, perhaps, possessed a polite acquaintance with each other's dialects), and lived together on terms of the most friendly fellowship, these amicable relations between all the members of the animal kingdom would be flourishing at the present writing — with the corollary that there would be no need now to plead for the reinstitution of a close friendship between cats and men.

'T is the men who have been the losers in every way by this change in the plan of animated nature; and, to my mind, most of all in the loss of intimate cat companionship. Not, be it understood, that I would depreciate one single beast — no, not even the hippopotamus — in order to give cats a better standing; for all of them, in their severally appointed places, have those fit good qualities wherewith they have been endowed by their Creator, and narrow must be the human heart that would cast out of it the very least of them all. But to some natures — of which, I confess, mine own is one — the supereminence of the cat over every other animal, save man alone, is so obtrusive a certainty that there simply is no denying it — no more than the dominance of the sun at mid-day over all the dazzle-hidden stars. And therefore it is — even as we might lament some cosmic cataclysm which at a stroke deprived us of more than half our sunlight — that I mourn the loss of those tenderly close relations which existed between the human and the feline families through that exquisite period of primitive happiness ere man was conceived in sorrow or kittens came; which very statement of the evil of the case, however, reminds me instantly of its palliative — the reflection that paradise kittenless would have been no paradise for me!

II.

It will be a long step toward winning back again the Golden Age, — whereof the revival as a whole cannot but be a slow process, and like to be arrived at here and there in the world a bit at a time, — when the cats shall come to their own again by restoration to their rightful place as the honored intimates of men. And so it is that whoever helps in hastening the advent of this halcyon philo-feline era, whereof the outcome must be a substantial increase of human happiness, deserves the gratitude of the world at large.

For which reasons the world must be grateful to Madame Henriette Ronner, by whose brush cats so nobly have been exalted; and especially must all honest cat-lovers feel for her a warm affection, because she so faithfully and appreciatively has committed to the enduring custody of canvas the gracious little cat bodies which for periods all too brief — despite the nine lives animating them — are the habitation of the strange little cat souls. Indeed, so searchingly tender are many of these pictures in their exposition of the more delicately beautiful phases of cat character, that not even the most violent of feliphobes can behold them

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

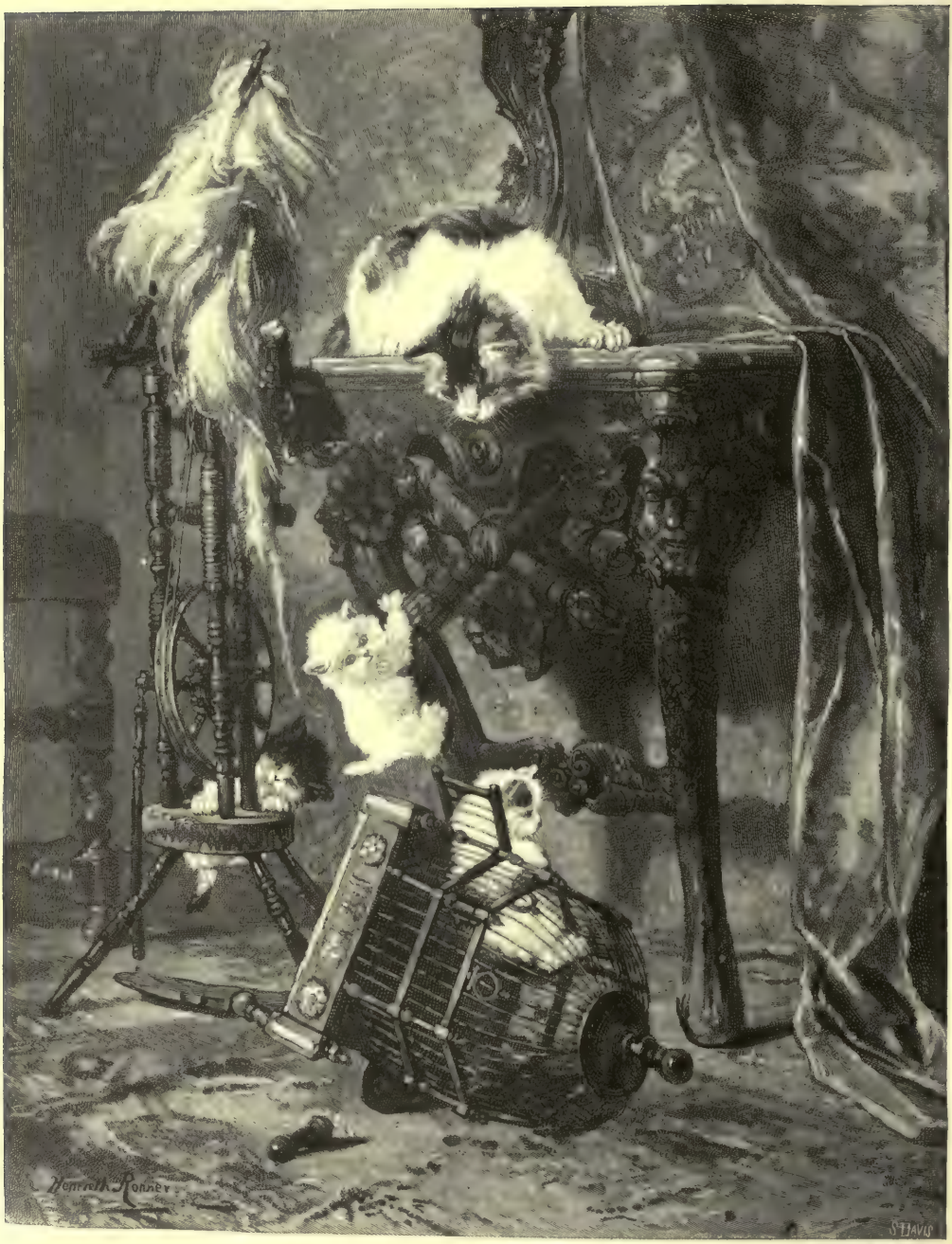
A STUDY IN WATER COLOR.

without some little stirring of the gentler emotions in the ossic substance he is pleased to call his heart; and as for true cat-lovers — at sight of such a face, for example, as Banjo's, so warm a gladness must penetrate thrillingly every fiber of their beings that 't is a turn of chance if they be not moved to tears!

Close upon five-and-twenty years of a good lifetime has Madame Ronner given almost exclusively to the study of cats and to the painting of them; and now, at two-and-seventy, — still quick with youthful fire and youthful energy, — she is the acknowledged empress, even as Monsieur Lambert is the acknowledged emperor, of the cat division of the world of art.

Animals she has painted from the very beginning, and her first great success — which she followed up steadily for more than a dozen years — was won in the painting of dogs. Of course there is no harm in painting dogs; but the fact must be admitted that, while good enough creatures in their way, they distinctly are destitute of those subtly refined qualities by which cat-nature so conspicuously is ennobled. Of the commonplace virtues their equipment, I admit willingly, is sufficient to entitle them to a fair share of human esteem; yet must I add the passing comment that the chief of these virtues, the fidelity about which the dog-lovers are always making such a to-do, is a quality so indiscriminately manifested that I am disposed to regard its origin as automatic rather than reasoning. It is for the dog's own credit that I take this view. The only alternative to it — when we consider the deplorable specimens of humanity to whom he devotedly attaches himself — is that the dog is an animal of the most execrable taste.

However, without regard to the dog's moral qualities, it was by her pictures of dogs that Madame Ronner first became famous; but before this success was won, or even a standing-place in her profession, she served a hard apprenticeship that lasted through many years.



A TURBULENT FAMILY. ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

III

MADAME RONNER comes of Holland stock, and of an artist family. Her grandfather was Nicolaas Frederik Knip, a flower-painter of some celebrity, who flourished in the last quarter of the last century; her father was Josephus Augustus Knip, whose landscapes were well thought of by several kings, as well as by other prominent persons of his time, and still are to be found here and there in royal galleries; and her aunt, for whom she was named, was Henriette Geertruide Knip, whose flower-pictures won medals in Paris and in Amsterdam, when the present century was young.

In Henriette the younger, the family talent, which thus had been budding through two generations, bloomed forth into full flower. Before she was six years old her artistic quality and its bent were declared in studies of animals from life — quaint yet vivacious drawings, still preserved, giving excellent promise of the masterful work that was to come in the fullness of time. Her development was more personal than in the case of most artists, because, practically, she was self-taught. Almost at the moment when her serious study began, her father — suffering the cruelest fate that can come to a painter — was stricken blind. This was in the year 1832, when she was only eleven years old. Yet her teaching, so far as teaching was given her, came from her blind father. Every day, from early in the morning until dusk, she worked in his studio, save that each mid-day he compelled her to rest for two hours in a darkened room — for dread lest by a strain upon her eyes too constant she also might go blind.

Under these conditions, instruction of the ordinary sort was impossible. In such of her perplexities as could be stated and resolved in speech, she had his help; but from the most important part of an art education — those touches, corrective of faulty drawing, which in a single flash explain away difficulties and supply substantial knowledge — she wholly was cut off. For her father did not permit the corrections which he was incapable of making to be made by others; giving as his reason for denying her such necessary assistance that she would conquer individuality of style by working out her artistic salvation alone. Consciously, or unconsciously, underlying this reasoning, I cannot but fancy, was a jealous fear lest she should owe to others the help which she could not owe to him because of his infirmity. There is a most pathetic note in it all: the blind artist striving to give expression to form in words; the child contending against a whole army of unnecessary difficulties because of his jealous love of her — and through her enforced hours of mid-day darkness dreaming of a gladly triumphant future as only poets and painters know how to dream.

Her father's desire was that she should be a portrait-painter; mainly, it would seem, because along that line of art — almost from its beginning — some sort of a humble living could be picked up: and they were very poor. But, fortunately, her disposition toward animal painting was too strong to be overborne; and because of her resolute will in this matter the world greatly has gained. Artists there are in plenty everywhere who, after a fashion, can paint all necessary portraits of mere human beings; but the artists of all the ages of the world who have been capable of painting cat portraits supremely well (at least so far as we know from work which now survives) may be counted off on the fingers of a four-fingered man: the Swiss, Gottfried Mind; the Frenchman, Louis Eugène Lambert; the Japanese, Hokusai; and the Hollander, Henriette Ronner. Therefore a pang of anguish must pierce the heart of every lover of cats at the mere thought of so dire a mischance as the nullibiety — the nowhereness — of all that the last named of these has painted of cat life. Blessedly, the mischance was averted. Resisting her father's portrait-painting suggestions, the little Jufrow Knip held loyally to the path in art which she had chosen for herself — and so, in due course, very appreciably has brightened the gaiety of nations, and permanently (to continue the paraphrase) has enriched the public stock of harmless pleasures pertaining to mankind.

IV.

By a happy accident — yet an accident in which, it would seem, there was a tincture of fatality — her very first exhibition-picture was a picture of a cat. They were living in Düsseldorf, she and her father, when her "Cat in a Window" was painted, and she was barely sixteen years old. That the work of so young an artist should have passed a jury in that art-loving little capital was in itself a victory; and the victory was emphasized in a substantial manner by the fact that the picture promptly was sold. This early small success — which, after all, was the greatest success of her life: for what can compare with the elation that comes with the sale of one's first picture or first book? — fixed her in her resolve to be a painter of animals, and gave her strength for the fight that for a dozen years was to be continued before she conquered for herself a secure position in her art.

Yet almost immediately her local reputation was established, and from the time that she was eighteen years old she earned by the sale of her pictures a living for her father and herself. She worked with a man's strength, and with a woman's persistence. Indeed, only very resolute energy could have brought her successfully through that trying period of her life. Under the curse of his blindness her father was painfully restless — tiring quickly of each fresh town or city to which he betook himself in the hope of forgetting a little his sorrow in a new environment, and so keeping her continually upon the wing. Thus, to the heavy responsibility of caring for him in his infirm state, and of providing for their joint support, were added

the grave disadvantages of being compelled to paint only as the chance came to set up her easel, and of losing all the restful comforts of a home. More unfortunate conditions for serious art work than were these scarcely could have been devised; yet her will-power conquered them, and her painting showed a steady improvement from year to year.

This period of her life ended in the year 1847, when—in the village of Berlikum, in North Brabant—her father died. And in this same village, at this same time, another and happier period of her life was begun by her meeting with Fieco Ronner—to whom she was married in Amsterdam three years later on, when her wanderings ended. With her husband she established herself in Brussels, and from that time onward the Belgian capital has been her home.

With this happy change there came no lessening of the severity of her labor. In marrying, these young people had but united their separate poverties in a joint-stock company, whereof the paid-in capital was hope and love—which, in a way, of course, was wealth illimitable; yet was it not a wealth interchangeable for current coin. The substantial improvement in the artist's condition was her ability to lay out her work on lines of permanence—free of all dread of a sudden striking of tents and shifting of camp. Of this she made the most, rising regularly at five every morning, and painting through every moment of the day that could be saved from her duties to her children,—as these came to her,—and from her other household cares.

During the fifteen years following her marriage (1850–65) her specialty was the painting of dogs; not dogs of high degree,—though of these she now and then painted portraits,—but the plebeian working dogs, which then were, and to a less extent still are, the ordinary draft-animals of the street tradesfolk of the Low Country towns. Her work in this line culminated, though it by no means ended, in the year 1860, when she exhibited her celebrated "Friend of Man." The principal figure on this large canvas (8 feet by 6 feet) is a dying dog,—still harnessed to a cart partly filled with sand,—whose glazing eyes are turned with a look of affection toward his weeping master, an old sand-seller. Completing the group are two other dogs, who seem to understand, in sympathetic dog-fashion, the sorrow that has come to pass. It is a very touching story, and one appealing strongly to the popular heart. Technically the picture is above criticism. From the moment that it was exhibited Madame Ronner's fame was established enduringly, and her fortune was made.

V.

It was at the very time that she scored this great success in dog-painting, and while orders for her *attelages* and for dog portraits were pouring in upon her, that she was possessed by her later and higher inspiration, and her cat-painting began. What seemed to be a mere turn of chance brought about this shifting of her flag—the coming to dwell in her home of a fascinating creature just blooming out from kittenhood into young cathood. But for my own part—the matter being one of such importance, and my personal tastes tending always toward fatalism—I prefer to believe that the coming into Madame Ronner's home of this inspiring kitten-cat was due to the workings of a grave Destiny. Unquestionably with the advent of that cat the whole current of her life was changed.

But such a change, of course, could not be instantaneous. For several years following the exhibition of her "Friend of Man" the orders which came to her for dog pictures were so profitable and so peremptory that they could not be refused. Gradually, however, as opportunity offered, and following always the leadings of her own desires, she raised herself from the dog level into the upper regions of grace and beauty where normally the cat is found; and from about the year 1870 onward she gave to cat-painting practically the whole of her time. It was an unfortunate exception to this rule that caused her to be represented at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia by a brace of setters quartering a cover, and by a hare pursued by hounds—good though both of these pictures were; and there is all the more reason, therefore, for finding pleasure in the fact that "Coquetry," "Mischief," and "In Confidence," are the three wholly cat-like and entirely characteristic subjects which she has painted for, and now has on exhibition at, the Chicago Fair.

That her cats have brought her fame, and fortune also, is the very least return that they could make in common gratitude for all that she has done for them, inasmuch as merely to look upon such pictures as "Innocence" and "Banjo and his Brother" is a whole sermon in cat-loving and cat-love. Medals and honorable mentions, and elections to academies, have come to her from all over Europe; the distinction, rare for a woman, of the Cross of the Order of Leopold has been conferred upon her by the King of the Belgians; all the important art-galleries have made a point of acquiring specimens of her work; and at least a half-dozen kings and princes, and such, have bought her cat-pieces for every single royal personage who bought her

aunt Henriette's flower-pieces a long lifetime ago.

Better than her honors is the happiness that has come to her in congenial and successful hard work. Idleness would be the most severe toil to which Madame Ronner could be condemned; and her life, of her own desire, still is disposed on lines of energy. But the note of luxury enters it in her fortunate freedom to work much or little,—as her feeling of the moment may determine,—and to do her work absolutely in her own way. In point of fact she still continues to be a very regular and a very earnest worker: but her working time has been cut down from the whole of each day's daylight to three morning hours.

Tending yet more to strike a balance of comfort with the hardships of her early years is the home in which she carries on so briskly the work of her young old age — the charming house in its own grounds in the outskirts of Brussels on the Charleroi Road. Here, a widow, she dwells with her son; and holding honored positions in this happy household are "Jem" and "Moumouth,"—the present prince and princess of the long line of feline royalty that has been domiciled beneath her roof since the fortunate coming of the fatalistic kitten-cat three-and-thirty years ago.

VI.

GOTTFRIED MIND was styled the Cat Raphael; and, with submission, I hold that Madame Ronner with equal justice may be styled the Cat Velasquez — so broad and bold is her method, so lifelike are her pictures and so strong.

The unavoidable comparison of her work with that of her great contemporary, Lambert, must always result, I think, in her favor. Of the two artists Lambert has the more finish; but Madame Ronner has the more vitality — and especially has she the greater power of bringing out the subtle force and grace of cat character. To my mind, her most delightful pictures are those least literary — her direct transcripts of cat individuality free of all such adventitious elements of interest as rifled bird-cages and ill-tempered cockatoos. After all, what the genuine cat-lover wants is not cat-farce nor cat-tragedy, but simply the blessed cat itself — with all its lithe beauty of body and strangely appealing earnestness of soul. That is what Madame Ronner gives us. Her best pictures are those which frankly rest their claims to admiration on the fact that they bring the personality of individual lovable cats directly home to our hearts.

That she has succeeded in this difficult line of work — wherein some of the very greatest of painters, including even Rembrandt, have failed dismally — no doubt is due in part to an extraordinary technical facility which enables her to seize upon and to record accurately the almost kaleidoscopic changes of the little cat forms. Her successful working in this flashing way is the result, also, of her method of attacking her subjects in the mass instead of in detail. The figure to be painted is blocked-in with great celerity in light and shade; then more deliberately, but still with a very unusual nimbleness, the drawing is supplied. In any line of art the adoption — that is, of course, the successful adoption — of this bold method presupposes a very thorough knowledge of drawing, and a most sensitive appreciation of form; but when applied to cat-painting the reserve force of knowledge and observation must be still greater, because of the difficulty of indicating accurately muscular action beneath the coat of fur. But back of her technical facility and her vigorous method, the substantial foundation of this artist's genius is her infinite patience in studying her cats constantly with the most painstaking care. Primarily, her power to express rests on her laboriously earned power to understand.

The practical difficulty of keeping her models even approximately in pose while thus studying them, was one that seriously troubled Madame Ronner until she hit upon the plan of inclosing them in a cage made of wire and glass. Ordinary window-glass was used at first in this structure, but plate-glass was substituted after a cat of tempestuous nature had made so explosive a wreck of the thinner substance as to put the artist in serious danger from the flying fragments. It is comfortably cushioned, this cage, and also is provided with a hanging bob that invites the younger and lighter-hearted of the temporary prisoners to engage in lively play — with the resulting possibility of studying the agreeable eccentricities of kitten action under favorable conditions and at short range.

As a matter of course the artist is on very friendly terms with her models. Her genuine admiration for their beauty, out of which came in the beginning her desire to paint them, could only, in the nature of things, increase as her acquaintance with them expanded into affection and esteem. Save for their periods of imprisonment — a captivity of so genial a sort that even Yorick, modifying his extreme views, would admit that here was a slavery in which there was no bitterness — these fortunate cats lead lives of ideal happiness: with the added gust of knowing that constantly their mistress is sending forth their portraits to be admired and even reverenced of all mankind. 'T is a life fit to turn the head completely of an animal of coarser fiber and weaker intelligence — as the horse or dog; and even the ass, though

a being blessed equally with modesty and worth, might be unduly elated by an adulative affection so extreme. But the cat, possessing always the calm dignity of a lofty nature, uniformly can be counted upon to rise superior to every provocation of a weak self-complacency; there being, indeed, in the whole range of animated nature — above, at least, the order of the mollusca — no creature less susceptible to the flattery of man.

What these much-to-be-felicitated cats assuredly are learning, however, is a friendly faith in humanity; and what Madame Ronner assuredly is teaching — both in her tender dealings with them, and by her sympathetic painting of them — is the doctrine which dropped out of fashion when Arcady was lost: that all creatures animate should cherish toward each other a perfect love.

VII.

At the root of every creed that ever was — unless it may be those of some barbarous peoples whose hazy bodings cannot be called creeds at all — lies the hope that man's fallen nature may be so raised again, and that the severing lines between the lives of all the creatures dwelling on this earth together may be so blotted out, that universal friendliness shall come back to us and with it the vanished warmth and radiance of the Golden Age. To the realization of this ideal are devoted the best energies of humanity; not always directly; not always even quite consciously — yet always surely: since all that makes for tenderness and kindliness in the world marks an appreciable advance toward the compassing of this happy end.

Few of us can hope to accomplish in the good work even the thousandth part of what has been accomplished by Madame Ronner — whose artistic genius and whose love for her gentle theme has enabled her, while so faithfully reproducing the little cat bodies, to bring very close to human fellowship the little cat souls. But it is a happy fact that even the least of us — drawing closer, as did the blessed Saint Francis of Assisi, to our brethren the beasts and the fishes and the birds — may in some measure forestall the millennium in our own lives. And also is it true, that in so doing we may at the same time hasten by a fractional part the revival universal of the gracious epocha when man and the so-called lower orders of animals once more shall be on terms of cordial fellowship; when, most joyous of all the joyous sights of that reunion, Homo and Felis shall stand friendly together, hand clasping paw.

Thomas A. Janvier.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED.

In answer to a question asked not long ago, Mr. Olmsted said: "The most interesting general fact of my life seems to me to be that it was not as a gardener, a florist, a botanist, or one in any way specially interested in plants and flowers, or specially susceptible to their beauty, that I was drawn to my work. The root of all my work has been an early respect for and enjoyment of scenery, and extraordinary opportunities for cultivating susceptibility to its power. I mean not so much grand or sensational scenery as scenery of a more domestic order — scenery which is to be looked upon contemplatively, and is productive of musing moods." It will be well to keep these words in mind in following the thread of a life which has been so rich in the ability to create landscape beauty and so useful in the devotion of this ability to the service of our people.

Frederick Law Olmsted was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on April 27, 1822. He came of the best possible stock — of an English middle-class family, first settled at Plymouth, which had been among those to cross the wilderness and establish a new colony by the Connecticut River. There were deacons, of course, and other quiet home-keeping citizens in all its generations; but an adventurous strain was not lacking in the Olmsted blood. Our artist's greatuncles were seamen, one dying on a British prison-ship, another living through strange privateering experiences, and another, a very successful shipmaster in the China trade, ending his life as a rich and cultivated citizen of Hartford. His grandfather was likewise a shipmaster, but a less successful one. His father, after receiving little more than a common-school education, was in early life a "dry-goods" merchant in Hartford. A shy and reserved man, we are told, and not a scholar, he was yet a great reader, and a man of distinctively rural tastes, having a small farm near the town, in which he took constant interest, riding and driving a great deal, and often taking his little boy with him on a pillow on his saddle-bow.

Mr. Olmsted's mother — Charlotte Hull, a relative of Commodore Hull — had died when

he was three years old; but his father soon married again, and a woman with tastes similar to his own. Their chief recreations were long summer journeys to the sea-shore or through the inland country. When the boy was six years old he was taken to Niagara, and another year to the Wadsworth homestead in the beautiful, park-like Genesee Valley. After his eighth year he lived in the country in clergymen's families; but his vacations coincided with his parent's summer journeys. In a two-horse wagon the whole family would drive slowly through various parts of New England, stopping to lunch in some pretty spot, sleeping at convenient rural inns — living with Nature, contemplating, absorbing, and appreciating her as people seldom can in these rushing railroad days. Often appropriate books, drawn from the Hartford library, would be read aloud at the noon resting-hour — Dwight's or Silliman's travels, for example. Thus (and Mr. Olmsted himself cannot now lay too much explanatory stress upon the fact) from his very earliest youth the future landscape-gardener was brought up amid rural influences, and all unconsciously was imbibing a love for natural beauty from people who did not speak of it by such a term — who, indeed, rarely spoke of it at all, but felt it, and indulged it as simply and constantly as their desire to breathe.

And the boy's own impulses led to a deepening of the impressions thus received. He was instinctively, persistently a rambler, spending all the time he could in long, solitary walks, when he forgot why he carried rod or gun, and was never tempted into any scientific study, but gave himself up to the silent influence of wood and field, hillside, brook, and cloud. Zimmerman "On Solitude," he says, was the first book which led him to any conscious thinking about natural beauty, although, when he read Gilpin and Price in later years, they vaguely came back to him as chance acquaintances of his childhood.

When he was about fourteen a severe case of ivy-poisoning injured his eyesight. The physician forbade him to attend school or to read, and here was a fine excuse for the still wider indulgence of his rambling, contemplating propensities. While still forbidden to use his eyes much, he was sent as a pupil to a clergyman who had formerly been a civil engineer, and with him remained two years, at Andover and in Collinsville, Connecticut. He now studied a very little engineering, amused himself much with a sort of "play-practice" in laying out imaginary towns, but spent most of his time, as before, in wandering afield, strengthening his love for natural beauty, unconsciously storing his memory with countless impressions of characteristic New England scenes. He boated, of course, on the Connecticut, and he now believes that this river-meadow scenery influenced his mature taste more forcibly than anything else. The family practice of summer journeyings was still kept up, and now the lad gradually learned to notice (still half unconsciously) why towns are founded in certain spots, how villages develop, and other facts pregnant with the seeds of future usefulness.

The idea of an engineer's life for him was soon abandoned. Placed at sixteen in a large importing-house in New York, he could not compel himself to commercial life for more than two years. Then the adventurous drop in his blood asserted itself; like his forefathers he went to sea, and a year was spent before the mast in great hardship and repeated illnesses. He came home with his health impaired, but bringing memories of many hours when he had indulged his dreaming, contemplative spirit, and of scant, exciting glimpses of tropical scenery caught in Chinese ports.

A farmer's life was then decided upon; and after two years' training on the lands of others, two winters' partial experience of college life as a special student in the scientific classes at Yale, and a year spent on a farm of his own near New Haven, he purchased a larger farm on the southern side of Staten Island; and this for a number of years was his home. Interested and capable as a farmer, and active in all local public enterprises, his life was further enlarged by the frequent visits of his younger brother, John, then a medical student in New York, and of his brother's friends. Chief among these was Charles Loring Brace, already a budding philanthropist. The friendship of Andrew J. Downing, the well-known landscape-gardener, was also gained at this time, and, while visiting him at his home in Newburg, Mr. Olmsted made the acquaintance of a young English architect, Mr. Calvert Vaux, who was then Downing's partner, and afterward was long and closely associated with himself.

In 1851 the two brothers and Mr. Brace made a pedestrian tour through England, and a short Continental trip. The record of this summer we have in Mr. Olmsted's "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." No more instructive or charming book on rural England has been written, and it throws valuable light upon the writer's personality, proving the genuineness of his love for Nature and simple forms of life, and the keenness of his perceptive faculties. Here and there is a passage of double interest in the light of later facts: a description of the new Birkenhead parks, for instance, which shows that such things were appraised from an intelligent point of view, not carelessly enjoyed as they are by most non-

professional tourists; and again, this little preface to the account of Eaton Park:

> What artist so noble, has often been my thought, as he who, with far-reaching conception of beauty and with designing power, sketches the outline, writes the colors, and directs the shadows of a picture so great that Nature shall be employed upon it for generations before the work he has arranged for her shall realize his intentions?

After this journey, life on the farm was resumed and the book was written. A year or two later came the Fillmore election, with its fierce slavery discussions. Mr. Brace was something of an abolitionist; Mr. Olmsted was not, and he felt that the condition of things in the slaveholding States had never been painted impartially. From their conversations resulted Mr. Olmsted's decision to spend the winter traveling through the South, and to report his observations in the pages of "The New-York Times." The following year his brother married Miss Mary Perkins, whose grandfather, a prominent New York physician, was a neighbor on Staten Island and a close friend; and some time later Mr. John Olmsted's failing health brought him and his family to live at the farm; and then, in the belief that change of air and outdoor life would profit the invalid, the brothers determined to spend the winter on horseback, starting from Texas and making their way to California. Indian outbreaks changed their plans, however, and a southward course through Texas was taken, with an excursion over the Mexican border. When Mississippi was reached again in the spring, the younger brother returned to the farm, while Mr. Olmsted, desiring to make a book of his "Times" letters, and believing that he should first know the slave States better, took to his saddle once more, and, accompanied only by a plucky dog, made his way slowly northward to Richmond, Virginia.

Three books resulted from these journeys[1]—two written by Mr. Olmsted's own hand, the one on Texas put into shape by his brother from his notes. Their picture of the rural communities of the South just before the war has great historical value; but their incidental autobiographical value should not be overlooked. They show that, despite the day-dreaming of his boyhood, Mr. Olmsted was an eminently practical person; and no one needs to be practical more than the landscape-gardener. They prove great breadth and strength of human sympathy, and this trait must afterward have inspired him to work enthusiastically and lovingly upon his pleasure-grounds for the poor of our great cities. They are marked by a simplicity, a lack of self-consciousness, which, although the Philistine may not think so, almost always characterizes a true artist. Even more than the "Walks and Talks" they reveal a power of perception keen and catholic enough to excite the envy of a professional reporter; and this faculty is, of course, a needful part of an artist's equipment.

Except from the strictly agricultural standpoint, very little is said about natural scenes in these three books. Yet one hardly needs to hear Mr. Olmsted talk about his Southern journeys to feel that, like his boyish wanderings, like his saunters among English parks and meadows, they helped his artistic development. Camping out of doors daily for many months, always at noontime and in Texas at night as well, he not only made intimate acquaintance with many new phases of natural beauty, but gained practical experience with regard to sites, soils, exposures, prospects—with regard to problems which must always be studied when human habitations are to be founded, or pleasure-grounds or estates laid out.

After his return to the North, Mr. Olmsted gave up his farm to his brother, connected himself as editor with "Putnam's Magazine," and gradually engaged in an allied publishing business. Obliged by this business to go to London, he remained there for half a year, after taking a leisurely little journey through Italy with his sisters, seeing and learning, once more, much that was of future use to him. Difficulties in the New York publishing-house then called him home; and in the year 1856, through no fault of his own, he found himself out of occupation. It was a chance meeting at a little watering-place near New Haven, whither he had gone for quiet with a pile of proof-sheets, that then brought about his connection with the newly begun Central Park, and led eventually to a landscape-gardener's career.

A member of the Board of Park Commissioners happened to be Mr. Olmsted's neighbor at table, and told him that they were looking for a superintendent to take practical direction of the work then being done in accordance with a plan prepared by Captain (afterward General) Vielé, who, as engineer, was in chief control of the park. When asked what kind of man was needed, the commissioner replied, "A man like you—one with your agricultural knowledge and your other experience"—referring to Mr. Olmsted's long-cultivated love for nature and to that acquaintance with European parks which was then very rare among Americans. Assured that he spoke in earnest, Mr. Olmsted returned that night to New York, obtained the

[1] "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," "A Journey Through Texas," and "A Journey Through the Back Country."

requisite letters of introduction, and, after some disagreeable experiences, was appointed superintendent.

If these experiences, and others of a like character which persisted and, indeed, grew worse during the whole of Mr. Olmsted's connection with the Central Park, could be recounted, they would make a picturesque bit of biography, and a very instructive one to students of our New York methods of conducting municipal affairs. But I can only explain that while as an artist he was not seriously troubled, and managed to carry out his designs in his own way, practically his path was always filled with rocks and thorns, and at times was almost blocked. In doing public work of any sort no man was ever more grievously hampered by political jealousies, great and small, and the pulling of overhead and underground political wires. In his dealings with certain high-placed officials, as in his management of his humblest workmen, there was never a moment when his hands were unfettered, his mind at leisure for its artistic tasks, his spirit untried by a myriad illegitimate vexations. Nevertheless, by hard personal work, beginning at dawn, after a journey on horseback from his home in Grand street, the new superintendent very quickly made his energy, honesty, and capability felt.

After a few months, work in accordance with General Vielé's plan was stopped, and Mr. Olmsted was given absolute control of the laborers, who, in accordance with his advice, were employed in such preparatory tasks as breaking up stone for roads, and building a low wall around the park borders. Then it was decided to abandon the old plan and to advertise for new ones. At first Mr. Olmsted had no idea of entering the competition; but he was asked by Mr. Vaux to collaborate with him in the preparation of a plan; and being urged by some of the commissioners, and personally ascertaining that his former chief would not resent such action, he accepted the proposal.

The main ideas for the scheme then worked out by the two young men were Mr. Olmsted's, including the one which probably did more than anything else to determine its success — the idea of conducting traffic across the park by means of sunken transverse roads. But Mr. Vaux's part in the task was equally essential. His architectural training fitted him not only to do the actual work of draftsmanship, and to design all structural features, but also to veto, correct, modify, or elaborate the expedients and features proposed by his companion. Together they had all the knowledge and ability required; but alone, Mr. Olmsted is always anxious to explain, he could at that time have done nothing to good purpose. Working almost altogether at night, but reviewing their result on the ground by day, the collaborators barely got their drawings done in time. Thirty-two other sets were presented; all were publicly exhibited and excited much interest; and — of course in the face of some opposition — the plan of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux was accepted, and they were put in control of its execution, Mr. Olmsted with the title of architect-in-chief and Mr. Vaux as his associate.

The trials and veritable persecutions, more than the normal labors, which then followed, so worked upon Mr. Olmsted in body and mind that in the spring of 1859 he was prostrated by typhoid fever, and, recovering, was ordered to go abroad. He spent the summer chiefly in England, making a very useful tour, completed by a visit to Paris, where Alphand, who was then altering the Bois de Boulogne and creating the new boulevards, showed his young American *confrère* much professional kindness.

On his return to America, Mr. Olmsted married his brother's widow, who, with her three children, had been under his care since his brother's death at Nice eighteen months before; and the new household was soon established in a brick house near the old Convent of the Sacred Heart within the park, while Mr. Vaux lived close at hand in the priest's former dwelling.

Persistently recasting and retouching their design, consolidating their corps of young engineers and gardeners, managing the thousands of workmen who were often rendered insubordinate by the consciousness of political "pulls," and fighting the politicians themselves, the two artists led a life that was no easier than before. It was a perpetual struggle to obtain the money legally at their disposal, while their steps were incessantly dogged by men in search of employment — men often wholly unfit for service, but armed with insistent letters from one "boss" or another. The extent of this latter annoyance may be read in the fact that it was only in moonlight hours that they could walk about the park, to consider what had just been done, and to decide what should next be undertaken. Moreover, a runaway horse, a heavy fall, and a badly broken thigh soon put Mr. Olmsted on his back again. For months he directed the park work from his bed; then he was carried about to superintend it on a litter; for a long time afterward he walked on crutches, and ever since he has been slightly lame.

Yet, in spite of everything, his force of workmen, numbering at last nearly four thousand, practically completed in about four years the great work of making a park of some 800 acres on a singularly unfavorable site. To accomplish this meant not only high artistic

power, but indefatigable energy and much organizing, executive ability. In every energetic man there is a fine leaven of combativeness, and the unrighteous obstacles perpetually piled in Mr. Olmsted's path aroused this spirit to righteous intensity. While fighting his own artistic battle he felt that he was fighting, too, the battle for better municipal conditions; and any one who knew him at the time will testify that he threw himself into his park work much as our young soldiers, just then, were throwing themselves into martial combats. Doubtless it was a general recognition of this power of absorbed devotion, as well as of his executive ability, which led Dr. Bellows, the president of the newly formed Sanitary Commission, to ask him to become its secretary—that is, its practical manager. Aware that there was little more work which could then be done on the park, and glad to escape from a life open to the persecutions of local politicians into the service of a nation in distress, Mr. Olmsted accepted the offer, and removed to Washington. He was still on crutches at the time. His work during the next two years was very laborious, the servants coming to set the breakfast-table often finding him still at his night-long tasks; and his health again broke down beneath the strain. But the results of these two years form a bright feature in the history of the war which our people will not forget. I think it may be told that, while his salary had been fixed at $4000, he felt that for doing patriotic service he should accept as little pay as possible, and drew only some $2000 a year.

After severing his connection with the Sanitary Commission, Mr. Olmsted was for two years in California, trying to bring order out of disorder in the affairs of the great Frémont estate at Mariposa, but spending much time in the Yosemite Valley, in an official capacity, and doing much to make the nation understand the national value of this wonderful region. Then he returned to New York,—making an adventurous journey with his family by way of the Nicaragua route,—and formed a partnership with Mr. Vaux; and since that time, during a period of more than twenty-five years, he has steadily devoted himself to the practice of his art.

In 1879 he made another journey to Europe, and, returning in poor health, settled himself at Cambridge, Massachusetts, for a summer of outdoor recreation. The Boston Park Commission had been organized six or eight years before, and had then tentatively consulted Mr. Olmsted. Now it appealed to him again, and he was soon engaged to undertake the redemption of those half-submerged lands in the Back Bay district which he has transformed into a pleasure-ground of uniquely interesting character. This engagement made his residence near Boston desirable; and the presence at Brookline of Richardson, the architect, who had been his neighbor on Staten Island, led him thither. He found Brookline, he says, "the most civilized community in America" as regarded the management of municipal affairs; and there he permanently established his home and his office.

The works to which Mr. Olmsted has set his hand during the past twenty-five years have been very many; and they have been very varied, not only because of diversities in purpose, but because natural conditions, determining artistic conceptions and expedients, differ widely between Massachusetts and California, Montreal and North Carolina, and between seashore, mountain, and lowland sites. Since 1875 an office record of his chief undertakings has been kept. It mentions thirty-seven public pleasure-grounds; twelve suburban districts which have been laid out in preparation for the building of villas; the grounds of eleven public buildings and hospitals, thirteen colleges, four large schools, four railroad stations, and twelve considerable private estates; and also the names of some two hundred clients, to whom, in addition, Mr. Olmsted has given actual service or advice.

Some of the undertakings mentioned in this list have, of course, been much more important than others; some were fully carried out under Mr. Olmsted's direction, while in others his plans were not faithfully executed, and in most of them he has not worked alone. At first, as we know, Mr. Vaux was his partner; since 1875 his son, Mr. John C. Olmsted, has held this place; it is now held also by Mr. Charles Eliot, son of the president of Harvard University, and was held by Mr. Henry Sargent Codman for some time previous to his untimely death in 1892. But these three young men studied their profession in Mr. Olmsted's office, and were trained upon work which he had designed; and whatever deductions we can possibly make from the sum total of his own work, there remains a remarkable amount as the achievement of twenty-five years, and by a man whose health has not been robust.

It is difficult to name the most interesting among Mr. Olmsted's creations. From the artistic point of view, the largest do not deserve this distinction merely because of their size, or the most beautiful merely because of their beauty. A comparatively small piece of work, less perfect in its beauty than some others, may best prove a landscape-gardener's power, as having been wrought amid unusually hampering conditions—as being a blossom of art plucked from the nettle difficulty. Prospect Park, Brooklyn, for instance, may easily be thought more beautiful than Central Park; but to an eye which remembers what its site origi-

nally was, Central Park will always seem Mr. Olmsted's greatest achievement of the kind.

Again, Beacon Parkway in Boston (more often called the Back Bay Fens), to which I have already referred, may be less immediately impressive than certain pleasure-grounds of a normal sort; but it fills us with peculiar admiration when we realize the cause of its singularity — the need that wide sunken marshy tracts, alternately overflowed and left partly bare by tidewaters, should be so redeemed and beautified that they might appropriately be bridged by streets and surrounded with rows of city dwellings. Riverside Drive in New York, and the adjacent Morningside Park, are other instances of peculiar problems very successfully treated — instances which would be still more impressive had Mr. Olmsted's plans been faithfully carried out. Again, I may name the Arnold Arboretum, where the aim was to accommodate a scientific collection of trees and yet make a beautiful public pleasure-ground; and if I were as familiar with Mr. Olmsted's Western as with his Eastern work, I might add other examples of equal individuality.

But of one great Western example I hardly need to speak. Every American knows how beautiful are the Chicago World's Fair Grounds, how wholly the chance to make them beautiful has sprung from Mr. Olmsted's preliminary treatment, and how singularly novel, how boldly imaginative, as well as practical and skilful, this treatment has been. Every one who honors a great and conscientious, a public-spirited and widely useful, artist must be glad that Mr. Olmsted had this conspicuous opportunity to win his fellow-countrymen's praise; and every one who loves the art he practises must rejoice that, in thus distinguishing himself, he has lifted landscape-gardening to a higher place than it ever held before in the interest and respect of our public.

But in doing this he has merely carried on a great educational work which began with the creation of Central Park.

Thirty-five years ago there were no large public pleasure-grounds in America. No city possessed more than a few small squares, with, perhaps, a tract of common-land inherited from primitive days of public pasturage, carpet-beating, and musket practice. These seldom had anything of the beauty which Downing had conferred upon Lafayette Square in Washington; collectively they were quite inadequate to the needs of the day, much more inadequate to the evident needs of the future; and there was nothing in the suburbs to supplement them except the cemetery, while the way in which this was frequented by pleasure-seekers showed that something else was indeed required.

Even in Europe large pleasure-grounds, public in the modern sense, were comparative novelties. They had been among the good results of that limiting of kingly prerogatives and that breaking down of aristocratic barriers with which our century opened, and which were repeated, more quietly but more effectually, in the revolutionary days of 1848. When city walls were destroyed, their sites were utilized for extensive boulevards and promenades, while royal and princely parks, gardens, hunting-preserves, and forests were thrown open to the people. Forty years ago some of these were still nearly in their old condition; others had been remodeled into greater efficiency, and new areas were being specially fitted for the public's use.

But when a few wise citizens determined to give New York a large park, few Americans realized the benefits of such places, and still fewer believed that they should be formed here after European patterns. Seeing the decorous, law-abiding, rule-respecting throngs which now fill Central Park of a Sunday afternoon in spring, — throngs much larger and of much more motley composition than were anticipated in the fifties, — it is amusing to know that, when the plan of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux was accepted, some of our influential citizens cried: "Such a park is too aristocratic to be sanctioned in America, too artistic to be respected by the American populace. It would be an unrepublican waste of money to make it, for only the rich would use it; or, if the poor used it, they would quickly destroy its beauty." One well-known architect declared in a newspaper letter that our people should have a rustic pleasure-ground, not an elegant park; that the thing to do was to fence in the area, introduce cows and geese, let them make the paths, and let the public enjoy the result with perfect freedom. And another prominent person said that the place should be turned into a forest, — planted preferably with Ontario poplars alone, as they grow very quickly, — and then given over to the unaided ministrations of Nature. I fancy that these gentlemen now realize they were mistaken; but their mistakes excellently explain the great responsibility which rested upon Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Vaux. Had their park been a failure, artistically or practically, the making of public parks in America would have been retarded during many years — during years each of which would have rendered the acquisition of suitable lands more difficult and costly. But their success was quickly achieved, was as triumphantly apparent on the side of utility as on the side of beauty, and was welcomed with pride and respect by all the people of New York. Indeed, the whole country soon learned to feel a pride in Central Park, and a respect for the ideas upon which its formation had been based; and the result shows to-

day in the scores of public parks possessed by American cities large and small.

Of course it is not yet a result with which we are satisfied. Hundreds of towns and villages still need to be impressed with the fact that they should secure public pleasure-grounds without another year's delay; and the people at large need to be awakened to the vital concern they have in the right management and quick enlargement of their magnificent possessions in the mountains of the East and the West. But who can compute how far behind even our present condition we might have been to-day had not an artist of Mr. Olmsted's force, intelligence, versatility, and public spirit been given us at just the most critical time? At no other time and in no other place, I think, could Mr. Olmsted have served the cause of art and the cause of humanity so well. And I may lay special stress upon his versatility — upon that originality in conception to which I have already referred. The works in which it most prominently appears have more than an intrinsic value. They have a widely instructive value as showing that there can hardly be a site upon which the hand of an artist may not confer serviceableness and charm; that, therefore, no city, whatever its natural resources, need despair of possessing a satisfactory pleasure-ground.

Serviceableness and charm — these are the two qualities which every work of landscape-art, like every work of architecture, should possess. But as problems vary, so too does the degree of attention which should be concentrated upon each of these qualities. When we wish to pass judgment upon any given piece of work, it is as needful to remember this fact as to remember the limiting, directing force of pre-existing natural conditions. And when we understand it clearly, we see that success in the art to-day proves higher ability than was demanded a hundred and fifty years ago. It is evident that it must be more difficult to create or preserve beauty in a park which is daily visited by many thousand people — passing on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, and demanding facilities for the sports of men and of children — than to do as much in a private estate of the same size. It is evident, too, that the greater the area, the greater the difficulty, if only because in a very large park a wise artist will strive for more distinctively rural effects than in a smaller one — for more of the broad charm of scenery as distinguished from the charm of successive landscape passages; and because character of this kind lends itself least readily to the incorporation of a multitude of useful artificial features. Mr. Olmsted's success in securing such character, even amid natural conditions as unfavorable as those offered by the site of Central Park, has been very remarkable, but not more remarkable than his ability to secure the utmost practical efficiency in combination with it. His uniting of these qualities — utility and broad, simple, impressive landscape beauty — in so many discreetly varied ways, gives him, I think, an unrivaled position among the dead and living masters of his craft. Nor should it be forgotten that he had to teach himself how to do such work as this. I do not think that there are any large parks in Europe which offer such varied facilities for the refreshment and recreation of the great mass of the people as do the best of ours; and moreover, most of the European parks which at all resemble ours are — at least in their present estate — younger than Central Park.

Catholicity is another distinguishing mark of Mr. Olmsted's art. Despite his preponderant love for the naturalistic style in its broadest, simplest developments, he is quick to see when the formal, architectural style puts in a valid claim; and he realizes that even the most naturalistic landscape-work should not strive to appear actually natural, and should even incorporate distinctly formal elements when they are required for use or for the right explanation of art as art.

But neither catholicity of taste nor versatility in conception has led Mr. Olmsted into the great mistake of confusing radically different ideals. Formal elements may enter into a naturalistic scheme, freely treated elements into a formal scheme; gardenesque features may be furnished somewhere in a park; park-like vistas may open from a garden; or, indeed, a pleasure-ground may have a clearly confessed composite character. But whatever its character, there must be a clear confession of it. We should be left in no doubt as to the broad ideal which guided the artist, the general impression he tried to produce. This great fact Mr. Olmsted always remembers, and the public has learned from him at least some vague knowledge of the truth that not all pleasure-grounds should be designed on the same principles or judged by the same artistic canons. The confusion which still, however, prevails with regard to this matter is revealed by the lax use of all the terms involved, and especially of the word *park*, which has been so misused that we seldom remember it has any distinctive meaning at all. Mr. Olmsted knows, of course, that any lax use of terms tends to deepen the confusion from which it sprang; and he has steadily tried to teach artists, clients, and the public better verbal habits. For this reason — but by no means for this alone — his articles in various cyclopedias, and the many reports upon his works and explanations of his ideas with regard to proposed works which he

has written, should be sought out by all students of landscape-gardening. In short, he has not been merely a capable, diligent artist: he has been in all directions an apostle of his art, crying in a wilderness, truly, but not without finding some eager and intelligent disciples whose number, I am sure, will now rapidly increase. This fact, and not only his last pronounced triumph at Chicago, was fittingly recognized during the past summer when, on the same day, the universities of Harvard and Yale conferred upon him their highest honorary degrees.

I do not dare to dwell upon those more personal traits which have assisted Mr. Olmsted's high artistic gifts in establishing his influence. His friends understand and deeply appreciate them, and they must have impressed to some degree even the most casual client. But they could hardly be explained to strangers, and in making the attempt I fear I should give more pain than pleasure to a singularly gentle and modest spirit which does not yet realize why anything that concerns it must be interesting to the world at large.

It may seem almost as though mere chance had determined that Mr. Olmsted should be an artist. But the best chance can profit no man who is not well prepared to turn it into opportunity. If, at the age of thirty-four, Mr. Olmsted had not been fitted for a landscape-gardener's tasks, the chance which made him superintendent of the workmen in Central Park could not have led him on to the designing of parks; while, on the other hand, knowing how well fitted for such tasks he was, we feel that if just this opportunity had not offered, another would somehow have presented itself.

In the conduct of Mr. Olmsted's education up to the age of thirty-four, chance certainly played a preponderant rôle. But we should not therefore decide that a landscape-gardener's education may always be accidental, or even that it may be modeled consciously upon Mr. Olmsted's unconscious course. This course sufficed, with him, to develop that creative power which must always rest upon a reasoning, analyzing love for beauty, upon a sense for the harmonious, the fitting, the appropriate, as regards the application of special kinds of beauty to special purposes, and upon practical judgment as determining which among possible fitting schemes may most wisely be selected. But, while similar experiences could not fail to have much good effect upon any sensitive spirit, what sufficed with Mr. Olmsted would probably not have sufficed with another. It is safe to say that, as a rule, a landscape-gardener's creative power must indeed be nourished by long contemplation of nature, but also by systematic study of art; and I may add that a knowledge of art is often the influence which best develops an intelligent eye for nature.

Again, while Mr. Olmsted's equipment has proved itself extraordinarily fine in some directions, it has been deficient in others. His statement that without the collaboration of Mr. Vaux he could not have presented a plan for Central Park, shows how needful a thorough knowledge of architecture, engineering, and draftsmanship is to the landscape-gardener. Much knowledge of this sort Mr. Olmsted has since acquired, and his power of architectural conception is sufficiently proved by the single fact that it was he who perceived the necessity for those great marble terraces which have incalculably increased the architectural excellence of the Capitol in Washington.

But, as he would be quick to tell you, he has always been hampered by his lack of practical knowledge with regard to plants. This has forced him to depend upon others, in the execution of his works, even more than every busy landscape-gardener must; and it may also have limited his imagination somewhat, at least in relation to matters of detail. When defects exist in his work, they are sure to be defects in treatment, not in design — mistakes or shortcomings in the elaboration of his scheme, not in the scheme itself, not in the fundamental artistic conception. Here great intelligence and good taste always reveal themselves, and remarkable originality very often; and with a more thorough technical training the same qualities would undoubtedly always have marked all the minor features and details of his work.

In short, Mr. Olmsted's peculiar education, so deep and rich in some directions, so scanty in others, acting upon a singularly receptive yet naturally analytical temperament,— a temperament at once poetic and keenly, practically observant,— gave him an imaginative force which has probably not been equaled in the history of landscape-gardening in any land. But it did not perfect his executive skill, and this deficiency he has been unable to repair entirely during a long life of diligent application to the problems and resources of his art. Would-be landscape-gardeners should remember that they can hardly count upon offsetting blanks in their training by natural abilities as remarkable as his, and that most likely they do not possess temperaments as well adapted as his to profit by what I may call a passive course of education. They should remember that genius can learn much where talent or mere intelligence would gather sparse instruction, and may go very far with an equipment which would carry talent, stumbling, only a little way.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

THE VANISHING CITY.

I.

ENRAPTURED memory, and all ye powers of being,
To new life waken! Stamp the vision clear
On the soul's inmost substance. O let seeing
Be more than seeing; let the entrancèd ear
Take deep these surging sounds, inweaved with light
Of unimagined radiance; let the intense
Illumined loveliness that thrills the night
Strike in the human heart some deeper sense!
So shall these domes that meet heaven's curvèd blue,
And yon long, white imperial colonnade,
And many-columned peristyle endue
The mind with beauty that shall never fade:
Though all too soon to dark oblivion wending,—
Reared in one happy hour to know as swift an ending.

II.

Thou shalt of all the cities of the world
Famed for their grandeur, ever more endure
Imperishably and all alone impearled
In the world's living thought, the one most sure
Of love undying and of endless praise
For beauty only,— chief of all thy kind;
Immortal, even because of thy brief days;
Thou cloud-built, fairy city of the mind!
Here man doth pluck from the full tree of life
The latest, lordliest flower of earthly art;
This doth he breathe, while resting from his strife,
This presses he against his weary heart,
Then, wakening from his dream within a dream,
He flings the faded flower on Time's down-rushing stream.

III.

O never as here in the eternal years
  Hath burst to bloom man's free and soaring spirit,
Joyous, untrammeled, all untouched by tears
  And the dark weight of woe it doth inherit.
Never so swift the mind's imaginings
  Caught sculptured form, and color. Never before —
Save where the soul beats unembodied wings
  'Gainst viewless skies — was such enchanted shore
Jeweled with ivory palaces like these:
  By day a miracle, a dream by night;
Yet real as beauty is, and as the seas
  Whose waves glance back keen lines of glittering light
When million lamps, and coronets of fire,
And fountains as of flame to the bright stars aspire.

IV.

Glide, magic boat, from out the green lagoon,
  'Neath the dark bridge, into this smiting glow
And unthought glory. Even the glistening moon
  Hangs in the nearer splendor.—Let not go
The scene, my soul, till ever 't is thine own!
  This is Art's citadel and crown. How still
The innumerous multitudes from every zone,
  That watch and listen; while each eye doth fill
With joyous tears unwept. Now solemn strains
  Of brazen music give the waiting soul
Voice and a sigh,— it other speech disdains,
  Here where the visual sense faints to its goal!
Ah, silent multitudes, ye are a part
Of the wise architect's supreme and glorious art!

V.

O joy almost too high for saddened mortal!
  O ecstasy envisioned! Thou shouldst be
Lasting as thou art lovely; as immortal
  As through all time the matchless thought of thee!
Yet would we miss then the sweet piercing pain
  Of thy inconstancy! Could we but banish
This haunting pang, ah, then thou wouldst not reign
  One with the golden sunset that doth vanish
Through myriad lingering tints down melting skies;
  Nor the pale mystery of the new-world flower
That blooms once only, then forever dies —
  Pouring a century's wealth on one dear hour.
Then vanish, City of Dream, and be no more;
Soon shall this fair Earth's self be lost on the unknown shore.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1893. *R. W. Gilder.*

THE PRATT INSTITUTE.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

TWELVE students in its art department, five years ago, was the germ from which has sprung the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, with its aggregate to-day of nearly four thousand students. Variety in its plan has come with development, but the conception of its founder underlies all its many lines of educational work, and binds them into unity. The Institute is not a heterogeneous grouping of departments. It is a collection of schools, each complete in itself, but all auxiliary the one to the other in the common task of helping man to help himself.

If the reader were being personally conducted through the Institute, he would not in all probability be taken first to the department of industrial and fine arts, though there are reasons why I should take him there at once; for there was the nucleus about which the other schools of the Institute have been gathered, and it is in a sense the central department of the Institute, being the one to which other departments look for the instruction of their pupils in graphic expression.

If, instead of taking the elevator, we had walked up the stairway, we should have found the art department already stretching out its hand to us. All the way from the basement to the top floor of the building are neatly framed photographs arranged in chronological order, and showing the historical development of architecture, painting, and sculpture. Besides material of this sort in the class-rooms and studios, the museum and library of the Institute contain much of interest to art students.

If our visit is made during the day, most of the students whom we see are those who have come for thorough and exhaustive training in art-teaching, or in some branch of industry or of fine art. Such students work five days of the week, both morning and afternoon. Then there are those employed in some trade or art during the day, who wish to gain such knowledge as will improve their prospects for advancement in their line of occupation. Such students work three evenings of the week. So popular are these evening classes that they fill eleven large studios. The students come year after year to perfect themselves in architectural drawing, in mechanical drawing, in drawing from the cast and from life, or in clay-modeling and wood-carving. A decidedly smaller number comprises those so situated that they cannot study during the whole day, but come for instruction in the afternoon three times a week.

When these students, with their varied aims, have filled the rooms, the scene is most attractive. Perhaps the chief attraction to the ordinary visitor is that all seem to be striving after and making some tangible attainment. The thoughtful onlooker sees rather, in the very atmosphere of such work, a silent culture which may only be dimly hinted at by the thing attained; and it is true that the endeavor in the art and other departments of the Institute is to make the work not only practical but educative. Nevertheless, as we look at this group drawing from casts of the antique, yonder one working from life, this from the costumed figure, and yet others painting still-life groups in oil and water-color,—students, in short, doing all phases of fine-art work,—the practical eye can see that most excellent results attest the value of the instruction, and the talent of many of the students. There seems to be something in the method here which stimulates originality in the student, and, while checking wrong tendencies, allows the individuality of the pupil to come out in his work. One thing in the policy of the school deserves mention. Any visitors acquainted with art instruction would notice the large number of teachers. Not only are there many instructors, but they are employed for a long enough time during the week to enable them to give the student personal criticism and aid.

Among the students of fine art, some of these whom one sees drawing from the cast or working in water-color may have as their aim industrial art. The principle kept constantly in view is *that efficient special training must rest upon sufficient general training in art.* In the industrial-art studios the good results of this intelligent policy are manifest in the specimens of finished work, and in much that is unfinished. Here are designs for wall-paper, carpets, book-covers, knife-handles, brass-work, fine work in silver and gold, all giving evidence of a training artistic, educative, and practical. Students are not allowed to work with the idea of selling everything they make, but the advanced class are permitted, after submitting designs to the instructors, to sell what they can find

a market for. One thousand dollars' worth of designs was sold by the students last year.

Leaving the industrial-design studios, we come to a room where numerous specimens of work indicate very good results in wood-carving. In addition to instruction in the use and care of tools, and in technical methods in wood-carving, the student is required in the two-year course to practise free-hand drawing, design, clay-modeling, and to study the principles of construction. Across the hall from this room is the clay-modeling studio, where work is done both from the cast and from life. Here are gods and goddesses, and a group of earnest young women putting their best thought for the time being into clay. These are students of the normal art course. Most of them have had much experience as teachers in public and private schools, or have been engaged in various lines of art work. No other work of the art department is more vitally important than the training of competent teachers of art. The first graduate of the course went out in 1890, yet already sixty-one are employed in different parts of the country. Some are supervisors of drawing in large cities, others are teachers of drawing in normal schools and in high schools, and directly or indirectly are influencing the work of nearly 5000 teachers and of more than 245,000 students.

Next door to the clay-modeling studios are the architectural- and mechanical-drawing rooms. The aim of the instruction here is to turn out scientific, broadly trained draftsmen. The course of two years in each subject seems to be most carefully arranged with a view to much more intelligent and thorough instruction than the ordinary draftsman gets. These young men now working at the drawing-tables at some problem in construction or in design and composition, we may see later in the shops of the department of science and technology. Here we have one of many instances of the essential oneness of the Institute, the helpful reciprocity active between the different departments. It is considered that a broadly trained architectural draftsman should become familiarly acquainted with building methods. In the shops he is given practice in joinery, framing, and details of house-building, and studies the processes and materials employed in masonry, plastering, plumbing, and house-painting. In the mechanical-drawing course the student goes to the shop to learn joinery, turning, molding, forging, and machine-shop work. Both architectural- and mechanical-drawing students are given a course of experiment in the testing laboratories. Besides work in instrumental drawing, they are also required to practise free-hand and instrumental perspective, pen and pencil sketching, design, color, and clay-modeling. That so much work in fine art should be made an organic part of the curriculum in the architectural-drawing course is certainly a favorable omen. It would seem natural enough that those who have so much to do with the antipodes of the esthetic as mechanical draftsmen, should need such training; but this fact has not been so generally recognized as to mar one's pleasure at seeing what is being done here in fine art in the mechanical-drawing course.

The art hall of the department, a large studio on the sixth floor, has top and side lights, and contains a conveniently arranged and most carefully selected collection of photographs illustrative of all phases of art. Beneath it are the art-needlework rooms, where the student is taught not only all kinds of embroidery, but is instructed in the making of designs. Lady visitors should not go to this room first, for the exquisite examples of ecclesiastical embroidery, tapestry, and banners, besides a thousand and one articles of household use in delicate and artistic designs and harmonies of coloring, will tempt them to stay too long.

Art-needlework suggests a natural transition to the department of domestic art, which gives morning, afternoon, and evening instruction in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, and physical culture to over twelve hundred students. Without any precedent in this country,—it might almost be said in the world,—the courses of instruction have been systematically graded, so as not only to insure a thorough knowledge of the subject, but to impress upon the pupil the value of order, accuracy, and economy. Besides instruction in methods and manipulation, the courses are designed to cultivate the pupil's taste. She is constantly led to consider the style of the making and coloring of hats and dresses from an artistic and hygienic standpoint. The instruction is broadened also by talks given in the class-room on the history and manufacture of materials and textiles used, and upon colors and form. Perhaps we shall hear the director of the department giving one of these talks as we walk through the pleasant, well-lighted rooms. If so, we shall listen to the doctrine that the desired end of the training given here is true economy of time, labor, and money in the attainment of beauty; and that this end may be more easily gained by studying the laws of art and nature, and trying to apply them to each article of dress or of household decoration. This is to be accomplished by putting much thought and some money into one really durable and beautiful thing in harmony with its use and surroundings, even though wilful fashion fly off at a tangent. This strikes a man as good orthodox reasoning; whether it is too far beyond the age to be more

than a dream remains to be seen. It is also argued by those who have shaped these courses that physical culture is essential in teaching the principles of artistic dress, since a well-proportioned body is necessary to symmetry of effect in dress. There is, therefore, a course in callisthenics, which students are encouraged to take. A course in drawing is given under the direction of the department of industrial and fine arts, beginning with pencil practice, and including study of drapery, drawing of waists and gowns, practice in use of color, problems of design, and study of the human form.

All of this suggests the danger of making these courses too esthetic to help the very classes most in need of help. But there is a great elasticity about the general plan of the department. There are one-year courses for training professional dressmakers and milliners; there are evening courses for those already engaged in work who wish a broader theoretical knowledge; and there are classes to which those may come who desire to learn millinery and dressmaking for household purposes. It seems to me that nothing could be more democratic than the ideal of the Pratt Institute. Here are girls who have known the pinch of want taking up the work for a trade. Near by is a girl who comes from a household where are many children, and she is acquiring the knowledge for use in helping to clothe younger brothers and sisters. Side by side with these may be found the society girl, who is going into the thing for fun, but soon finds it no joke; the wealthy girl, who is managing a mission sewing-room; and in a room near by are the sweetest imaginable little seamstresses from six to twelve years of age. It is every one according to her desire here. There is an opportunity for broad and exhaustive training, or for more special instruction.

From the rooms of the domestic-art division a short trip in the elevator brings one to the kitchens of the domestic-science division. Here is a most unique exemplification of the adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Pure air and plenty of it, limpid sunlight, spotless floors, tables, and cooking-apparatus —all this is most interesting and invigorating to one who is haunted with the ghosts of unforgotten boarding-house dinners. These cases of food products, and of the chemical constituents of food; the charts showing what the food must supply to the human body; the models of different cuts of meat—all these facilities for instruction are only a hint of what is attempted in the kitchens, lecture-rooms, and laboratories. Even a carefully prepared exhibit can but inadequately suggest an educational curriculum. In a word, it is the training of women in the sciences underlying the right administration of the house, and in the arts based upon those sciences.

Here is the normal class in domestic science taking a lesson in practical cooking; but with these students the knack of the culinary art is a subordinate accomplishment. As they are to be teachers, their time is chiefly employed in studying the science at the basis of the theory, and the theory underlying the practice. It is a liberal course which they are pursuing, including German, the physical sciences, biology, psychology, household economics, and applied chemistry. All instruction is by lectures, quiz, and laboratory practice. Besides these as theory, they are given practice in cookery, and in laundry work. It seems at first a far call from German to laundry work. But there is close logical sequence throughout the curriculum. The same students now studying the proportion of ingredients, effect of heat upon food, or engaged in the creation of some toothsome dish, may in an hour be at the Hoagland laboratory studying bacteriology.

Besides the classes in cooking open to normal students, there are a Saturday-morning class for school-girls, a housekeepers' class, and a course for physicians and nurses. In the above the instruction emphasizes theory. There are other morning classes, and also classes in the evening where cooking is studied with particular reference to practice.

Here is an interesting class in hygiene and home nursing.. It is not intended to compete with the hospitals in the training of nurses, but to give the mothers and sisters of our households instruction that will fit them to meet emergencies coolly and effectively, and will make them more efficient in the care of the sick. The boy on the floor has just been drowned (hypothetically), and the physician is giving the class an object-lesson in the treatment of such cases. Robust as the patient looks, he is a youth of many maladies. Ever since the year began the class have been putting his broken arms and legs into splints, bandaging his contused head, poulticing him, and, in brief, doing all in their power to make him comfortable.

The laundry course rather astonishes one with its revelation of the variety of processes, and the range from coarseness to exceeding delicacy of material dealt with. We who have seen our hard-earned belongings go to the tub —to return, alas! in how altered a condition— breathe a prayer that many such courses may send out their influence through the kitchens and laundries of the land.

If one is a privileged guest at the Institute, he can speak from the fullness of appetite

A CORNER IN THE LAUNDRY — DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE. ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

awakened and satisfied by the delightful cooking turned out by its classes. So popular are they that the number in each is limited. The latest class organized is a camping-class of ladies and gentlemen, the pioneers, it is to be hoped, of a general movement toward reformation in the camp kitchen.

Both of these departments — that of domestic art and that of domestic science — are really divisions of one great department giving instruction to nearly two thousand pupils. While we are yet in the hallway of this department, making our way toward other scenes, we come suddenly upon the myriad click of type-writers. We are all so familiar with the sound and sight that it is hard to realize that the invention is as modern as it is. In this room, an outpost of the department of commerce, a multitude of young girls are learning type-writing as a means of livelihood, or are acquiring the art as a part of their training as amanuenses. The department gives thorough training, morning,

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

"THE DAILY NEWS CO."

afternoon, and evening, in type-writing, phonography, bookkeeping, penmanship, English, Spanish, and arithmetic. Hundreds of young men and women are making a living by type-writing and phonography — arts which, added to a good education, make the amanuensis. Yet it was not earlier than 1872 that Mr. Cooper was persuaded to allow a class in phonography to be organized, and thus to open the field of stenography to the thousands young men and women who are now occupying it.

The public has become accustomed to thinking of business colleges as not worthy of serious thought. It is reassuring to find that the policy here is conservative, and that students are not admitted to any of the classes without such examination as will prove sufficient intelligence and education.

The development of the school is to be along the broad lines laid down by Sir Philip Magnus, who, after showing the advantage Germany has reaped from her superior schools for commercial training, says: "The study of

BALLOTING.

modern languages and of commercial geography, including the technology of merchandise, and the elements of science underlying it, constitute the groundwork of commercial education." Next year will see the beginning of a two-year commercial course, which will offer a broader training in commerce than has heretofore been attainable in any business college. The *raison d'être* of this course is suggested in the following quotation: "Boys are, as a rule, so anxious to leave school and obtain employment that they think they cannot afford the time necessary to acquire a high-school education, and devote a year or two in addition to commercial studies. The remedy for this is the establishment of schools to take the grammar-school graduate and give him a two- or three-year course in combined high-school and commercial work." The curriculum of the regular course will include history; commercial, physical, and industrial geography; commercial law; mechanical drawing, and civics; English, political economy, and bookkeeping, or phonography and type-writing.

Crossing an iron-covered bridge from the department of commerce, we are in the high-school building. Perhaps we shall have a more vivid and lasting impression of the system of instruction in the high school, and of the nature of its curriculum, if we imagine ourselves to be spending a school-day with the classes. First, we shall meet with the whole school at chapel. Here, after the devotional exercises, the daily newspaper of the school is read. It is called the "Pratt Institute Daily News," and has a managing editor (one of the teachers) and twelve assistant editors, who also hold every other office on a newspaper from artist to printer's devil. Blackboards stretching around three sides of the assembly-room are filled each morning with important news,

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

STILL-LIFE CLASS — THE AQUARELLISTES.

each editor being answerable for the news he places upon his blackboard. Maps and pictures are drawn to illustrate important events. Biographies are accompanied by portraits. The exercise lasts only twenty minutes, and doubtless has its value not only in keeping teachers and students up to date, but in its educative discipline. Other exercises of the school, in-

ART DEPARTMENT — COSTUME CLASS, ART HALL.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

tended to be supplementary to the study of civics and a training in practical politics, are campaign speaking, caucus, joint session of House and Senate, balloting, and registration.

The classes now disperse to their class-rooms, and we find ourselves in a cheerful class-room attending a recitation in English. The hour is passed in very practical composition work. Criticism on the part of students and teachers is to the point, and the conduct

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY—FRESCO CLASS: DESIGNING AND EXECUTING.

of the recitation suggests not only intelligent preparation, but good class-room method. Written exercises are handed in, perhaps in the second stage of evolution, bearing the teacher's annotation and the students' corrections. If some magic rug could transport us to the literature-class up-stairs, we should find drawing hand in hand with literature study. At the blackboard are students making rapid sketches of costumes, of persons, and of buildings illustrative of the text. This is interesting as an experiment, and the students seem attentive. One of the greatest problems in school work is to give literature study its weight as an element of the first importance in the curriculum. Any method or methods which cultivate in the student not only interest but taste in literature are legitimate. Such is the aim in the use of the devices I have mentioned, and in a variety of others. The school is evidently not in the well-worn ruts. Now the class goes to a botanical class-room, where there are good microscopes in number sufficient for individual use. Here we come at once upon one tendency in all the work of the school. In literature, language, and science the laboratory method is employed. Another flight, and we find ourselves in the history class, where the blackboard illustration is in the form of graphic charts invented by the students, and showing the chronology and philosophy of the subjects as they understand these. Map-drawing is a daily class-room exercise.

In mathematics and in the sciences, as well

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE — CHEMISTRY.

as in the studies mentioned above, the student is, by a variety of methods and by judicious questioning, thrown upon his own resources. His training is intended to be for increase in power, whether that comes through acquisition or through reasoning, or through both. It is not that so much ground shall be traversed, that such and such examinations shall be passed, but that the student shall grasp principles first, facts second, and learn to generalize and correlate. Such is, I am informed, the ideal striven after by the school. A long step in the right direction is a college preparatory class, supplementary to the regular course. This obviates the necessity of unduly pushing pupils in the regular course. From the botany-room the class is, after an hour, dismissed to the drawing-room, where we find them drawing from the cast. After this exercise and a recess for lunch, the boys go to the shops of the department of science and technology, where for an hour and a half they are engaged in pattern-making. The girls spend the same length of time in sewing in the department of domestic art and science. If we had cast in our fortunes with the second-year class, we should have gone with them to the physical lecture-room and laboratory for their science. But in each year of the course drawing and manual work are an organic part of the curriculum. It is this feature which chiefly challenges public attention. Unfortunately, it is a feature which has given rise to much misapprehension, even among intelligent persons. As we go down to the shops with these boys, and watch them for the time being transformed into Vulcans at the forge, or learning by practice the secrets of founding and tinsmithing, or intent upon the making of a close joint in the carpentry shops, the question naturally comes, What part does all this play in general training? The theory is that while literature cultivates esthetically and ethically, while science stimulates observation, while mathematics trains the reasoning powers, manual training disciplines and strengthens the will.

In the third story of the high-school building is a room which reminds me that a kindergarten department has lately been organized. The free kindergarten, in which the students of the kindergarten training-class have living contact with the work which is to be their profession, is in another building. Perhaps we can imagine them there learning the secret of helpful fellowship with child life. The pupils of the regular kindergarten training course of two years are brought much under the influence of the art department, that they may drink in as

FORGE SHOP — FINISHING THE GATE.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

much of the artistic atmosphere as possible. It helps them to appreciate the beautiful through the pencil, and to gain in power of expression. The whole course is carefully arranged so as to be an efficient training for kindergarten work, founded upon a sound educational basis and a true spiritual insight. The psychology taught is that of Froebel, as found in his "Mutter und Koselieder." Besides the training-class, classes of young mothers have been formed to study the same book. Here they can learn what the proper care of children means, can gain insight into child nature, and can see how the faculties of every child may be quickened and directed.

Directions are given for introducing into the nursery the kindergarten materials in the logical order of Froebel.

We now leave the high school, going through the great central office of the building. Here are the secretary's rooms, and the offices of the Thrift, a savings-bank and building-loan association for the encouragement of habits of thrift. Amounts as low as five cents are taken on deposit. Here also is the editorial sanctum of the "Pratt Institute Monthly."

On the opposite side of the outer hall is an assembly-room used for public lectures, given as supplementary to the work of the various departments. Here also meets the choral society of the music department of Pratt Institute. If a stranger to the tonic sol-fa system should happen in when the choral society is practising, he would see much to astonish him in the feats of the singers in sight and sound reading, and in the rendering of the most difficult and classic music. Besides the advantages of the choral society for the practice and rendering of the best compositions, the music department has thoroughly organized courses. There is a

course for the training of teachers and supervisors of music, which has already graduated one class of successful teachers. A lecture course in music is open to all pupils. There is a class in kindergarten color-music, and a juvenile course held after school hours. Tonic sol-fa is the system in vogue, and the inspiring motive of the school's work is to bring all that good music means of esthetic and ethical influence within reach of classes now too much excluded from such advantages.

I have reserved one of the most interesting sights of the Institute until now. We are in the technical museum, which contains so many interesting things that the visitor is usually undecided what to look at first. In fact, the collection, though it contains much to interest the casual visitor, is intended mainly for the students. It illustrates the changes through which the native product passes in the process of manufacture. Here we see the lump of clay at one extreme, the graceful and most exquisitely artistic vase at the other. With this idea kept prominently in mind, much may be learned in a few hours here that many hours in a library could not so clearly reveal. The varied usefulness of such a museum in any educational institution and community at once suggests itself.

Stepping into the elevator, we drop like a plummet to the first floor, and, turning to the right, are in the reading-room of the library, in a realm of silence, "far from the madding crowd." The large reference library back of the main reading-room has gained a reputation more than local. As we talk with the well-educated attendants, who are here on duty all day long, and at night when the library is open, we can guess the reason for the growing reputation of this part of the library. In these days time is as precious to the library investigator as to the business man, and any institution which meets him half-way to help him in his work earns his sincerest gratitude.

Retracing our way from the reading-room, whose two hundred periodicals are arranged very conveniently for use, we come into the free circulating library. Here are all the usual facilities to be found in circulating libraries, such as well-arranged and accessible catalogues, and, last but not least, intelligent and most obliging attendants. Even the poor woman who cannot remember the name of the book she wants, but knows it had red covers and was oblong, is sent away happy, if possible. Upon the walls are bulletined the resources of the library as those bear upon topics of present interest. Discussions growing out of the New Orleans incident, a festival such as Arbor or Memorial Day, the death of celebrated men, such as Spurgeon or ex-President Hayes—all such events and occasions find there bulletin-boards covered with library references. Just at present we should find a great deal cognate to the World's Fair. The general public has free use of the books in the library, and teachers and students have special privileges. A course of talks on the use of reference-books is given chiefly for their benefit. The library has grown from 1000 volumes in 1888 to 40,000 at present, and is growing at the rate of five to six thousand volumes a year. Last year it had a circulation of 170,000 volumes. In some respects this library is unique. It differs from most circulating libraries in being connected with an educational institution, and from most school and college libraries in having the free and public circulating features. A branch library in Williamsburgh has a stock of 2000 volumes, and a yearly circulation of 28,000. Some of those whom we see busy now at the library shelves are members of the class in cataloguing and library methods, which attempts to train librarians for the smaller libraries. The course includes English and American literature and English composition. The attendance is good, and graduates are doing satisfactory work in desirable positions.

Descending one flight of stairs from the library to the basement, and walking through the large Institute restaurant, we come out upon a spacious quadrangular court. Crossing this diagonally, we enter the department of science and technology. This department shares with the department of domestic art and science the direction of the high-school students in manual work, and in addition furnishes their instruction in mathematics and science. Its other field is the instruction in scientific and technical subjects, and in the principal mechanical trades, of classes quite distinct from the high school.

We find the physical and chemical laboratories of the department on the fourth floor of its building. At night these are full of students, whose earnestness is in their faces, and is patent in the fact that after a hard day's work they are here at all. Such classes are peculiarly inspiring to the teacher, and I sometimes think that because of the receptiveness of the pupil and its reflex influence on the teacher more is accomplished in the same time than in ordinary day-classes. In both physics and chemistry these students are afforded all the facilities of laboratories which have been developed to an exceptional degree of efficiency. Individual experimentation is specially provided for and insisted on. The courses of study have been arranged with extraordinary care to secure the best results in acquisition and in training within the time allowed for each course. In physics the subjects emphasized are mechanics and

heat, because of their practical bearing. The laboratory work follows the lecture, and gives the student opportunity to verify by actual experiment what he has learned in the lecture. The course in chemistry extends through three years, and includes a large amount of laboratory work. The elements and inorganic compounds, and their characteristic reactions, are studied in the first year. A thorough course in qualitative analysis runs through the second year, followed in the third year by practice in quantitative analysis and assaying. Every effort is made to give the student an insight into the conditions of actual practice. Many of the students in these classes are already engaged in manufacturing establishments where a knowledge of chemistry is necessary. The other scientific subjects taught in the evening are algebra and geometry. Care is taken to present the subjects simply, and as a direct preparation for the course in technology.

Under technology, the instruction is on the subjects of electrical construction, steam-engine, strength of materials, and machine-design. These classes reach young men already engaged in some technical pursuit, but in need of broader scientific knowledge. The marvelous extension of the application of electricity has made an imperative demand for such courses in electrical construction as this department offers. In all the technical subjects the instruction is by lectures, reinforced by laboratory practice. Even a visitor void of all mechanical trend finds something attractive in the sight of these young men computing the efficiency of an engine in the steam laboratory, or, in the testing laboratories, testing the strength of metal wires, or of material used in construction. And whatever impression one gets is deepened by the reflection that this is not play, but work which is both educative and of direct practical moment to the student.

The trade-classes are significant of that change which has come into the modern world from the introduction of the principle of division of labor. They are an attempted substitute for the old apprentice system, and are intended to give the greatest result at the least expenditure of time. This means that the learners shall be given a course of carefully selected exercises, each one of which illustrates a new principle.

In the carpentry shops we find a model house almost finished. It was built by students, and in building it they have seen and practised all the processes of house-building. The same principle holds good in the teaching of plumbing and fresco-painting. An encouraging sign in these trade-classes is the coöperation of the trade associations.

The classes in fresco-painting deserve special mention, so praiseworthy is the attempt to elevate the standard in an art which is with us so much in our households. Here are the learners, working in little three-walled rooms, plastered on wall and ceiling. The instructor tells us that the purpose is not only to supply instruction in the technical practice, but to provide for thorough study of fresco-design. In the first year of a three years' course practice in technical operations is given. In the second year this technical side is left behind, and considerable time is spent on drawing from the flat and from the cast. The last year is devoted to composition of ornament, and to production of finished designs for friezes, panels, and ceilings.

The Pratt Institute is visited every week of its yearly session by hundreds of visitors. It is likely that only a small percentage of these grasp the scope or significance of the mission which the Institute is trying to fulfil. At the World's Fair may be found an exhibit so arranged as to show the detail and methods of the training, first by departments, then by courses, then by grades. Each department has its alcove, each case in each alcove containing work, charts, or other media suggestive of the progressive training afforded in the courses of that department. The methods and curricula in courses where the results of training do not become apparent to the eye in concrete material form are of course difficult to suggest. But even in the purely intellectual curricula much ingenuity has been shown in the indicating of method.

In addition to the general Institute exhibit above referred to, there is an alcove showing the work of the women pupils and graduates. The former is a presentation rather of the educational phase of the work; the latter aims to show how, while thoroughly educative, the Institute courses are valuable as a training in the arts and industries by the practice of which women may become self-supporting. The significance of such an exhibit cannot be even suggested in a few words. It is easy to talk sounding words about woman's emancipation. On the floor and walls and in the show-cases of this little room there is the blazon of a great victory. It is here evident that woman has not been crushed out of the battle for bread by the indiscriminating competition of the times. If invention introduced complexity into the industrial system, it also opened the way for woman's taste, skill, and deftness of touch. Almost every piece of work here is in some way connected with the idea of home. Woman's true emancipation, it would seem, does not take her from her mission as the maker and glorifier of home. The exhibit includes work done by women pursuing sixteen different self-supporting occupations learned at the Pratt Institute. The drawings, articles manufactured from stu-

dents' designs, wood-carvings, dresses, bonnets, etc., cannot here be described. The whole exhibit is highly creditable and very interesting. Of the great host of 2,700,000 women who are making a living in professional or in industrial occupations, 1320 are known to have received their training at the Pratt Institute. From the normal art course have gone out 61 supervisors and teachers of drawing whose annual salaries average $768.06. Graduates from the courses in design, art-needlework, and wood-carving are holding positions as teachers, or are serving as designers in well-known establishments, or are practising their professions independently. Three alumnæ of the architectural course hold good positions in an architect's office. Ninety-six of those trained in cookery and laundry work are earning a livelihood, and doubtless exerting an influence for good; for what is more redolent of ethics than a well-cooked steak, or where will you find more character than in a well-laundered shirt-bosom? From the courses in sewing, dress-making, and millinery, 3888 women have graduated. Of this number 44 are teaching, and 589 are practical workwomen in their own specialty. Sixteen of the 44 teachers are earning an aggregate of $12,950, or an average of $893.75 each. The classes in phonography, type-writing, and bookkeeping have trained 704 women as stenographers and bookkeepers. Of this number 486 have taken positions at an average salary of $12 a week. The school in library training opened two years ago; and of its 34 alumnæ, 21 have positions as assistants in libraries.[1]

In reflecting upon the work of a great educational institution, especially one yet in its infancy as far as age is concerned, a natural inquiry is, What of the future? There are rocks ahead to be avoided, there are headlands to be weathered, and havens of opportunity to be gained. The building which the trustees have planned, and which it is hoped will be ready for occupancy in September, 1894, suggests something regarding the spirit and intention of the founder of the Institute. Though they are impressive because of massiveness and height, the present buildings of the Institute are, to say the least, not classic in exterior architecture; the reason for which was not a desire to limit in expenditure, nor a lack of appreciation of the beautiful, but a fear on the part of the founder that the idea lying in his mind might prove impossible of realization. Hence the main building was put up so that if the school should not be a success, the structure might serve as a factory. The new building is to be not only admirably suited for its intended uses, but a thing of beauty within and without. Greatly increased accommodations for the library will be particularly valuable in its reference department. I know of no school having a better-managed reference library than that possessed by the Pratt Institute. In its new quarters it will have much greater space for growth, and will be enabled to offer largely increased facilities. If the ideal of the director of libraries is even approximated, the usefulness of the library to the various departments of the Institute must be incalculable. Another significant feature is an auditorium with a capacity for six hundred. Here are to be given courses of lectures bearing upon the work of the various departments. It is to be hoped that, not unmindful of the importance of their high school, the academic department of the Institute, lectures in history and literature may be heard in this exquisitely decorated auditorium. In the large art museum, which will occupy nearly all of the second floor, will be found casts illustrating the development of sculpture, ceramics, wood-carving, wrought iron, textiles, etc. Here the students may find material for object-lessons in the fine and the applied arts. On this same floor is a gallery for the exhibition of pictures. Not only will the honor productions of Institute students be displayed here, but occasional loan exhibitions will also be held. The art department will occupy the third and fourth floors, and the arrangement of studios, and the lighting of each, leave little to be desired. Broad balconies run about the central court of the building, and all rooms of the third and fourth floors open upon them. The walls of these balconies are to be hung with hundreds of Braun carbon prints illustrating the historic schools of sculpture, painting, and architecture, in such a manner as to form a large museum collection of these prints, which can be used by the public or by students.

Very imperfectly, and only in its general features, appears in the foregoing sketch an educational institution which is the living memorial not only of the beneficence, but of the character of its founder. I suggested at the beginning of this article that the germ of the institute was the twelve students who first sought its instruction. In a deeper sense, the impulse, or rather the steady conviction and faith, in the heart of one man was its creative cause, and is yet its vitalizing principle.

James R. Campbell.

[1] The information in the above paragraph is taken from a pamphlet published for distribution at the World's Fair.

BALCONY STORIES.

A DELICATE AFFAIR.

"BUT what does this extraordinary display of light mean?" ejaculated my aunt, the moment she entered the parlor from the dining-room. "It looks like the kingdom of heaven in here! Jules! Jules!" she called, "come and put out some of the light!"

Jules was at the front door letting in the usual Wednesday-evening visitor, but now he came running in immediately with his own invention in the way of a gas-stick,—a piece of broom-handle notched at the end,—and began turning one tap after the other, until the room was reduced to complete darkness.

"But what do you mean now, Jules?" screamed the old lady again.

"Pardon, madame," answered Jules, with dignity; "it is an accident. I thought there was one still lighted."

"An accident! An accident! Do you think I hire you to perform accidents for me? You are just through telling me that it was accident made you give me both soup and gumbo for dinner to-day."

"But accidents can always happen, madame," persisted Jules, adhering to his position.

The chandelier, a design of originality in its day, gave light by what purported to be wax candles standing each in a circlet of pendent crystals. The usual smile of ecstatic admiration spread over Jules's features as he touched the match to the simulated wicks, and lighted into life the rainbows in the prisms underneath. It was a smile that did not heighten the intelligence of his features, revealing as it did the toothless condition of his gums.

"What will madame have for her dinner to-morrow?" looking benignantly at his mistress, and still standing under his aureole.

"Do I ever give orders for one dinner, with the other one still on my lips?"

"I only asked madame; there is no harm in asking." He walked away, his long stiff white apron rattling like a petticoat about him. Catching sight of the visitor still standing at the threshold: "Oh, madame, here is Mr. Horace. Shall I let him in?"

"Idiot! Every Wednesday you ask me that question, and every Wednesday I answer the same way. Don't you think I could tell you when not to let him in without your asking?"

"Oh, well, madame, one never knows; it is always safe to ask."

The appearance of the gentleman started a fresh subject of excitement.

"Jules! Jules! You have left that front door unlocked again!"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Horace; "Jules did not leave the front door unlocked. It was locked when I rang, and he locked it again most carefully after letting me in. I have been standing outside all the while the gas was being extinguished and relighted."

"Ah, very well, then. And what is the news?" She sank into her arm-chair, pulled her little card-table closer, and began shuffling the cards upon it for her game of solitaire. "I never hear any news, you know. She [nodding toward me] goes out, but she never learns anything. She is as stupid to-night as an empty bottle."

After a few passes her hands, which were slightly tremulous, regained some of their wonted steadiness and brilliancy of movement, and the cards dropped rapidly on the table. Mr. Horace, as he had got into the habit of doing, watched her mechanically, rather absent-mindedly retailing what he imagined would interest her, from his week's observation and hearsay. And madame's little world revolved, complete for her, in time, place, and personality.

It was an old-fashioned square room with long ceiling, and broad, low windows heavily curtained with stiff silk brocade, faded by time into mellowness. The tall white-painted mantel carried its obligation of ornaments well: a gilt clock which under a glass case related some brilliant poetical idyl, and told the hours only in an insignificant aside, according to the delicate politeness of bygone French taste; flanked by duplicate continuations of the same idyl in companion candelabra, also under glass; Sèvres, or imitation Sèvres vases, and a crowd of smaller objects to which age and rarity were slowly contributing an artistic value. An oval mirror behind threw replicas of them into another mirror, receiving in exchange the reflected portrait of madame in her youth, and in the partial nudity in which innocence was limned in madame's youth. There was besides a mirror on the other three walls of the room, all hung with such careful intent for the exercise of their vocation that the apartment, in spots, extended indefinitely; the brilliant chandelier was thereby quadrupled, and the furniture and ornaments multiplied everywhere and most unexpectedly into twins and triplets, producing such sociabilities among them, and forcing such correspondences between inanimate

objects with such hospitable insistence, that the effect was full of gaiety and life, although the interchange in reality was the mere repetition of one original, a kind of phonographic echo.

The portrait of monsieur, madame's handsome young husband, hung out of the circle of radiance, in the isolation that, wherever they hang, always seems to surround the portraits of the dead.

Old as the parlors appeared, madame antedated them by the sixteen years she had lived before her marriage, which had been the occasion of their furnishment. She had traveled a considerable distance over the sands of time since the epoch commemorated by the portrait. Indeed, it would require almost documentary evidence to prove that she, who now was arriving at eighty, was the same Atalanta that had started out so buoyantly at sixteen.

Instead of a cap, she wore black lace over her head, pinned with gold brooches. Her white hair curled naturally over a low forehead. Her complexion showed care—and powder. Her eyes were still bright, not with the effete intelligence of old age, but with actual potency. She wore a loose black sack flowered in purple, and over that a black lace mantle, fastened with more gold brooches.

She played her game of solitaire rapidly, impatiently, and always won; for she never hesitated to cheat to get out of a tight place, or into a favorable one, cheating with the quickness of a flash, and forgetting it the moment afterward.

Mr. Horace was as old as she, but he looked much younger, although his dress and appearance betrayed no evidence of an effort in that direction. Whenever his friend cheated, he would invariably call her attention to it; and as usual she would shrug her shoulders, and say, "Bah! Lose a game for a card!" and pursue the conversation.

He happened to mention mushrooms—fresh mushrooms. She threw down her cards before the words were out of his mouth, and began to call, "Jules! Jules!" Mr. Horace pulled the bell-cord, but madame was too excitable for that means of communication. She ran into the antechamber, and put her head over the banisters, calling, "Jules! Jules!" louder and louder. She might have heard Jules's slippered feet running from the street into the corridor and up-stairs, had she not been so deaf. He appeared at the door.

"But where have you been? Here I have been raising the house a half-hour, calling you. You have been in the street. I am sure you have been in the street."

"Madame is very much mistaken," answered Jules, with resentful dignity. He had taken off his white apron of waiter, and was disreputable in all the shabbiness of his attire as cook. "When madame forbids me to go into the street I do not go in the street. I was in the kitchen; I had fallen asleep. What does madame desire?" smiling benevolently.

"What is this I hear? Fresh mushrooms in the market!"

"Eh, madame?"

"Fresh mushrooms in the market, and you have not brought me any!"

"Madame, there are fresh mushrooms everywhere in the market," waving his hand to show their universality.

"Everybody is eating them—"

"Old Pomponnette," Jules continued, "only this morning offered me a plate, piled up high, for ten cents."

"Idiot! Why did you not buy them?"

"If madame had said so; but madame did not say so. Madame said, 'Soup, Jules; carrots, rice,'" counting on his fingers.

"And the gumbo?"

"I have explained that that was an accident. Madame said, 'Soup,'" enumerating his menu again; "madame never once said mushrooms."

"But how could I know there were mushrooms in the market? Do I go to market?"

"That is it!" and Jules smiled at the question thus settled.

"If you had told me there were mushrooms in the market—" pursued madame, persisting in treating Jules as a reasonable being.

"Why did not madame ask me? If madame had asked me, surely I would have told madame. Yesterday Cæsar brought them to the door—a whole bucketful for twenty-five cents. I had to shut the door in his face to get rid of him," triumphantly.

"And you brought me yesterday those detestable peas!"

"Ah," shrugging his shoulders, "madame told me to buy what I saw. I saw peas. I bought them."

"Well, understand now, once for all: whenever you see mushrooms, no matter what I order, you buy them. Do you hear?"

"No, madame. Surely I cannot buy mushrooms unless madame orders them. Madame's disposition is too quick."

"But I do order them. Stupid! I do order them. I tell you to buy them every day."

"And if there are none in the market every day?"

"Go away! Get out of my sight! I do not want to see you. Ah, it is unendurable! I must—I must get rid of him!" This last was not a threat, as Jules knew only too well. It was merely a habitual exclamation.

During the colloquy Mr. Horace, leaning back in his arm-chair, raised his eyes, and caught the reflected portrait of madame in the mirror before him—the reflection so much softer and prettier, so much more ethereal, than the ori-

ginal painting. Indeed, seen in the mirror, that way, the portrait was as refreshing as the most charming memory. He pointed to it when madame, with considerable loss of temper, regained her seat.

"It is as beautiful as the past," he explained most unnaturally, for he and his friend had a horror of looking at the long, long past, which could not fail to remind them of — what no one cares to contemplate out of church. Making an effort toward some determination which a subtle observer might have noticed weighing upon him all the evening, he added: "And, apropos of the past —"

"*Hein?*" interrogated the old lady, impatiently, still under the influence of her irascibility about the mushrooms.

He moved his chair closer, and bent forward, as if his communication were to be confidential.

"Ah, bah! Speak louder!" she cried. "One would suppose you had some secret to tell. What secrets can there be at our age?" She took up her cards and began to play. There could be no one who bothered herself less about the forms of politeness.

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Horace, throwing himself back into his chair; "what secrets can there be at our age?"

The remark seemed a pregnant one to him; he gave himself up to it. One must evidently be the age of one's thoughts. Mr. Horace's thoughts revealed him the old man he was. The lines in his face deepened into wrinkles; his white mustache could not pretend to conceal his mouth, worsened by the loss of a tooth or two; and the long, thin hand that propped his head was crossed with blue, distended veins. "At the last judgment" — it was a favorite quotation with him — "the book of our conscience will be read aloud before the whole company."

But the old lady, deep in her game, paid no more heed to his quotation than to him. He made a gesture toward her portrait.

"When that was painted, Josephine —"

Madame threw a glance after the gesture. The time was so long ago, the mythology of Greece hardly more distant! At eighty the golden age of youth must indeed appear an evanescent myth. Madame's ideas seemed to take that direction.

"Ah, at that time we were all nymphs, and you all demigods."

"Demigods and nymphs, yes; but there was one among us who was a god with you all."

The allusion — a habitual one with Mr. Horace — was to madame's husband, who in his day, it is said, had indeed played the god in the little Arcadia of society. She shrugged her shoulders. The truth is so little of a compliment. The old gentleman sighed in an abstracted way, and madame, although apparently absorbed in her game, lent her ear. It is safe to say that a woman is never too old to hear a sigh wafted in her direction.

"Josephine, do you remember — in your memory —"

She pretended not to hear. Remember? Who ever heard of her forgetting? But she was not the woman to say, at a moment's notice, what she remembered or what she forgot.

"A woman's memory! When I think of a woman's memory — in fact, I do not like to think of a woman's memory. One can intrude in imagination into many places; but a woman's memory —"

Mr. Horace seemed to lose his thread. It had been said of him in his youth that he wrote poetry — and it was said against him. It was evidently such lapses as these that had given rise to the accusation. And as there was no one less patient under sentiment or poetry than madame, her feet began to agitate themselves as if Jules were perorating some of his culinary inanities before her.

"And a man's memory!" totally misunderstanding him. "It is not there that I either would penetrate, my friend. A man —"

When madame began to talk about men she was prompted by imagination just as much as was Mr. Horace when he talked about women. But what a difference in their sentiments! And yet he had received so little, and she so much, from the subjects of their inspiration. But that seems to be the way in life — or in imagination.

"That you should —" he paused with the curious shyness of the old before the word "love" — "that you two should — marry — seemed natural, inevitable, at the time."

Tradition records exactly the same comment by society at the time on the marriage in question. Society is ever fatalistic in its comments.

"But the natural — the inevitable — do we not sometimes, I wonder, perform them as Jules does his accidents?"

"Ah, do not talk about that idiot! An idiot born and bred! I won't have him about me! He is a monstrosity! I tell his grandmother that every day when she comes to comb me. What a farce — what a ridiculous farce comfortable existence has become with us! Fresh mushrooms in market, and bring me carrots!"

The old gentleman, partly from long knowledge of her habit, or from an equally persistent bend of his own, quietly held on to his idea.

"One cannot tell. It seems so at the time. We like to think it so; it makes it easier. And yet, looking back on our future as we once looked forward to it —"

"Eh! but who wants to look back on it, my friend? Who in the world wants to look back on it?" One could not doubt madame's energy

of opinion on that question, to hear her voice. "We have done our future, we have performed it, if you will. Our future! It is like the dinners we have eaten; of course we cannot remember the good without becoming exasperated over the bad: but"—shrugging her shoulders—"since we cannot beat the cooks, we must submit to fate," forcing a queen that she needed at the critical point of her game.

"At sixteen and twenty-one it is hard to realize that one is arranging one's life to last until sixty, seventy, forever," correcting himself as he thought of his friend, the dead husband. If madame had ever possessed the art of self-control, it was many a long day since she had exercised it; now she frankly began to show ennui.

"When I look back to that time,"—Mr. Horace leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes, perhaps to avoid the expression of her face,—"I see nothing but lights and flowers, I hear nothing but music and laughter; and all—lights and flowers and music and laughter—seem to meet in this room, where we met so often to arrange our—inevitabilities." The word appeared to attract him. "Josephine"—with a sudden change of voice and manner—"Josephine, how beautiful you were!"

The old lady nodded her head without looking from her cards.

"They used to say," with sad conviction of the truth of his testimony—"the men used to say that your beauty was irresistible. None ever withstood you. None ever could."

That, after all, was Mr. Horace's great charm with madame; he was so faithful to the illusions of his youth. As he looked now at her, one could almost feel the irresistibility of which he spoke.

"It was only their excuse, perhaps; we could not tell at the time; we cannot tell even now when we think about it. They said then, talking as men talk over such things, that you were the only one who could remain yourself under the circumstances; you were the only one who could know, who could will, under the circumstances. It was their theory; men can have only theories about such things." His voice dropped, and he seemed to drop too, into some abysm of thought.

Madame looked into the mirror, where she could see the face of the one who alone could retain her presence of mind under the circumstances suggested by Mr. Horace. She could also have seen, had she wished it, among the reflected bric-à-brac of the mantel, the corner of the frame that held the picture of her husband; but peradventure, classing it with the past which held so many unavenged bad dinners, she never thought to link it even by a look with her emotions of the present. Indeed, it had been said of her that in past, present, and future there had ever been but the one picture to interest her eyes—the one she was looking at now. This, however, was the remark of the uninitiated, for the true passion of a beautiful woman is never so much for her beauty as for its booty; as the passion of a gamester is for his game, not for his luck.

"How beautiful *she* was!"

It was apparently down in the depths of his abysm that he found the connection between this phrase and his last, and it was evidently to himself he said it. Madame, however, heard and understood too; in fact, traced back to a certain period, her thoughts and Mr. Horace's must have been fed by pretty much the same subjects. But she had so carefully barricaded certain issues in her memory as almost to obstruct their flow into her life; if she were a cook, one would say that it was her bad dinners which she was trying to keep out of remembrance.

"You there, he there, she there, I there." He pointed to the places on the carpet, under the chandelier; he could have touched them with a walking-stick, and the recollection seemed just as close.

"She was, in truth, what we men called her then; it was her eyes that first suggested it—Myosotis, the little blue flower, the forget-me-not. It suited her better than her own name. We always called her that among ourselves. How beautiful she was!" He leaned his head on his hand and looked where he had seen her last—so long, such an eternity, ago.

It must be explained for the benefit of those who do not live in the little world where an allusion is all that is necessary to put one in full possession of any drama, domestic or social, that Mr. Horace was speaking of the wedding-night of madame, when the bridal party stood as he described under the chandelier; the bride and groom, with each one's best friend. It may be said that it was the last night or time that madame had a best friend of her own sex. Social gossip, with characteristic kindness, had furnished reasons, to suit all tastes, why madame had ceased that night to have a best friend of her own sex. If gossip had not done so, society would still be left to its imagination for information, for madame never tolerated the smallest appeal to her for enlightenment. What the general taste seemed most to relish as a version was that madame in her marriage had triumphed, not conquered; and that the night of her wedding she had realized the fact, and, to be frank, had realized it ever since. In short, madame had played then to gain at love, as she played now to gain at solitaire; and hearts were no more than cards to her—and, "Bah! Lose a game for a card!" must have been always her motto. It is hard to explain it delicately enough, for these are the most delicate affairs in life; but the image of Myosotis had passed

through monsieur's heart, and Myosotis does mean "forget me not." And madame well knew that to love monsieur once was to love him always, in spite of jealousy, doubt, distrust, nay, unhappiness (for to love him meant all this and more). He was that kind of man, they said, whom women could love even against conscience. Madame never forgave that moment. Her friend, at least, she could put aside out of her intercourse; unfortunately, we cannot put people out of our lives. God alone can do that, and so far he had interfered in the matter only by removing monsieur. It was known to notoriety that since her wedding madame had abandoned, destroyed, all knowledge of her friend. And the friend? She had disappeared as much as is possible for one in her position and with her duties.

"What there is in blue eyes, light hair, and a fragile form to impress one, I cannot tell; but for us men it seems to me it is blue-eyed, light-haired, and fragile-formed women that are the hardest to forget."

"The less easy to forget," corrected madame; but he paid no attention to the remark.

"They are the women that attach themselves in one's memory. If necessary to keep from being forgotten, they come back into one's dreams. And as life rolls on, one wonders about them,—'Is she happy? Is she miserable? Goes life well or ill with her?'"

Madame played her cards slowly, one would say, for her, prosaically.

"And there is always a pang when, as one is so wondering, the response comes,—that is, the certainty in one's heart responds,—'She is miserable, and life goes ill with her.' Then, if ever, men envy the power of God."

Madame threw over the game she was in, and began a new one.

"Such women should not be unhappy; they are too fragile, too sensitive, too trusting. I could never understand the infliction of misery upon them. I could send death to them, but not—not misfortune."

Madame, forgetting again to cheat in time, and losing her game, began impatiently to shuffle her cards for a new deal.

"And yet, do you know, Josephine, those women are the unhappy ones of life. They seem predestined to it, as others"—looking at madame's full-charmed portrait—"are predestined to triumph and victory. They"—unconscious, in his abstraction, of the personal nature of his simile—"never know how to handle their cards, and they always play a losing game."

"Ha!" came from madame, startled into an irate ejaculation.

"It is their love always that is sacrificed, their hearts always that are bruised. One might say that God himself favors the black-haired ones!"

As his voice sank lower and lower, the room seemed to become stiller and stiller. A passing vehicle in the street, however, now and then drew a shiver of sound from the pendent prisms of the chandelier.

"She was so slight, so fragile, and always in white, with blue in her hair to match her eyes—and—God knows what in her heart, all the time. And yet they stand it, they bear it, they do not die, they live along with the strongest, the happiest, the most fortunate of us, bitterly; and"—raising his eyes to his old friend, who thereupon immediately began to fumble her cards—"whenever in the street I see a poor bent, broken woman's figure, I know, without verifying it any more by a glance, that it is the wreck of a fair woman's figure; whenever I hear of a bent, broken existence, I know, without asking any more, that it is the wreck of a fair woman's life."

Poor Mr. Horace spoke with the unreason of a superstitious bigot.

"I have often thought, since, in large assemblies, particularly at weddings, Josephine, of what was going on in the women's hearts there, and I have felt sorry for them; and when I think of God's knowing what is in their hearts, I have felt sorry for the men. And I often think now, Josephine,—I think oftener and oftener of it,—that if the resurrection trumpet of our childhood should sound some day, no matter when, out there, over the old St. Louis cemetery, and we should all have to rise from our long rest of oblivion, what would be the first thing we should do? And though there were a God and a heaven awaiting us,—by that same God, Josephine, I believe that our first thought in awakening would be the last in dying,—confession,—and that our first rush would be to the feet of one another for forgiveness. For there are some offenses that must outlast the longest oblivion, and a forgiveness that will be more necessary than God's own. Then our hearts will be bared to one another; for if, as you say, there are no secrets at our age, there can be still less cause for them after death."

His voice ended in the faintest whisper. The table crashed over, and the cards flew widespread on the floor. Before we could recover, madame was in the antechamber, screaming for Jules.

One would have said that, from her face, the old lady had witnessed the resurrection described by Mr. Horace, the rush of the spirits with their burdens of remorse, the one to the feet of the other; and she must have seen herself and her husband, with a unanimity of purpose never apparent in their short married life, rising from their common tomb and hastening to that other tomb at the end of the alley, and falling at the feet of the one to whom in life he had been recreant in love, she in friendship.

Of course Jules answered through the wrong door, rushing in with his gas-stick, and turning off the gas. In a moment we were involved in darkness and dispute.

"But what does he mean? What does the idiot mean? He—" It was impossible for her to find a word to do justice to him and to her exasperation at the same time.

"Pardon, madame; it is not I. It is the cathedral bell; it is ringing nine o'clock."

"But—"

"Madame can hear it herself. Listen!" We could not see it, but we were conscious of the benign, toothless smile spreading over his face as the bell-tones fell in the room.

"But it is not the gas. I—"

"Pardon, madame; but it is the gas. Madame said, 'Jules, put out the gas every night when the bell rings. Madame told me that only last night. The bell rings: I put out the gas."

"Will you be silent? Will you listen?"

"If madame wishes; just as madame says."

But the old lady had turned to Mr. Horace. "Horace, you have seen—you know—" and it was a question now of overcoming emotion. "I—I—I—a carriage, my friend, a carriage."

"Madame—" Jules interrupted his smile to interrupt her.

She was walking around the room, picking up a shawl here, a lace there; for she was always prepared against draughts.

"Madame—" continued Jules, pursuing her.

"A carriage."

"If madame would only listen, I was going to say—but madame is too quick in her disposition—the carriage has been waiting since a long hour ago. Mr. Horace said to have it there in a half hour."

It was then she saw for the first time that it all had been prepared by Mr. Horace. The rest was easy enough: getting into the carriage and finding the place, of which Mr. Horace had heard, as he said, only that afternoon. In it, on her bed of illness, poverty, and suffering, lay the patient, wasted form of the beautiful fair one whom men had called in her youth Myosotis.

But she did not call her Myosotis.

"*Mon Amour!*" The old pet name, although it had to be fetched across more than half a century of disuse, flashed like lightning from madame's heart into the dim chamber.

"*Ma Divine!*" came in counter-flash from the curtained bed.

In the old days women, or at least young girls, could hazard such pet names one upon the other. These—think of it!—dated from the first-communion class, the dating period of so much of friendship.

"My poor Amour!"

"My poor, poor Divine!"

The voices were together, close beside the pillow.

"I—I—" began Divine.

"It could not have happened if God had not wished it," interrupted poor Amour, with the resignation that comes, alas! only with the last drop of the bitter cup.

And that was about all. If Mr. Horace had not slipped away, he might have noticed the curious absence of monsieur's name, and of his own name, in the murmuring that followed. It would have given him some more ideas on the subject of woman.

At any rate, the good God must thank him for having one affair the less to arrange when the trumpet sounds out there over the old St. Louis cemetery. And he was none too premature; for the old St. Louis cemetery, as was shortly enough proved, was a near reach for all three of the old friends.

PUPASSE.

EVERY day, every day, it was the same overture in Madame Loubert's room in the Institut St. Denis; the strident:

"Mesdemoiselles; à vos places! Notre Père qui est dans le ciel—Qui a fait ce bruit?"

"It 's Pupasse, madame! It 's Pupasse!" The answer invariably was unanimous.

"But, Madame Loubert,—I assure you, Madame Loubert,—I could not help it! They know I could not help it!"

By this time the fresh new fool's cap made from yesterday's "Bee" would have been pinned on her head.

"Quelle injustice! Quelle injustice!"

This last apostrophe, in a high, whining nasal voice, always procured Pupasse's elevation on the tall three-legged stool in the corner.

It was a theory of the little girls in the primary class that Madame Loubert would be much more lenient to their own little inevitabilities of bad conduct and lessons if Pupasse did not invariably comb her the wrong way every morning after prayers, by dropping something, or sniffling, or sneezing. Therefore, while they distractedly got together books, slates, and copy-books, their infantile eyes found time to dart deadly reproaches toward the corner of penitence, and their little lips, still shaped from their first nourishment, pouted anything but sympathy for the occupant of it.

Indeed, it would have been a most startling unreality to have ever entered Madame Loubert's room and not seen Pupasse in that corner, on that stool, her tall figure shooting up like a post, until her tall, pointed *bonnet d'âne* came within an inch or two of the ceiling. It was her hoop-skirt that best testified to her height. It was the period of those funnel-shaped hoop-skirts that spread out with such nice mathematical proportions, from the waist down, that it seemed they must have emanated from the brains of astronomers, like the orbits, and diameters, and other things belonging to the heavenly bodies. Pupasse could not have come within three feet of the wall with her hoop-skirt distended. To have forced matters was not to be thought of an instant. So even in her greatest grief and indignation, she had to pause before the three-legged black stool, and gather up steel after steel of her circumference in her hands behind, until her calico skirt careened and flattened; and so she could manage to accommodate herself to the limited space of her punishment, the circles dropping far over her feet as she stood there, looking like the costumed stick of a baby's rattle.

Her thinness continued into her face, which, unfortunately, had nothing in the way of toilet to assist it. Two little black eyes fixed in the sides of a mere fence of a nose, and a mouth with the shape and expression of all mouths made to go over sharp-pointed teeth planted very far apart; the smallest amount possible of fine, dry, black hair — a perfect rat-tail when it was plaited in one, as almost all wore their hair. But sometimes Pupasse took it into her head to plait it in two braids, as none but the thick-haired ventured to wear it. As the little girls said, it was a petition to Heaven for "eau Quinquina." When Marcelite, the hair-dresser, came at her regular periods to visit the hair of the boarders, she would make an effort with Pupasse, plaiting her hundred hairs in a ten-strand braid. The effect was a half yard of black worsted galloon; nothing more, or better. Had Pupasse possessed as many heads as the hydra, she could have "coiffe'd" them all with fools' caps during one morning's recitations. She entirely monopolized the "Daily Bee." Madame Loubert was forced to borrow from "madame" the stale weekly "Courrier des Etats-Unis" for the rest of the room, from grammar, through sacred history, arithmetic, geography, mythology, down to dictation. She would pile up an accumulation of penitences that would have tasked the limits of the current day had not recreation been wisely set as a term which disbarred, by proscription, previous offenses. But even after recreation, with that day's lessons safely out, punished and expiated, Pupasse's doom seemed scarcely lightened; there was still a whole criminal code of conduct to infract. The only difference was that instead of books, slates, or copy-books, leathern medals, bearing various legends and mottos, were hung around her neck — a travestied decoration worse than the books for humiliation.

The "abécédaires," their torment for the day over, thankful for any distraction from the next day's lessons, and eager for any relief from the intolerable ennui of goodness, were thankful enough now for Pupasse. They naturally watched her in preference to Madame Loubert, holding their books and slates quite cunningly to hide their faces. Pupasse had not only the genius, but that which sometimes fails genius, the means for grimacing: little eyes, long nose, foolish mouth, and pointed tongue. And she was so amusing, when Madame Loubert's head was turned, that the little girls, being young and innocent, would forget themselves and all burst out laughing. It sounded like a flight of singing birds through the hot, close, stupid little room; but not so to Madame Loubert.

"Young ladies! But what does this mean?"

And, terror-stricken, the innocents would call out with one voice, "It 's Pupasse, madame! It 's Pupasse who made us laugh!" There was nothing but fools' caps to be gained by prevaricating, and there was frequently nothing less gained by confession. And oh, the wails and the sobs as the innocents would be stood up, one by one, in their places! The pigtails at the backs of their little heads were convulsed with their sobs. Oh, how they hated Pupasse then! When their *bonnes* came for them at three o'clock, — washing their tear-stained faces at the cistern before daring to take them through the streets, — how passionately they would cry out, the tears breaking afresh into the wet handkerchief:

"It 's that Pupasse! It 's that *vilaine* Pupasse!"

To Pupasse herself would be meted out that "peine forte et dure," that acme of humiliation and disgrace, so intensely horrible that many a little girl in that room solemnly averred and believed she would kill herself before submitting to it. Pupasse's voluminous calico skirt would be gathered up by the hem and tied up over her head! Oh, the horrible monstrosity on the stool in the corner there! There were no eyes in that room that had any desire to look upon it. And the cries and the "Quelle injustice!" that fell on the ears then from the hidden feelings had all the weirdness of the unseen, but heard. And all the other girls in the room, in fear and trembling, would begin to move their lips in a perfect whirlwind of studying, or write violently on their slates, or begin at that very instant to rule off their copy-books for the next day's verb.

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

Pupasse — her name was Marie Pupasse, but no one thought of calling her anything but Pupasse, with emphasis on the first syllable and sibilance on the last — had no parents, only a grandmother, to describe whom, all that is necessary to say is that she was as short as Pupasse was tall, and that her face resembled nothing so much as a little yellow apple shriveling from decay. The old lady came but once a week, to fetch Pupasse fresh clothes, and a great brown paper bag of nice things to eat. There was no boarder in the school who received handsomer bags of cake and fruit than Pupasse. And although, not two hours before, a girl might have been foremost in the shrill cry, "It is Pupasse who made the noise! It is Pupasse who made me laugh!" there was nothing in that paper bag reserved even from such a one. When the girl herself with native delicacy would, under the circumstances, judge it discreet to refuse, Pupasse would plead, "Oh, but take it to give me pleasure!" And if still the refusal continued, Pupasse would take her bag and go into the summer-house in the corner of the garden, and cry until the unforgiving one would relent. But the first offering of the bag was invariably to the stern dispenser of fools' caps and the unnamed humiliation of the reversed skirt.

Pupasse was in the fifth class. The sixth — the abécédaires — was the lowest in the school. Green was the color of the fifth; white — innocence — of the abécédaires. Exhibition after exhibition, the same green sash and green ribbons appeared on Pupasse's white muslin, the white muslin getting longer and longer every year, trying to keep up with the phenomenal growth; and always, from all over the room, buzzed the audience's suppressed merriment at Pupasse's appearance in the ranks of the little ones of nine and ten. It was that very merriment that brought about the greatest change in the Institut St. Denis. The sitting order of the classes was reversed. The first class — the graduates — were sent up to the top step of the great *estrade;* and the little ones put on the lowest, behind the pianos. The graduates grumbled that it was not *comme il faut* to have young ladies of their position stepping like camels up and down those great steps; and the little girls said it was a shame to hide them behind the pianos after their mamas had taken so much pains to make them look pretty. But madame said — going also to natural history for her comparison — that one must be a rhinoceros to continue the former routine.

Religion cannot be kept waiting forever on the intelligence. It was always in the fourth

class that the first communion was made; that is, when the girls stayed one year in each class. But Pupasse, who had spent three years in the sixth class, had already been four in the fifth, and Madame Loubert felt that longer delay would be disrespectful to the good Lord. It was true that Pupasse could not yet distinguish the ten commandments from the seven capital sins, and still would answer that Jeanne d'Arc was the foundress of the "Little Sisters of the Poor." But, as Madame Loubert always said in the little address she made to the catechism class every year before handing it over to Father Dolomier, God judged from the heart, and not from the mind.

Father Dolomier — from his face he would have been an able contestant of *bonnets d'âne* with Pupasse, if subjected to Madame Loubert's discipline — evidently had the same method of judging as God, although the catechism class said they could dance a waltz on the end of his long nose without his perceiving it.

There is always a little air of mystery about the first communion: not that there is any in reality, but the little ones assume it to render themselves important. The going to early mass, the holding their dog-eared catechisms as if they were relics, the instruction from the priest, even if he were only old Father Dolomier — it all put such a little air of devotion into their faces that it imposed (as it did every year) upon their companions, which was a vastly gratifying effect. No matter how young and innocent she may be, a woman's devotion always seems to have two aims — God and her own sex.

The week of retreat came. Oh, the week of retreat! That was the *bonne bouche* of it all, for themselves and for the others. It was the same every year. By the time the week of retreat arrived, interest and mystery had been frothed to the point of indiscretion; so that the little girls would stand on tiptoe to peep through the shutters at the postulants inside, and even the larger girls, to whom first communion was a thing of an infantile past, would condescend to listen to their reports with ill-feigned indifference.

As the day of the first communion neared, the day of the general confession naturally neared too, leading it. And then the little girls, peeping through the shutters, and holding their breath to see better, saw what they beheld every year; but it was always new and awesome — mysterious scribbling in corners with lead-pencils on scraps of paper; consultations; rewritings; copyings; the list of their sins, of all the sins of their lives.

"*Ma chère!*" — pigtails and sunbonnets hiving outside would shudder. "Oh, *Mon Dieu!* To have to confess all — but *all* your sins! As for me, it would kill me, sure!"

And the frightful recoils of their consciences would make all instantly blanch and cross themselves.

"And look at Pupasse's sins! Oh, but they are long! *Ma chère*, but look! But look, I ask you, at them!"

The longest record was of course the most complimentary and honorable to the possessor, as each girl naturally worked not only for absolution but for fame.

Between catechisms and instructions Madame Loubert would have "La Vie des Saints" read aloud, to stimulate their piety and to engage their thoughts; for the thoughts of first communicants are worse than flies for buzzing around the forbidden. The lecture must have been a great quickener of conscience; for they would dare punishment and cheat Madame Loubert, under her own eyes, in order surreptitiously to add a new sin to their list. Of course the one hour's recreation could not afford time enough for observation now, and the little girls were driven to all sorts of excuses to get out of the class-room for one moment's peep through the shutters; at which whole swarms of them would sometimes be caught and sent into punishment.

Only two days more. Madame Loubert put them through the rehearsal, a most important part of the preparation, almost as important as catechism — how to enter the church, how to hold the candle, how to advance, how to kneel, retire — everything, in fact.

Only one day more, the quietest, most devotional day of all. Pupasse lost her sins!

Of course every year the same accident happened to some one. But it was a new accident to Pupasse. And such a long list!

The commotion inside that retreat! Pupasse's nasal whine, carrying her lament without any mystery to the outside garden. Such searching of pockets, rummaging of corners, microscopic examination of the floor! Such crimination and recrimination, protestation, asseveration, assurances, backed by divine and saintly invocations! Pupasse accused companion after companion of filching her sins, which each after each would violently deny, producing each her own list from her own pocket, — proof to conviction of innocence, and, we may say, of guilt also.

Pupasse declared they had filched it to copy, because her list was the longest and most complete. She could not go to confession without her sins; she could not go to communion without confession. The tears rolled down her long thin nose unchecked, for she never would remember to use her handkerchief until reminded by Madame Loubert.

She had committed it to memory, as all the others had done theirs; but how was she to know without the list if she had not forgotten some-

thing? And to forget one thing in a general confession they knew was a mortal sin.

"I shall tell Madame Loubert! I shall tell Madame Loubert!"

"*Ma chère!*" whispered the little ones outside. "Oh, but look at them! *Elles font les quatre cents coups!*" which is equivalent to "cutting up like the mischief."

And with reason. As if such an influx of the world upon them at this moment were not sufficient of itself to damn them. But to tell Madame Loubert! With all their dresses made and ready, wreaths, veils, candles, prayer-books, picture-cards, mother-of-pearl prayer-beads, and festival breakfasts with admiring family and friends. Tell Madame Loubert! She would simply cancel it all. In a body they chorused:

"But, Pupasse!"

"*Chère* Pupasse!"

"*Voyons*, Pupasse!"

"I assure you, Pupasse!"

"On the cross, Pupasse!"

"Ah, Pupasse!"

"We implore you, Pupasse!"

The only response — tears, and "I shall tell Madame Loubert."

Consultations, caucuses, individual appeals, general outbursts. Pupasse stood in the corner. Curiously, she always sought refuge in the very sanctum of punishment, her face hidden in her bended arms, her hoops standing out behind, vouchsafing nothing but tears, and the promise to tell Madame Loubert. And three o'clock approaching! And Madame Loubert imminent! But Pupasse really could not go to confession without her sins. They all recognized that; they were reasonable, as they assured her.

A crisis quickens the wits. They heard the cathedral clock strike the quarter to three. They whispered, suggested, argued — bunched in the farthest corner from Pupasse.

"Console yourself, Pupasse! We will help you, Pupasse! Say no more about it! We will help you!"

A delegate was sent to say that. She was only four feet and a half high, and had to stand on tiptoe to pluck the six-foot Pupasse's dress to gain her attention.

And they did help her generously. A new sheet of fool's-cap was procured, and torn in two, lengthwise, and pinned in a long strip. One by one, each little girl took it, and, retiring as far as possible, would put her hand into her pocket, and, extracting her list, would copy it in full on the new paper. Then she would fold it down, and give it to the next one, until all had written.

"Here, Pupasse; here are all our sins. We give them to you; you can have them."

Pupasse was radiant; she was more than delighted, and the more she read the better pleased she was. Such a handsome long list, and so many sins she had never thought of — never dreamed of! She set herself with zeal to commit them to memory. But a hand on the door — Madame Loubert! You never could have told that those little girls had not been sitting during the whole time, with their hands clasped and eyes cast up to the ceiling, or moving their lips as the prayer-beads glided through their fingers. Their versatility was really marvelous. Poor Pupasse! God solved the dilemma of her education, and madame's increasing sensitiveness about her appearance in the fifth class, by the death of the old grandmother. She went home to the funeral, and never returned — or at least she returned, but only for madame. There was a little scene in the parlor: Pupasse, all dressed in black, with her bag of primary books in her hand, ready and eager to get back to her classes and fools' caps; madame, hesitating between her interests and her fear of ridicule; Madame Loubert, between her loyalty to school and her conscience. Pupasse the only one free and untrammeled, simple and direct.

That little school parlor had been the stage for so many scenes! Madame Loubert detested acting — the comedy, as she called it. There was nothing she punished with more pleasure up in her room. And yet —

"Pupasse, *ma fille*, give me your grammar."

The old battered, primitive book was gotten out of the bag, the string still tied between the leaves for convenience in hanging around the neck.

"Your last punishment: the rule for irregular verbs. Commence!"

"I know it, Madame Loubert; I know it perfectly, I assure you."

"Commence!"

"Irregular verbs — but I assure you I know it — I know it by heart —"

"Commence, *ma fille!*"

"Irregular verbs — irregular verbs — I know it, Madame Loubert — one moment —" and she shook her right hand, as girls do to get inspiration, they say. "Irregular verbs — give me one word, Madame Loubert; only one word!"

"That —"

"Irregular verbs, that — irregular verbs, that —"

"See here, Pupasse; you do not know that lesson any more than a cat does" — Madame Loubert's favorite comparison.

"Yes, I do, Madame Loubert! Yes, I do!"

"Silence!"

"But, Madame Loubert —"

"Will you be silent!"

"Yes, Madame Loubert; only —"

"Pupasse, one more word — and —" Madame Loubert was forgetting her comedy — "Listen, Pupasse, and obey! You go home

and learn that lesson. When you know it, you can reënter your class. That is the punishment I have thought of to correct your "want of attention."

That was the way Madame Loubert put it —"want of attention."

Pupasse looked at her — at madame, a silent but potent spectator. To be sent from home because she did not know the rule of the irregular verbs! To be sent from home, family, friends! — for that was the way Pupasse put it. She had been in that school — it may only be whispered — fifteen years. Madame Loubert knew it; so did madame, although they accounted for only four or five years in each class. That school was her home; Madame Loubert — God help her! — her mother; madame, her divinity; fools' caps and turned-up skirts, her life. The old grandmother — she it was who had done everything for her (a *ci-devant* rag-picker, they say); she it was who was nothing to her.

Madame must have felt something of it besides the loss of the handsome salary for years from the little old withered woman. But conventionality is inexorable; and the St. Denis's great recommendation was its conventionality. Madame Loubert must have felt something of it, — she must have felt something of it, — for why should she say, "Volunteer"? Certainly madame could not have imposed *that* upon *her*. *It must* have been an inspiration of the moment, or a movement, a *tressaillement*, of the heart.

"Listen, Pupasse, my child. Go home, study your lesson well. I shall come every evening myself and hear it; and as soon as you know it, I shall fetch you back myself. You know I always keep my word."

Keep her word! That she did. Could the inanimate past testify, what a fluttering of fools' caps in that parlor — "Daily Bees," and "Weekly Couriers," by the year-full!

What could Pupasse say or do? It settled the question, as Madame Loubert assured madame, when the tall, thin black figure with the bag of books disappeared through the gate.

Madame Loubert was never known to break her word; that is all one knows about her part of the bargain.

One day, not three years ago, ringing a bell to inquire for a servant, a familiar murmuring fell upon the ear, and an old abécédaire's eyes could not resist the temptation to look through the shutters. There sat Pupasse; there was her old grammar; there were both fingers stopping her ears — as all studious girls do, or used to do; and there sounded the old words composing the rule for irregular verbs!

And you all remember how long it is since we wore funnel-shaped hoop-skirts!

Grace King.

STREET-PAVING IN AMERICA.

THE association of paved roadways with epochs of great advancement, as in the transcendent days of the Greeks and Romans, and their neglect in periods of retrogression, as in medieval times, when isolated castles became monumental evidences of a difference between individual and common welfare, and the renewed demand for them in the better days of the nineteenth century, indicate a relation between them and civilization.

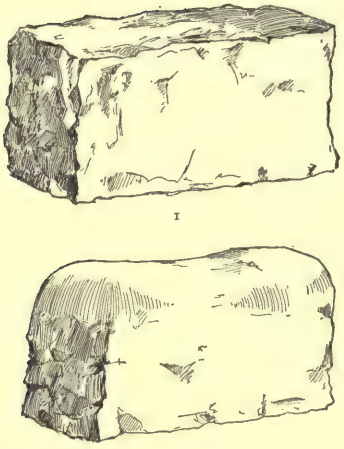
Some understanding of what is involved in the problem of better streets may be drawn from the statistical information found in the census of 1890. It is only in American cities having a population of more than 10,000 that less than one third of the total length of streets has been paved in any manner. If the construction of new pavements on the remaining 24,838 miles of streets in such cities proceeds as rapidly as now seems probable, the expenditures for this work in the next ten years will aggregate upward of a billion dollars. It is doubtful if more than sixty per cent. of the streets of these cities would then be well paved.

From a well-paved street abutting real estate derives, on increased value, hardly ever less, and often many times more, than the cost apportioned to it. It is, therefore, right that abutting property should, as it does in most American cities, bear the cost of the construction of a pavement, which becomes at once a substantial improvement, having a salable value, on which the property-owner alone can realize. The benefits are shared to some extent by adjacent property which may not abut on the street, but it is doubtful if a fair and practicable apportionment of the cost could be carried beyond the border line, though the justice of this restriction is almost intolerably strained when one paved street is compelled to bear the travel that would pass over others if put in equally good condition.

All calculations of the economies and profits of paved streets fail to encompass the sum of

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN. 3

GRANITE BLOCK.
Nos. 1 and 2 show forms of block when laid. No. 3, after several years of wear.

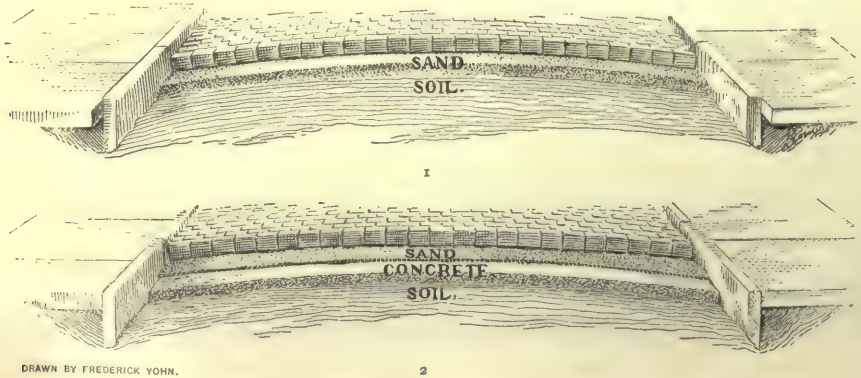
gain from them, because there is much involved that is intangible in character. The benefits of better sanitary conditions, with the consequent productiveness resulting from good health, the saving of expenses for medicines, and the professional services of physicians; the prolonging in some cases of lives that might succumb to the deleterious influences inherent in bad streets — all are incalculable; nor can be estimated the far-reaching effects of the retarded development of a city, due to failure to provide good streets.

The common mistake of regarding the cost of a street pavement as a merely luxurious expense, rather than as a profitable improvement, has, more than anything else, deterred the work of putting the roadways of our American cities and towns in proper condition, and, it should be added, has hindered progress and prosperity immeasurably. It has also had a mischievous influence, when coupled with false ideas of economy, in causing mere cheapness in cost to become with a deplorably large number of people the main desideratum when they find that paving cannot longer be deferred. A record of the failures that it has inevitably led to, since the beginning of experiments in road-making, would tell about all of the history of paving that is worth knowing.

FOUNDATIONS.

THE different pavements are usually designated by the name of the material which is most largely employed in the construction of the surface; and, in consequence, attention is commonly directed particularly to its qualities as sufficient evidence of the merits of the system. This may lead to mistaken conclusions. The foundation is not less important than the surface construction, and should receive the same consideration in paving as in other engineering work. A pavement without a solid foundation is nearly as frail as a house built on a hill of sand. The early failure of much of the road-surfacing in American cities and towns is due largely to lack of requisite foundations. A London engineer who has had much experience has truly said that "the foundation is the pavement." The surface material is merely a covering, which may wear out, and still the foundation will constitute a pavement; if it fails, or solid support is lacking, a road-surface made of the least fragile material will be defective wherever there is an underlying weakness, which may cause more damage than the wear from above. It cannot safely be expected that the pavement will more than temporarily be better than its bed.

The standard foundation is hydraulic-cement concrete, from six to eight inches in thick-

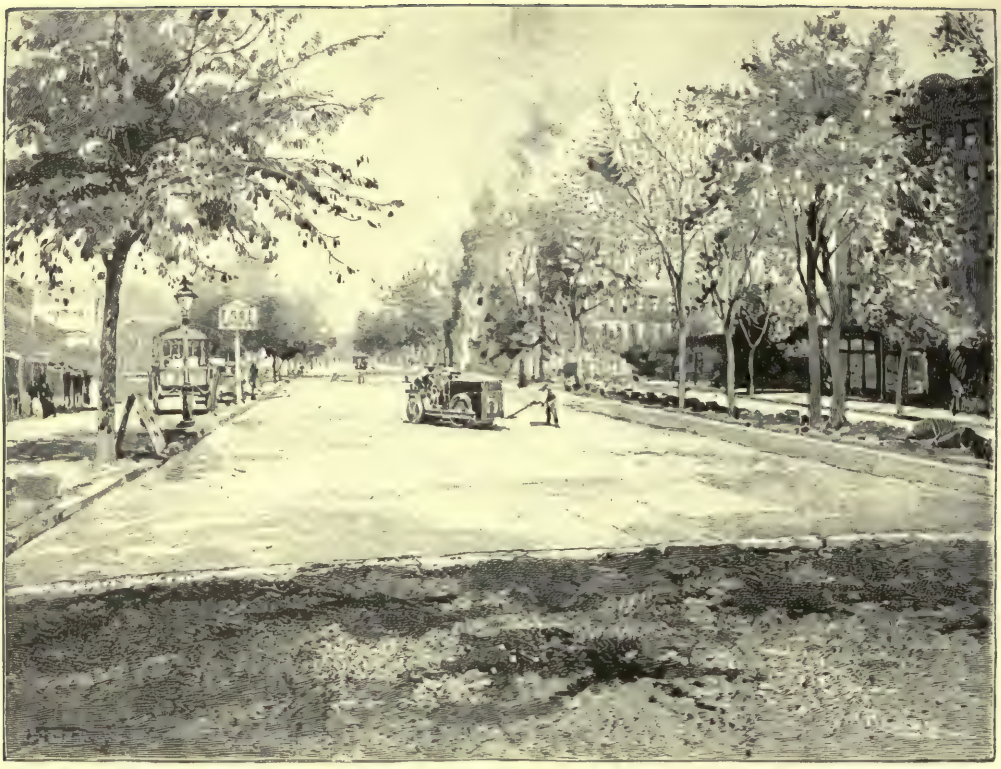


DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.

1. GRANITE-BLOCK PAVEMENT. 2. IMPROVED GRANITE-BLOCK PAVEMENT.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

PAVING FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

LAYING TRINIDAD ASPHALT ON OLD MACADAM FOUNDATION ON THE WESTERN BOULEVARD, OR BROADWAY EXTENDED.

ness. It is a solid, cohesive mass, with the qualities of a continuous layer of stone, capable of bearing tremendous weights, and affording protection against the damaging effects of frost to the earth beneath. Other forms of foundation, inferior in character, but serviceable, are in use. Cobblestones may be utilized by being set on edge, slightly apart, and filling the interstices with hydraulic cement. A foundation similar to the subpavement of a Telford road may be made of rubblestone set on edge in close contact. Broken stone on gravel, the whole from eight to ten inches in thickness, is one of the cheaper forms, and is well suited to some kinds of paving. A layer of planks, two inches in thickness, on a bed of sand,—or, better, on gravel or broken stone,—is less commendable, though not without some merit. Old pavements, made of the harder materials, may be used when brought to proper grades, rather than have no kind of substantial foundation. This has been done in New York city under a guarantee by contractors of the durability of new paving. Where professional or official responsibility is involved, however, only the approved form of hydraulic-cement concrete can be recommended without risk for streets of more than average requirements; and on steep gradients or marshy soil, as well as for the requisite support of some kinds of surface materials, it is almost indispensable. There is no experiment in using it, and a preference for other forms of foundation will be best justified by consideration of lower cost. Where the constituent materials may be had with little expense of transportation, the price may be as low as fifty cents per square yard; but in cities remote from the sources of supply, it will vary from seventy-five cents to upward of one dollar per square yard. The concrete is composed of a mortar of one part of hydraulic cement and two parts of clean sand, free from clay, mixed with small pieces of broken stone. During the process of mixing water is thrown upon the mass. The concrete is at once spread upon the street (the earth having been first rolled, under a weight usually of ten tons), and is then thoroughly compacted by ramming, until, as careful specifications require, "free mortar appears on the surface." The mixing and spreading of the mortar is necessarily performed with much rapidity by men who have acquired extraordinary dexterity in doing the work. Gravel or cobblestones should be carefully excluded from the mixture, only the angular fragments of broken stone, measuring in their largest dimension not more than one

inch and a half, being suitable for use. Concrete cannot be safely laid during freezing or frosty weather.

The surface materials which share in popular favor, somewhat according to locality, are granite, wood, and asphalt blocks, asphaltic and coal-tar distillate mastics, hard or vitrified brick, and stone suitable for the Macadam and Telford systems of paving, the comparative merits of which, however, are not to be understood as being indicated by the order of mention. With the exception of the Macadam and Telford systems, these different materials, each designating a kind of construction, may be combined, according to methods, under the general distinction of block and sheet pavements, each embracing many varieties, which, within the limits of this article, can be only briefly mentioned.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

HEATING PEBBLES FOR JOINT FILLING, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

GRANITE OR STONE BLOCKS.

If wearing quality is the main requisite, as it is commonly believed to be for streets where there is much heavy hauling, no material which has yet been extensively tried is superior to granite or trap rocks, which experience has demonstrated can be most serviceably used in the form of small blocks. Failure to discriminate in the quality of stone has in some instances had unfortunate results. Limestones are especially unsuitable. Granite is preferable because it wears less smooth than other hard stones. Under heavy travel granite will give from fifteen to twenty-five years of service with slight repairs, and may be made to last forty or fifty years. It is estimated that in fifteen years, with such usage as it would have on one of the principal business streets of a large city, it would be worn down two inches. If redressed, the blocks would probably wear twenty years longer on a solid foundation.

PAVING.

Various methods of construction have been tried in American cities during the last forty years, experiments having taken a wide range, especially in endeavoring to determine the best dimensions of blocks, as well as the most advantageous way of laying them. The Belgian block — the name being the designation of a method first introduced in the city of Brussels — was for a long time the most approved. It was a radical departure from earlier experiments in the use of stone of large dimensions. The Belgian blocks are small cubes of trap rock or granite of from five to seven inches of surface dimension, with little dressing. They are laid on a foundation of sand and gravel. It has been found that ruts are too easily worn along the longitudinal joints, and longer blocks of granite, laid lengthwise across the street, with the interstices filled with cement, have come into favor. Specifications for granite pavements now usually require that the blocks shall be rectangular in shape, with dimensions of from 3½ inches to 4½ inches in width, from 10 to 13 inches in length, and from 8 to 9 inches in depth, though in some cities these dimensions are slightly reduced. Experience has also demonstrated that while sand and gravel may make a bed which will, at little cost, meet the requirements of granite-block pavements on ordinary business streets, nothing inferior to

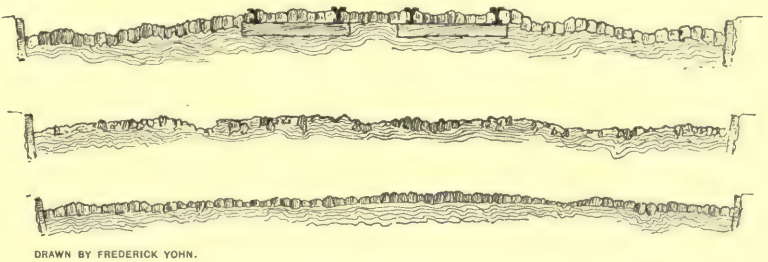
DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

BROADWAY AND FOURTEENTH STREET.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

hydraulic-cement concrete should be used as a foundation on streets where there is much heavy hauling. As a rule, wherever the needs of a street require the use of granite paving, it is equally essential that it should have the best foundation. As a surface material its chief merit is its wearing quality, and there is inconsistency in using it without putting it on a base of adequate solidity, when there can be no better reason than extraordinary need of durability for preferring it.

The common objections to granite-block paving are the nerve-rasping noise caused by contact with it of hoofs and wheels; its slipperiness, resulting from wear and water; the resistance to traction from its uneven surface; and the receptivity of dust and foul substance in the interstices between the blocks, which also are the weakest part of the surface, on account of the difficulties of filling and cementing them sufficiently. And yet these joints are some protection against slipperiness. One of the best granite-block pavements in America was some years ago laid on Westminster street, in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, on a concrete foundation, with the interstices between the blocks compactly filled and cemented, thus making an even surface which could be easily cleaned, and did not permit the accumulation of filth and dirt usually found in the joints of such pavements. It seems improbable, however, that any method of construction can make stone-block paving generally desirable; and in America, as in many of the principal European cities, its use is likely to be restricted to streets where there is much heavy travel. In none of the large cities is it in growing demand equally with other commonly approved kinds of paving.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.

SURFACE LINES OF SOME WOOD-BLOCK PAVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

WOOD BLOCKS.

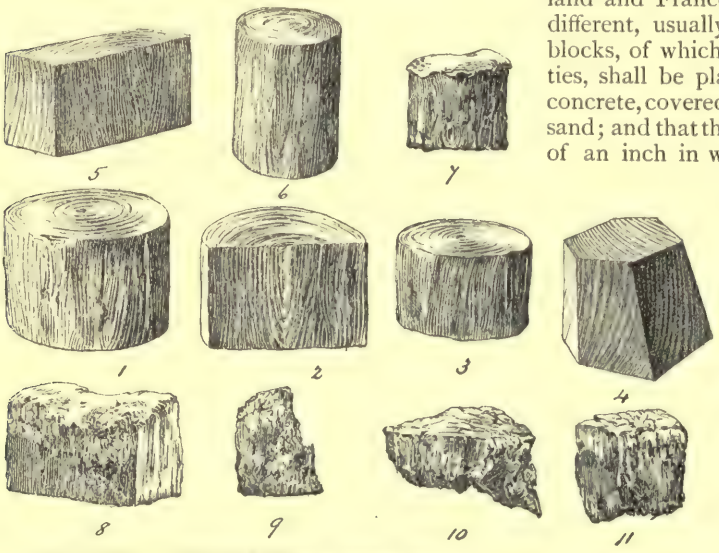
Wood has been tried as a paving-material in many ways, varying from simply laying thick planks on the level earth of roadways, as may still be seen in some towns where the soil is sandy, to the more ingenious methods of block construction. It was long believed that there were qualities in wood of some kind which, by some process of treatment, as well as by some manner of use, could be made serviceable in a superior degree in paving; and how tenaciously this idea was adhered to is indicated by the many experiments made for a brief time with some success. The qualities of the material seem to have undergone all conceivable tests within the range of science, and the methods embrace about all the variations of practicable construction, including, to some extent, combinations with other materials, with results which have demonstrated that the simpler forms are the better.

The kinds of wood most largely used in America are pine, cedar, cypress, and oak, a choice between which is determined in different localities by convenience of supply rather than by superior quality. If from two to five years' longer service is preferable to lower cost, the wood having the greatest density and toughness should be used.

Attempts to protect blocks from decay, and to prolong their durability, by subjecting them to processes known as mineralizing or creosoting, or by boiling them in oil, or covering them with compositions of tar and other substances, have not been conspicuously successful; on the contrary, there are doubts as to their utility, as blocks which have undergone such treatment, when examined after having been long in use, have shown no other effect than mere discoloration and a closing of the fibers of the wood, which seemed to have hastened internal decay. The cylindrical and rectangular forms of blocks are most approved: the former from 8 to 10 inches in diameter and 7 inches deep; the latter 4 inches wide, 5 inches deep, and 8 inches long.

The most important considerations in methods of laying the blocks are the foundation and the joints. Early failures of wood pavements laid on sand and gravel were attributed, doubtless correctly to a great extent, to the character of the foundation; and experiments which aimed to remedy this defect brought into use in various ways planks from 1½ to 2 inches in thickness for a subpavement. Much stress was put upon the desirability of having an elastic as well as a uniformly solid foundation, and sand was spread over the layer of planks to a depth of two inches or more, making what was called a cushion. The same material was by some also placed under the planks, and others used a sub-

course of gravel or broken stone. As a means of giving greater firmness to the pavement, and preventing the displacement of blocks, wooden wedges, held by a groove in the foundation planks, were, in one system which was in favor for a time, placed between the parallel rows of blocks, reaching to within about three inches of the surface, the remainder of the open space being filled with gravel and tar. Finally, hydraulic-cement concrete, with a top layer of sand as a cushion, came into use, but it has had reluctant acceptance on account of its increased cost, and, therefore, the plank foundations are still preferred for wood-block paving, most extensively, however, in cities of the South and West. Attempts to protect wood by chemical treatment from the damaging effects of water have been supplemented by a method of laying roofing felt under the blocks, and inserting it in the interstices between them for the purpose of absorbing moisture. The theory that led to the adoption of this system, which has distinct recognition, was that expansion and contraction, under variable atmospheric conditions, were the principal causes of the early failure of wood-block pavements. Water has always been recognized as their unconquered enemy. Experience has demonstrated, however, that no better protection can be afforded than by methods which facilitate drainage.



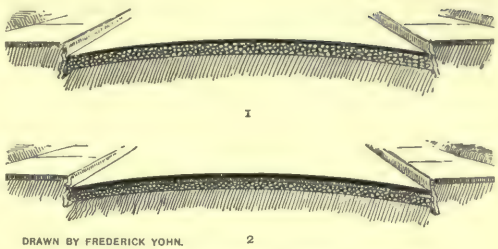
DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL, FROM PENCIL SKETCHES BY FREDERICK YOHN.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, AND 6, FORMS OF WOODEN BLOCKS. 7, A CEDAR BLOCK AFTER FIVE YEARS' USE. 8, 9, 10, 11, PINE BLOCKS AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS OF SERVICE.

It is often asserted by persons who argue against wood-block pavements that the destructive tendencies of their absorption of liquids are also objectionable because they develop processes of fermentation and decay, which produce unsanitary conditions. As a theory this is too plausible to be disputed, but an attempt to verify it by a comparison of the mortality statistics of cities largely paved with wood blocks, and those having other pavements, is disappointing. The destructible character of wood, however, renders it one of the least durable materials, and experience indicates that satisfactory service cannot be expected from it for a longer period than ten years; but, notwithstanding its deficiency in wearing qualities, it continues to share in public favor in some of the principal European cities, chiefly because its surface is easily tractive, and at the same time is neither so hard nor so slippery as some other pavements, while it is also less noisy. The standard specifications, in England and France, while in some respects different, usually require that the pine blocks, of which there are several varieties, shall be placed on a foundation of concrete, covered with about two inches of sand; and that the joints, about five eighths of an inch in width, shall be filled with grout, with a top coat of hydraulic cement. The specifications vary as to the materials that shall be used in filling the interstices, but all aim to make them firm and impermeable, for the protection of both the blocks and foundation against water, as well as for the purpose of giving to the pavement a smooth surface, and preventing accumulation of dirt in the open spaces. It has been found that wood-block pavements in London, where they are as well constructed as anywhere, need repairs after they have been in use two or three years, and in seven to ten years are no longer fit for travel.

In America wood-block pavements have not grown in favor. There is at present comparatively less demand for them everywhere than was the case a few years ago, except in parts of the country where suitable wood is obtainable more easily or at less cost than other paving-materials. In some of the cities of the Northwest and South they are extensively in use, and there is a continued demand for them, without requirement of concrete foundations or impermeable joints. In San Antonio, Texas, a native wood which grows in the form of a thick bush, known as mesquit, is used as a paving-material. It apparently has extraordinary du-

rability, and the expectation is that it will be serviceable for forty years or more. The blocks are of hexagonal shape, with the top slightly smaller than the bottom, and are laid on a foundation of concrete covered with sand.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN. 1 2

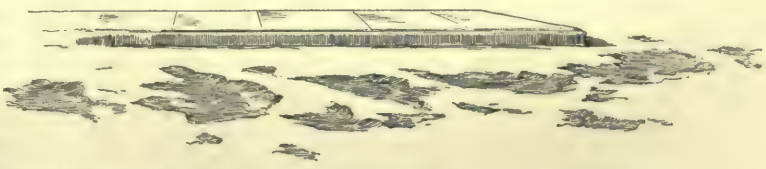
ASPHALT AND VULCANITE STREET PAVEMENTS.

1. Shows foundation of concrete with wearing surface above. 2. Shows a bottom course of broken stone with a top course of smaller pieces of stone.

SHEET PAVEMENTS.

DURING the last fifteen years, interest in what is commonly known as the sheet pavement, made of materials combined in the form of a mastic, has been rapidly growing in America. It is the most completely distinct modern product of experimental paving; its chief advantage over the block system being a surface of unbroken smoothness, which offers little resistance to traction. The different compositions numbering fifteen or more, used in this system of paving have been indiscriminately identified by the public with asphalt, which, though introduced in small proportions, is an essential part of the standard formula. All sheet pavements, however, cannot be properly called asphalt pavements; for asphalt is not used at all in some of the compositions, and those which are technically designated by the name in America, in discriminating between the different kinds of mastic, are only successful imitations of the original and genuine asphalt pavements, as laid in Europe, where asphalt first attracted attention as a material suitable for paving in 1849. It had long been in demand for commercial uses, and, while being transported from mines in France and Switzerland, particles falling from the wagons were crushed under the wheels, their compression being aided by the heat of the sun, thus forming a very good road surface, which suggested the idea of trying it in street-paving. The first experiment, which was on a macadam road, was encouraging, and in 1854 a portion of a street in Paris was paved with asphalt on a concrete foundation. It met expectations, and four years later other streets were similarly paved. It grew rapidly in favor, and in 1869 asphalt pavements were introduced in London; but not until 1880 were they given a trial in Berlin. They are now extensively in use in these as well as in other European cities. In distinction from the American pavements of the same name, the material of which they are made is now commonly called "natural asphalt rock." It comes largely from mines in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and is in the form of a bituminous stone, composed of amorphous carbonate of lime thoroughly impregnated with mineral tar. It is of a dark-brown color, is not easily broken, but can be cut, and is malleable. Analysis shows that about twelve per cent. of the substance is bitumen, and the remainder amorphous carbonate of lime. After it is taken from the mines in the shape of large rocks, it is crushed into small pieces, and is then reduced to a powder by a process of grinding. It is afterward heated in revolving cylinders at a temperature of 280 degrees Fahrenheit, is carried in carts or tanks, still heated, to the street to be paved, and spread on a concrete foundation, in a uniform layer of five inches, which, by the pounding of hot iron rammers, wielded by men, is compressed to a thickness of two and a half inches, after which hydraulic cement is swept over it, and it is again pounded with rammers. Not later than the second day after the work is completed the pavement is ready for use. It costs more than the standard American sheet pavement. On the question as to whether it is better, all things considered, there is an irreconcilable difference of opinion, proceeding from opposite points of view. The issue, however, is unimportant, as the system of sheet paving in America will, for the practical reasons which brought it into existence, probably continue to be essentially unlike that of Europe.

Attempts to produce a mastic which would be an acceptable substitute for the European asphalt rock have encumbered the streets of American cities with various kinds of worthless compositions. Coal-tar, pitch, and rosin, used as cementing substances, have been combined with sand, gravel, ashes, lime, sawdust, and other materials, in what have been repre-



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.

ASPHALT PAVEMENT AFTER FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE WITHOUT REPAIRS.

sented in some instances to be asphaltic mixtures; but most of them have soon failed under the wear of travel and exposure to the weather, the evaporation of the volatile oils being quickly followed by disintegration of the remainder of the composition.

Mr. E. J. de Smedt, a Belgian chemist, who had studied asphalt pavements in Paris before coming to the United States in 1861, conceived the idea in 1869 of making a mixture of silicious sand and pulverized carbonate of lime, cemented together by Trinidad asphalt, the latter being first refined and tempered with heavy petroleum oils or the residuum of the distillation of them. In 1870 the first Trinidad-asphalt pavement was laid for public use in front of the city hall in Newark, New Jersey. In 1873, Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth streets, opposite the Worth monument, in the city of New York, was paved with this composition, and other samples of it were subjected to trial about the same time; but there was little demand for it until after Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington had been partly paved with it under the direction of a special commission appointed by Congress in 1876. Hundred of miles of it are now in use on the streets of American cities.

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

RESULT OF BAD PAVEMENT, PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Asphalt is not, as may be supposed, used in large proportions in the composition. Merely enough of it is introduced to cement the other materials. The mixture of the refined Trinidad asphalt and the residuum of the distillation of petroleum oil is known as "asphaltic cement," which constitutes from ten to fifteen per cent. of the paving composition, the rest of which is fine sand and from three to five per cent. of pulverized carbonate of lime. Slight changes in the formula are made to suit differences of climate. The asphaltic cement is separately heated to a temperature of about 300 degrees Fahrenheit. The sand and carbonate of lime are heated in rotary drums to about the same temperature, and are combined with the asphaltic cement in a mechanical mixer. After the sand has been thoroughly impregnated with the cement, the heated mixture is carried in carts to the streets to be paved, where it is spread by means of hot iron rakes, being tamped by hand-implements, and afterward compressed, first by hand-rollers, and then, after hydraulic cement has been swept over it, by heavier steam-rollers, until it is reduced to a thickness of from one and a half to two and a half inches, as the specifications may require.

The asphalt most largely in use for paving purposes in America comes from the island of Trinidad, where it is found in what is known as Pitch Lake, situated about one mile from the sea, at an elevation of 138 feet; and deposits

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

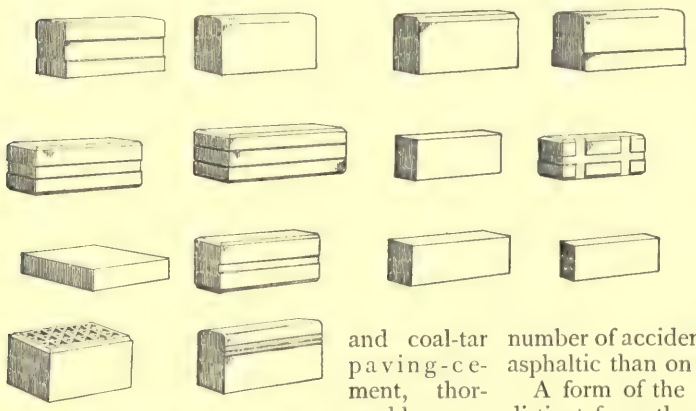
PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, WITH ASPHALT PAVEMENT.

of it, which have become known as "overflow pitch," or "land pitch," are found on the land about the village of La Brea. The lake covers 115 acres. Shallow streams of water, a few feet wide, flow through the pitch, elevations and depressions of which cause the surface to be uneven. The asphalt is excavated with picks, usually to a depth of about three feet. Loaded carts may easily be driven over the surface of the lake, but the viscous quality of the asphalt is indicated by the filling up in a few hours of the pits made in the excavation of the material. Of the asphalt exported to the United States from Trinidad in 1891, 45,170 tons were taken from Pitch Lake, and 10,450 tons from land in and near La Brea. The lake asphalt is preferred, because it is believed to have better cementing qualities; and its use is now required by the paving specifications in many cities, experience with some of the pavements in which "land pitch" was used as the cementing material having been unsatisfactory.

Asphalt has been found in Cuba, in Mexico, and in many places in the United States; but none of it has been successfully used in cementing the composition of sand and pulverized carbonate of lime. A native asphalt is used for paving purposes with some success in California; and deposits of sand impregnated with bitumen have been found in Kentucky, but such experiments as have been made with it have not yet satisfactorily demonstrated that it has sufficiently durable qualities as a paving-material.

A kind of sheet pavement, commonly supposed to be asphaltic, and like it in appearance, is sometimes called vulcanite, but it is becoming more distinctly known as coal-tar distillate, because this is the principal cementing material, combined with about four per cent. of Trinidad asphalt, the remainder of the composition being sand and pulverized stone, with small quantities of hydraulic cement, slaked lime, and flowers of sulphur. The method of spreading and compressing the material is the same as with the asphaltic pavement; but the foundation usually consists of from four to six inches of broken stone, coated

with coal-tar paving-cement, in the proportion of about one gallon to the square yard of base, on which there is spread what is commonly called a binder-course, two inches in thickness, composed of smaller broken stone and coal-tar paving-cement, thoroughly compacted with heavy rollers. On this is laid the surface composition. A common objection to it is that it becomes so soft on warm days that wheels and hoofs leave impressions upon it, and in extremely cold weather it becomes very hard, with a tendency toward fragility, and frequently cracks.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.

SOME FORMS OF PAVING-BRICK.

The base and intermediate course of this form of paving are sometimes used for an asphaltic surface composition, or a concrete foundation four inches in thickness may be substituted for the base of broken stone, either of which should be cheaper than the so-called standard Trinidad-asphalt pavement, and quite as well suited to streets on which the travel is comparatively light.

The American sheet pavements, in comparison with those of Europe, are not deficient in tractive or sanitary qualities. Their worst faults are shown in tendencies of the mastic composition to disintegrate in places where the surface soon wears away, or in eruptive disturbances, which may result from improper use of materials, as well as mistakes or carelessness in work. To these causes oftener than to the effects of wear the failure of sheet pavements in American cities can be traced; and as the difficulties of doing all of the work with the requisite exactness and uniformity seem to be to some extent unavoidable, the only safe assurance of durability is an adequately protected guarantee, at the time of construction, that they will be kept in good condition for a fixed period of time.

Some of the common objections to the asphaltic pavements are the clicking noise of hoofs striking upon them, the easy raising of dust from them by passing winds, and their slipperiness when wet. In considering these objections, the thought will doubtless come to the reader that sprinkling will allay the dust, but will at the same time increase the danger of accidents from the slipping of horses. The slipperiness about which so much complaint has been made, however, is a characteristic of the asphaltic pavements of Europe more than those of America, due to a smoother surface and to the limestone in the former, which do not afford as good a foothold as the sand composition of the latter, though official statistics from American cities indicate that a slightly larger number of accidents result from slipperiness on asphaltic than on other pavements.

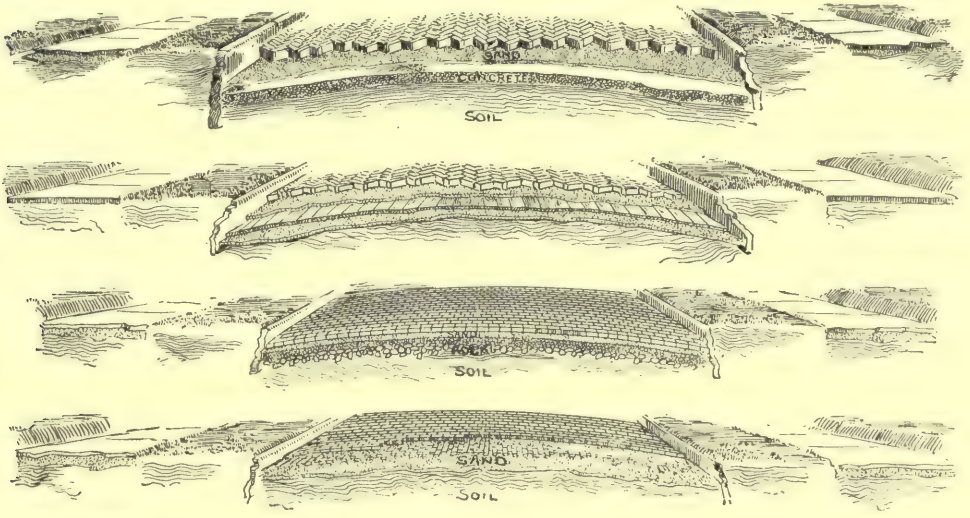
A form of the American asphaltic paving, distinct from the sheet system, is represented in the use of the material as a cement, combined with crushed limestone, compressed under great weight into large blocks, which are laid in a foundation of gravel and sand. This kind of paving is not, however, in extensive use.

PAVING-BRICK AND THEIR USE.

WITHIN the last five or six years, in the smaller cities of the Western and Middle States, there has been a demand for brick as a paving-material, which has grown more rapidly than the facilities for supplying it. The experiments with it, conducted professedly without knowledge that it long before had been used for such purposes in Holland, are traced back to the year 1870, when it was first tried in the United States as a street-paving material in Charleston, West Virginia, at about the same time that the first sample of Trinidad-asphalt pavement was placed at the service of the public in Newark, New Jersey. While the growth of the two systems in public favor has been contemporaneous, in only a few of the larger cities have they been brought into rivalry in any degree, largely because the promoters of each have not found their most tempting opportunities in the same fields. The experiment at Charleston grew out of an idea conceived by Dr. John P. Hale, of that town, that bricks which had been compressed and burned to unusual hardness for use in the construction of a house which was being built for him, would be a good substitute for broken stone as a street-paving material. When Dr. Hale explained his idea to the common council of Charleston, it was pronounced absurd by many of his fellow-citizens; but, as he proposed to bear the

expense of the experiment, he was given permission to lay, according to his own plans, a sample of brick pavement on the busiest street in the city. The people of Charleston, contrary to their expectations, found that the new paving-material, instead of being crushed into pieces in a month, had durable qualities. Since 1873 the demand for it there has been exclusive, and it is now in use on several miles of streets.

Other cities and towns were, however, slow to adopt Charleston's new kind of paving, and, though there was nothing lacking in the home laudation of it, the experiment had little more than local fame for several years; in fact, there is no evidence that it was known as an example in Bloomington, Illinois, when in 1874 permission was granted to N. B. Heafer to lay a brick pavement on Center street, opposite the court-house, in that town. This, too, was proposed as an experiment, and it is still in evidence, eighteen years of use having worn away about an inch of its surface without otherwise impairing it.



DRAWN BY FREDERICK YOHN.

SYSTEMS OF BRICK PAVING.

The Charleston and Bloomington pavements were in some respects not alike—in none, really, other than that baked clay was the material chiefly used in their construction, and the qualities of this were different. The brick were the kind manufactured in the respective localities for building purposes: those used in Charleston, a dark red in color, were compressed and burned somewhat harder than usual; the Bloomington brick were of a yellowish color, with less density, and were apparently more friable. The foundation of the Charleston pavement was composed of a layer of planks, covered with sand, on which the bricks were laid on edges in zigzag courses, the interstices being filled with sand. The Bloomington pavement was put on a base of coal cinders, four inches in thickness, covered with a layer of sand, on which a course of brick was laid; this being also overspread with sand, whereon was placed the surface layer of brick on edge. The success credited to these systems as experiments must be regarded as rather marvelous; but if it encourages imitation, the results may be unfortunate. Later experiments have led to improvements both in quality of materials and method of construction.

The manufacture of what are known as paving-brick has within a few years become a distinct industry, which has already grown into large proportions, requiring millions of dollars of capital in its operation. Chemical discoveries, aided by improvements in machinery, have made it possible to produce, from some kinds of clay, brick which rival granite in hardness; yet the industry is probably in the infancy of all its possibilities. The advancement has been rapid, however, during the time that attention has been directed to it: the brick made ten years ago withstood a pressure of from 500 to 4200 pounds per square inch; some are made now which withstand a pressure of 22,000 pounds per square inch. Clay unlike that ordinarily used for building-brick is required; it should be vitrifiable, with qualities capable of certain chemical affinities. The better paving-bricks are made from shale clays, which in some places are mined at a depth of about three hundred feet in the earth, and in other places are found on the surface. In the crude state these clays are much like stone. In the process of converting them into brick they

DRAWN BY GUY ROSE. ENGRAVED BY A. BLOSSE.

LAYING A BRICK PAVEMENT.

are pulverized by machinery into a fine powder, which, when mixed with water, becomes a plastic mass, capable of being molded into any of the various forms made for paving purposes. Some blocks are much larger than the ordinary brick, and are intended to afford peculiar advantages, either in the character of the surface or in durability; but experience has led to a preference for brick of about the same shape and size as those used for building purposes, mainly for the reason that they undergo the heating process to which they are subjected with more thorough uniformity than the larger blocks. This process usually continues for about ten days at from 2000 to 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. If the clay does not possess the requisite qualities, it will fuse under heat that will produce vitrifaction, and the bricks will be useless.

Paving-brick should have a degree of density and compactness which will preclude as much as possible the absorption of moisture, together with the strength derived from combined toughness and hardness, which will enable them to bear great pressure without fracture, and at the same time to resist abrasion; in short, they should have, as nearly as possible, the qualities characteristic of granite, with which, indeed, very favorable comparisons may be made, as shown by tests of samples of brick now produced at many points in the Middle States, where the industry seems to be most favored by natural conditions. These tests, applied by various mechanical processes, are employed by many municipal engineers in endeavoring to determine the qualities of brick offered for paving purposes, and while they should not be regarded as conclusive, they certainly have some indicative value. Tests of samples of brick may, however, indicate a degree of durability which could not be realized from their use in a pavement; besides, samples nearly always have better than average qualities; and it is pertinent to add, also, that one of the great difficulties with brick paving is to secure uniformly good quality in the material, owing to the impossibility of producing it in the processes of manufacturing.

The durability of brick, which is unquestionably its best quality, has not yet been demonstrated sufficiently to warrant any manner of suggestion that it may be advantageously substituted for granite where the requirements of service are extraordinary. Experience has

DRAWN BY GUY ROSE. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

COLLEGE AVENUE, INDIANAPOLIS, PAVED WITH BRICK.

been comparatively favorable to it, however, in the smaller cities, on streets bearing moderately heavy traffic, but not without some exceptions, where, owing to defective materials, it proved disappointing. It has been tried in only a few of the larger cities, and in those to a limited extent; but within the last six years a popular demand for it, attracted by its comparative cheapness and durability, has brought it into use in more than two hundred of the towns and smaller cities most accessible to the points where paving-brick manufactories have been located. In some towns the pavements are without foundations other than a spread of gravel, sand, or coal cinders, and the most common forms of base are a layer of broken stone six to eight inches in thickness, of planks, or a subcourse of brick, each covered with sand; concrete is rarely used.

In towns where even a cheaper form of pavement at first cost is desired, the Macadam and Telford systems [1] may be serviceable, but they are better suited to driveways and country roads than to inhabited streets, because they are almost constantly either dusty or muddy, owing to the detritus of their surfaces; and under heavy wear they need frequent repairs, rendering them, in the course of several years, if kept in good condition, more expensive than other kinds of paving. In London the cost of their maintenance, on streets where there was not more than average traffic, was found to be from 40 to 50 cents per square yard yearly.

And now, having somewhat cursorily considered the most commonly used materials, we come to the inevitable, with many the determining, question—the cost. Information on this point can at best be given only approximately; for street pavements, as with any commodity, may not, when alike, cost the same in different cities, or (as is frequently shown where competitive proposals are received from contractors) the same in the same city. Wages, transportation of materials, competition, local conditions, all variably affect prices. An approximation for different points in the United States is given in the table on the following page, the information for which has been furnished by officials in the street departments of the cities named.

The inequalities of cost shown in this table are in some measure due to differences in the

[1] See "Our Common Roads," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1892

qualities of the pavements. The minimum and maximum prices of granite paving in New York, Boston, and Columbus are based respectively on sand and concrete foundations. Minneapolis and Omaha have an advantage in being located within convenient shipping distance of the quarries from which they get their supply of granite blocks, and something is saved, temporarily at least, by laying them on sand. The cost of asphaltic paving in New York is

Cities.	Granite.	Asphalt.	Wood.	Brick.	Macadam.
New York	$2.50 to $3.75	$3.45 to $4.45	....	....	$1.47
Chicago	3.04	2.94	$1.00	$2.00	.90
Boston	3.75 to 4.75	3.50	....	2.75	1.25 to 1.50
Brooklyn	2.65	2.00	....	....	....
San Francisco	2.00	2.40	....	....	.40
Minneapolis	1.67	2.75	1.00	....	....
New Orleans	5.00	3.25	3.00	....	....
Washington	2.88	2.25	....	....	.75 to .96
Cincinnati	4.25	2.85	3.50	2.25	....
Milwaukee	2.45 to 2.55	....	1.10	....	1.95
Detroit	4.25	3.20	1.75	2.75	....
Buffalo	3.00	3.00	....	2.55	....
Omaha	2.00	2.98	1.60	1.75 to 1.99	....
Denver	3.40	3.13	....	....	....
Nashville	2.40	....	....	1.30	.50
Kansas City	3.40	2.80	1.50	2.00	....
Columbus, O.	2.80 to 3.50	....	....	1.58 to 2.16	....

increased somewhat by the requirement that the contractors shall guarantee that the pavements shall be kept in good condition for periods of from five to fifteen years. In Brooklyn it is much lower, because old cobblestone pavements are used as foundations for the asphaltic wearing surface. In Washington the cost of asphaltic pavements is limited to $2.25 per square yard, but this is exclusive of grading, curbing, and "all extra work." The wood-block paving in Chicago, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Detroit, and New Orleans is placed on plank foundations; in the other cities cited it is on concrete. The differences in the cost of brick paving are due chiefly to distances of transportation of the brick. In Omaha, where the cost is $1.75 and $1.99, the pavement includes a concrete foundation, and a guarantee of good condition for five and ten years respectively is required from the contractors. A guarantee cannot always be secured, in some instances because of inability rather than unwillingness to give it; but it is the best measure of the value of any pavement.

Construction does not represent the total cost. A pavement may be very cheap at first and very expensive in the end, made so by necessary repairs and attention. Cost can be accurately determined only by ascertaining the total expenditure during the period that the pavement is serviceable; and when this is divided into a yearly average, a fair and correct comparison can be made. In pursuing this method of calculation, it has been found in London that the yearly cost per square yard of the different kinds of paving most largely in use there, including construction and maintenance, is: of wood, from 40 to 61 cents; asphalt, 33 to 59 cents; and granite, 25 to 69 cents.

Cost, materials, methods of construction,—all important, but merely details of different systems,—should be considered with reference to essential qualities, which, we find in the end, embrace all factors of the paving problem. The sum of these qualities is the standard which is yet unattained to the highest degree, and which stands pointing, for him who can invent the perfect pavement, the way to fame and wealth.

To pave is regarded as a duty to the public. When paving is done, correlative duties are imposed on the public; the pavement which is placed by its command, or voluntarily provided for its benefit, it should protect. Municipal power may be rightfully and helpfully exercised in requiring that the wheels of vehicles shall have tires ample in width to bear the loads upon them with the least wear of the surface of a street. Protection should be given also against abuses of corporation franchises permitting the tearing open of street pavements for the purpose of laying or reaching gas-, water- and steam-pipes, electric wires, and other underground systems. In many of the streets of our larger cities these now constitute a network which should be combined in subways. Openings in pavements for excavations below the foundation are damaging beyond complete repair, and, if numerous, will be ruinous. In some of our best-governed cities it is wisely and rightly required that all desired connections between adjacent property and underground street systems shall be made before the construction of new pavements begins; and, after the work is completed, openings are not permitted to be made, except in cases of extreme necessity, and then only by special authorization.

William Fortune.

BÉRANGER.

IN Paris, full of misery and gold,
In seventeen eighty,— read and you shall see,
At my grandsire's, a tailor poor and old,
A new-born babe, what happened unto me.
Around my head there shone no glory, lying
In a bare cradle, destitute of charms;
But my grandfather, running to me crying,
Found me one day within a fairy's arms.
And thus that fairy with her gay refrain
Calmed my first cries, and soothed my earliest pain.

. . . . . .

In this fashion, and by this charming song, "The Tailor and the Fairy," Béranger in 1822, at forty-two, with a smile that bordered on sadness, modestly and proudly took up again his life and his work. He has said that his songs are himself. His history might be written by tacking two or three marginal notes to his couplets, and giving you in their order some others, which are also biographical. Adding to these the more celebrated of his strophes, and choosing from others less known but as beautiful, I should have a study of Béranger from his verse alone of which neither you nor I could think of complaining.

You would know his youth, so wretched and so gay; his love-affairs; his dreams; his first songs, full of rude Gallic strength, passing later to satire, and always following the precepts of the master, light in pursuit, and firm in encounter; then raising himself little by little through his patriotism to higher inspirations, you would hear in turn his pipes, his vielle, his trumpet; you would see him stir a revolution, then greet it, then quiet it; you would follow him in his retirement, hearing the weakened, trembling, but sometimes prophetic, voice of his muse from the chimney-corner; and you would admire him in his death,—as simple as his life,—and you would go forth deeply moved, repeating his passionate adieu to his country.

Unhappily my task is not so plain. This Béranger, the veneration of our fathers, must to-day be defended, since he is attacked; he must be brought forward, since he has been neglected—he whose prophecies were so true, he who was the Nostradamus of the republic.

That he would be forgotten, he himself prophesied, and he resigned himself to the thought with that wise tranquillity born of self-knowledge. Ingratitude, however, he did not foresee, and undoubtedly he could not have looked forward to it with resignation, yet it has reached that point. It reaches it now, and it is to relieve myself from that reproach—to contribute what I can toward purging us all of it—that I find myself obliged to accompany my essay with a commentary, and to show as briefly as possible the true Béranger—as he should be for us, the sons and grandsons of those whom he roused to combat, consoled in defeat, and

FROM DRAWING BY NICHOLAS TOUSSAINT CHARLET.
OWNED BY GARNIER & CO., PARIS.

P. J. DE BÉRANGER.

DRAWN BY AUG. SANDOZ. OWNED BY GARNIER & CO., PARIS. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

P. J. DE BÉRANGER.

led back to victory. To that end, then, let us mingle our prose with his verse; and first let us finish the sketch of his life.

Behold him, then, come into the world in mid Paris, in the Rue Montegueil. One could say, like the poor little waif of the streets, that his mother was not there when he was born, for she never gave him her breast, troubled herself very little about him, and he saw her in all only for a few days seventeen years later. His father, moreover, an unsettled and thoughtless adventurer, cared but little more for him; we shall meet this parent again, however.

The child was put out to nurse at Auxerre in Burgundy. When nature's fountain failed, the foster-father, a good-natured old fellow, replaced the lost milk by pieces of bread steeped in wine. The child took to it kindly. Two years later, returned to the grandfather at Paris, the child grew — he has told us how — ill-favored, wretched, and suffering. They sent him to school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he was believed to be a dunce. We have two memories of that time. The little Béranger caught a glimpse of the aged Favait under an arbor of nasturtiums and sweet-peas — Favait, the octogenarian, who had a son there — he whom Marshal Saxe had called "the ballad-maker of the army," and he was moved without knowing why. And the other, one bright, sunny day of

which he sang, on the 14th of July, the taking of the Bastille, an operation in which he assisted from the roof of the school.

Soon after this his father took him, not to take care of him, but to send him away by *diligence* to Péronne, to a paternal aunt who kept an inn there called "L'Epée Royale"—another omen. He must have remembered the sign when he sang to King Denys—that is to say, Louis XVIII.—"The Sword of Damocles,"

Old Denys, I laugh at your sword,
I drink, and I sing, and I whistle your songs.

What fell on his head was not the sword, but a whole thunderbolt. He escaped being killed, was a long time unconscious, and at last, coming to himself, the first words that he said to his frightened aunt, whom he remembered having seen sprinkling the house to avert the tempest, were, "What 's the good of your holy water, anyhow?" He asked that question all his life, and even admitted once that

Sometimes, taken in small doses,
Holy water does no harm.

He never decided, however, to mix it with his wine. The good aunt meant well, though she believed in holy water, and was a good and solid republican. She it was who found the heart of the boy—she and the foreign cannon, the cannon at the siege of Lille, whose echoes made the child stamp with rage.

In 1792 he received his hasty education in the printing-office of Father Laisney, where he was bound as an apprentice. Unable to teach him spelling, the good man taught him verse: it is always the way. In 1796, his father, bethinking himself of him, came to Péronne. Royalist and conspirator, he was much discountenanced to find his son an ardent patriot, an orator listened to in the clubs. There is in "My Biography" a conversation between the brother and sister which is worthy of Molière. This is the end of it:

The brother: Sister, on the return of the Bourbons I shall present my son to our excellent princes.

The sister: Take care that he does not sing the "Marseillaise" to them.

Notwithstanding the prediction, the father took Béranger to Paris, and founded there a bank of discount which at first did a magnificent business—thanks to whom? Why, to Béranger himself, strange as it may seem. The young man showed such abilities that the father, somewhat reconciled, began to prophesy on his own account, saying, "You will be the greatest financier of your day." Nor was he blinded by paternal tenderness, for he told him later, observing that he was always thin and coughing: "You have not long to live. I shall bury you before long." "We shall not sorrow for each other," added Béranger, in the same strain. The worthy father concerned himself with conspiracies, and so the young man, mixed up in these intrigues, with open eyes and sharpened senses studied the monarchists, M. de Bourmont, Mme. Clermont Gallerande, and many others. When Sainte-Beuve reproached him for his opposition to the nobility, he forgot that Béranger had seen them close at hand and at work. The truth is that they flattered the poor father a good deal, who was weak enough to believe himself well-born, and who was the banker of all their enterprises. But they ruined him very nearly; the bank failed—a bitter blow to Béranger, who was already oppressed with a scrupulous sense of honor, and who was for a long time embittered by the fall.

And now his days of misery began—days when for the luxury of a pleasure which cost only 100 sous he was condemned to a week of bread and water—days when he wept in his neglected chamber, alas! sleepless through wretchedness. But, thanks to his youth, these were the days when the spirit of poetry in him was awakened, and with her the spirit of love—the days of the first Lizette, the days sung later in "The Garret."

. . . . . .

Yes; 't is a garret,—let him know 't who will,—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

. . . . . .

One jolly evening when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears;
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone—the place is sad and strange.
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I 'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,—
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

—*Thackeray's translation.*

We prefer the other, the true Lizette, she of the darning-needle, as described in "My

Coat"— Mlle. Judith Frère, who became his devoted companion for more than sixty years, though unblessed by the bans of the Church.

One evening, somewhere in 1803, she shuffled the cards for him. Béranger let her do it. When one is young one expects much; there is always a vein of superstition. He had just made a great attempt. He had tied together all his verses, his essays, and his poems,—"The Deluge," "The Restoration of Religion,"— and had sent them all to Lucien Bonaparte, who was a republican, and also a maker of verses. And while he was waiting Lizette spread out the cards. She predicted a letter and good fortune, and then Béranger mounted the six flights of stairs and slept happily, awakening to see again his patched boots and ragged trousers—trousers that he himself had mended. His spirits were lowered a bit as he handled the needle of his grandfather. Suddenly there was a rap at his door—oh, joy! this the promised letter, and, oh, happiness unspeakable! the fortune too. Yes, the fortune; for, three days after that letter and the interview with Lucien which followed it, the brother of the First Consul gave the unknown poet a position as Member of the Institute, something like 1200 francs, which Béranger received up to 1812. Is n't that a fortune at twenty, and don't you see that the cards are always right? It should be said at once that when, shortly after this, Lucien, suspected of republicanism, was exiled by the First Consul,—become emperor and all-powerful,—Béranger wished to pay his debt by the publication of his poems with a very noble and brilliant dedication. The censor rejected the edition. He threw the book into the fire.

Let us go on. In 1804 he lost his father, whom he had loved in spite of everything; and for him, at a great risk, he had become a rebellious recruit, having omitted to be enrolled. Be it said in passing that one thing saved him from scrutiny—his precocious baldness. He was bald at twenty-three, the result of obstinate headaches. When, therefore, he passed near gendarmes he took off his hat. From his shining head, and his round shoulders, no one would have believed him less than forty, and the conscript was saved.

Later, in 1814, for the defense of Paris he demanded the gun which he had once avoided. But Marmont would not permit Paris to defend herself, and the patriot was refused his gun. In 1809 M. de Fontanes, the head of the university, to whom he had been recommended, gave him a position. He made him a copying clerk in his office at a salary of 1000 francs. It was a place for which Béranger felt himself best fitted—excepting always that of the national song-writer. As he wished for no advancement, he received none. Even the thought of being head clerk frightened him. However, he obtained several times an increase of salary, and at the end of twelve years was in receipt of 2000 francs.

It was about 1821 that he ceased to go to his office for fear of being dismissed. At the time when this excellent situation failed him he was still undecided as to his literary career. He had tried comedy, epic poetry, idyls, and between times had composed songs for relaxation and amusement, not even taking the pains to write them down. They took, however, and won a way for him to the wine-vaults in 1813. Here he met Désaugiers. These songs, the first which came into his mind, were in a measure all wanton, and, as he said himself, "broad-mouthed." He persevered when he found that they caught the popular ear, and some of them are veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*, such as "The Grandmother"; "The Little Gray Man," fat-cheeked and gay; "Madame Grégoire," the best perhaps, so fresh and full of verve, a jet of old French wine falling with the measure as in glass brimful; "The Good-natured Girl"; "Roger Bontemps"; and many more which have but one fault, that they are easier to sing than to say, and that they require for their singing the end of the supper, and to moisten the refrain something more than sugared water. In some of them there is a shade of sadness.

The end of the empire was approaching, and a sense of opposition was aroused in the gay strains of our poet. In 1812 he wrote "The Beggars," that marvel of lightness, spirit, and grace. He did better yet in 1813; he dared to criticize the empire, in the only fashion that was permitted, alas! He held up for the consideration of the giant of battles, cribbed and cabined in Europe itself—whom? "The King of Yvetôt."

> If e'er he went into excess,
> 'T was from a somewhat lively thirst;
> But he who would his subject bless,
> Odd's fish! — must wet his whistle first;
> And so from every cask they got,
> Our King did to himself allot
> At least a pot:
> Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
> That 's the kind of King for me.
>
> —*Thackeray's translation.*

To Attic wit he added compactness of form, cleverness of method, and the force of rhyme. The race woke again. In Béranger there lived again Regnier, La Fontaine, Rabelais, Villon even. Our land had another son in her own image. Then came the invasion. From his high garret — another garret perched up in the Rue Bellefond — he assisted at the battle of Paris.

Meanwhile, tired of imperial despotism, he asked himself for a moment if the people and the bourgeois would not listen to him. The song of "Good Frenchmen" spoke of hope, but it quickly vanished. Satire appeared in "Old Clothes, Old Gold Lace," in which he sang the carnival of apostacies. Nevertheless, he was not deceived by the return from Elba. He had scant belief in Napoleon grown wise, in Napoleon a convert to liberty; and it was almost as a spectator, feeling the powerlessness of humanity, that he assisted at the last catastrophes.

1815 has come to an end. A new era begins for the country, and at the same time opens for Béranger. At the time when these new plans sprang up in his mind, as if to take leave of his earlier vein, he collected and published his songs. He has taken *them* for his work. It is decided; he definitely abandons poetry as such,—elegiac, epic, or dramatic,—save a slight return to it at about forty, which leaned toward tragedy, but was not repeated. He devoted himself entirely to that popular form, the song. Up to that time light and wanton, sometimes amorous and tender, always gay, it had been the lark, the robin, the nightingale. He knew now that it could give to him the wing of an eagle, and furnish him with, not a thunderbolt assuredly, but crackling grape-shot for the service of liberty. His political rôle began. They offered him in 1816 neither more nor less than the dramatic department of the "Débats." He refused,—refused every preferment.

To his declination he added in postscript "The Marquis of Carabas," another *chef d'œuvre*, to which he appended, four years later, that "Marquis Prétintaille," so proud of his quarterings that the lower orders had no fears for him, even in love-affairs—two satirical masterpieces which were accompanied by others, fearless, political, full of biting jest, which inflicted smarting wounds upon Bourbon royalty, and that other enemy then so much feared—the Church.

One of the first of these serious songs, which Benjamin Constant has called odes, was "The Good Fellow's God," from which Chateaubriand quoted a couplet as approaching Tacitus, and in which Sainte-Beuve, even in his narrowest days, found inspiration.

In 1821 Béranger published his second collection. The absurd author of "The Poetic Gaul," M. de Marchangy, in a public address attacked "Mathurin Bruneau" for outraging the majesty of royalty; "The Opinion of These Young Women," "The Old Bachelor," "The Neighbor," for outraging public morals; and "The Good God" for outraging religion. Poor "Good God." But it is always thus. His ministers have always found him dangerous. M. de Marchangy also attacked—I do not know under what head—two lines of stars replacing ten verses suppressed by the publisher.

Yet Béranger, accused of so many crimes, suffered three months' imprisonment, which he passed with great cheerfulness at St. Pélagré "The prison is going to spoil me," he said.

The fact is that the gourmand did it again. Not at once, however. Even his second collection (1825) was treated with much consideration by M. de Villèle. It was only for the third collection, in 1829, that he obtained from the authorities what he called "gilding on the edges,"—that is to say, a rigid trial, nine months in prison, and 2000 francs fine. This time Béranger chose La Force for his prison. He was visited by all those whom France counted among her most celebrated, from the oldest of politicians to the youngest of litterateurs—Lafayette among the older politicians, Victor Hugo among the younger poets. His popularity was very great. He smiled at it. He was a real power, displeasing to the aristocrats and ideologists of his own party, to whom he said so cleverly, "Don't thank me for the songs that I write against my enemies; thank me for those that I don't write against you."

Attacked by corruption, inflexible in his probity, sustained by the heart of the people, he lived modestly on the income from his songs, having quitted his office, and long since given back to the father-in-law of Lucien, now ill and poor, the pension that Lucien had given him.

It will be seen by the titles that I shall cite presently that in the second collection Béranger had attempted nearly all the veins that he believed possible for the *chanson*. Sainte-Beuve has divided them into five, with slight modifications, as follows:

The humorous vein: I have mentioned the best in this line. Béranger held this vein very late, but with age it was touched with fancy, and then it is that we have "The Keys of Paradise," "Margot," "The Blind Man of Bagnolet," and that admirable "Oration of Turlupin." In the second place, political satire, anti-clerical, almost always exceedingly animated, sometimes very crude, here and there bitter, as in the "Adieu to Glory," with its superb refrain:

> Sigh lower, ye who 'neath burdens sink;
> What is it to us who eat and drink
> If the universe tremble on ruin's brink?
> Farewell, Glory, a last good-by;
> Tear out the records of triumphs gone by.
> Hasten, Cupid! our cups are dry.

A third vein is that of romance, or rather of the elegy in the Latin sense of the word: for it can be both a plaint and a song of joy, like the love-lays of the old French, with some of

the older purity of form — "Wretched Spring-time," "The Humming-Bird," "The Love-Potion," "Homesickness," and finally "The Swallows," over which so many tears have been shed. I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it.

A convict who toiled in the mines of the north
Thus spoke to the swallows that flew o'er his head:
"Welcome, thrice welcome, dear birds of the summer,
Who tell me the reign of the winter is dead.
Did Hope plume your wing that you flew thus to find me,
Perhaps from my fatherland over the sea?
As on light wing and free wing you hover above me,
Oh, say, of that land are you speaking to me?
. . . . . .
"Maybe as a fledgling you first tried your pinions
'Neath the eaves of that roof under which I was born,
Where my mother still thinks of the boy who has left her —
Aye, thinks of him often, and thinks but to mourn.
Weeping, she listens to each passing footfall,
And, half hoping, whispers, 'Perhaps it is he.'
As on light wing and free wing you hover above me,
Oh, say, of her love are you speaking to me?
. . . . . .

After the humorous vein, the satire, and the elegy, came the *ballade*, sometimes purely poetic, sometimes social and political. Béranger's imagination found its refuge in the poetical ballad. For he had a touch for the supernatural, a fondness for dreams, a love for the fancy that springs from the woods and fields, and touches the heart of the peasant. Remember "The Falling Stars," "Louis XI.," "The Wandering Jew," and "Happiness," so many little dramas with a touch of legendary coloring, and those happy refrains which at once, to use his own expression, "lodge in the memory, to awaken there who knows what thoughts and echoes."

Again, again a star that falls,
That falls, falls, and disappears.

As to the political ballad, which forms the fifth of the divisions into which Béranger's work can be separated, it is the most numerous, and it is that which has left the deepest impression upon the memory of the people. This, with its satirical touch, was the most powerful instrument of war. Therefore, as their author has said, it would be unjust to judge them without taking into account the influence which they had exerted; or, in other words, by isolating them from the history of which they are a part. There are times for a nation when the best music is that of the drum which beats the charge. This is the strain which sounds in "The Old Flag," "The Old Corporal," and "The Memories of the People," and to what extent did it quicken the beat of our fathers' hearts when we to-day cannot listen to it unmoved?

Let us hear "The Old Sergeant."

Near to the wheel where his daughter was spinning,
Forgetting the roar and the rattle of guns,
The old sergeant smiled, with his maimed hand beginning
To rock in their cradle his twin grandsons.
Here, where the tranquil scene is giving
Peace after war, sometimes he saith,
"It is not all in being or living,—
God send you, my children, a glorious death!"

But what does he hear — hark! a drum is beating,
His gray locks tremble, his pulses stir,
As he waves to the passing regiment greeting,
For the old war-horse has felt the spur.
But alas! as he watches the colors flying,
"That is not the flag that I know," he saith;
"If you ever avenge your country, dying,
God send you, my children, a glorious death!"
. . . . . .
"As they swept on to victory, foremost in battle,
They were touched with a glory, those blouses of blue,
And Liberty heard through the cannonade's rattle
The crush of the thrones that our arms overthrew.
And the nations we saved, they crowned us all glorious,
And strewed flowers in the path of our soldiers," he saith;
"They are happy who died in that moment victorious.
God send you, my children, a glorious death!"
. . . . . .

Later than this (after 1830), Béranger followed the political ballad by the social ballad. The year 1830 dates the climax of his career, the culminating point of his existence. It was here that he had his highest view of men and affairs. Here, taking stock of humanity, he stopped, fixed his life and his works, and took those final resolutions from which he never departed. He had aroused, he had prepared, that revolution. It was certainly as much — it was more — his work than that of the most illustrious of that day who gloried in it. But though he had part in the work, he would bear no part in the triumph. He helped to install the monarchy of July, believing it to be a useful transition, a passage without fall or shock from the Bourbons to the republic. He spoke of it as "the plank that street boys put across a gutter on a rainy day. Only the street boys ask a sou from every one who crosses the plank."

He asked nothing, even refusing what they offered him. The portfolio of Public Instruction! He laughed at the notion. "I will accept it at once," he said; "but I warn you that

as soon as I am installed, I shall have my songs adopted as text-books in all young ladies' boarding-schools." At least they wanted to drag him to court. Louis Philippe wished to thank him. He refused to go.

"But people are admitted without ceremony. You can go in boots."

"Yes, yes; in boots to-day, in silk stockings a fortnight from now. The song is dethroned. I am good for nothing now."

He did in fact go into retirement — a retirement which, political at first, he made absolute in 1833. It was at that date that he published his fifth collection, announcing in the preface that it would be his last, and that he should thereafter keep silence. He kept his word. The last collection seems the work of a genius in its fullest activity. Yet the character is changed. Gaiety, almost absent, has given place to meditation. There are no more political ballads, no more warlike satires, and the poet no longer concerns himself with government, but with society. It is against society that he launches his songs, almost all of them consecrated to the humble, to the poor, to the wretched. To Jacques on his pallet, ruined by usury and crushed by taxes,—

> Quick, up with you, Jack, and bow:
> Look, the bailiff 's coming now!

"The Old Vagabond" is a complaint and malediction of savage strength.

Here in this gutter let me die;
I finish old, infirm, and tired.
"He 's drunk," will say the passers-by;
'T is well,— their pity 's not desired.
I see some turn their heads away,
While others toss to me their sous.
On to your junket! run, I say!
Old tramp,— in death I need no help from you.

Yes, here I 'm dying of old age:
Of hunger people never die.
I hoped some almshouse might assuage
My suffering when the end was nigh.
But filled is every retreat,
So many people are forlorn,—
My nurse, alas! has been the street.
Old tramp,— here let me die where I was born.

. . . . . .

The poor — is any country his?
What are to me your grain, your wine,
Your glory, and your industries,
Your orators? They are not mine.
And when a foreign foe waxed fat
Within your undefended walls,
I shed my tears, poor fool, at that!
Old tramp,— his hand was open to my calls.

. . . . . .

I have called these social ballads. Evidently our poet thought that with the Bourbons the old régime had passed away forever, and that all that was needed now was to reorganize the new. The love of humanity became his occupation. No Utopia startled him if it had happiness for its aim. It was then that he wrote the song of "The Fools," one of those poems which honor and immortalize the language in which they are written.

The torch which should light the future would be love. This was the end of which he dreamed, which he asked, which he predicted in that other meditation, "The Four Historic Ages," a résumé from sublime heights of the world's past. It was by love that men were to be more closely joined to heaven; and the sublime task would devolve upon France, hers would be the honor.

> To arouse the world to thy shining,
> God made thee burn, oh morning star!

Only — and here again he became political — it was necessary, in his eyes, that France should be a republic. And, notwithstanding all the doubts, bitterness, and irony that crossed his thoughts here and there (in "The Suicide," for example, that tragic lamentation), he had confidence that it would come, he read it in the stars, and, wrapping himself in the robe of Nostradamus, he predicted it for the year 2000. Such was Béranger's poetic legacy.

"What! you will write no more songs?"

"Not quite that. Listen: I promise to publish no more."

In fact, he wrote several others, something like a hundred, in the twenty-four years more that he lived. Not many. But he has confessed that it was always a difficult work for him; and in his most fertile time months passed sometimes without his writing a line.

From 1833 we shall see him sometimes leaving, sometimes approaching, Paris, as he is moved in turn by the fear of becoming misanthropic through mingling with his fellows, or the desire of once more seeing his friends and the smoky chimneys of the great city. He leaves Paris for Passy, Passy for Fontainebleau, Fontainebleau for Tours, where, from that garden — later celebrated, too, by Balzac — he wrote his charming verses "My Garden." And in this garden, this very paradise of which he sings, do you know what he sought? A love-affair: the love-affair of an old man, unhappy as that of Corneille at the same age, and of which he nearly died. He hides his grief for a moment at Fontenay-sous-Bois, then returns to Passy to revive and spend the peaceful evening of his life with his good Judith, found again to be kept forever.

Presently 1848 bursts upon us, and the republic is born. But was it that for which he had watched? The good man shook his head. "We had a staircase to descend by," he said;

"and behold, we have jumped out of the window!" He feared catastrophes. Meanwhile the people remembered him. It was no longer as in 1830, when Béranger, one of the authors of the revolution, found himself on the morrow neither elected nor eligible for election.

The régime of that era had fallen. Béranger declined to be a candidate. He had not fewer than 204,471 votes. His resignation, which he offered almost immediately, was not accepted. He served some months. More than ever he felt himself useless. Moreover, he was sixty-eight, and at that age one hardly learns to govern. He handed in his resignation for the second time, and it was accepted. Many reproached him for it as a defection, and bitter words began to be whispered behind his back. He resolutely continued to live in obscure retirement, doing all the possible good he could around him. He sadly saw the realization of his fears, and the fall of the republic, and soon the chill of the tomb struck him. His loved Lizette died first. It would soon be his time. Then he wrote his admirable "Adieu." It was on July 16, 1857, that he died. Some time afterward his "Last Songs" and his "Biography" appeared. Neither of these works, it must be confessed, answered the expectation which had been formed of it. The "Biography" contained some finely written pages, but no revelation of men, no new views of things; while in the collection one recognized at once the singular weakness of the numerous songs consecrated to Napoleon, and even the rest were of varying and unequal value. Was he right, then, in keeping silence since 1833, and beginning this posthumous collection with that melancholy confession, "More Verses"? At the same time it was in excellent verse that he complained of his inability to write; and there are in the "Last Songs" some pearls, like "An Idea." Notwithstanding the beauty of some of the poems, this last collection of Béranger met with lively criticism, and an extraordinary concert of attack and recrimination was raised against the poet, hardly cold in his humble grave. Sainte-Beuve had already, in 1850, attached the bell, and presented Béranger as a clever trickster, facile at capturing popularity without any risk. From right and left they threw themselves with sharp teeth on the man and his work. Excellent names were mingled in the movement — M. Renan, M. Eugène Pelletan, the refined and the pure. Some reproached him for his irreligion, others for his deism; these for having forced the people into revolution, those for having encouraged the *coups d'état*. He had sung Napoleon, then called back the empire; deceitful and false.

They went so far as that, and presented him — Béranger — as a *poseur*, as a hypocrite, as an egoist. It is too much, you say. In pleading error and calumny, nothing can be too much. And as the result of that campaign, a dark shadow was thrown upon the features so familiar to the people. Then came the scorn of his work, and almost the forgetfulness of the masses; and thus it is that he who was the national poet has as yet no statue; thus it is that the country which he loved so well has neglected his glorious genius.

It has been necessary to review this in order to show its injustice. Béranger's reputation should be a national one. He an egoist? As if his whole life had not protested against the accusation! Yes; he was of the family of La Fontaine, but he was La Fontaine's superior, as "Figaro" has said. Children knew him well, for no one loved children more than Béranger. In his eloquent and generous study of the poet, my friend Claretie relates a charming anecdote. One day, in 1857, a little boy, the son of a poor working-man, a poet whom Béranger had aided by his advice, came to him to read a fable. He gave him a box of bonbons. "Be sure, now," he said, "and don't eat them all at once." The child promised, and prolonged the pleasure with such effect that seven months after Béranger's death there were still some sugar-plums in the box. The father had left his work to devote himself to verse-making, and was poorer than ever. One evening, when he came home tired and weary, the child threw himself into his arms, laughing in a house without bread. "Look here, father; I have finished the sugar-plums. See what there is in the bottom of the box." There was a bill for two hundred francs; and, since Béranger was dead, the father could say with justice that the bill had fallen from heaven. There are a hundred like traits in his life. When he was not doing good with his own hands — he who lived on an income of twenty-four hundred francs, which he received from his publishers — when he was not doing good with his own hands, I say, he did it through others.

Here is a letter to Lafitte:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Please lend 5000 francs to X. I know him, and will be responsible for him. Please also lend 5000 francs to B. L., whom I also know, and will not be responsible for.

Lafitte lent the 10,000 francs.

And his letters to Rouget de Lisle, the author of the "Marseillaise," who, reduced to misery, was on the point of killing himself. Béranger saved him, drew him out of his misery, watched over him like a child, taking care of his wardrobe, and letting him feel his superiority only in repairing rents and sewing on buttons. "Retire

into your memories," he said to the moody and dull poet; "live backward, and make a spring-time of the winter which comes." This counsel he followed for himself.

Is the poetry of Béranger that of an egoist? No; but it is that of an altitudinarian, say some. The pose of disinterestedness; the pose of poverty. Ah, what a pity it is not met with more frequently! When Manuel died,— Manuel, the true and intimate friend of Béranger, the solid republican who alone might have persuaded him to consent to preferment had he lived,— Manuel left to Béranger by will an income of a thousand francs. He refused that also, and asked only for the hair-mattress on which his friend had died, and on which he himself died twenty years later. What a pose! Ah, what a pose! But acknowledge that it would have been much easier to have accepted the income, and died on a feather-bed.

Yes; but, say the purists, with his Bonapartist songs he reëstablished the empire, and twice, in 1830 and in 1848, by discarding the robe of a politician he neglected his duty.

In the first place, I say that his songs on Napoleon were not Bonapartist. What he celebrates in the man — who dazzled him, I admit — is his genius, never his system. It is the revolution, it is equality — it is glory, in short. And why not pardon Béranger as we have pardoned Victor Hugo? It has been said that Béranger reëstablished the empire. It is false. Here is a proof. About 1853 Dumas was publishing in the "Presse" his amusing memoirs. Béranger was told that the next chapter would be devoted to him, and that in it Dumas would depict him as shifting his course. At once he wrote to his "dear son" (it will be remembered how delighted Dumas was to hear himself thus called by Béranger): "Who has been able to put such an idea of me into your head? I am sure that you believe nothing of it; you are only trying to pay off some of my bad jokes by this new trick, which will be a very serious thing for me, whose whole life ought to suffice for an answer to such an accusation." And he asked, he demanded (so the letter runs), that Dumas, if he published the attack, should furnish him the means of answering by opening to him the columns of the "Presse." "I am sixty-three," he said in conclusion; "and it is a trifle hard to be obliged at that age to furnish a certificate of good conduct and morals. You will do as I ask? Answer as soon as possible, and pardon me for having used this sheet upside down." This last detail, which is charming, shows in what a friendly spirit he wrote.

Dumas published an article full of clever compliments, and Béranger thanked him by another letter, as bright as the first was earnest, in which he still showed his determination to risk his repose — his dear repose — for the purpose of ridding himself of the offense which they had endeavored to fasten on him. "I subscribed to the consulate, I never subscribed to the empire," he affirmed. And his songs concerning Napoleon remind me of the coins struck after 1804, where one sees on one side the image of Napoleon emperor, and on the other side the inscription "République Française." No; he never shifted his course. Is his funeral forgotten? The menaces of Pietri, the police confiscating the coffin, the soldiers in arms keeping his nearest friends at a distance, and Paris alarmed!

What! The empire trembled lest the republic should rise from that grave, and you pretend that it entombed a friend of the empire!

But as to his retirement, then, his desertion. What must be thought of that? Ah, nothing more than Béranger himself has said. And he knew how useless it was to speak. He kept silence. Béranger — and this is the foundation of his nature — offers the phenomenon of a mind at the same time modest and wise, knowing very exactly its own measure, feeling with the utmost certainty what it can do and what it cannot do; and that once seen, keeping to what it can do, determined that nothing in the world shall compel it to do less or persuade it to undertake more. It is undoubtedly a rare character in this epoch of overweening conceit, when every one believes himself mightier than he is, when we impatiently demand of our heroes just the things that they cannot give us, when we wish the vaudevillist to be a philosopher, the philosopher a business man, the business man a poet, and the poet a politician. But it is that exact knowledge of himself, that defiant attitude, if you will, which is the key to Béranger. Even when he was a child, the idea of becoming a man oppressed him, and he wished to remain a child. Having heard that the beard would not grow if it were cut with scissors, he took up the habit, and never shaved with a razor. He grew up to be a man; however; and at one time he believed that he might be a poet like Molière or like Corneille.

But toward 1815, at thirty-eight, having reached his maturity, he paused, and recognized the fact that, if he elevated the tone of the song, he might through its medium say all that he had to say (not enough, perhaps, for an epic or dramatic poem), and that by so doing he would gain an originality which he certainly could not attain in elegiac or dramatic attempts. From that time his resolution was taken. He would be a singer of songs, and nothing more. To that personal reason full of wisdom is added another full of patriotism. In the times of an enslaved press songs for the people were needed. A journal could be suppressed, a song cannot

be suppressed. Once lodged in the memory, who can take it out?

Observe that in 1833 he felt himself already grown old. With a secret sadness he perceived that his vigor was exhausted, that his inspiration was extinguished. He would not stammer ill-formed verse. He determined to be silent. His posthumous volume shows that he was right. Could he continue his vocation when it was only with infinite pains that he could rhyme a dozen couplets? He would no longer have been Béranger; and, moreover, what could he say that he had not already said, and said so nobly, so distinctively? Should he go into political life, then? But he felt with the same sorrow that he was not of the stuff that makes statesmen. An orator? He was even less adapted to that. When he found himself in public,—and ten people constituted a public for him,—his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Should he essay the tribune? The very ones who had reproached him for having deserted it would have sent him back to his Muse. But one rôle remained possible for him, that of a counselor. He essayed it. He gave advice that nobody followed, and on account of which things went neither better nor worse. In short, he had in his retirement only the consolation of knowing that he had declined a task which he had not the power to do—a rare merit, after all.

Is Béranger dimmed by these avowals? I think not. He made himself what it was his ambition to be—the song-writer of France. One can be that only by being a great poet. Who can read him and doubt that he was a great poet? Ah, his faults! I know them. His brevity, which makes his couplets sometimes, as Sainte-Beuve says, "an overloaded trunk"; an obsolete vocabulary, too many inversions, with also certain faults in the refrain—"that movable post where, willy-nilly, the bark must be tied up, though it asks nothing better than to sail free at the will of the wind." Something should, however, be said in parenthesis concerning this post of a refrain, of which he seems to complain, and which was, however, so useful to him. For it is the refrain which adds force to the song, and the people love songs with refrains. It was necessary to his purpose that he should be able to repeat the end of the couplet as a chorus. So all the life of the song had to be condensed thus. Béranger understood that well, and therefore he sought first for his refrain. Possessed of his idea, he sought to give it expression, to sum it up in one or two verses, and for these verses he searched among popular and well-known airs—airs that everybody sang—to find the one best adapted to his purpose. Thus the refrain, words and music, was struck out by a single blow. None the less is he a poet of delicacy, of health, and of power, giving us to taste of Gallic wine in a Greek vase. In fact, he had much in common with those Athenians whom he loved so well.

One fact concerning Béranger which has not been noted is that after Molière he is our poet who has created the most types. We know Madame Grégoire, Le Roi d'Yvetôt, Roger Bontemps, Le Marquis de Carabas, Paillasse Frétillon, and twenty others, as we know Arnolphe, Célimène, or Tartuffe. What force and strong strokes of the brush, what verses that are proverbs, what profound and graceful prefaces! "Power," he says, "is a bell, preventing those who ring it from hearing any other sound."

Was he not kindred with Montaigne, whose curiosity, vivid expression, independence, and good faith he had? And, like Montaigne, he had his Le Boëtie in Manuel.

He was independent to the point of folly; but above all, like the firm and upright Manuel, Béranger was a friend of the people, was a democrat, was a patriot. Listen to the reason he gives for having given up the biographies which he had promised to write. "If it is pleasant to overthrow unjust judgment by contradicting accusations that have been erroneous or too severe, how much suffering would there be when to speak the truth would be to diminish the luster of a life that neither virtue nor intelligence has preserved from all faults, particularly if one is convinced, as I am, that to destroy unnecessarily day by day the admiration of the people is to work for their demoralization!" Just and generous words, which I repeat to those who have tried to blot him out of the heart of the people. But he will retake his true place, since he wished for the republic and had a passionate love for France, because his songs are a school where one can learn to love him; because when he speaks of his country a hymn mounts to his lips—a hymn always true, like his "Children of France," whose strophes of tears and fire seem to have been written yesterday. Yes, honor to the children of France; and above all, honor to him who sings of them so well! Honor to the good old poet, to the sage, to that happy foster-father who so early made him drink of liberty in his little cup. Honor to the good man, to the great man. Honor to Béranger!

C. Coquelin.

[We are indebted to Mr. Walter Learned for the foregoing translation—not only of M. Coquelin's text, but (except in the case of Thackeray's lines) of the Béranger songs as well.—EDITOR.]

THE HEIR OF THE McHULISHES.

By the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

A Story in Two Parts.—Part II.

A JOURNEY to Kelpie Island consisted of a series of consecutive episodes by rail, by coach, and by steamboat. The consul was already familiar with them, as indeed were most of the civilized world, for it seemed that all roads at certain seasons led out of and returned to St. Kentigern as a point in a vast circle wherein travelers were sure to meet one another again, coming or going, at certain depots and caravansaries with more or less superiority or envy. Tourists on the road to the historic crags of Wateffa came sharply upon other tourists returning from them, and glared suspiciously at them, as if to wrest the dread secret from their souls—a scrutiny which the others returned with half-humorous pity or superior calm.

The consul knew also that the service by boat and rail was admirable and skilful; for were not the righteous St. Kentigerners of the tribe of Tubal Cain, great artificers in steel and iron, and a mighty race of engineers before the Lord, who had carried their calling and accent beyond the seas? He knew, too, that the land of these delightful caravansaries overflowed with marmalade and honey, and that the manna of delicious scones and cakes fell even upon deserted waters of crag and heather. He knew that their way would lie through much scenery whose rude barrenness, and grim economy of vegetation, had been usually accepted by cockney tourists for sublimity and grandeur; but he knew also that its severity was mitigated by lowland glimpses of sylvan luxuriance and tangled delicacy utterly unlike the complacent snugness of an English pastoral landscape, with which it was often confounded and misunderstood, as being tame and civilized.

It rained the day they left St. Kentigern, and the next, and the day after that, spasmodically, as regarded local effort, sporadically, as seen through the filmed windows of railway carriages or from the shining decks of steamboats. There was always a shower being sown somewhere along the valley, or reluctantly tearing itself from a mountain-top, or being pulled into long threads from the leaden bosom of a lake; the coach swept in and out of them to the folding and unfolding of umbrellas and mackintoshes, accompanied by flying beams of sunlight that raced with the vehicle on long hillsides, and vanished at the turn of the road. There were hat-lifting scurries of wind down the mountain-side, small tumults in little lakes below, hysteric ebullitions on mild, melancholy inland seas, boisterous passages of nearly half an hour with landings on tempestuous miniature quays. All this seen through wonderful aqueous vapor, against a background of sky darkened at times to the depths of an india-ink-washed sketch, but more usually blurred and confused on the surface like the gray silhouette of a child's slate-pencil drawing, half rubbed from the slate by soft palms. Occasionally a rare glinting of real sunshine on a distant fringe of dripping larches made some frowning crest appear to smile as through wet lashes.

Miss Elsie tucked her little feet under the mackintosh. "I know," she said sadly, "I should get web-footed if I stayed here long. Why, it 's like coming down from Ararat just after the deluge cleared up."

Mrs. Kirkby suggested that if the sun would only shine squarely and decently, like a Christian, for a few moments, they could see the prospect better.

The consul here pointed out that the admirers of Scotch scenery thought that this was its greatest charm. It was this misty effect which made it so superior to what they called the vulgar chromos and sun-pictures of less favored lands.

"You mean because it prevents folks from seeing how poor the view really is."

The consul remarked that perhaps distance was lacking. As to the sun shining in a Christian way, this might depend upon the local idea of Christianity.

"Well, I don't call the scenery giddy or frivolous, certainly. And I reckon I begin to understand the kind of sermons Malcolm's folks brought over to McCorkleville. I guess they did n't know much of the heaven they only saw once a year. Why, even the highest hills—which they call mountains here — ain't big enough to get above the fogs of their own creating."

Feminine wit is not apt to be abstract. It

struck the consul that in Miss Elsie's sprightliness there was the usual ulterior and personal object, and he glanced around at his fellow-passengers. The object evidently was sitting at the end of the opposite seat, an amused but well-behaved listener. For the rest, he was still young and reserved, but in face, figure, and dress utterly unlike his companions — an Englishman of a pronounced and distinct type, the man of society and clubs. While there was more or less hinting of local influence in the apparel of the others,— there was a kilt, and bare, unweather-beaten knees from Birmingham, and even the American Elsie wore a bewitching tam-o'-shanter,— the stranger carried easy distinction, from his tweed traveling-cap to his well-made shoes and gaiters, as an unmistakable Southerner. His deep and pleasantly level voice had been heard only once or twice, and then only in answering questions, and his quiet, composed eyes alone had responded to the young girl's provocation.

They were passing a brown glen, in the cheerless depths of which a brown watercourse, a shade lighter, was running, and occasionally foaming like brown beer. Beyond it heaved an arid bulk of hillside, the scant vegetation of which, scattered like patches of hair, made it look like the decaying hide of some huge antediluvian ruminant. On the dreariest part of the dreary slope rose the ruins of a tower, and crumbling walls and battlements.

"Whatever possessed folks to build there?" said Miss Elsie. "If they were poor, it might be some excuse; but that those old swells, or chiefs, should put up a castle in such a God-forsaken place gets *me*."

"But, don't you know, they *were* poor, according to our modern ideas, and I fancy they built these things more for defense than show, and really more to gather in cattle — like one of your Texan ranches — after a raid. That is, I have heard so; I rather fancy that was the idea, was n't it?" It was the Englishman who had spoken, and was now looking around at the other passengers as if in easy deference to local opinion.

"What raid?" said Miss Elsie, animatedly. "Oh, yes; I see — one of their old border raids — moss-troopers. I used to like to read about them."

"I fancy, don't you know," said the Englishman, slowly, "that it was n't exactly *that* sort of thing, you know, for it 's a good way from the border; but it was one of their raids upon their neighbors, to lift their cattle — steal 'em, in fact. That 's the way those chaps had. But of course you 've read all about that. You Americans, don't you know, are all up in these historical matters."

"Eh, but they were often reprisals," said a Scotch passenger.

"I don't suppose they took much trouble to inquire if the beasts belonged to an enemy," said the Englishman.

But here Miss Elsie spoke of castles generally, and averred that the dearest wish of her life was to see *Macbeth's* castle at Glamis, where *Duncan* was murdered. At which the Englishman, still deferentially, mistrusted the fact that the murder had been committed there, and thought that the castle to which Shakspere probably referred, if he had n't invented the murder, too, was further north, at Cawdor. "You know," he added playfully, "over there in America you 've discovered that Shakspere himself was an invention."

This led to some retaliating brilliancy from the young lady, and when the coach stopped at the next station their conversation had presumably become interesting enough to justify him in securing a seat nearer to her. The talk returning to ruins, Miss Elsie informed him that they were going to see some on Kelpie Island. The consul, from some instinctive impulse,— perhaps a recollection of Custer's peculiar methods,— gave her a sign of warning. But the Englishman only lifted his eyebrows in a kind of half-humorous concern.

"I don't think you 'd like it, you know. It 's a beastly place,— rocks and sea,— worse than this, and half the time you can't see the mainland, only a mile away. Really, you know, they ought n't to have induced you to take tickets there — those excursion-ticket chaps. They 're jolly frauds. It 's no place for a stranger to go to."

"But there are the ruins of an old castle, the old seat of —" began the astonished Miss Elsie; but she was again stopped by a significant glance from the consul.

"I believe there was something of the kind there once — something like your friends the cattle-stealers' castle over on that hillside," returned the Englishman; "but the stones were taken by the fishermen for their cabins, and the walls were quite pulled down."

"How dared they do that?" said the young lady, indignantly. "I call it not only sacrilege, but stealing."

"It was defrauding the owner of the property; they might as well take his money," said Mrs. Kirkby, in languid protest.

The smile which this outburst of proprietorial indignation brought to the face of the consul lingered with the Englishman's reply.

"But it was only robbing the old robbers, don't you know, and they put their spoils to better use than their old masters did; certainly to more practical use than the owners do now, for the ruins are good for nothing."

"But the hallowed associations—the picturesqueness!" continued Mrs. Kirkby, with languid interest.

"The associations would n't be anything except to the family, you know; and I should fancy they would n't be either hallowed or pleasant. As for picturesqueness, the ruins are beastly ugly; weather-beaten instead of being mellowed by time, you know, and bare where they ought to be hidden by vines and moss. I can't make out why anybody sent you there, for you Americans are rather particular about your sight-seeing."

"We heard of them through a friend," said the consul, with assumed carelessness. "Perhaps it 's as good an excuse as any for a pleasant journey."

"And very likely your friend mistook it for something else, or was himself imposed upon," said the Englishman, politely. "But you might not think it so, and, after all," he added thoughtfully, "it 's years since I 've seen it. I only meant that I could show you something better a few miles from my place in Gloucestershire, and not quite so far from a railway as this. If," he added with a pleasant deliberation which was the real courtesy of his conventionally worded speech, "you ever happened at any time to be anywhere near Audrey Edge, and would look me up, I should be glad to show it to you and your friends." An hour later, when he left them at a railway-station where their paths diverged, Miss Elsie recovered a fluency that she had lately checked. "Well, I like that! He never told us his name, or offered a card. I wonder if they call that an invitation over here. Does he suppose anybody 's going to look up his old Audrey Edge — perhaps it 's named after his wife — to find out who *he* is? He might have been civil enough to have left his name, if he — meant anything."

"But I assure you he was perfectly sincere, and meant an invitation," returned the consul, smilingly. "Audrey Edge is evidently a well-known place, and he a man of some position. That is why he did n't specify either."

"Well, you won't catch me going there," said Miss Elsie.

"You would be quite right in either going or staying away," said the consul, simply.

Miss Elsie tossed her head slightly. Nevertheless, before they left the station, she informed him that she had been told that the station-master had addressed the stranger as "my lord," and that another passenger had said he was "Lord Duncaster."

"And that proves—"

"That I 'm right," said the young lady, decisively, "and that his invitation was a mere form."

It was after sundown when they reached the picturesque and well-appointed hotel that lifted itself above the little fishing-village which fronted Kelpie Island. The hotel was in as strong contrast to the narrow, curving street of dull, comfortless-looking stone cottages below it, as were the smart tourists who had just landed from the steamer to the hard-visaged, roughly clad villagers who watched them with a certain mingling of critical independence and superior self-righteousness. As the new arrivals walked down the main street, half beach, half thoroughfare, their baggage following them in low trollies drawn by porters at their heels, like a decorous funeral, the joyless faces of the lookers-on added to the resemblance. Beyond them, in the prolonged northern twilight, the waters of the bay took on a peculiar pewtery brightness, but with the usual mourning-edged border of Scotch sea-coast scenery. Low banks of cloud lay on the chill sea; the outlines of Kelpie Island were hidden.

But the interior of the hotel, bright with the latest fastidiousness in modern decoration and art-furniture, and gay with pictured canvases and color, seemed to mock the sullen landscape, and the sterile crags amid which the building was set. An attempt to make a pleasance in this barren waste had resulted only in empty vases, bleak statuary, and iron settees, as cold and slippery to the touch as the sides of their steamer.

"It 'll be a fine morning to-morra, and ther 'll be a boat going away to Kelpie for a peek-neek in the ruins," said the porter, as the consul and his fair companions looked doubtfully from the windows of the cheerful hall.

A picnic in the sacred ruins of Kelpie! The consul saw the ladies stiffening with indignation at this trespass upon their possible rights and probable privileges, and glanced at them warningly.

"Do you mean to say that it is common property, and *anybody* can go there?" demanded Miss Elsie, scornfully.

"No; it 's only the hotel that owns the boat and gives the tickets — a half-crown the passage."

"And do the owners, the McHulishes, permit this?"

The porter looked at them with a puzzled, half-pitying politeness. He was a handsome, tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a certain naïve and gentle courtesy of manner that relieved his strong accent. "Oh, aye," he said, with a reassuring smile; "ye 'll no be troubled by *them*. I 'll just gang away noo, and see if I can secure the teekets."

An elderly guest, who was examining a time-table on the wall, turned to them as the porter disappeared.

"Ye 'll be strangers noo, and not knowing

that Tonalt the porter is a McHulish hissel'?" he said deliberately.

"A what?" said the astonished Miss Elsie.

"A McHulish. Aye, one of the family. The McHulishes of Kelpie were his own forebears. Eh, but he 's a fine lad, and doin' well for the hotel."

Miss Elsie extinguished a sudden smile with her handkerchief as her mother anxiously inquired, "And are the family as poor as that?"

"But I am not saying he 's *poor*, ma'am, no," replied the stranger, with native caution. "What wi' tips and gratooities and percentages on the teekets, it 's a bit of money he 'll be having in the bank noo."

The prophecy of Donald McHulish as to the weather came true. The next morning was bright and sunny, and the boat to Kelpie Island — a large yawl — duly received its complement of passengers and provision-hampers. The ladies had apparently become more tolerant of their fellow pleasure-seekers, and it appeared that Miss Elsie had even overcome her hilarity at the discovery of what "might have been" a relative in the person of the porter Donald. "I had a long talk with him before breakfast this morning," she said gaily, "and I know all about him. It appears that there are hundreds of him — all McHulishes — all along the coast and elsewhere — only none of them ever lived *on* the island, and don't want to. But he looks more like a 'laird' and a chief than Malcolm, and if it comes to choosing a head of the family, remember, maw, I shall vote solid for him."

"How can you go on so, Elsie?" said Mrs. Kirkby, with languid protest. "Only I trust you did n't say anything to him of the syndicate. And, thank Heaven! the property is n't here."

"No; the waiter tells me all the lovely things we had for breakfast came from miles away. And they don't seem to have ever raised anything on the island, from its looks. Think of having to row three miles for the morning's milk!"

There was certainly very little appearance of vegetation on the sterile crags that soon began to lift themselves above the steely waves ahead. A few scraggy trees and bushes, which twisted and writhed like vines around the square tower and crumbling walls of an irregular but angular building, looked in their brown shadows like part of the debris.

"It 's just like a burnt-down bone-boiling factory," said Miss Elsie, critically; "and I should n't wonder if that really was old McHulish's business. They could n't have it on the mainland for its being a nuisance."

Nevertheless, she was one of the first to leap ashore when the yawl's bow grated in a pebbly cove, and carried her pretty but incongruous little slippers through the seaweed, wet sand, and slimy cobbles, with a heroism that redeemed her vanity. A scrambling ascent of a few moments brought them to a wall with a gap in it, which gave easy ingress to the interior of the ruins. This was merely a little curving hollow from which the outlines of the plan had long since faded. It was kept green by the brown walls, which, like the crags of the mainland valleys, sheltered it from the incessant strife of the Atlantic gales. A few pale flowers that might have grown in a damp cellar shivered against the stones. Scraps of newspapers, soda-water- and beer-bottles, highly decorated old provision-tins, and spent cartridge-cases,— the remains of chilly picnics and damp shooting-luncheons,— had at first sight lent color to the foreground by mere contrast, but the corrosion of time and weather had blackened rather than mellowed the walls in a way which forcibly reminded the consul of Miss Elsie's simile of the "burnt-down factory." The view from the square tower — a mere roost for unclean seafowl, from the sides of which rags of peeling moss and vine hung like tattered clothing — was equally depressing. The few fishermen's huts along the shore were built of stones taken from the ruin, and roofed in with sodden beams and timbers in the last stages of deliquescence. The thick smoke of smoldering peat-fires came from the low chimneys, and drifted across the ruins with the odors of drying fish.

"I 've just seen a sort of ground-plan of the castle," said Miss Elsie, cheerfully. "It never had a room in it as big as our bedroom in the hotel, and there were n't windows enough to go round. A slit in the wall, about two inches wide by two feet long, was considered dazzling extravagance to Malcolm's ancestors. I don't wonder some of 'em broke out and swam over to America. That reminds me. Who do you suppose is here — came over from the hotel in a boat of his own, just to see maw!"

"Not Malcolm, surely."

"Not much," replied Miss Elsie, setting her small lips together. "It 's Mr. Custer. He 's talking business with her now down on the beach. They 'll be here when lunch is ready."

The consul remembered the romantic plan which the enthusiastic Custer had imparted to him in the foggy consulate at St. Kentigern, and then thought of the matter-of-fact tourists, the few stolid fishermen, and the prosaic ruins around them, and smiled. He looked up, and saw that Miss Elsie was watching him.

"You know Mr. Custer, don't you?"

"We are old Californian friends."

"I thought so; but I think he looked a little upset when he heard you were here, too."

He certainly was a little awkward, as if

struggling with some half-humorous embarrassment, as he came forward a few moments later with Mrs. Kirkby. But the stimulation of the keen sea air triumphed over the infelicities of the situation and surroundings, and the little party were presently enjoying their well-selected luncheon with the wholesome appetite of travel and change. The chill damp made limp the napkins and tablecloth, and invaded the victuals; the wind, which was rising, whistled round the walls, and made miniature cyclones of the torn paper and dried twigs around them: but they ate, drank, and were merry. At the end of the repast the two gentlemen rose to light their cigars in the lee of the wall.

"I suppose you know all about Malcolm?" said Custer, after an awkward pause.

"My dear fellow," said the consul, somewhat impatiently, "I know nothing about him, and you ought to know that by this time."

"I thought *your friend*, Sir James, might have told you," continued Custer, with significant emphasis.

"I have not seen Sir James for two months."

"Well, Malcolm 's a crank—always was one, I reckon, and is reg'larly off his head now. Yes, sir; Scotch whisky and your friend Sir James finished him. After that dinner at MacFen's he was done for—went wild. Danced a sword-dance, or a strathspey, or some other blamed thing, on the table, and yelled louder than the pipes. So they all did. Jack, I 've painted the town red once myself; I thought I knew what a first-class jamboree was: but they were prayer-meetings to that show. Everybody was blind drunk—but they all got over it except *him*. *They* were a different lot of men the next day, as cool and cautious as you please, but *he* was shut up for a week, and came out crazy."

"But what 's that to do with his claim?"

"Well, there ain't much use 'whooping up the boys' when only the whooper gets wild."

"Still, that does not affect any right he may have in the property."

"But it affects the syndicate," said Custer, gloomily; "and when we found that he was whooping up some shopkeepers and factory-hands who claimed to belong to the clan,—and you can't heave a stone at a dog around here without hitting a McHulish,—we concluded we had n't much use for him ornamentally. So we shipped him home last steamer."

"And the property?"

"Oh, that 's all right," said Custer, still gloomily. "We 've effected an amicable compromise, as Sir James calls it. That means we 've taken a lot of land somewhere north, that you can shoot over—that is, you need n't be afraid of hitting a house, or a tree, or a man anywhere; and we 've got a strip more of the same sort on the sea-shore somewhere off here, occupied only by some gay galoots called crofters, and you can raise a lawsuit and an imprecation on every acre. Then there 's this soul-subduing, sequestered spot, and what 's left of the old bone-boiling establishment, and the rights of fishing and peat-burning, and otherwise creating a nuisance off the mainland. It cost the syndicate only a hundred thousand dollars, half cash and half in Texan and Kentucky grass lands. But we 've carried the thing through."

"I congratulate you," said the consul.

"Thanks." Custer puffed at his cigar for a few moments. "That Sir James MacFen is a fine man."

"He is."

"A large, broad, all-round man. Knows everything and everybody, don't he?"

"I think so."

"Big man in the church, I should say? No slouch at a party canvass, or ward politics, eh? As a board director, or president, just takes the cake, don't he?"

"I believe so."

"Nothing mean about Jimmy as an advocate or an arbitrator, either, is there? Rings the bell every time, don't he? Financiers take a back seat when he 's around? Owns half of Scotland by this time, I reckon."

The consul believed that Sir James had the reputation of being exceedingly sagacious in financial and mercantile matters, and that he was a man of some wealth.

"Naturally. I wonder what he 'd take to come over to America, and give the boys points," continued Custer, in meditative admiration. "There were two or three men on Scott's River, and one Chinaman, that we used to think smart, but they were doddering ijuts to *him*. And as for me—I say, Jack, you did n't see any hayseed in my hair that day I walked inter your consulate, did you?"

The consul smilingly admitted that he had not noticed these signs of rustic innocence in his friend.

"Nor any flies? Well, for all that, when I get home I 'm going to resign. No more foreign investments for *me*. When anybody calls at the consulate and asks for H. J. Custer, say you don't know me. And you don't. And I say, Jack, try to smooth things over for me with *her*."

"With Miss Elsie?"

Custer cast a glance of profound pity upon the consul. "No; with Mrs. Kirkby, of course. See?"

The consul thought he did see, and that he had at last found a clue to Custer's extraordi-

nary speculation. But, like most theorists who argue from a single fact, a few months later he might have doubted his deduction.

He was staying at a large country-house many miles distant from the scene of his late experiences. Already they had faded from his memory with the departure of his compatriots from St. Kentigern. He was smoking by the fire in the billiard-room late one night when a fellow-guest approached him.

"Saw you did n't remember me at dinner."

The voice was hesitating, pleasant, and not quite unfamiliar. The consul looked up, and identified the figure before him as one of the new arrivals that day, whom, in the informal and easy courtesy of the house, he had met with no further introduction than a vague smile. He remembered, too, that the stranger had glanced at him once or twice at dinner, with shy but engaging reserve.

"You must see such a lot of people, and the way things are arranged and settled here everybody expects to look and act like everybody else, don't you know, so you can't tell one chap from another. Deuced annoying, eh? That 's where you Americans are different, and that 's why those countrywomen of yours were so charming, don't you know, so original. We were all together on the top of a coach in Scotland, don't you remember? Had such a jolly time in the beastly rain. You did n't catch my name. It 's Duncaster."

The consul at once recalled his former fellow-traveler. The two men shook hands. The Englishman took a pipe from his smoking-jacket, and drew a chair beside the consul.

"Yes," he continued, comfortably filling his pipe, "the daughter, Miss Kirkby, was awfully good fun, so fresh, so perfectly natural and innocent, don't you know, and yet so extraordinarily sharp and clever. She had some awfully good chaff over that Scotch scenery before those Scotch tourists, do you remember? And it was all so beastly true, too. Perhaps she 's with you here?"

There was so much unexpected and unaffected interest in the young Englishman's eyes that the consul was quite serious in his regrets that the ladies had gone back to Paris.

"I 'd like to have taken them over to Audrey Edge from here. It 's no distance by train. I did ask them in Scotland, but I suppose they had something better to do. But you might tell them I 've got some sisters there, and that it is an old place and not half bad, don't you know, when you write to them. You might give me their address."

The consul did so, and added a few pleasant words regarding their position,—barring the syndicate,—which he had gathered from Custer. Lord Duncaster's look of interest, far from abating, became gently confidential.

"I suppose you must see a good deal of your countrymen in your business, and I suppose, just like Englishmen, they differ, by Jove! Some of them, don't you know, are rather pushing and anxious for position, and all that sort of thing, and some of 'em, like your friends, are quite independent and natural."

He stopped, and puffed slowly at his pipe. Presently he took it from his mouth, with a little laugh. "I 've a mind to tell you a rather queer experience of mine. It 's nothing against your people generally, you know, nor do I fancy it 's even an American type; so you won't mind my speaking of it. I 've got some property in Scotland,—rather poor stuff you 'd call it,—but, by Jove! some Americans have been laying claim to it under some obscure plea of relationship. There might have been something in it, although not all they claim, but my business man, a clever chap up in your place,—perhaps you may have heard of him: Sir James MacFen,—wrote to me that what they really wanted were some ancestral lands with the right to use the family name and privileges. The oddest part of the affair was that the claimant was an impossible sort of lunatic, and the whole thing was run by a syndicate of shrewd Western men. As I don't care for the property, which has only been dropping a lot of money every year for upkeep and litigation, Sir James, who is an awfully far-sighted chap at managing, thought he could effect a compromise, and get rid of the property at a fair valuation. And, by Jove! he did. But what your countrymen can get out of it,—for the shooting is n't half as good as what they can get in their own country,—or what use the privileges are to them, I can't fancy."

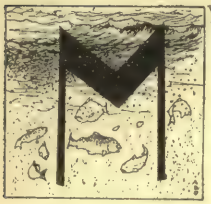
"I think I know the story," said the consul, eying his fellow-guest attentively; "but if I remember rightly, the young man claimed to be the rightful and only surviving heir."

The Englishman rose, and, bending over the hearth, slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe. "That 's quite impossible, don't you know. For," he added, as he stood up in front of the fire, in face, figure, and careless repose more decidedly English than ever, "you see my title of Duncaster only came to me through an uncle, but I am the direct and sole heir of the old family, and the Scotch property. I don't perhaps look like a Scot,—we 've been settled in England some time,—but," he continued with an invincible English drawling deliberation, "*I*–am–really–you–know–what they call The McHulish."

Bret Harte.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

A SECOND VISIT TO PARIS.



Y company was still engaged for the whole month of June, and I wished to take advantage of the opportunity to appear four times at Venice. The Princess Margherita of Savoy, now our beloved queen, was at Venice for the sea-bathing, and was present at all my performances. I preserve preciously a beautiful souvenir which she was good enough to send me. From Venice I returned to Florence, and again took up my wanderings with different actors and actresses. I opened at Paris, October 3, 1877, in the Salle Ventadour; of all that I played there, to the "Morte Civile" was adjudged the palm. It was a real revelation to the Parisians. It would be tedious to repeat all that the greatest artistic and literary luminaries wrote of it. Victor Hugo, La Pommeraye, Zola, Gautier, Vitu, elevated to the stars both composition and interpretation. The celebrated dramatic critic Vitu even made a translation of it so that it might be acted in French at the Odéon. Not "Othello," not "Macbeth," not "Ingomar," nothing aroused such interest as Paolo Giacometti's drama.

After three nights at Antwerp, six at Brussels, and two at Lille, I went back to Paris for eleven more, five of which were devoted to the "Morte Civile."

ESTIMATE OF MOUNET-SULLY.

In Paris I had the opportunity to know the famous Mounet-Sully, whom I admired much in Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and to whom I permitted myself to make a small criticism on his highly artistic and meritorious performance —a criticism of the justice of which he was fully convinced. It is only conscientious artists who are able to recognize their own defects. I found in Mounet-Sully too much nervousness; he was always on the stretch, continuously in forced action, as if something might break at any moment. He was a man of fine presence, of most accurate delivery, and if he could have freed himself from the traditions imposed upon him by the Conservatory,—traditions to which all French actors who adopt the serious style are subjected,—it would have aided him to be less conventional. He is to-day one of the most solid pillars of the Maison de Molière, and that is not a little thing.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

One night when I went on the stage to see Mounet-Sully he presented me to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. I had never heard that excellent artist except as Doña Sol in "Hernani." I was entirely satisfied with her physical and vocal gifts, as well as with her incisive and penetrating diction, but it seemed to me that her movements were a little angular. I saw her another time in the "Dame aux Camélias," and she was attractive in the earlier acts, both from her "voice of gold," as the French style it, and from the naturalism with which she molded the character. At some points I noted a little precipitation in her delivery, the reason for which I had not observed in Victor Hugo's verses; and while I recognized in her superior talent for assuming her rôle and modulating the various expressions of the voice, for so accentuating her phrases as to give them brilliancy, and for making herself up with that attractiveness which is, perhaps, peculiar to French actresses, yet I could not help noticing, especially in the last act of that play, a seeking after effects that were discordant with the position and character of the personage. I saw her afterward at Florence in Sardou's "La Tosca," and in that play she produced the same effect on me. She has very great gifts, an exceptional artistic quality, and notable defects. When I went through Paris on my last return from North America, I saw her in "Jeanne d'Arc."

I am not blind to the fascinating merits of that eccentric actress, and I proclaim her the brightest star which has in recent years risen above the horizon of dramatic art; but I ask, is the superiority attributed to her by the world all pure gold? Is there not in it a taint of alloy? Her sentiment, her artistic intuition, the acuteness of her interpretation, her moving and harmonious voice, the just accentuation of her phrasing, the tastefulness of her dress — all this is gold, pure gold. A slight tendency to declamation, a use of gesticulation not always appropriate, a marked precipitation of speech, especially at critical moments, and a pronounced monotony in pathetic expression, constitute the alloy. So much has been, and

is still, said of the extravagances of that original genius, that wherever she goes no one will stay away from seeing her. It must, however, be admitted that all these advertisements draw more attention to the woman than to the actress.

COQUELIN.

I MUST give, too, my impression of another celebrated French artist, an impression which is highly favorable to him, yet not without a "but," for which he will bear me no grudge. He is the cleverest, the most exact, the most delicate, the most keen in his delivery of a monologue, that our century has produced. Every one has already perceived that I refer to the elder Coquelin. How subtle and bright is the intelligence which this actor brings into play to give life to his delivery! With how artistic a touch he colors every period, every phrase! In how just a measure he balances his effects, so insinuating his humorous anecdotes that one would fancy they were told by many persons and not by himself alone! The variety of his voice, the mobility of his face, are powerful auxiliaries which he uses with studied art; he is never vulgar, never artificial, never monotonous, never incorrect. If this almost perfect artist could disabuse himself in the matter of playing a few parts which are not adapted either to his natural tendencies or to his characteristic face, if he would confine himself to such typical characters as do not have to support the responsibility of the entire play, in my opinion he would heighten his fame. When one does everything, one does too much, and can with difficulty attain to perfection. For that matter, this fault is found in many great artists, and I have seen but rare exceptions.

THE FRENCH PUBLIC.

WHAT can I say of the French public? Has it a taste of its own, an independent judgment? I doubt it. Those ten, twenty, and thirty men of superior intelligence who never miss a first night, whether of music or drama, guide and lead after them the mass of the audience. Would the claque with its paid applause ever have become established in France if the public had an opinion of its own? And if it had such an opinion, would it submit to the imposition of judgment upon it? It is very true that if the play or the actor is not in touch with the audience, the claque has not the power to force it to return and see the same play, but it serves, nevertheless, to modify any distaste on the part of the public. In Italy it could have no other effect than to make the public still more hostile to a play. One can never obtain a sincere, independent, legitimate judgment from the mass of the French public. If the thirty intelligent persons do not approve, the mass will remain indifferent. And just so is it with the press. If the papers favor a play, they have much influence on public opinion, they incite the people to fill the theater, and the audience, whether it will or no, is persuaded that it has been amused. If the censors are unfavorable, the house will stay empty. Hence it results that it is never the public which decides, but the thirty assiduous men of intelligence who render the verdict, and the press which condemns or applauds.

When I was again in Florence, I lived quietly and happily with my wife, whom I could not take with me on my professional tours, since she was obliged to attend to our family affairs, and to care as well for her own health. During the summer I busied myself with my garden and vineyard on my small property near Florence. At the end of October, 1879, we returned to our winter quarters in Florence, and on November 13 our second child was born, after which event my wife was taken with an obstinate fever; then inflammation set in, and finally scarlet fever, which in her enfeebled condition did not break out openly, but none the less accomplished its maleficent work. After a month of suffering under this accumulation of ills, a violent attack of peritonitis developed, and the poor creature, worn out, lost her reason and then her life, leaving me two little babies as memorials of our love.

I cannot describe my anguish of mind. The world imagines that the artist wraps up all his aspirations in his own self-love. It is indeed true that that satisfaction appeals to the mind, but it cannot compensate for the tortures of the heart. Not to have known my mother, who died when I was two years old; to have lost my father at fifteen; to have seen waste away, still young, the woman who first inspired me with deep affection; to have been bereaved of my wife, who was not yet twenty-four; and finally to see a brother die upon whom I had counted as the friend of my old age—all this I have endured. Truly those who have no feelings are most happy!

A TOUR OF EASTERN EUROPE.

LEFT alone by the death of my wife, with my well-grown sons at school, and my last children too young to give me any consolation, I threw myself with renewed ardor into the embrace of art, resolved to seek no other distraction, but to look for relief and oblivion in unwearied study, in practice on the stage, in continuous traveling; but throughout four years it was impossible for me to forget my misfortune. All that was not connected with my art

was repulsive to me: to new acquaintanceships I was indifferent; traveling did not cheer me; and even in the exercise of my profession the dominating recollection of the irreparable loss I had suffered remained fixed in my mind.

On November 11, 1879, I again started out, this time for Trieste, whence I went again to Vienna. Having given a few nights at Pesth, I went on to the cosmopolitan city of Russia, Odessa. There everybody has a more or less complete knowledge of Italian, and I had a festive greeting from the heterogeneous population.

I remained in Odessa from January 15 to February 20, 1880, and then went to Roumania, where I first appeared on February 23. I played six times at Jassy, three times at Galatz, twice at Braila, and finally, on March 20, I proceeded to the capital, and stayed there until April 14. I was so well received by the people and their rulers, that the Prince, now King Charles I., honored me with the Star of Roumania. The scholarly Princess, now Queen Pauline Elizabeth ("Carmen Sylva"), showed me the greatest kindness and courtesy. She had the kindness to read to me one of her poetical works, written in French, which seemed to me full of dash and interest, and elegant in form. I shall always retain an agreeable memory of the exquisite welcome of that court. After leaving Bucharest I played three times at Cracow, and on April 20 left Roumania to return to Florence, in order to take breath for my future peregrinations.

TRAGEDY IN TWO LANGUAGES.

In this year the agent of an impresario and theater-owner of Boston came to Florence to make me the proposal that I should go to North America for the second time, to play in Italian supported by an American company. I thought the man had lost his senses. But after a time I became convinced that he was in his right mind, and that no one would undertake a long and costly journey simply to play a joke, and I took his extraordinary proposition into serious consideration, and asked him for explanations.

"The idea is this," the agent made answer; "it is very simple. You found favor the last time with the American public with your Italian company, when not a word that was said was understood, and the proprietor of the Globe Theater of Boston thinks that if he puts with you English-speaking actors, you will yourself be better understood, since all the dialogue of your supporters will be plain. The audience will concern itself only with following you, with the aid of the play-books in both languages, and will not have to pay attention to the others, whose words it will understand."

"But how shall I take my cue, since I do not understand English? And how will your American actors know when to speak, since they do not know Italian?"

"Have no anxiety about that," said the agent. "Our American actors are mathematicians, and can memorize perfectly the last words of your speeches, and they will work with the precision of machines."

"I am ready to admit that," said I, "although I do not think it will be so easy; but it will in any case be much easier for them, who will have to deal with me alone, and will divide the difficulty among twenty or twenty-four, than for me, who must take care of all."

The persevering agent, however, closed my mouth with the words, "You do not sign yourself 'Salvini' for nothing!" He had an answer for everything, he was prepared to convince me at all points, to persuade me about everything, and to smooth over every difficulty, and he won a consent which, though almost involuntary on my part, was legalized by a contract in due form, by which I undertook to be at New York not later than November 15, 1880, and to be ready to open at Philadelphia with "Othello" on the 29th of the same month.

I was still dominated by my bereavement, and the thought was pleasant to me of going away from places which constantly brought it back to my mind. Another sky, other customs, another language, grave responsibilities, a novel and difficult undertaking of uncertain outcome — I was willing to risk all simply to distract my attention and to forget. I have never in my life been a gambler, but that time I staked my artistic reputation upon a single card. Failure would have been a new emotion, severe and grievous, it is true, but still different from that which filled my mind. I played, and I won! The friends whom I had made in the United States in 1873, and with whom I had kept up my acquaintance, when they learned of the confusion of tongues, wrote me discouraging letters. In Italy the thing was not believed, so eccentric did it seem. I arrived in New York nervous and feverish, but not discouraged or depressed.

When the day of the first rehearsal came, all the theaters were occupied, and I had to make the best of a rather large concert-hall to try to get into touch with the actors who were to support me. An Italian who was employed in a newspaper-office served me as interpreter in coöperation with the agent of my Boston impresario. The American artists began the rehearsal without a prompter, and with a sureness to be envied especially by our Italian actors, who usually must have every word suggested to them. My turn came, and the few words which *Othello* pronounces in the first scene came in smoothly and without difficulty.

When the scene with the *Council of Ten* came, of a sudden I could not recall the first line of a paragraph, and I hesitated; I began a line, but it was not that; I tried another with no better success; a third, but the interpreter told me that I had gone wrong. We began again, but the English was of no assistance to me in recognizing which of my speeches corresponded to that addressed to me, which I did not understand. I was all at sea, and I told the interpreter to beg the actors to overlook my momentary confusion, and to say to them that I should be all right in five minutes. I went off to a corner of the hall and bowed my head between my hands, saying to myself, "I have come for this, and I must carry it through." I set out to number mentally all the paragraphs of my part, and in a short time I said, "Let us begin again."

During the remainder of the rehearsal one might have thought that I understood English, and that the American actors understood Italian. No further mistake was made by either side; there was not even the smallest hesitation, and when I finished the final scene of the third act between *Othello* and *Iago*, the actors applauded, filled with joy and pleasure. The exactitude with which the subsequent rehearsals of "Othello," and those of "Hamlet," proceeded was due to the memory, the application, and the scrupulous attention to their work of the American actors, as well as to my own force of will and practical acquaintance with all the parts of the play, and to the natural intuition which helped me to know without understanding what was addressed to me, divining it from a motion, a look, or a light inflection of the voice. Gradually a few words, a few short phrases, remained in my ear, and in course of time I came to understand perfectly every word of all the characters; I became so sure of myself that if an actor substituted one word for another I perceived it. I understood the words of Shakspere, but not those of the spoken language.

In a few days we went to Philadelphia to begin our representations. My old acquaintances were in despair. To those who had sought to discourage me by their letters others on the spot joined their influence, and tried everything to overthrow my courage. I must admit that the nearer came the hour of the great experiment, the more my anxiety grew and inclined me to deplore the moment when I had put myself in that dilemma. I owe it in a great degree to my cool head that my discouraging forebodings did not unman me so much as to make me abandon myself wholly to despair. Just as I was going on the stage, I said to myself: "After all, what can happen to me? They will not murder me. I shall have tried, and I shall have failed; that is all there will be to it. I will pack up my baggage and go back to Italy, convinced that oil and wine will not mix." A certain contempt of danger, a firm resolution to succeed, and, I am bound to add, considerable confidence in myself, enabled me to go before the public calm, bold, and secure.

The first scene before the palace of *Brabantio* was received with sepulchral silence. When that of the *Council of Ten* came, and the narration of the vicissitudes of *Othello* was ended, the public broke forth in prolonged applause. Then I said to myself, "A good beginning is half the work." At the close of the first act, my adversaries, who were such solely on account of their love of art, and their belief that the two languages could not be amalgamated, came on the stage to embrace and congratulate me, surprised, enchanted, enthusiastic, happy that they had been mistaken, and throughout the play I was the object of constant demonstrations of sympathy.

AMERICAN CRITICAL TASTE.

From Philadelphia we went to New York, where our success was confirmed. It remained for me to win the suffrages of Boston, and I secured them, first having made stops in Brooklyn, New Haven, and Hartford. When in the American Athens I became convinced that that city possesses the most refined artistic taste. The theatrical audiences are serious, attentive to details, analytical,—I might almost say scientific,—and one might fancy that such careful critics had never in their lives done anything but occupy themselves with scenic art. With reference to a presentation of Shakspere, they are profound, acute, subtile, and they know so well how to clothe some traditional principle in close logic, that if faith in the opposite is not quite unshakable in an artist, he must feel himself tempted to renounce his own tenets. It is surprising that in a land where industry and commerce seem to absorb all the intelligence of the people, there should be in every city and district, indeed in every village, people who are competent to discuss the arts with such high authority. The American nation counts only a century of freedom, yet it has produced a remarkable number of men of high competence in dramatic art. Those who think of tempting fortune by displaying their untried artistic gifts on the American stage, counting on the ignorance or inexperience of their audience, make a very unsafe calculation. The taste and critical faculty of that public are in their fullness of vigor. Old Europe is more bound by traditions, more weary, more *blasé*, in her judgment, not always sincere or disinterested. In America the national pride is warmly felt,

and the national artists enjoy high honor. The Americans know how to offer an exquisite hospitality, but woe to the man who seeks to impose on them! They profess a cult, a veneration, for those who practise our art, whether of their own nation or foreign, and their behavior in the theater is dignified. I recall one night when upon invitation I went to see a new play in which appeared an actor of reputation. The play was not liked, and from act to act I noticed that the house grew more and more scanty, like a faded rose which loses its petals one by one, until at the last scene my box was the only one which remained occupied. I was more impressed by this silent demonstration of hostility than I should have been if the audience had made a tumultuous expression of its disapproval. The actors were humiliated and confounded, and as the curtain fell an instinctive sentiment of compassion induced me to applaud.

To return to my tour. From Boston I went to Montreal and Toronto, thence to Cincinnati for a week, and again to New York for a fortnight. I think that all my dramatic colleagues will agree with me that the life of an actor in America is extremely wearing. The system obtains everywhere of opening the theaters every night, and I cannot blame the owners from the point of view of their own interests; for since they hire their watchmen and attendants by the year, they must pay their salaries whether their houses are open or closed. They are therefore constrained to impose similar conditions upon the managers. The most celebrated artists must therefore play every night except Sunday, and in some States even on that day, and on one or two days of the week they must play twice. Think of an artist, all of whose repertory is made up of tragedies of Shakspere, and tell me whether it is possible that human strength can resist such a strain.

Admitting that one's nerves may be elastic enough to endure it, one cannot control the vocal organs; and after a few weeks of such exaggerated effort, the actor's strength and vocal faculty diminish, and the later representations seem pale and without the life and fire required for the best results. I always held back from submitting myself to this imposition; I was never willing to play more than four or at the most five times a week, and even to the injury of my immediate interests I would never depart from this resolution. There may have been actors able to support the burden more easily, but I know, though endowed with muscles of steel, sound health, and a strong voice, I would not undertake it. I know well that to keep a machine in good running order, there must be time to keep it always polished and oiled; with this precaution, even after fifty years of activity, it will not show a trace of rust, and will still be in condition to perform its regular functions. In so long a period my machine was forced to stop only twice; and both times, after the damage was repaired,—damage which resulted not from imprudence, but from unforeseen accidents,—it began running again as efficiently as before. I continued my peregrinations to Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, and Chicago, and other cities in the West and South.

A VISIT TO THE CAPITAL.

At last we proceeded to the capital of the United States. Washington is a very attractive city, with superb edifices, wide and well-paved streets, beautiful shops, and a population of most agreeable quality. It is safe to say that, after those of Boston, the theater audiences there are the most intelligent and appreciative in North America. The delegates to Congress, of the different States, with their families, form an important contingent of intelligence beyond the average. In that city I had an experience worth relating. With an acquaintance who spoke Italian and English I went one day to visit the Capitol. When we had entered the majestic structure, and were walking through the offices, the corridors, and the private rooms of the committees, I noticed that I was an object of curiosity to the many people whom I met. After half an hour spent in visiting the labyrinth of halls and galleries, a gentleman presented himself to me as a member of the House, and invited me in the name of the Speaker to visit the House of Representatives. I tried to excuse myself on the ground of my modest morning-dress, but the gentleman who invited me observed that this question of dress was little attended to in America, and I yielded to his arguments and to those of the friend who was with me, and presented myself before the Speaker. The Speaker rose from his chair, as did all the members present. After a few very courteous words, he gave me permission to visit the hall of the House, and as I passed through the corridors between the lines of seats all the members advanced from right and left to shake hands with me. When I reached the back of the great hall a crowd of the pages of the House, dressed in uniform, surrounded me with little note-books in their hands, belonging to the congressmen, and asked for my autograph. I had to write my name two hundred and seventy-eight times; and, luckily for me, the attendance that day was not large! My hand became cramped with so many signatures, and Heaven knows what my calligraphy became before I finished.

IMPRESSIONS OF EDWIN BOOTH.

THE celebrated actor Edwin Booth was at this time in Baltimore, a city distant two hours from the capital. I had heard so much about this superior artist that I was anxious to see him, and on one of my off nights I went to Baltimore with my impresario's agent. A box had been reserved for me without my knowledge, and was draped with the Italian colors. I regretted to be made so conspicuous, but I could not fail to appreciate the courteous and complimentary desire to do me honor shown by the American artist. It was only natural that I should be most kindly influenced toward him, but without the courtesy which predisposed me in his favor he would equally have won my sympathy by his attractive and artistic lineaments, and his graceful and well-proportioned figure. The play was "Hamlet." This part brought him great fame, and justly; for in addition to the high artistic worth with which he adorned it, his elegant personality was admirably adapted to it. His long and wavy hair, his large and expressive eye, his youthful and flexible movements, accorded perfectly with the ideal of the young prince of Denmark which now obtains everywhere. His splendid delivery, and the penetrating philosophy with which he informed his phrases, were his most remarkable qualities. I was so fortunate as to see him also as *Richelieu* and *Iago*, and in all three of these parts, so diverse in their character, I found him absolutely admirable. I cannot say so much for his *Macbeth*, which I saw one night when passing through Philadelphia. The part seemed to me not adapted to his nature. *Macbeth* was an ambitious man, and Booth was not. *Macbeth* had barbarous and ferocious instincts, and Booth was agreeable, urbane, and courteous. *Macbeth* destroyed his enemies traitorously — did this even to gain possession of their goods — while Booth was noble, lofty-minded, and generous of his wealth. It is thus plain that however much art he might expend, his nature rebelled against his portrayal of that personage, and he could never hope to transform himself into the ambitious, venal, and sanguinary Scottish king.

I should say, from what I heard in America, that Edwin Forrest was the Modena of America. The memory of that actor still lives, for no one has possessed equally the power to give expression to the passions, and to fruitful and burning imagery, in addition to which he possessed astonishing power of voice. Almost contemporaneously a number of most estimable actors have laid claim to his mantle; but above them all Edwin Booth soared as an eagle.

After a very satisfactory experience in Baltimore, I returned for the third time to New York, and gave "Othello," "Macbeth," and the "Gladiator," each play twice, and made the last two appearances of my season in Philadelphia. After playing ninety-five times in the new fashion, I felt myself worn out, but fully satisfied with the result of my venturesome undertaking. When I embarked on the steamer which was to take me to Europe, I was escorted by all the artists of the company which had coöperated in my happy success, by my friends, and by courteous admirers, and I felt that if I were not an Italian I should wish to be an American.

IN EGYPT.

AT the end of May, 1881, I landed at Havre, and went on to Paris, where I took a good week of rest — relative rest, that is, for in that city it is not easy to do nothing. I did not fail to frequent the Comédie Française to hear some of those excellent society comedies which are played there with so much taste, delicacy, and truth; and after having myself recited such a vast quantity of verse during seven months, that pure and beautiful prose appeared to me a most savory change, seasoned as it was with the most delicate sauces and spices by the most expert of cooks. When I reached Florence my first thought was to retire at once to my country house, to enjoy that calm which one cannot find except at home and in the bosom of his family. However, offers of new theatrical enterprises came to disturb my repose, and I was constrained to accept a proposition that I should go to Egypt for the months of December, 1881, and January, 1882. I formed, for these two months only, an Italian company, and on December 3 I opened in Alexandria. Theatrical methods there are regulated upon the Italian principles, and it is necessary to change the play every night; so besides my accustomed tragedies I gave dramas and comedies, as for example "Le Lapidaire," by Alexandre Dumas; "Fasma," by Dall' Ongaro; "La Calomnie," by Scribe; and "La Suonatrice d'Arpa," by Chiossone.

I need not say how much pleasure the people of Alexandria took in these plays. The Italian colony overwhelmed me with generous demonstrations, and the Boat Club invited me to name after myself a new acquisition of their navy — not, it is true, a *Duilio*. After playing fourteen times in Alexandria, we went to Cairo, and I lost no time in visiting those tremendous monuments the Pyramids, glorious and imposing relics of a greatness the idea of which we cannot now even conceive.

RECEPTION IN RUSSIA.

AT the end of January I went back to Italy, and was invited to go to Russia. I got to-

gether fresh actors and actresses, and on February 24, 1882, I presented myself on the stage of the Maria Theater in St. Petersburg. I thus passed quickly from a land of suffocating heat to one of bitter cold, but changes of temperature have never affected me much. I confess that when I first entered that empire I felt a vague apprehension, the cause of which I did not fully explain to myself. I had been invited by the Direction of the Imperial Theaters, I came in the quality of a foreign artist, and no harm could possibly come to me; nevertheless, after the vexations inflicted by the customs officers at the Russian frontier on the members of my company, an indescribable disgust developed in my mind. My imagination is naturally fervid, and in my fancy I saw the poor exiles in Siberia, the knout administered in the public streets to disrespectful subjects, the tortures of the prisons, the summary confiscations of the property of the suspected, the arrogance of the soldiery, the extreme rigor of the laws, the servile obsequiousness obligatory toward the Czar, the despotism of the great, and the extreme degradation of the humble; and all this seemed to me so dark as in fact to be wholly black. The Nihilists had only a little before laid their inexorable hand on their prey, and all were still palpitating with the tragic end of the Emperor Alexander II. You can imagine how the Government stood to its arms, and how the people constantly trembled with dread. The theater was a permitted and innocent distraction, and there, freed from fear, and laying aside the perturbation of politics, the public worked off its excitement in clamorous enthusiasm, sometimes to the point of disturbing the course of the play and disconcerting the unlucky actor. I have never had experience with a public so systematically persistent in applause as the Russian. After the artist has gone through a very fatiguing part, and, panting, prostrated, in a bath of perspiration, hopes to be able to retire to his room to rest, he is obliged to stand for a full half-hour, exhausted and perspiring as he is, to receive the interminable ovations of the people; and he must go before the curtain fifteen, twenty, or even thirty times. Not content with that, they wait for you at the door, no matter how long you take to dress, and stand in lines for you to pass between, begging a look or a touch of your hand; and if you live so near by as not to need a carriage, they accompany you on foot to the door of your lodgings, with open manifestations of sympathy. The Russian is courteous, hospitable, liberal to the actor; but, like all those whose enthusiasm exceeds due bounds, he forgets easily.

There have been but very few native artists of celebrity. On the other hand, the Imperial companies, which play only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, are meritorious, and distinguished for the smoothness of their representations. In the secondary cities the artistic contingent is of wretched quality, and may be compared with the lowest ranks of our own — the so-called *guitti;* but the Russian public, particularly in the provinces, is amiable, tolerant, and ready, for the sake of amusement of any kind, to accept an alloy for the pure metal. I made twenty appearances at St. Petersburg in thirty-eight days, and then went to Moscow, where I gave eleven more performances. At Moscow the public seemed to be much calmer, and, moreover, our houses were much better. In both cities splendid gifts were made me, which I preserve as pleasant remembrances of an enjoyable experience. By the end of April, 1882, I was again resting in Florence.

STUDY OF "KING LEAR."

After having given due attention to the interests of my family, and fulfilled my social obligations, I employed my time in polishing my study of Shakspere's *King Lear*, and overcoming some difficulties which that character presented to me, with the intention of bringing it out in the United States, whither I had arranged to go in the beginning of October. My work on that play preoccupied me greatly, and although I had brought it out in a preliminary appearance at the Teatro Salvini, and it had been well received by public and press, I did not feel entirely satisfied with myself, and I proposed to combat my difficulties deliberately and seriously. I wished to find the way to make some scenes more effective, while maintaining the character in its proper relations. It was necessary to devise means for producing effects with auxiliaries different from those to which I had been accustomed, to move and interest the audience by creating new combinations and contrasts, and by conjuring up a type of sentiment in accord with the character and the age of that grandiose personage. I do not know whether I was successful, but the greeting of the public gave me assurance that I made at least some approach to my object. I was thus provided with a new play for my third venture in the United States.

I played 109 times in this season as against 95 the time before; moreover, the last sixteen representations of the "Morte Civile" were most lucrative, since I gave them in company with the famous actress Clara Morris. It is right that I should pay a merited tribute to this excellent actress; for one could not wish for a better interpreter of the part of *Rosalia* in the drama I have named. This season was also more brilliant than the one before it, because the rumor

had spread that I would not come again to North America — a baseless and absurd rumor, since the financial results were rather such as to encourage me to cross the ocean again, as in fact they did. The public was, however, so fully persuaded of the sincerity of my alleged resolution, that several gentlemen associated themselves to offer me a banquet at the Brunswick Hotel, at which all classes of New York society were represented. The distinguished German actor Barnay, who was then in New York, came to the banquet after his play, and made a speech full of kindly encomium, which aroused sincere enthusiasm.

I again recrossed the ocean, not to rest, as I might perhaps have been excused for doing, after so many and continuous fatigues, but to study the part of *Coriolanus* in proof of my unwearied love of my art, which I have always looked upon as my second mother. If in the vicissitudes of my life I had not had this recourse, I do not know what would have become of me. Art has always received me, restored me, protected me; and if it has not been able to make me forget my misfortunes altogether, it has mitigated them. I owe to it my moments of comfort, satisfaction, and joy, and now that I am constrained to abandon it, I do not weep, for I have never been weak; but my heart feels the sting of bitterness.

While I was occupying myself with the character of that impetuous but valorous warrior, it was proposed to me to go to Rome and Trieste, and to play a few times in Florence. My fellow-citizens never evinced more affection and admiration for me than upon this occasion. At Rome my nine appearances were greeted with hearty interest and enthusiasm. At Florence the theater was never large enough to receive those who wished to secure entrance, and at Trieste I was overwhelmed with ovations. The same company went with me for a season at Covent Garden, London. The time of the year was not propitious. At the end of February there were very thick fogs accompanying a humid and cold atmosphere, and the heating arrangements of the theater were so defective that it seemed like playing in an ice-house. I remember that on the night when I played the "Gladiator," in the fourth act, when I had to fight in the arena with nothing but silken tights on my body, before I went on my teeth chattered with cold. At the end of that very fatiguing act the perspiration rolled from me as in a Turkish bath, and when I reached my dressing-room a heavy chill came over me, from the effects of which I suffered long. The audience sat in their overcoats and furs, the men with their collars turned up, and the women with their heads wrapped in shawls and hoods. Our season had opened with excellent promise, but whatever may have been the public's love for the theater, many were constrained to stay away in such weather for fear of illness. I made urgent complaints to my impresario, but the evil was irremediable. After twenty-one nights of "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," the "Gladiator," and "Hamlet," we proceeded to Edinburgh, and the weather having become milder, our business again rose to its regular level. Our tour included the cities of Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, Brighton, and Dublin, and closed with a farewell representation of "Othello" in London.

CORIOLANUS.

It being out of the question to remain in London, the only city in which a summer season is possible, I proposed to my company that they should continue at my disposition at half salary from the end of May until November 1 of that year (1884), proposing again to go on the road at the latter date. They agreed; and on November 4 we began a series of nine representations at Naples, whence we went to Messina, Palermo, and Catania, and thus I ended the year, resolved to confine myself for the immediate future to the study of the banished and vindictive hero *Coriolanus*. I felt that I could divine that character, which resembled my own in some ways — not, certainly, in his warlike exploits, but in his susceptibility, in his spurning of the arrogance and insolent pretensions of the ignorant masses, and, above all, in his filial submissiveness and affection. Unfortunately, I was not able to submit the results of this study to the judgment of the Italian public, as I have done with all my others, since it demands too costly a stage setting, and it was impossible to secure in the great number of assistants necessary that artistic discipline without which the grandiose easily merges in the ridiculous. I regretted this much, as my compatriots would have given me an unbiased and intellectual judgment of the work; but for the reasons I have stated I reconciled myself to giving it for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where indeed nothing was lacking for an admirable setting of the tragedy. This, as my reader will not need to be told, was the fourth time that I went before the American public, on three of which times I was supported by an English-speaking company.

The close of my artistic career approaches, and with it the end of the anecdotes with which it has been diversified. The chief object of these memoirs is to make it known to any one whom it may aid how a young man, without inherited resources, and constrained to look out for himself from very early years, can by upright conduct, firm resolution, and assiduous effort

acquire in time some renown, and the means for enjoying the comforts of life in his old age without being dependent on anybody. Those who meet with misfortune owing to too little application to study, or to pretensions out of proportion to their deserts, deserve indulgence indeed, but not compassion. If my example can be of utility to those who are born with artistic instincts, I shall have the reward for which I hoped in undertaking this sketch of my life. Moralizing is now out of fashion, but an example still receives attention, and may be of service. Art is pure, loyal, honorable, uncontaminated. Through these virtues it exacts, commands, imposes morality upon whomsoever places himself under its ægis, and it rejects, condemns, and punishes him who fails to respect it. It is for this reason that great artists, with rare exceptions, are moral and honorable.

A LUDICROUS APPEARANCE IN KHARKOV.

BEFORE telling of my fourth visit to North America, I must narrate a rather strange experience which I had in the spring of 1885. A lady (I say *lady* to distinguish the sex) made me an offer to play in Little Russia with native actors. My knowledge of all foreign languages is extremely limited, but of Russian I do not know a single word. I informed my would-be impresario of this difficulty, and she diminished my hesitation by writing me that Italian was more or less familiar to all in those regions, and particularly at Kharkov, where there is a university, and that the actors would do their best to coöperate with me; and she added that she would provide two prompters speaking the two languages. Persistence sometimes overcomes even avarice, and I allowed myself to be seduced by her pressing arguments. I went to Kharkov, where the company was assembled, and I was scandalized to behold a theater entirely of wood, old, ruinous, and littered with the dirt of a century, which was enough to make me shiver. The actors, except the leading lady, who could recognize French by sight, did not understand a word outside of their own tongue; there were indeed two prompters, but the Russian knew no Italian, and the Italian no Russian. At the rehearsals the two prompters made a conventional sign to each other to call the attention of the one upon whom it was incumbent to speak. The actors, who were Russian provincials, seemed not to be in the habit of committing their parts to memory, for even at the last rehearsal which I made with them, they were not sure of their lines. The unhappy prompter had to repeat a phrase two and three times to get the actor to take it, and you can imagine what smoothness this system produced in the representation. I am naturally patient, and I sought to inculcate into this band of mountebanks the advantages of more study, more exactness, more attention, and I sought to furnish them with an example by never giving the Italian prompter occasion to speak; but it profited nothing. The public representation began, and the audience, accustomed to that system of acting, was not at all disturbed by it, but seemed to look upon it as a surprising phenomenon that, while the murmur of the prompter formed a constant accompaniment to the words of the other actors, when I spoke the murmur ceased. It seemed, too, that little attention was given to exactness in costume, for I noticed that *Brabantio* in "Othello" wore short breeches and shoes with buckles, like a priest. In the "Gladiator," instead of tunic and toga, the lover came on the stage in trunk-hose and short Spanish cloak of the time of Philip II. You can picture to yourself what the scenery, furniture, and accessories must have been. But the people did not complain, and did not even criticize. In their eyes everything was admirable, and they gave vent to the most exaggerated enthusiasm. During the rehearsals the prompters occupied stools, one on each side of the stage, but during the public performances both crowded into the little prompter's box, which was covered with a hood of pasteboard. On the first night I was so much preoccupied that I thought of nothing that did not concern the course of the play itself, but on the second I noticed those two unfortunates wedged in together, simply melting with perspiration, each with one arm out of the box holding the book of the play, and nudging each other at intervals to indicate whose turn it was to prompt; and, thinking of the Siamese twins, such an impulse to laugh came upon me that with difficulty I avoided making a scandal.

The University of Kharkov is large and of much importance, and, as was natural, the audiences were made up in large part of students. Every one knows the characteristics of that picked class of society, marked by energy, enthusiasm, goodness of heart, and generous tendencies, compounded with thoughtlessness and disorder. Especially in Russia, where the students are held in check by a rigorous Government, which suppresses every liberal aspiration, whenever an opportunity offers to give rein to excitement, the reaction follows, and unbridled demonstrations break out. I refer to this because one night I had experience of the consequences of this condition. I do not remember what the play was, but when I came out of the theater I found a real mob waiting for me, and with deafening shouts they lifted me in the air and carried me above their heads like a balloon to my carriage, into which they

threw me as if I were a rubber ball. I may remark that I weigh 250 pounds! As soon as I felt myself freed from their clutches, I shouted, "Whip up, driver!" and the horses broke into a trot; but the crowd ran behind the carriage shouting and clamoring, and from time to time I caught the words "*Un souvenir!*" It was not easy for me to satisfy them at that moment, but a happy idea came to me. When I reached my hotel I remembered that I had in my portfolio a number of visiting-cards. I took them all and threw them into the most fervent group of manifesters, and while these were busy picking up the cards, I had time to get out of my carriage and rush into the hotel, happy in my deliverance. The Russians are most lavish in their gifts, and I brought away many as remembrances of those regions, which I have not seen since. At Saratov and at Taganrog there was no lack of demonstrations; but as there were no students, enthusiasm did not become dangerous to life, as in Kharkov. We were to have gone on to Kazan, but the manager thought it good to pocket all the receipts, and to omit to pay the actors, who justly refused to keep on under these conditions. I gave a performance for their benefit, and took my departure, leaving that management of little faith the richer by several thousands of francs on my account also, but very glad, nevertheless, to get away from it.

MISFORTUNES IN CALIFORNIA.

From my journey to Russia I returned to Florence, to await the time of going to the United States, where the season opened, as usual, in the month of October. My first performances were in the new Metropolitan Opera House. There I first produced "Coriolanus," and I was so happy as to meet with a flattering reception. After the usual tour through the chief cities, in February, 1886, we went to California. The weather was unusually severe. Along the line beyond Denver was erected an immense penthouse of wood, many miles long, to carry over the tracks the frequent avalanches from the mountains above. To admire this Titanic work I went out on the platform of my car before we reached the entrance of the snow-shed, and for more than half an hour I was compelled to breathe the damp cloud of smoke and steam, which was shut in by the shed and could not escape. I say I was *forced* to breathe it, because in the darkness and the dazed feeling produced by the dense and black atmosphere, and the undulation of the swiftly running train, I was afraid to move for fear of falling on the rails. When we shot out into the light I was as drenched as if I had been ducked in a well, and I believe it is to this that I owe the complete loss of my voice after our first two or three performances in San Francisco,—a thing which in my whole career had never happened to me before. It was a most provoking accident. Everything promised us at the outset a splendid financial success,—my artistic success was won already,—when the sudden closing of the theater, the uncertainty of the people whether I could go on again, and the contemporaneous appearance of several new attractions, all united to divert the public from us, and we passed a week of interrupted profit and unlooked-for loss. I tried the most heroic and disagreeable remedies, but the disease would not be turned from its course, and we had to wait until my vocal organs could resume their sonority. While I lay in bed trying to get well, out of spirits, cross, and worried, not only for my own loss, but for that of my manager, a telegraphic despatch came from Florence to aggravate my trouble and grieve me sorely. My brother Alessandro was dead. This sad news pained and depressed me so greatly that when I returned to the stage, not fully cured, and afflicted by my sudden loss, the public could not have formed a very favorable opinion of my artistic merit. Certainly I was not in condition to make the most of what I may have had.

PLAYING WITH BOOTH.

From California we returned to New York, where I had an offer to play for three weeks with the famous artist Edwin Booth, to give three performances of "Othello" a week, with Booth as *Iago* and me as *Othello*. The cities selected were New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. As the managers had to hire the theaters by the week, they proposed that we should give "Hamlet" as a fourth performance, with Booth as *Hamlet* and me as the *Ghost*. I accepted with the greatest pleasure, flattered to be associated with so distinguished and sympathetic an artist. I cannot find epithets to characterize those twelve performances! The word "extraordinary" is not enough, nor is "splendid"; I will call them "unique," for I do not believe that any similar combination has ever aroused such interest in North America. To give some idea of it, I will say that the receipts for the twelve performances were $43,500, an average of $3,625 a night. In Italy such receipts would be something phenomenal; in America they were very satisfactory. During this time I came to know Booth, and I found in him every quality that can characterize a gentleman. The affability and modesty of his manners rendered him justly loved and esteemed, not only by his countrymen, but by all who had the fortune to make his acquaintance.

For the performances I have described the best-known artists who were then free were engaged; and my son Alessandro played *Cassio* in "Othello" and *Laertes* in "Hamlet" with honor to himself, as he had also played with credit in more important parts in the course of my tour. This still youthful actor was endowed by nature with the gift of easily acquiring northern idioms. He was educated in German Switzerland, and had made a thorough study of German, which rendered the acquisition of English easy for him. I had sought to influence him in any other direction than that of the stage, but in a few months he ventured to present himself before the New York public in a lover's part, in English, beside that able actress Clara Morris, and the verdict was encouraging. By degrees he mastered the English language to such a degree that it could not be perceived that he was a foreigner. Nature bestowed upon this youth the material of an actor. He has a good presence, a fine voice, a vivid imagination, and a natural adaptability to diverse characters. In my opinion those best suited to him are the virile and energetic; in the languid, amorous, and sentimental he does not seem to me so successful.

FIFTH VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

In 1889 I accepted a fifth engagement for North America. The actor's life in North America can be summed up in three words, "Theater, railroad, hotel." Very few are the cities in which a stop of two or three weeks is made. Away from the large centers, sometimes theater and town are changed every night, with the intervening weariness of packing and of sleeping-cars. And in addition there is the infliction of the reporters, to which you must submit, the thousands of autographs from which there is no relief, and the admirers who persecute you. As you can imagine, at the end of such a season of seven months the actor is very eager to tear this shirt of Nessus from his back. But with all that, if I had been ten years younger I should have returned thither ten times more. One can endure in America what would not be endurable in Europe, and especially in Italy. I do not know whether this is due to the air, or to the material comforts of life, or whether it is that the example of industry animates, fortifies, and spurs one on: but it is certain that so continuous a strain in Europe would prostrate a man in a single year, while in America one undergoes it with resignation and resists it with courage. I will not deny that the anticipation of a satisfactory profit had some influence in maintaining my vitality, although my strongest incitement came from knowing that I was appreciated and loved.

"SAMSON."

In October, 1889, then, I found myself again in North America, and I began again the life which I have described. This time, too, I was fortunate in the choice of a play which I had already given in the United States during my first visit in 1873 with the Italian company. After seventeen years "Samson" could be called new to the audiences who saw it. This play was put on the stage as a great spectacle. Scenery, furniture, costumes, accessories, all were made new for the occasion. The fall of the temple of Dagon was presented with so much realism that I feared every night that I should be crushed under one of those enormous blocks which fell on all sides of me. My son Alessandro had the stage management, and he took diligent precautions against a catastrophe. Nevertheless, one night a block of cornice rebounded, and gave me a bruise on the leg which lasted for several days. I was fortunate in having in the actress who played *Delilah* a most efficient coadjutress in the great success of that tragedy. During seven consecutive months I gave only three plays — "Othello," "Samson," and the "Gladiator," except that in the last month I added the "Morte Civile," to be able to take a little breath, and played it as a rest. I gave "Othello" thirty-six times, "Samson" thirty-five, the "Gladiator" twenty, and the "Morte Civile" twelve, in all one hundred and three performances, all requiring great expenditure of force. I need hardly say that, as always, the public showed me appreciation beyond my deserts.

I realized, however, that I should not have the courage to make a sixth appearance in America under those inexorable conditions, and I resolved to announce my farewell to the American people in the papers, with expression of my regret at taking my leave of them for the last time. No one would believe my declaration. People adduced the example of other artists, who have used this means to swell their audiences; but to the honor of truth I can say that I never was under the necessity of having recourse to so puerile a subterfuge. I was induced to say adieu to the United States by my fear of being no longer able to answer their expectation, for it had cost me too much to hide the extreme fatigue consequent on my performances during the season just expired. In former years, owing to my exuberant strength, every effort came spontaneously; now I felt that, to attain the same effects, I must make a greater expenditure of energy. As I left that hospitable land behind, and saw the great Statue of Liberty fade gradually from my sight, I felt a pang in my soul, and if my eyes were dry, my heart wept. I

make a salute to that country whose people are so full of vigor, industry, and courage, and lack neither culture, nor understanding, nor feeling. May the United States receive the salutation of a humble artist, who while his heart beats will feel for that nation respect and love!

In returning to Europe the thought consoled me that I left in the land of Washington an offshoot of my blood. My son Alessandro loves the United States as I do, and can henceforth call himself half American; and I am sure that with industry and unflinching will, besides winning general estimation for himself, he will keep alive beyond the ocean a sympathetic memory of me. In the mean time, thank God, he represents me worthily, and through him my name is still heard in America.

IAGO.

In 1890–91 Andrea Maggi's company was at the Teatro Niccolini in Florence for the carnival season. Maggi had played the part of *Othello* in other cities, and every condition seemed to favor my taking that of *Iago* in that theater, one of those of the highest repute in Italy. I accepted, and set to work to study, not the character, which was already impressed on my mind, but the mechanism of the words, a thing which for some little time had become difficult for me, owing to a defect of memory. It was much harder for me to commit exactly to memory the precise lines of the part of *Iago* than to form a conception of the personage and to study out the effects. As to the last, the best way to arrive at many is to seek for none. This is not the place to make an analysis of the character; I will only say that every one looks at it in his own way, and that I have already published my view of it. The "actor of the classic school," as some impressionists call me, aimed to present an example of naturalness in delivery, while bringing into relief the poetic beauties of the part, and to effect this so that the verse form should not obscure truth; and it is said that success was not lacking. With this interpretation I completed my trilogy of parts of the second rank, the others being *Lanciotto* in "Francesca da Rimini" and *Pylades* in "Oreste"; and it was my purpose with these to demonstrate that even in an inferior part it is entirely possible to win the consideration of the public.

It has always been my aim to overcome the difficulties of my profession. The more difficult a thing has seemed, the more firmly I have set my mind upon conquering it. Not a few of the characters which I have played in the course of my long career have aroused bitter criticism, and yet have been well received by the public because my interpretation has been found accurate. Others have dated their success from some counsel of mine, which was based on experience, and for which the author has been grateful to me. Has the collection of the masterworks of art always found in me an interpreter of mirror-like truth? No, I say. I have sought to the extent that my limited abilities have permitted to penetrate to my author's ideal, but I have the conscience to confess that I have not always risen to the height of my own conception. I have never had a more severe critic than myself in matters pertaining to my art. As I myself look at it, my sentiment of blame is stronger than that of satisfaction.

Tommaso Salvini.

THE END.

THE AUTUMN WASTE.

THERE is no break in all the wide, gray sky,
Nor light on any field; and the wind grieves,
And talks of death. Where cold, gray waters lie
Round grayer stones, and the new-fallen leaves
Heap the chill hollows of the naked woods,
A lisping moan, an inarticulate cry,
Creeps far among the charnel solitudes,
Numbing the waste with mindless misery.
In these bare paths, these melancholy lands,
What dream or flesh could ever have been young,
What lovers have gone forth with linkèd hands,
What flowers could ever have bloomed, what birds have sung!
Life, hopes, and human things seem wrapt away
With shrouds and specters in one long decay.

Archibald Lampman.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XXXII.

IN the late afternoon of the following day Dorothy was sitting on the piazza of one of the smaller hotels at Colorado Springs watching the sun go down behind Pike's Peak. The little city of invalids and tourists, which has easily one of the loveliest situations in the world, was at one of its best moments. The sun had not gone; the clear air seemed clearer for the tinge of rosiness, and the splendid bulk of the Peak, cut crisply against the dying light, looked down on a cluster of villas and hotels in which each structure seemed to stencil its Queen Anne jaggedness, or Late Colorado vagaries, of outline, against a sky which invited stenciling.

She was alone on the piazza. Some of the other people staying at the hotel (there were not many) had made up a party and driven over to the Garden of the Gods and Manitou; two or three young men had gone on a walk to Cheyenne Cañon; some ladies, left behind, were in their rooms. It was just before the supper hour, and the excursionists would soon be returning. Her father had left her half an hour before, saying that he wanted a walk; he had not suggested that she should come with him, and she had made no movement to accompany him. She was glad to be quiet and to think.

She sat thus for a long time, meditating about many things, and working intermittently at some embroidery in her hands, until suddenly she felt, rather than saw, a shadow fall between her and the sun, and, looking up, perceived Jasper. She rose instantly. A shock went through her. She felt herself gazing at him defiantly, and then she saw how very ill he looked. His face was almost spectral; its old firmness was gone. His hollow cheeks and cavernous eyes gave her a start. Her glance roved hastily over him; she saw that his clothes, which had been used to set so trimly on his figure, hung on him with an almost shambling looseness. In her surprise she remained motionless, arrested halfway in her intention to go in and leave him standing there. He perceived his advantage, and said, in the thin and wasted voice which had replaced his former manly tones:

"You are wondering at the change. Did n't you know that I had been ill?"

She made "Yes" with her lips.

"But you did n't think it was so bad? It was a close call."

"You ought not to be out. You ought not to be up," she said. She forgot that she had not meant to speak to him. A ball of worsted with which she had been working fell from her arms, and rolled out on the piazza. He stooped with his old precise courtesy, and restored it to her.

"I had a very good reason for getting up," he said. "I heard that you had gone away — that you were leaving Maverick for good. I had meant to wait until I could come to see you in the usual way; I should have managed it in a day or two. But your going made everything different."

"Excuse me," rejoined Dorothy, hastily. "I can't allow you to include me in your plans."

He smiled tolerantly. "You remember our last meeting, do you not? You remember your promise. I have been waiting for your answer."

In all the reflections which had contemned Jasper, and put him forever out of the case for her, she had not thought of this — that, in form, he was entitled to some word from her. She saw that it put her for the moment in the wrong with him. But she said, with disdain:

"I did n't think it necessary to tell you that I had found you out. I supposed you would guess that."

Jasper bit his lip, and waited a moment before replying. He had determined, in seeking this interview, to keep his temper.

"I knew that you had resolved to break faith with me when I heard of your engagement to my brother. I don't see why I was bound to suppose that your reason was one discreditable to me."

"Break faith with you?" she repeated scornfully.

"You won't say that you had n't as good as promised me; you won't pretend that if you had never said a word, you had not still given me the right to believe that I was something more to you than another. You distinguished

me, you encouraged me; it might not have meant great things in another case. But you haven't forgotten that we were once betrothed; and you know a woman does n't single out for favor a man who has once occupied that relation to her unless she means something in particular."

The truth of this came over Dorothy helplessly. She gathered herself to confute it, but before she spoke she knew that he had, in a sense, the right of it. It was not in her to lessen a fault because it was hers; rather it pressed on her the more closely. But she saw that if she let Jasper make this point, it must be the end of everything.

"Does it really seem to you that you have a right to expect the same consideration as other men?" she asked, looking into his eyes.

"Why not? You give it to him."

Dorothy caught her breath as he said this, not bitterly or heatedly, but with the quiet manner of stating a consideration which she had omitted. She saw all that he meant; it quelled her, and beat her down. She glanced at him where he stood with his back to the sun, supporting himself lightly against a pillar, and fixing her with a glimmering smile. She opened her lips to speak, and closed them again, thinking better of what she had been going to say. But in a moment she raised her head, and said quickly: "I can't discuss that with you," and made a motion to pass him.

He put out a gentle hand to stay her. "Please don't go yet, Miss Maurice. I 've left a sick-bed and come a long way to see you. I 'm sure you won't refuse to hear me. You have not been fair." He did not strike this note at hazard. She stopped; he had known she must stop. "If you don't think me worthy of ordinary usage because of my treatment of him, what do you think of his treatment of me?"

The question sent a chill through her; she knew what she had thought of it. Was that still her thought? Confronted with her own sense of Philip's act balanced in this sort against her sense of Jasper's, she had suddenly the need to take refuge in any denial of her old feeling. She could not bear to think, even for that passing moment, that a feeling of hers was sanctioning his comparison. For a moment no answer befriended her; it was because from one point of view there was no answer, she saw. But the necessity to defend him, to cry out against this odious grouping, brought her the certainty — the sudden, illuminating certainty — that hers was the other point of view. She saw surely, for the first time, that the mood of her talk with Deed was a finality; that love had conquered in her. It was her love that spoke now.

"And have you the courage to think the two cases in any way alike?" she said.

He had counted on her inward assent to the soundness of his position. He had it; but he was dealing with another force which he could not measure. He was shaken by the assurance with which she answered. Was he mistaken, then? Had she not thrown Philip over because she hated the injury he had done him? He had reckoned on this, and on the revulsion of feeling toward the injured one which he had imagined in her generous nature. Taking his own act for a moment from what he supposed to be her standpoint, and putting it at its worst (he knew what to think of it himself, but he could fancy her ignorant objections to it readily enough), in what way could she in justice feel it to be more heinous than Philip's? Jasper was, of course, better at almost anything than in estimating the moral value of his own actions; his sincerity in believing them "all right" from the standpoint of a man who did n't pretend to the priggishness of being better than his neighbors disabled his usual cleverness at this point. But he saw his mistake, and manœuvered an inward retreat, and brought himself into line at another place before he answered.

"Suppose I say I have that courage?" He stroked his mustache lightly. Its rich, bright abundance made the cheek behind it seem paler.

She met his eye fearlessly. "I should ask you if you had given your brother back the share in the ranch you took from him if I believed you."

"Why should I?"

"Why should you?"

"Yes. It is mine, for one thing; but that apart, he has n't done as much for me."

"But he has restored the mine to you — he has surrendered everything."

"The mine, yes; but not everything. There is a matter of $5000."

"What do you mean?" She swept a thousand possibilities with her mental vision while she waited for his answer, and rejected them one after another.

"My precious brother negotiated the loan of that sum on the security of the mine, I find. That was one of the first things he did with his borrowed claim."

"It is not true," said Dorothy, simply.

"You might ask your father."

"My father?" exclaimed she.

"Philip borrowed it for him. It was at a time when your father found it inconvenient to owe me as much as that." He smiled with intention.

"Do you mean to say that — that —" she gasped.

"That I had the presumption to lend your

father as much money as that? Yes. I suppose I must n't expect you to like it, but I did it."

"And he — he took it from *him* to pay you?"

Jasper nodded. She gave a little moan, and sank into one of the seats on the piazza.

The young men who had gone for a walk to Cheyenne Cañon were visible on the road before the hotel. Their woolen stockings and knee-breeches were covered with dust; they came along at a swinging pace, laughing and talking. They passed into the house through the wide entrance, casting a glance of polite curiosity at the intent group at the further end of the piazza.

"Will you do me a kindness?" she asked in a husky voice, as he dropped into the seat beside her. He protested his eagerness. "Go away, please!" she entreated.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Jasper, as if he had not understood.

"Please go away. You have made me hear it. I could n't help that. But you won't stay, now." She paused, and clasped her hands before her. A wretched sigh escaped her. "Oh, how could he?" she cried to herself, in the words she had once used for Philip.

"You are not fair, Miss Maurice," he said, rising with dignity. "Am I to blame because my brother has chosen to borrow money on my mine, and has failed to return it to me? Am I to blame because your father chooses, for reasons of his own, to make such an arrangement with your affianced husband?"

"Oh, don't! don't! Have you no manliness?" She felt her cheeks burning with the horror of the ideas that were coming to her; she turned away to hide their shameful confession. She was trying not to hate her father; she was searching for excuses for him. Was it to this, then, that Mr. Deed's allusion to Philip's motives pointed? Was it her father that she must blame for what Philip had done?

"Is the truth so hard, then?" Jasper was asking. "Would you rather believe what you wish to believe? Would you rather think well of certain persons, even if you knew it was not the truth? But I need n't ask. You take the side toward which you are drawn for the moment — like a woman; and everything is indifferent to you but the illusions by which you make yourself think that the right side at all hazards. The truth does n't matter to you — nor justice, nor fairness. You need n't tell me that; I know it," he said.

She winced; the stroke was well aimed. "You know much better than that," she answered feebly.

"Say rather that I used to know better. But I knew it of another woman, I think. The woman I used to know, Miss Maurice, could n't be so resolved to think badly of a man who has openly taken his right, and so determined, at all costs, to think well of a man who trades on his brother's ignorance to cheat him out of his property." She shrank where she sat, and he pressed home his advantage. "Is it the motive that makes the difference? Is it so wrong, then, to take what belongs to one, without malice, or double thoughts, or hope of any gain but the plain one; and is it so right to take what does *not* belong to one, with the admirable motive of revenge, and the other admirable motive of winning a sneaking advantage with a woman? Ah," cried he, bitterly, "it makes a difference who does such things, and even more it makes a difference for whom they are done!"

"Oh no, no!" she began vehemently. But she sank back in her chair helplessly. She shook her head. "You would not understand."

His voice took a note of tenderness as he dropped again into the seat beside her, and said in low tones, "Are you sure of that, Miss Maurice? I think I know what you have been thinking of me these last few weeks, since we met. You have heard things about me which could n't make you think well of me. But I want you to do me the justice to remember that they were not told you by my friends. There are always two sides. It would be fair to hear mine, before judging. But I don't ask you to do that. Suppose I admit all that you are thinking; suppose I say that I see it, in a degree, from your own point of view; suppose I agree to make it right with my father, to restore what he thinks I came by unfairly; suppose, in other words, I agree to take your view — would you care, would it make a difference to you?"

She glanced up at him in bewilderment. "I 'm not sure that I know what you mean," she said quickly. "I could n't care that you should agree with me, merely to agree. You must know that. But the other —" She paused a moment. "You must be equally sure that I should be glad of anything that made you think it right to do that," she said gravely. It was difficult to think of anything but the near and personal trouble which was gnawing at her heart; but his suggestion opened vistas — it stimulated and engaged her.

"Would you care so much, then?" he asked, regarding her curiously.

She hesitated a moment. "Yes; very much," she said heartily. "I have seen your father. Knowing him has given me a great wish to help him. If you could see how what you did has wounded and broken him, you would wish to do what you say even more than I could wish to have you do it."

"He has n't treated me well," said Jasper, laconically.

"No," rejoined Dorothy, eagerly. "It was only what you might have expected him to do; it was only what he had a right to do by the code most of us live by: but he too feels that it was a mistake. Or perhaps I ought to say that he feels it was n't as right as it seemed to him at the time."

"Well, that 's a step," admitted Jasper. And he added, "He did me a beastly injury."

"And what had you done to him?"

"I had taken my rights."

"Yes," said Dorothy, with intention.

"Do you mean that they were not my rights? He had given them to me himself."

"No; I don't mean that," said she, quietly. Her assent maddened him more than any denial could have done. It gave him a feeling of helplessness absolutely singular in his experience.

"Oh, I know what you mean," he retorted bitterly. "You mean that you despise me." Philip's words came back to her, and she wondered how she had ever borne to hear them from him, and allowed him to go from her feeling that what he said was true.

"No," she said gently.

"It 's the same thing. I don't thank you for the difference. But you *shall* think differently of me!" He rose quickly and stood before her. "Listen. I have passed three days face to face with death since we met last. Perhaps I am not the same man you have known in all respects." His husky, inadequate voice gave the statement meaning, almost gave it reality. "Would you believe me changed if I were to say so?" He looked closely at her.

"I don't know," she said, looking up at him doubtfully. A new light came into her eyes. "Such things do change a man."

"You imply a doubt whether they would change me. But you shall believe it," he said fiercely. "I will go on to Maverick to-day and withdraw the suit against my father which is to come on to-morrow; I will give up to my brother the share in the ranch which my father claims for him."

"You will!" exclaimed she. "Oh, I shall be glad for your father." Her eyes left him musingly in a happy look.

"And for me?"

She glanced inquiringly at him. She brought herself back to the consideration of his relation to his proposal with an effort. "Oh, I shall be very glad for you, too, of course."

His face fell. "Is that what you mean?" he asked. "Is that all you mean?"

"I shall feel it is good of you — from your point of view; yes, very good."

He bit his lip. It was hardly this measured approbation that he had sought. She saw the defeated look on his face, and with a movement of compassion and self-accusal, she rose, holding out her hand to him. "I shall think better of you, if that is what you mean. It is generous, it is right."

He held her hand firmly, searching her eyes with a piercing gaze. "How much better?" he asked.

She withdrew her hand. "What do you mean?" she asked, in confusion.

"I am ready to do all that there is to do to show my sincerity."

"Yes," assented she, bewildered; "that is true."

"Will you do nothing for me?"

"What do you wish?"

"Believe in me again." He stooped over her.

"I will. I do." She withdrew herself from him a little, vaguely alarmed by his manner.

"You know very well what I wish, Dorothy. Believe in me as you used to."

"I can't do that," she said, looking into his eyes, unfaltering. Her breath came quickly.

"Would it be such a miracle, then?"

She nodded.

"Ah," cried he, "you can work for *him!*"

"It is not the same," she stammered.

"No," he rejoined; "it is not the same. It should be much more difficult. He won you from me through this mine."

"Oh, don't say it!" begged Dorothy.

"And he has not scorned to take a more material profit from that villainy. What is he giving up? You made that the test a little while ago. By that measure do I show so badly?"

"He will pay you the money," she said desperately.

"Perhaps. I don't know. It would n't be unlike him, you must own, if he did n't. But can he give me back what else he has taken from me?"

"What?" she asked in a half whisper, though she knew what he must say.

"*You!* Can he pay that debt? Can he give you back to me?" Dorothy dropped her eyes. He took her hand and bent over her tenderly. She seemed suddenly stricken powerless; she could prevent nothing. "It is only you who can pay that debt for him," he said.

His weakened voice had a winning note in its ineffectiveness. For the space of an instant, while she stood there arraigning Philip, as he meant her to, and liking his own surrender as he had hoped, something in her — an effect of nerves rather than of impulses, even the most trivial — responded to him. The plea was ingenious; it addressed itself with overwhelming force to a whole side of her nature; for a moment she felt as if she was about to be carried off her feet — toward what she knew not. Not away from Philip, certainly; but at least toward the man by her side. She felt the dangerous

stirrings of pity at her heart. But a moment later she glanced up and saw him watching her, and another thought came into her mind.

Then she spoke. "It does not seem to me a debt; but if it were, you must know that I could not pay it," she said steadily.

A look of bitter disappointment crossed his countenance.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, scanning her face.

"Yes."

"Yet you expect me to pay my debt," he said bitingly, "—what you regard as mine. You expect me to restore to my father and to him." It was a question, though he put it forth as a statement.

"I expect nothing. You wish that for yourself, do you not?"

Jasper smiled sardonically. "Do you suppose that I can wish for anything apart from my wish for you. You don't know how I love you—you have never known. Say that we may be again as we once were, and you will see what I would be strong enough for. You could do what you would with me."

Her eyes blazed with sudden intelligence. "Do you mean to say—do you dare to say," she said shakenly, "that you would only do what you have been proposing to do, if—that you would not do it unless— Oh! oh! And you offered it as a *bribe!* Oh, go! go!"

He caught her hands, and, prisoning them in his, looked down steadfastly into her eyes, with a long, intent, hungry look. An expression of acute misery came over his face. "Ah," he cried desperately, "now, you *do* despise me!"

She lowered her eyes. She did not answer. He dashed his hand to his face, and without a word walked quickly away from her side, and out into the roadway before the hotel, with the uncertain steps of a sick man.

Dorothy stood where he had left her. She heard his retreating steps, but did not look round. Her eyes were fixed on the rosy summit of the peak. As she looked the sun suddenly went down. A chill was borne to her through the air, and she started. She perceived that she must have been standing so a long time. She put her hand to her face. There were tears in her eyes, too. She saw her father coming toward the hotel from the direction opposite to that which Jasper had taken. A chill went through her for another reason.

XXXIII.

MARGARET stood in the window of her sitting-room at the Centropolis House, which commanded a view of the arrival platform of the railway, and exchanged signals with Deed as he alighted from his train, on his return from Piñon. She saw Philip follow him, with their hand-luggage, and as he set it down on the platform, he too glanced up at her window, and, catching her eye, waved his hat toward her, with a smile of greeting. Then Vertner seized upon them, and she saw him going through the hopeless struggle to tell them only so much of the truth as he thought they would like; with a beating heart she saw her husband pressing, insisting, and finally pinning him, and Vertner going through the stages of impotent yielding, burlesquing his helplessness with desperate gestures. She saw her husband cowed and dazed, as she had feared, by his news, and saw Philip fall upon Vertner with questions. Then it was Vertner who took the initiative, and he forcibly pulled into the conference the conductor of the train, who was passing them, left them for a moment to dash into the hotel, bestirred himself, bustled about, and finally pushed Philip on the train again, handed his valise up to him, and waved a gay and cheering hand to him, as the train pulled out of the station. Deed, when he had seen the last of the train, turned and challenged Vertner again, and they talked soberly for some moments.

They were palpitating moments to Margaret. Since Dorothy had so suddenly left Maverick with her father she had been in a distracted state. It seemed as if she was almost to blame for it—as if she could have prevented it if she had not gone at Mrs. Felton's invitation for a long drive, on that day, to Loredano; and returned only to find them both gone, leaving no trace save a confused and hurried note from Dorothy, which told her nothing. She quailed before the thought of what this failure of his hope must be to her husband.

She heard his quick step in the passage, and ran to admit him. When she had kissed him she searched his face, and withdrew herself from his embrace in alarm, recognizing the set look of resolve she remembered from the fatal day on which he had left her to go and right himself with Jasper.

He went to the window, while she watched him anxiously, and cast a glance up and down the track. Then he dropped restlessly into a seat, and fixed his eyes dejectedly on the carpet. She took a seat opposite him; when he glanced up she was shocked by his haggard and desperate face. Again she saw in it that look of a man whose fight is done.

"I 've got to stop this," he said briefly.

"What, James?"

"The whole of it. Have things been going so well with us for the last six months that I need say? You know what 's happened?"

She nodded, with her eyes intent upon him.

"She 's gone; Jasper 's with her; I 've

failed. That 's the end of it. I say I 've got to stop it."

"Oh, I shall be glad — glad!" she whispered, trying to trust him because she had learned that lesson, but inwardly filled with anguishing doubt.

"I 've been a fool. Since Jasper paid us his visit at Mineral Springs I 've known that; you showed it to me; and instead of owning up on the spot, and doing what was left to redeem you and me from the consequences of my folly, I 've been blundering on since, trying to deny it to myself, and trying hard to believe that I could invent some new way to whip the devil around the stump, and avoid what I — what I did n't want to do," he ended huskily. "It would have worked if it had only been a question of myself or you: I dare say I could have found obstinacy, and pride, and reckless selfishness enough for that." He sighed. "But Philip makes all the difference."

"Yes," said Margaret, still in a whisper.

"Even with him, I thought I could help him to dodge the penalty; I thought I could hoax, or blind, or buy off fate in his case. But Jasper has got in his blow in return already; the infernal business of give and take has begun. The boy has got to repeat my experience, unless — unless — he 's paid; he 's restored; it makes no difference. There is a sore underneath. We must cure that first. My fault is so hopelessly mixed up with his that nothing he can do can really help him. It 's I who have to do."

"But what, James?" cried Margaret, in an alarm she could no longer hide. "But what?"

He returned her frightened look with a tender one. "Jasper's suit against me comes on to-morrow."

"Yes," she assented breathlessly.

"If it is decided in my favor the fight merely shifts; it does n't end. If it is decided against me, am I likely to bear it well? Do you think I could resist striking back? That is the way it has been with me; that is the way it *will* be with me. It 's endless. Ah, Margaret, we know that, don't we? Resistance can't stop it; it piles it up. And if that is true for us, how much more it will be true for Philip! The fight must be between brothers, there, with none of the habit of forbearance on either side that makes certain things impossible between father and son. I can't see him marching helplessly into that miserable maze, and involving an innocent girl as I involved you and him. I can't. I 've got to stop it."

"But how? Fighting only makes it worse. You say so yourself," she said tentatively.

He stared into her eyes a moment.

"I 'm not going to fight," he said. He drew a long breath as he rose. She got up and came to him, and, slipping her arm in his, looked up into his face. He glanced down at her; his eyes gleamed with the exaltation of his resolve. "I 'm going to surrender."

A joyous light dawned in her eyes.

"Do you mean that you will give him back the ranch — that you will restore everything as it was before — before —"

"Before I took what belonged to me? Yes, Margaret; I 'm going to try your remedy, whatever you like to call it. I 've used up all my own. Don't think I like it. I loathe it. But I 'm going to do it. I shall sell the 'Lady Bountiful' as soon as spring opens, and buy the range back from Snell at once. It will be easy enough; this bluffing suit of Jasper's frightens him, though his title is perfectly good; and I shall let Jasper know immediately — before the trial."

"O James!" she murmured, clutching his arm, and looking up into his face, lovingly, admiringly, happily.

"Don't praise it, Margaret," he cried, turning hastily away from her shining look, as from something to which he had no claim, "or I sha'n't have the heart to do it. And God knows I don't want to do it." He walked away from her to the window, and went on, with his back to her: "It 's right; you need n't say it; I know it. It 's right, and it 's the only thing to do, just as it was the only thing to do in the beginning. I see the folly and error of fighting evil with evil, fast enough, if that 's what you want me to see: the way to conquer it is to yield to it, to give it more than it asks." He turned toward her with his hands in his pockets. "The mistaken way is to strike back, and to that mistake there is no end. I 've learned that. But it 's hard, and if I knew a decent way to dodge it I should n't be a hero about it. Don't imagine it."

For answer to this she simply put her arms about his neck, and drew his lips to hers.

"You are hero enough for me," she said.

XXXIV.

DOROTHY drew back a pace as her father came up to her on the piazza, while Jasper walked away in the other direction. Maurice was smiling, and wiping his brow with one hand; in the other he held his parson's wide-awake.

"It 's warm walking," he said. "Who was it who just left you? I thought his back looked like Jasper's."

"It *was* Mr. Deed," she said, trying to find her voice.

"Ah, well, he will be coming back, then. But I 'm sorry you did not keep him."

"He is not coming back," said Dorothy, in

the same still, controlled voice. "I want to ask you something, father," she added, with an effort.

He looked at her inquiringly.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" He turned half about, pursuing Jasper's retreating figure absently. "I 'm sorry you did not keep him," he said.

"Listen, father." She laid a hand on his arm, and he looked around at her, surprised by her tone. "Did you borrow a large sum from him — from this Mr. Deed?"

He started.

"He has been telling you that?" cried he.

She went on, intent upon her purpose. "Is it true?"

He bit his lip. "Yes; it 's true."

"And did you make Philip take his brother's mine to pay that debt for you, when — when —"

He gazed at her sternly; he seized her wrist.

"What is the matter with you, Dorothy? Are you mad? Don't let one of your impulsive ideas get the better of you. They make you absurd; they are very young."

"Is it true?" she repeated in a dry, estranged voice.

"No," returned he, doggedly; "of course it is n't true."

"But you took the money from him to pay *him?*"

He released his hold on her wrist, and shuffled his hands into his pockets. He shrugged his shoulders.

She stared at him irresolutely. "Will you answer me, father?" A cold terror crept about her heart. "Did you?"

He forced his vagrant eye to face her. "Excuse me, Dorothy. There are matters which I have always reserved to myself. They are not a part of your province. Please understand that this is one of them."

She put this away with a gesture. "Answer me, please, father," she said coldly. "Did you?"

"Yes; if you must know," he jerked out at last. "But —"

Her face grew very white and rigid. "That is all I want to know," she said. She clutched the work in her hands against her breast, and went quickly past him, and into the hotel.

She rose early the next morning, and taking her breakfast in her room, to avoid meeting her father (it had to come, but she did not feel strong enough for it yet), she walked out in the early morning sunshine to the Garden of the Gods. As she went through the splendid gateway, the two towering masses of rock caught up her thought to the level of their lonely summits; they seemed to swim up there in the air, in the isolation of a serene and immemorial past; they made human troubles appear small and fleeting. She walked on, finding a kind of medicine in the sweet, stimulating air and the bright sunshine.

In the first moments of her humiliation she had thought that she must seek refuge from her father somewhere, and Margaret had occurred to her as a resource. Her shame for him and for herself seemed in the beginning a feeling she could never face by his side. Their life together was too close to leave an opening for compromise; if she was to remain with him she knew that it must be as his daughter, with all that the word had meant for her since her mother's death; and she did not see how that could be; it implied a perfect trust and understanding between them which no longer existed. But she had seen immediately that she could not go away from him even for the moment; her permanent feeling of loyalty, which she had never allowed to falter, would not suffer it; if she could find it in her heart to leave him upon one impulse, she saw that she must straightway return to him upon another. The protecting, almost motherly, instinct which had taught her the thousand cares for his happiness that had so long compassed him about would not let her forego her place by his side. Her eyes were opened (even if they were not so widely opened as she supposed), and she seemed to be seeing her father through a new and loathly medium, which distorted all that she had trusted and loved in him; but the love and trust were actually stronger than all newer feelings. She saw this almost at first, and afterward it was borne in upon her: she took strength from the belief to face the prospect of the days lived by his side, which seemed now to stretch in a dismal procession far into an unlovely future.

She had thought of going to Margaret at first, as I have said, but that resort presented difficulties, even if she had been resolved to go somewhere, or to some one. She could not tell her about her father; and if she could, she was not sure that Margaret, with all her fineness of perception in certain directions, would understand.

No, it was not Margaret for whom something in her seemed to cry out. She felt bruised, disheartened, disillusioned; she longed to lean on a different kind of strength. She perceived, in a moment, that she was thinking of Philip; and the moment after faced the fact, with all its consequences, without disquiet. She saw him suddenly as her only refuge, and rejoiced, after a tremulous thought, in seeing him so.

His blundering force — not sharpened to a point, like his brother's, but so sure, large, restful — seemed to her, as her heart went out to him in the exile to which she had condemned him, the most excellent thing in the world. She

wondered where he was; she had said that she would see him; he would have come back with his father to Maverick. But when he found her gone, which way would he turn? The thought came to her that he would fancy she had fled from Maverick, of her own motion, to avoid the consequences of her rash yielding to his father's entreaty. It was suddenly intolerable to her that he should think that, and she thought she would walk on through the Garden of the Gods to Manitou, and send a telegram to Beatrice at Maverick to say where she was; she had promised her that much, and had not kept her promise because her father, for his own reasons, had asked her not to.

The unquestioning obedience which had gone with her unquestioning trust was broken down by her new vision of her father, and the knowledge that he would not wish a thing was not the final hindrance it had seemed yesterday. She quickened her pace, believing for a moment that her strong desire that Philip should not think what she fancied him thinking alone controlled her; but the need for him — the need for his strength, his unconscious manliness, for that open-air quality in him which seemed to annul difficulties and anxieties, for his wholesomeness and genuineness — came over her in an irresistible flood. And when she had recognized this, she did not deny its meaning to herself in any way; she knew that it was he whom she wished; and not for any other reason than for one obvious and sufficient one.

She had imagined, altogether afresh, while she lay awake during the night, the persuading causes which had led him to the act that had separated them, and saw her father in them all. In her passionate wish to exculpate Philip she perhaps implicated her father, in fancy, more deeply than she could have alleged any solid warrant for. But, indeed, in the strenuous swing to the opposite point of view which had been operated within her with the swiftness and certainty of her woman's processes, she now found it as abundantly easy to discover excuses for him as she had before found it abundantly hard. And the knowledge that her father had injured him in injuring her was not the reason it should have been for wishing that she might never have to face him again. On the contrary.

The rattle of a horse's hoofs echoed behind her on the hard road along which she was walking, and she turned and saw Philip coming toward her. He reined in his horse as he came near. Her limbs trembled under her, and she experienced an inconsequent impulse to flight; but she walked on until his voice behind her brought her to a halt, and she forced herself to turn and look toward him. He raised his sombrero as he drew in his animal by her side, and with the same motion threw himself off, and stood beside her. He put out his hand silently, and she slipped hers into his waiting clasp, shyly and limply at first, and then, as her little hand was swallowed up in the embrace of his big one, and she felt him bending over her inquiringly, anxiously, tenderly, she surrendered it to him wholly, giving back his firm grip with her own quick, warm, vigorous clasp. Then she looked up at him, and read the suffering through which she had caused him to pass in the drawn lines of his strong, browned, honest face.

"Your father told me I should find you here," he said.

"Yes," she answered, dropping her eyes.

"You are not angry with me for coming?"

She glanced up at him again, her eyes filling perilously, helplessly. In that flashing gaze he saw himself forgiven and blessed. He took her in his arms.

"But you must tell me something first," she said, some moments later, when they had settled everything.

"How much I love you?" He shook his head, with a smile. "I can't."

"No, no; this is something serious."

"Ah!" returned he, prolonging the intonation.

"Oh, you know what I mean," she cried, answering the laughing look in his eyes. "This is a different kind of seriousness. I want to ask you something."

"Well?" inquired he, trying to be as sober as the occasion appeared to demand.

"How much did my father have to do with — with what you did?"

It was a dangerous moment. He temporized, as was his habit. "How — your father?" he asked. "I don't understand, Dorothy."

"Oh, yes, you do. I know that he had something to do with it. He has owned that to me. It is shameful; but I must ask you. I can't let you go on, I can't go on myself, not knowing what his actual share was in — in what you did."

"But you have forgiven me. What difference can anything else make?"

"Does it make no difference if he really did what I have been accusing you of — and did it without even the courage to do it for himself? Does it make no difference if he did it, in fact, and chose you — *you*, Philip — to do it for him — that it 's his wrong, and that he 's let me make you suffer for it? No; if that 's true, we have wronged you too deeply. I could n't —"

"Don't say it, Dorothy! You are mad. The wrong, whatever it was, was all mine."

"My father profited by it. You found a large sum for him. I know that. How can I know that he did not instigate it?" she asked desperately.

He did not answer for a moment. He felt himself halted. For a single instant he felt a kind of impatience stealing upon his easy-going nature; but surely he could grant her this last barrier against full and actual surrender, this little withholding of herself from him. She doubtless took it for a sincere objection. The reflection lent him a patience which taught him a defense stronger in its weakness than any other could have been in its strength. "Rubbish, Dorothy!" he said; "rubbish! No one had anything to do with what I did except myself — unless it was some devil in me. Your father was entirely outside of the matter, and the money you are thinking of was paid back to Jasper long ago."

"Oh, was it? I am so glad."

"Well, I was glad to pay it," he rejoined soberly. He heaved a deep sigh of relief as she turned away, and forgave himself for so much of untruth as there was in his statement about her father's complicity as he caught sight of the glad smile on her face, and remembered how hard it would be to say exactly what the truth was about that. He knew that she could not always rest content with this; but for the moment it served, and if it came to another moment he hoped to be strong enough for it.

"He must pay you," she said.

"Who?"

"Papa. It is his debt — doubly his."

"Of course," assented Philip, unfalteringly, turning the sharp corner with the quick command of resource which this conversation was teaching him. "I have his notes; he is to pay me interest on them, and take them up as fast as he has the money." He said this without smiling, though a humorous memory of a long list of such arrangements made by himself on his own behalf mingled in his mind with the absurdity of the idea that Maurice would redeem his obligations. "It is simply transferring a debt from a hard creditor to an easy one," he said.

She wondered if he did not see how this, which looked so innocent in his phrase, had involved her, how the transaction had simply used her, how she had been bandied about in it by her father like a negotiable security. She did not blame Philip for his share in it; she felt sure — too sure — of the absolute generosity of his motives; but she turned scarlet with a new sense of shame for her father.

"And you will let him pay you?"

His candid, good-natured eyes did not quail, as she clung to him, studying his face.

"Let him! I 'll sue him, if you like," retorted he, fondly. And it occurred to him that this might not be from every point of view an event without its rewards. The talk which he had had with Maurice before coming on to her had made several things plain to him; none of them increased his fondness for Maurice.

Dorothy had to laugh. "You need n't do that," she said. They turned their faces toward Colorado Springs, and walked on through the rock-strewn park — as empty at this hour as that other park in which they had lately parted so definitely, so finally. They found a number of things to say to each other which it would not be fair to repeat. Philip led his horse with his arm through the bridle, and Dorothy retraced by his side the steps she had lately taken alone.

The shining of the sun had seemed very good to her a few moments before; but it was a dull radiance compared to that which fell upon them as they walked together — walking, as she felt, into a new life, into an unexplored but happy future, into a future made up out of the most airy but the most substantial materials, a future guided and guarded by love.

She told him that she knew she could not guess how she had made him suffer; but if anything could teach her, it would be her own suffering in giving him that pain. It was foolish to talk of that; but how were they to be properly happy if they did not let themselves remember a time when they had n't been?

But they were, in fact, too happy in having found each other again by any means to study very minutely the process by which they had rediscovered that they were necessary to each other. Only Philip must sometimes say, for mere uneasiness in his restoration to her trust:

"You 'd better say again that you forgive me. Or perhaps you 'd better say you don't. If you say you do, it makes me happy, of course; but that is n't the point. You 'd better harden your heart for your own sake."

She merely smiled at him.

"Dorothy," he went on more seriously, "I 'm really all that you thought me. Your pardon is heaven to me; one must have known the other thing to know the sweetness of your trust; but I must n't abuse it. I did exactly what you said. I took the 'Little Cipher' from Jasper, knowing it to be his by all the laws that make right right and wrong wrong for men anywhere; and I saw long ago how it was all you said, and more than you said, touching you and me and our love. You 'd better take back your forgiveness."

She shook her head. "I can't take back what I never gave. If I were to forgive you, I should have to judge first; and" — with a little lift of her eyes — "I can't judge you, Philip, any more." And then, in a moment, to turn him from this difficult subject, "How did you leave your father?" she asked.

"Ah, it 's to *him* I owe you!" he cried. "He never said it; he merely brought me your message. But I know it well enough. It 's from him you 've taken a picturesque ver-

sion of the facts which enables you to think well of me. If you had known him, Dorothy, you would have been on your guard; you would have understood that he never sees quite straight; he sees too heartily, too warmly, and too hot-headedly to be a safe witness — especially where he cares. He cares so much — that splendid, downright father of mine!"

"Oh, he 's good! I have been so sorry for him. It was being sorry for him that first helped me to be a little sorry for you, you know."

"Yes, I know," he answered vaguely to her roguish smile, rather than to her words (it is difficult to confine one's replies altogether to the theme of actual discourse in these situations; there are interruptions). He added in a moment, "You could n't have minded about me for any one else's sake so safely. It is always safe to do a thing because you like father."

"Oh, I don't know for whose sake I sent that message," she declared ambiguously. She flashed a look at him, and challenged his smile with, "I did n't say it was for yours."

"No," laughed Philip.

"No; I think it was for my own," she assured herself. "I wanted to make sure that I had been right."

She joined in his smile. "Well, you 're sure now," he said.

"Am I? But now you see I don't know whether I am right to be sure." They could laugh at anything, and they laughed at this.

"That you were wrong?" queried he. "No; I should n't like you to be sure of that. You were altogether in the right, Dorothy," he told her more seriously. "Your only mistake is in pardoning me. Take it back while there is time."

"I 'll see about it," rejoined she, with a baffling glance at him which temporarily put an end to the discussion. "But how did you find us? How did you know where we were?" she asked suddenly, as she disengaged herself. This simple question had not occurred to either of them hitherto.

"Why, I did n't find you exactly; I partly stumbled on you. But the finding, such as it was, is Vertner's. His acquaintance with the whole fraternity of railway conductors was a blessing for once. One of them remembered that you had traveled with him this far. After that I had to hunt you up, or rather your father, and he sent me on."

"It was n't fair of the conductor to tell," she remarked.

"No," said Philip, with equal seriousness; "that 's what I thought."

Nonsense like this floated on the current of their mood, and they welcomed it as a defense against more serious things. There was so much to be said between them that by a common impulse they avoided trying to say any of it, except as they said it in the interchange of silent glances. They seemed to themselves to have plenty of time before them; they best realized their happiness for the moment through a sense of the leisure which allowed them to feel that they could play with it.

Long silences fell between them, and they would walk on, hearing no sound but their own footsteps, and those of the horse following them; and at these times they let the sunshine, the gay, brisk, bright morning, which seemed made for them, and the massive beauty of the park, express their bliss for them in their various voices. But they had to talk, too, and they spoke a good deal, in a fragmentary, unserious way, of their future; they speculated luxuriously about it, they made and unmade plans, they warned each other affectionately that neither must build too much on the virtue and solidity of the other's character in scheming this life together. But they said they would be constant, and that must be their sure armor against all doubts and differences — the certainty that they were all in all to each other. They owned soberly the differences of character existing between them, but they agreed that it was largely these which had drawn them together, and they promised each other to respect them always, if for no other reason; they said that they should rejoice in them.

Philip told her that he should not even be jealous of her having all the sense in the family; every one had been telling him, since he had been old enough to make mistakes, that what he needed was a "balance-wheel"; he should have one now, and nothing could be more useless than a balance-wheel that kept quiet. He said he should be rid, now, of the left-handed compliment that he had excellent "works," but no contrivance for keeping them in running order, and making them perform their functions. It appeared that their functions would be brilliant, if the lack were supplied. Now they should see! If they were n't, it would be her fault.

"Oh, I sha'n't be strict with you, if that 's what you are hoping for," she declared; "I 've had enough of that."

"But I have n't. It 's the only thing for me. I shall never be of any use without it. And you must remember I 've got to earn our living. When you see that, perhaps sternness will come easier to you."

"I don't know. Shall I never have a holiday?"

"Well, you 'll have to spend a good deal of your time forgiving me for the daily assortment of folly and recklessness. You might lie off for that."

"Ah, that 's all very well. But, as Mr. Vertner says, 'Where do I come in?'"

"Dear old Vertner!" exclaimed Philip, in the overflow of his liking for the world. "What a first-rate, unprincipled, warm-hearted, loyal good fellow he is! He would n't like your not coming in handsomely. But where don't you come in? I don't see but you 've got your work cut out for you."

"My work, yes; but my pleasure — how about that? If I 'm to spend all my time correcting your faults, how shall I ever find a moment to enjoy them?"

"Enjoy them?"

"Well, of course I like them. How should I like you if I did n't?"

"Yes," admitted Philip, meditatively; "they do cover most of the territory in sight."

She laid a silencing hand on his lips. "Hush!" she said. "It is I who am all faults. You will find it all you can do to get along with me."

He stopped short in the road along which they were going, and took her in his arms. He looked down into her face for a long moment tenderly.

"I 'll risk it," he said.

XXXV.

"WELL, that 's over!" exclaimed Vertner, one afternoon a month later, as he opened the door of their house for his wife, and followed her in. "I must say I don't feel like coming back home and settling down to the old humdrum routine after an event like this. Can't we have some champagne?"

"In the middle of the afternoon?"

"No; I suppose not. But I feel the need of some excitement. Perhaps we have reached the climax, though. They looked very happy going away, did n't they?"

Beatrice seated herself provisionally in her wedding finery, stooping first to pick up one of Edward's toys from the floor. They had drifted into the room in which Margaret had borne to see Deed go from her in anger on another wedding-day. The iron pyrites still winked from the what-not; the Navajo blanket continued to do duty as a portière; the rag carpet was on the floor; the stained-glass window, through which the sun was shining at the moment, continued to take itself without seriousness.

"Yes," said Beatrice, smoothing her silk thoughtfully with long, ruminating fingers; "they did look very happy going away. But do you suppose they will be able to keep it up?"

Vertner hovered restlessly about, without sitting down. "What makes you think they won't?" he asked.

"I did n't say they would n't. I was only wondering."

Vertner sighed, and gave an absent touch to the lavender tie of festal effect which he had worn in honor of the occasion.

"It 's a large field for speculation — any marriage," he said. "Perhaps this is a little extra large. But, then, they 're both extra nice. I guess it will go."

"You would n't say that —" began Beatrice, doubtfully.

"Yes, I would. There are a lot of things of that kind that I could say; but there are answers to all of them. Yes," he repeated meditatively, after a moment, "all of them. You see they are interested in each other. They won't get tired of each other's conversation right away; and by the time they begin to — well, I should n't wonder if Dorothy were a little older."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Vertner, as if she had been surprised in a covert thought; "do you think that, too, Ned?"

"I *have* thought it; but only at moments. In the other moments —"

"Well?"

"I 've thought that Phil might be something of a trial to a woman at any age."

"I don't believe you think any such thing," declared his wife, promptly. "Why, there 's something almost likable even about his faults."

"Yes. Have you noticed that is what every one says? I say it myself, and I stick to it. But has n't it occurred to you that in some situations — like a wife's, for example — a man's faults can't be the perennial joy that they are to an impartial outsider like you, who does n't have to breakfast with them?"

"Oh, I know, Ned. But Philip is so good."

"Ah, now you 've hit it! He 's a good fellow: that 's exactly what he is — the best. And if his need to be a good fellow sometimes makes him a good fellow at some one else's expense, why that 's only what you mean by his faults being likable. If he has the sense to avoid being some time or other a good fellow at his wife's expense, — or what she will think her expense: that 's the real trouble, — I don't see why she should n't continue to admire him for the manly and charming fellow he is, to the end of the chapter. She starts in with one great advantage: she is acquainted with him."

"And with another," added the practical Beatrice: "that they are not to live with her father."

"Yes; that 's almost the pleasantest thing about the marriage — that it sets her free of her father." He seated himself in the chair before the fire, where he sat in the evenings to read the Denver papers; and, after piling on a couple of logs, stretched out his feet cozily to the

crackling blaze. "I don't see any harm in his new field of labor being $60 or $70 to the eastward. I should n't be sorry to see the fare raised — if I could always be sure of a pass. I believe you 'll see great changes in her: she will be just as nice, but differently nice. Come to think of it, she will *have* to be rather nice to be really worthy of Phil. That little piece of business of his at Piñon just before his father found him, and he went down to Colorado Springs to look her up, is the kind of thing that might help a woman to like him exclusively for his virtues — if she knew about it."

"You mean his selling the 'Pay Ore' to pay Jasper back $5000 when he found that those Ryan people had opened a paying vein in his own mine? Yes; that was strong in him."

"Strong! Well, if you 'd ever opened a true fissure vein that showed all the symptoms of making an income of $3000 a month for you, for four or five years to come, and had sold your claim to raise ready money, you would think it strong. It 's the sort of thing to make any one who ever owned a mine think Phil about right. When I remember that, I have to believe that if they are not happy, it will be her fault. Think of the rascal never having told her about it!"

"Oh, I should n't wonder if she had a good many things to learn."

"About her father, yes. But she 'll never learn them from him. And Maurice's being so far away will prevent the question from coming up, I hope, for her sake. Talk about aproposity," — this was one of Vertner's words, — "what do you say to Maurice's finding that position in New York? I always said he had a manner. Now he 's found a place where he can use it. To be assistant rector of a fashionable city congregation, where the people demand a certain distinction, and don't haggle too much about the salary they give for it, or the sincerity they get back for it, is a position in which Maurice can't help shining if he tries. A place like that, where too much earnestness would imply a criticism on the congregation, and be in a man's way, would have been a great thing for him if it had come to him younger; he might never have found himself out. And even as it is (if he can keep the place — if this story does n't rise to plague him), imagine his parish visits! He will raise them to the dignity of a career. And how he *will* manage the music!"

"I don't care," said Beatrice, coming over and standing near him by the fire, with her elbow on the mantel; "I 'm sorry for him. Did you see him this afternoon, after the service, when Dorothy said good-by to him in the vestry? He really cares for her; I shall always say that for him."

"Oh, don't tell me that he has his good points," retorted Vertner, rising. "I 'm his consistent admirer. Have n't I praised him since the first day I saw him? I hope I know what is due to an editor who has had the discretion to relieve me of an inconvenient reputation, and does n't mind leaving his money in the business."

"I wish you 'd give up that wretched paper, Ned."

"Why, the Salvation Army people were around yesterday suggesting that very idea. I think I will.'

"Yes; I suppose they are afraid of its influence," said Beatrice.

Her husband stared at her for a moment; then he snatched her down upon his knee with a howl of delight.

"Yes; that 's it," he agreed. "They are frightened at the way I 'm spreading churchly ideas among my two hundred and thirty-four subscribers. They want to buy me off."

"No, but seriously, Ned?"

"Well, they want a paper of their own, under another name, and they see that the 'Kalendar' has the plant and all that ready for them. They heard that I knew when I had had enough, and they made me an offer."

"And you've accepted it?"

"Yes, at a loss of a hundred thousand dollars."

"Absurd!"

"Did n't I expect to make that out of the paper when I started in?"

"I suppose so," admitted Beatrice, with a smile.

"Well, then," challenged her husband. "And that is n't the only thing I've lost, either. I've lost my confidence in human nature. I supposed you could *give* people anything."

"And can't you?"

"Not the 'Kalendar,' with the Rev. George Maurice as editor. Heigho! I was sorry Deed was so cold to him."

"Oh, I think he feels very sore about Mr. Maurice's connection with what Philip did — with that matter of Jasper's mine."

"Don't call it Jasper's mine, please, Trix."

"But what shall I call it? It *is* his mine, is n't it?"

"Well, it 's become so — by a fluke; but it is n't ladylike to press the point."

He regarded her with a quizzical smile, and Beatrice burst into a little rejoicing laugh. "You are trying to set me a standard for Dorothy's behavior, I think," she said.

"If she falls below the standard I shall punish you for it. I don't mind letting you know that. Well, I don't care," he declared warmly, after a moment; "it would be mean to take a man back, and forgive him handsomely, and

persuade him that there was a new deal, and then to twit him at appropriate moments about the old hand, in the face of it."

"Of course it would," assented Beatrice, with equal warmth; "but Dorothy is n't like that."

"No," returned Vertner, reflectively; "women are, but probably Dorothy is n't. It 's really a kind of generosity that has made her hard with him, when you come to think of it. I should n't wonder if she knew how to be at least as generous in forgiving as in condemning. I guess we can trust her. But it would be a temptation for some women — living next door to the object of discussion."

"Yes, yes, Ned; but you will see. To Dorothy that mine in sight from her door will be like a sacred pledge — a guarantee, if you can think she needs one. His having done that — his having sold the mine to meet that debt to Jasper, and then having taken the position of superintendent in his own mine under the new owners —"

"Yes; it does rather force her to cast a benevolent eye on the 'Little Cipher' as a part of the view from their cabin window. But it will make it embarrassing for Jasper if he should want to look after the 'Little Cipher' himself when the Ryans' lease is up, won't it?"

"Oh, Jasper!" exclaimed Beatrice, impatiently; "I don't care about Jasper!" She drew off her long white wedding-gloves, and, rising from his knee, began slowly to smooth them out upon the mantel.

"Ah!" exclaimed her husband from the window, "that 's the limitation of your sex — your not caring about Jasper. You have to like people to be interested in them. Where 's your miscellaneous human interest?" he asked, turning upon her.

"It is n't centered in Jasper," replied Beatrice, with a smile.

"Do you mean to say that the spectacle of that successful young man's first defeat does n't move you?"

"Oh, I enjoyed *that* on Mr. Deed's account."

"I should hope you did! If I were Deed, and had a friend who did n't enjoy that up to the hilt, I 'd disown him. It was sublime."

"It was effective," admitted Beatrice.

"Effective? It was a ten-strike. It bowled Jasper out. And it was the only thing that could have done it. At a casual glance — that is to say, at a fool glance — it looks weak. When you come to your senses you see how weak it was. If I had enough of that sort of weakness, I 'd take a contract to twist the earth backward."

"You need n't do that, Ned, to prove that Mr. Deed did the best and bravest thing. I 'm ready enough to admit that anything that humiliates Jasper as much as that must have a good deal of some kind of force."

"Ah, yes," cried Vertner, in sober joy; "it did weary him, did n't it? Taken with Dorothy's dismissal, it seems as if it might also save you the trouble of disliking him. My word for it, he is disliking himself."

"And yet he has the ranch back; he is to have it under his sole charge for the rest of the partnership term; he has all that he has claimed."

"Yes, yes," assented Vertner, heartily, with emphatic nods of his small, shrewd, blond head; "that 's just the pesky part of it. He was safe against every chance but that; and if it had happened to be anybody but Deed, he would have been safer against that chance than any. But it did happen to be Deed, you see. Jasper had a perfect position. The incalculable has happened, and left him with no position at all. It makes the poor fellow feel foolish."

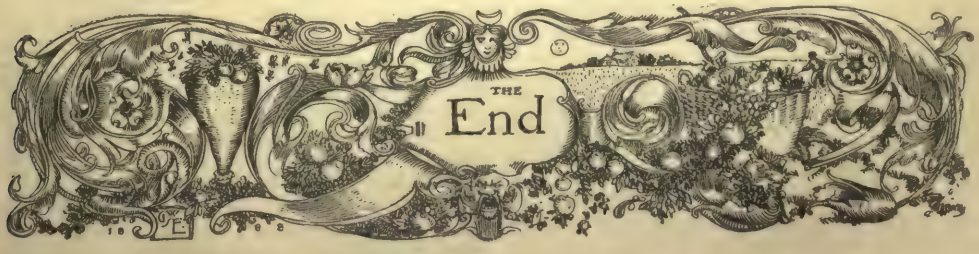
"But I don't believe that was Mr. Deed's object."

"No; and that 's the other pretty and excellent point about it. He has accomplished exactly what he has been after from the beginning, by giving it up and turning his back on it."

"Yes; I suppose he has won, as we should say. But now he does n't seem to care. He seems to have got past that."

"Ah," cried Vertner, as he seated himself in his chair before the fire, and held out his hands contentedly to the blaze, "that *is* winning. It 's a good thing to win. But I should n't wonder if the best thing was not to need to win."

Wolcott Balestier.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word or Two, By Your Leave!

WITH this number THE CENTURY completes a volume, and with November its twenty-fourth year will begin. The aims and accomplishments which give this magazine its individuality are so well known that it is hardly necessary to recall them to our readers. But with the march of the years new readers come forward and take the places of many of the old. To these, as well as to our old friends, we would now address a word or two, in pursuance of an old editorial custom.

THE CENTURY has always shown the courage of its opinions, and in the past year it has taken a firm stand editorially on some of the most exciting questions of our times. Eschewing narrow partizanship of every kind, it compliments its readers by the belief that they will respect the honest expression of opinion on matters touching our national life and national morals, even though these opinions may not be always acceptable.

It has been the avowed purpose of THE CENTURY to foster American literature and art, and to hold up a pure and workmanlike standard in both art and letters. It has kept in close touch with the new movement in both these lines, and has tried not only to minister to the instruction and entertainment of its readers, but to encourage and bring forward all that is best and most inspiring in the various arts — not only in the literary and plastic arts, but in those of architecture, landscape-gardening, etc. In addition to this, it has opened its pages to discussions by competent writers of great religious, educational, economic, and political questions.

One peculiar distinction of THE CENTURY has been the taking up of important matters, such as the Siberian exile system, in a thorough and influential manner; and the publication of important histories and biographies. THE CENTURY never had more numerous features of this kind in preparation than at the present moment. Some of these are announced in connection with the new year of the magazine. Others, upon which much work has been done during years past, are still in preparation, and will be announced later.

We would wish to speak especially of one feature of THE CENTURY'S new year which seems to us of great charm and value — namely, Mr. Cole's engravings of Old Dutch Masters. This is a work in which this distinguished artist is very deeply interested, and he himself thinks that he has achieved certain results here not fully attained in his remarkable series of Old Italian Masters. In such engravings as these, made part of a "popular magazine," the world's best art is indeed "popularized" in the best sense; that is, brought promptly and effectively, by means of the most artful and sympathetic translation, into the homes and hearts of great numbers of the people. It should be a satisfaction to remember that it is American wood-engraving, paper-making, and printing which have made this possible.

Do not Miss the World's Fair!

SOME weeks still remain in which those who have not seen the World's Fair may yet enjoy that never-to-be-renewed privilege. In the general astonishment at the beauty of the housing of the exhibition, perhaps not enough has been said concerning the contents. That these are well worthy the attention of the student of every or any department of human enterprise, goes without the saying, — though in some departments much more than in others the truly instructional method has been observed; as, for instance, in transportation, piano-making, and the archæological and anthropological exhibits under the charge of Professor Putnam. In respect to this last-named feature of the Exposition, while circumstances rendered it impossible to make the ordered display early in the summer, it has finally assumed proportions of the most dignified character; and very properly — considering the occasion — has become doubtless the most thorough exhibition of the history and condition of the native races of America ever brought together. Indeed no great "group" of exhibits at the Fair is more impressive than that of the Columbus caravels, — floating near the delightfully reproduced Convent of Rábida, and near also to the dwellings of the living aborigines, as well as the relics of their ancestors.

It still remains true that the greatest feature of the Exhibition is the architecture and the landscape-gardening, — including in these all their sculptured and painted decorations and adjuncts. In these the deepest pleasure and the deepest instruction are to be found, as well as the largest and longest benefit to the country.

If the visitor can only be a single day at the Fair, or a single night, it is worth any sacrifice to enjoy this alone. And if it were to be a question between the daytime or the illumination at night, we would advise the latter; for surely no eyes now opened on this world are likely ever again to behold any sight so nobly beautiful.

A True Friend of the American Working-man.

IT is with a peculiar sense of personal grief and loss that THE CENTURY pays a tribute of affection and high esteem to the memory of Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who died in July last. The crowning work of his life, the establishing and building up of the New York Trade Schools, was one which from the outset enlisted the warm sympathy of this magazine, as expressed by repeated contributions on the subject — one of them from his own pen — which have been published by us from time to time during the past ten years. In fact, we think we can say now without impropriety what his modesty would not have permitted us to say while he lived, that the series of articles which have appeared during the present year in this department of the magazine, on the subject of American boys and American labor, owed their inspiration entirely to him. The facts therein set forth were drawn in large measure from records and documents which he had collected and preserved, and the proof-sheets of the articles were carefully read and revised by him. Almost the last work of his life was the writing of a kind of brief for a

closing article of the series, which he wished to have take the form of an appeal for the establishing of trade schools in various parts of the country.

It would be impossible to exaggerate his devotion to this cause. From the time when he first took it up, soon after closing a career of honorable service in our civil war, down to the final hours of his life, it absorbed all his time and thought, and his zeal in its prosecution became steadily more intense and exalted. He gave his life to the cause, with the deep conviction that he was grappling with an evil that threatened the welfare of the nation, and he fought for it with an indomitable will that was equaled by nothing save his modesty. There was never any public disturbance about what he was doing. He founded his trade schools, taking liberally from his private fortune in doing so, and had them firmly established before the general public knew anything whatever about them. In the course of time, a personal friend, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who had been quietly observing the good work so modestly going forward, endowed the schools with a munificent gift of a half-million dollars, placing them forever beyond the experimental stage, and giving to their noble founder assurance that the work of his life had not been undertaken in vain.

We shall give in the closing article of our labor series such an account of these trade schools that it is not necessary to go into more detailed mention of them at this time. We prefer to dwell now upon Colonel Auchmuty's personal relations to them. These were always those of a fond father for his children. He was never weary of talking of his "lads," as he called the pupils, of showing photographs of his graduates, and of tracing their careers in the world. He was firmly of the opinion that the American people needed only to be informed of the facts about the condition of the American labor field, as we have set them forth, in order to realize both the injustice involved toward our own sons and the grave peril to us as a nation. He was equally convinced that once they had realized these things, the people would see to it that the remedy was supplied.

His patriotism, as pure as it was deep, was at all times inexhaustible and unmistakable. He was, in the fullest and best sense of the term, an American. He was the model citizen, embodying more perfectly than almost any other man of his time what Mr. James Bryce has aptly called the "home side of patriotism," the "sober and quiet sense of what a man owes to the community into which he is born, and which he helps to govern." His heart beat warm and strong for his country, and especially for the youth of his country; to see them growing up in idleness, and thus going directly and surely to crime, gave him as keen a sense of pain as a father would feel over the errors and misdeeds of a worthless son. In the last year or more of his life, when he was suffering unceasing and torturing pain, sitting practically helpless in his home, his mind was always on his beloved schools and their future, and his chief solace in his anguish, expressed over and over again, was that he had been shown before he died that the schools were so well organized and so firmly established that they would continue and would flourish after he had gone.

Surely a life like this, so modest, so gentle, so noble, so full of beneficence for all the people, is a national legacy of priceless value. In a time, too, much given over to strident patriotism of a demagogic and pernicious character, this record of the unostentatious but powerful and far-reaching work of a simple, generous gentleman comes like a benediction. It ought to be more than this. It ought so to arouse patriotic instincts that in every part of the land American citizens will imitate the example of Mr. Morgan, and make the trade schools of New York the models for a national system of similar institutions.

Substitutes for the Extinct Apprentice System.

We have endeavored to show in previous articles of this series that American boys are no longer learning useful trades, for reasons which it is not necessary to recapitulate here; that while American boys are growing up in idleness, and are filling our prisons, American trades are controlled by foreigners whose sympathies are not with American institutions and customs, and whose influence upon American society is in the direction of turbulence and even anarchy.

This being the situation,—and we are confident that the evidence we have adduced in support of our contention proves it to be as we have stated it,—the pressing question is, What is the remedy? In this as in all other matters of national concern we shall find our surest and safest guides in the experience of the human race in other countries which have been called upon to solve similar problems.

It should be borne in mind that in this matter we are following in the footsteps of European nations. Prof. John D. Runkle, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who is one of the most zealous and intelligent advocates of industrial education in this country, says in one of his valuable reports on the subject:

> There is common testimony to the fact of the decay of the system of apprenticeship, and the causes, with only slight modifications, are the same the world over,—the conflict between labor and capital, the rapid introduction of machinery, and the changed conditions resulting in all the producing and manufacturing industries.

The same authority sustains the view that we have endeavored to establish of the results of the changed labor conditions, by saying:

> With the gradual and almost total extinction of apprenticeship, labor has become not only unskilled, and nearly dead to all sense of professional pride and ambition, but too often dishonest, demoralized, and brutal.

As to remedies, Prof. Runkle adds:

> The consequences are serious and far-reaching, and thoughtful persons everywhere are beginning to seek a remedy. As the system of apprenticeship was based upon a form of education, we naturally seek the remedy through the same agency.

It is through this agency that all the leading nations of Europe have found their remedy. They have been during the present century constantly increasing their number of technical schools, until at the present time nearly every country in Europe has a comprehensive scheme of industrial education, which ranges from the manual-training instruction of children up through apprentice and artisan schools to the high polytechnic or scientific institutions which take rank with the great

universities. Germany and France at one time outstripped England in this field, but England was quick to take alarm, and her magnificent guild schools in London are now the equal of any in the world. The late Dr. Charles O. Thompson, President of the Rose Polytechnic Institute, at Terre Haute, Indiana, who visited the European technical schools a few years ago and prepared for our National Bureau of Education a circular upon the subject, said of them:

> These schools are increasing in number in every European country. In the matter of attempting to provide some substitute for the extinct apprentice system, France clearly takes the lead. There are two distinct plans now in vogue: one to introduce manual instruction into the ordinary elementary schools; the other to erect apprenticeship schools, sometimes called superior elementary schools.

In 1873 there was only one school in France in which trade-teaching was combined with elementary instruction, but since 1882 manual and technical training have been included in the compulsory subjects of primary education. Many towns have apprenticeship and professional schools. The best of these are in Paris, that of the Boulevard de la Villette ranking with the finest in the world. No pupil is admitted to it until he is thirteen, and then only on certificate of elementary education. The course of instruction is for three years, half the time being devoted to schooling and half to practical work. The graduates at the age of sixteen rank as skilled workmen, earning wages as large as are paid to workmen who have spent a much longer time in the shops. There are excellent apprentice schools also at Lyons, Rouen, Rheims, Havre, and other towns, and a free national trade school at Châlons, whose graduates command at once nearly full journeymen's wages.

Germany has also a very superior system of technical education, the children of the country passing from the elementary schools to the technical or trade schools, and from there to the Polytechnica, or technical high schools, which rank with the great universities. In addition to these agencies, all the guilds, which are associations of master tradesmen, take apprentices, and are required by law to superintend their training, to give them time and opportunity for thorough instruction, to look out for their moral welfare, and to urge them to attend the technical schools for further instruction. These schools exist in all parts of the empire, some of them giving day and others evening instruction. Under such a system it is not surprising that Germany is able to add so liberally to the world's supply of skilled workmen.

The English race awoke to a realization of the full importance of technical education in 1851, when the world's fair in London showed them that they were far behind France and Germany in the mechanical arts. They went to work at once laying the foundation for a system of industrial education, with the result of overtaking if not surpassing Germany and France within a few years. The London guild schools are unsurpassed by any others in the world, and technical schools of the first rank are to be found in Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle, Sheffield, Dundee, Cardiff, Dublin, and other parts of the United Kingdom. Many manufacturers, as in France, have trade schools, established by themselves, in connection with their works, for the instruction of the sons of their employees. Still, so far as the number of technical students is concerned, England is far behind Germany, for her system is not compulsory and exists almost entirely without state aid. Switzerland, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, in fact all European countries, have systems of industrial education, which in many respects rank with those which we have described. In most of these countries they are numbered by hundreds and thousands, and scarcely a district can be found without one or more of them. In speaking of them as he witnessed their results displayed at the Paris Exposition, Mr. John W. Hoyt, the United States Commissioner, said:

> Of schools of this class we have few, if indeed any, in the United States. They have been an incalculable blessing in European countries; and though the character of the people and the condition of the arts are quite different here, it may, nevertheless, be well for the municipal authorities and benevolent persons of large means to consider whether numbers of the children now growing up in ignorance, pauperism, and crime could not, through this double agency of training in the rudiments of education and also in the processes of skilled labor, be both saved from ruin and made useful members of society.

In another part of his report, Mr. Hoyt said:

> As a means of improving the social condition of individuals and populations, by affording the means of profitable employment to thousands who would otherwise suffer from want, they [the schools] are hardly less interesting than as potent agencies for the advancement of a multitude of handicrafts, in the perfection of which the whole world is interested.

The nations which have developed these beneficent institutions have acted upon the idea that their children should not only be educated to some useful employment, but that it is of the first importance to a nation to develop to the highest degree the mechanical talent of its inhabitants. How far we as a nation are lagging behind the rest of the civilized world, and in what way we can overtake it, we shall discuss in the next article of this series.

OPEN LETTERS.

State Education of Frenchwomen.

THOUGH the leaders of the French Revolution favored the education of the people, irrespective of sex, the reform was never carried into effect. How little was done in the same direction by the Restoration may be judged from the single fact that a royal ordinance set aside just fifty thousand francs for primary instruction! It is not surprising, therefore, that when Louis Philippe came to the throne more than half of the male and over three quarters of the female working-class of France could not read. It was not till 1833 that Guizot succeeded in establishing state primary schools, and even then only for boys; and not till 1867 that French girls were treated, in this respect, with equal justice. Voltaire's remark is pat here: "*La France arrive tard à tout*," and the truth of Jules Simon's finally dawned on the nation: "Every time a woman is educated, a little school is founded."

To-day elementary instruction is rapidly on the increase among French girls. For instance, the latest report — that for 1887 — of the number of women who could sign their marriage certificates shows an advance of 1.7 per cent. in respect to the preceding year; 83 per cent. of them could affix their names. There were 117 more girls' schools in 1889–90 than in 1888–89, and 468 new teachers. In 1889, 97,910 girls applied for primary certificates, as against 100,269 for the following year — an increase of 2359; while 75,079 in the former and 79,313 in the latter year passed the examination and got the certificates — an increase of 4234. Furthermore, the scholarships accorded in 1892 in the superior primary classes show that in France, as is often the case elsewhere, girls stand higher than boys in school work. Thus, 2642 boys and 1476 girls competed: 1104 of the former and 693 of the latter passed; while 643 boys and 436 girls finally won scholarships. A somewhat similar result was reached in the competitive examination for the *agrégation* — a very high and difficult degree to obtain — in living languages. Between 1883 and 1887, 20 women competed and 12 passed, while 108 men competed and 62 passed — the women thus being a little more successful than the men.

But the establishment and growth of state secondary instruction for women is, perhaps, the most notable event in the history of female education in France. Prior to 1878 secondary instruction was very poor and very scarce, and was exclusively in the hands of the Church and private individuals. The state took no part in the work. In 1867 M. Duruy, then minister of public instruction, attempted to supply the want, in part at least, and founded courses of lectures (*cours*). But the Catholic Church vigorously combated the innovation, and public opinion did not seem to welcome it; so at the end of the first decade of the experiment, only some half-dozen *cours* appear to have taken root. Even in Paris, notwithstanding its population and the reputation of the professors, there were but 128 pupils at the *cours*. In 1892–93 the number of paying pupils was only 122.

It was not till 1878 that M. Camille Sée, then a deputy and now a member of the *Conseil d'Etat*, secured the passage of a bill which empowered the state to take upon itself the secondary education of girls,— "one of the fundamental creations of the Third Republic," says M. Berthelot, — and three more years had to elapse before the first girls' *lycée* — that of Montpellier — was actually opened. Up to 1881 not a single girls' *lycée* existed in all France, though boys' *lycées* dated from the days of the First Empire. At present, however, there are about thirty, and, in addition, nearly as many *collèges*, and some sixty *cours*.[1] The *lycées* and *collèges* have about 8000 pupils in charge of about 1000 teachers, 800 of whom are women and 200 men. Such is the brilliant result obtained in twelve years' time. From 1881 to 1887 the average annual increase of pupils in the *lycées* was about 550, the total number being 71 in the first, and 3330 in the last named year. In 1889 the total had risen to 3672, in 1891 to 4963, and in 1892 to 5625. The total for the *lycées*, *collèges*, and *cours* — that is, the whole number of girls receiving state secondary instruction of every kind — was, in 1892, 12,697. The preceding year the total had been 11,645, showing an increase for 1892 of 1052.[2] The following statistics of the diplomas delivered by the *lycées* show, in another way, the growing popularity of these schools. Thus, in 1883, eight girls were graduated in the five years' course, and 80 in the three years' course. In 1884 the figures were 37 and 153; in 1885, 85 and 253; in 1886, 95 and 336; and in 1887, 129 and 403. The cost of the whole state establishment for girls' secondary instruction was put down in 1887 at nearly three million francs. It has considerably increased since that time.

It is, of course, in Paris that these *lycées* have developed most rapidly. The capital already possesses three of them, and others will probably be established in the near future. It cost 1,650,000 francs to open the first — the Lycée Fénelon,— and 850,000 francs, the second — the Lycée Racine. That they meet a want is proved by the fact that, at the beginning of the school year 1892–93, the Fénelon was so crowded that the adding of an annex was discussed, and in the mean time a series of *cours* was established in the Faubourg Poissonnière. These *cours* were so overcrowded last winter that their erection into a *lycée* is contemplated.

[1] A French *lycée* may be likened to our best high schools. A *collège* is an inferior *lycée*, supported mainly by the department. A *cours* is supported by fees, and is less complete and more independent of the state than the *lycée* or *collège*.

[2] These statistics for 1891–92 have not yet appeared in any printed report, but are kindly furnished me by M. Elie Rabier, Director of Secondary Instruction at the Department of Public Instruction.

The curriculum of the *lycées* embraces morals, the French language, reading aloud, and at least one living tongue; ancient and modern literature; geography and cosmography; the history of France and an acquaintance with general history; arithmetic, and the elements of geology, chemistry, physics, and natural history; hygiene, domestic economy, sewing, the elements of common law, drawing, music, and gymnastics. This course of study covers five years, and is divided into two parts — the first of three and the second of two years. Diplomas are given at the end of the two years' course, and also for the completion of the full five years of study. If this program of studies be compared with that laid down for the boys' *lycées*, it will be evident that those who drew it up were governed by M. Legouvé's dictum, "*L'égalité dans la différence.*"

One of the objects which M. Sée and his republican colleagues had in view in passing the bill of 1878 was to offset the educational work of the convents, which were, and in fact are still, hostile to the republic. "It is a political law and also a social law," M. Sée said on one occasion. "I see only one inconvenience in this law, if well applied," remarked an English statesman; "it will render republican France too strong in Europe." "We cheerfully accept this prediction," exclaims M. Sée, in a burst of patriotism.

"The results have surpassed our hopes," said M. Sée in 1889. "We studied what other nations [1] had done, and we thereby saw so clearly what we ought to do ourselves, that we have outstripped them." One of these results was the establishment of two admirable normal schools,— the Superior Primary Instruction Normal School at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris, the like of which does not exist in any other country, M. Buisson [2] informs me, in that its pupils must be teachers before becoming pupils again, and which prepares principals and teachers for the primary normal schools and for the superior primary schools,— and the Superior Normal School of Girls' Secondary Instruction, which was founded in 1881 at Sèvres, also near Paris, and which is another creation of M. Sée, and it is the counterpart of the famous Paris Ecole Normale for men. The opening of these institutions called for an outlay of 2,400,000 francs in the single item of preparing the buildings. Between the years 1881 and 1887, 909 young women applied for admission, of which number 219 were received. In January, 1889, 153 of its graduates were professors in the various state institutions for girls, where they draw salaries ranging, in the *lycées*, from 4500 to 7000 francs per annum, and where they have aided in almost supplanting the male professors, who at first monopolized this field of work.

Progress may be reported also in the domain of higher or university education, as is evidenced by the following table, kindly furnished me by the director of superior instruction, which gives the number of female students during the past four years in all the state schools of France for higher education:

	1889–90	1890–91	1891–92	1892–93
Law	3	2	2	2
Medicine	142	104	123	119
Sciences	28	23	22	26
Letters	111	222	158	173
Pharmacy			1	3
Miscellaneous	4	8	5	10
Totals	288	359	311	333

Much of the honor for this result belongs to Laboulaye, who once told me that when women first began to apply for admission to the Paris Medical School, the matter was referred to him for resolution by the then minister of public instruction. In his report Laboulaye recommended that if women were ready to pass the same examinations as men they be granted the same privileges as men. This rule was accepted, and has been applied ever since pretty generally throughout the whole French state school system.[3]

Though many students in the above table are foreigners, the number of Frenchwomen pursuing studies in the universities is steadily on the increase, a result due in large measure to the existence of the girls' *lycées*. Thus, in 1892 there were eighteen Frenchwomen in the Paris Medical School alone, and five pursuing scientific studies, while in the course in letters Frenchwomen were in a great majority among the female students, there being 82 French to 15 foreigners. Commenting on these figures, a leading Paris paper [4] said: "It would seem, therefore, that women have definitely conquered a place in our universities. It is a revolution in our country accomplished pacifically, while women have been knocking in vain for years at the doors of the German universities."

Theodore Stanton.

The Question of Sex in Teachers' Salaries.

MR. M. BABCOCK, Deputy Superintendent of the Department of Public Schools of San Francisco, writes to us as follows: "In the June CENTURY, St. Paul is spoken of as the first city providing for equal pay for women and men teachers doing the same work. For the last nineteen years California has had a law recognizing the same principle. It reads as follows: 'Females employed as teachers in the public schools of this State shall, in all cases, receive the same compensation as is allowed to male teachers for like services, when holding the same grade certificates.'"

Mr. Babcock incloses a printed list of the schedule of salaries paid in the San Francisco school department in accordance with the above provision.

[1] In his report on his own bill, laid before the Chamber of Deputies in 1879, and which fills one hundred pages, the account of female education in the United States comes first, and opens with these words: "No country began earlier nor has done more or better than the American republic." This report, and several other volumes — some of them quite rare — bearing on woman's education in France, and used in the preparation of this letter, have been deposited in the library of Cornell University.

[2] Director of Primary Instruction at the Department of Public Instruction, and one of the leading authorities in France on pedagogics.

[3] One or two recent and rather remarkable examples of the very liberal way in which women are treated in official educational circles in France may be mentioned here. Last winter a graduate of the Paris Medical School, Dr. Blanche Edwards-Pillet, was made professor at the School for the Training of Male and Female Nurses in the Bicêtre Hospital. A few weeks later, Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin, LL. B., a graduate of the Paris Law School, was appointed to the chair of Domestic Law and Economy in the girls' *lycées* of Paris. Miss Klumpke — an American, by the way — was received by the late Admiral Mouchez as a special student in celestial mathematics, and appointed by him, while director of the Paris Observatory, head of the Bureau of Measurements, which important post she still fills with marked distinction.

[4] "Le Temps," February 10, 1892.

A Muzhik's Gratitude for the Gifts of Americans to Starving Russians.

MR. JONAS STADLING of Stockholm, author of the articles on the Russian famine in THE CENTURY for June and August, forwards the following translation of a letter which a Russian peasant addressed to the editor of the "Selsky Vestnik":

Through your paper I have learned that somewhere beyond the sea there is a country called America, and that there live merciful people who during our great distress gave us a helping hand, sending us large vessels with alms. Although I did not receive anything of the magnificent help from their hand, yet I rejoiced to think of some way of expressing to them my gratitude in remembrance of such an act in our dire distress, which we have had to pass through; and therefore I send three colored eggs for this day, when the whole world rejoices, and the angels in heaven sing, and even we sinful men here on earth sing with our mortal lips: *Christ is arisen!* Thus do also the poor people rejoice who have received this help from the Americans, and break out in exaltation singing to-day: *Christ is arisen!*

Thus far the letter to the editor. Inclosed was the following letter to the Americans, together with three colored eggs, which he asked the editor of "Selsky Vestnik" to forward to America. The letter reads as follows:

Christ is arisen! To the merciful benefactors, the protectors of the poor, the feeders of the starving, the guardians of the orphans,— to-day *Christ is arisen!* North Americans! May the Lord grant you a peaceful and long life and prosperity to your land, and may your fields give abundant harvest,— to-day *Christ is arisen!* Your mercifulness gives us a helping hand. . . . Through your charity you have satisfied the starving. . . . And for your magnificent alms accept from me this humble gift, which I send you, American commissioners, and to the entire America, for your great beneficence, from all the hearts of the poor, filled with feelings of joy. . . .

Yours in joy ever devotedly,

Theophan Lukjano Poluschkine,
Peasant from the government and district of Samara, the "volost" of Staradvorjansky, the village Vodjanay.

March 15, 1893.

The Apprentice System in Switzerland.

IT is with great interest that I have read your article, "The Disappearance of the Apprentice System," in the June number of THE CENTURY.

In Switzerland, ten years ago, the tradesmen found that there was a general decline of good workmanship, resulting mainly from insufficient apprenticeship. The Society of Swiss Tradesmen has laid down rules as to how long a youth has "to serve his time" at such or such a trade (between 2½ and 5 years), and at the end of apprenticeship he has to pass an examination. In many instances the boy has to pay from 300 to 500 francs, besides finding his lodging and board. Sometimes he gets a little pay the last year of his time.

The tradesmen knew they could not turn back to the old ways of the "guilds," but united in not employing workmen who have not served their regular time. On an average, there is one apprentice allowed to three workmen. With very few exceptions, this system has worked well; we have better workmen, and we are sorry that generally the best leave for your country.

I was glad to find such technical schools as the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn and the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. May not the further development of these schools help to solve this difficulty, if the tradesmen themselves will not or cannot take it in hand?

H. J. Burger,
Judge for the Graphic Arts from the Swiss Confederation.

CHICAGO.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

I. H. CALIGA.

MR. CALIGA is a native of Auburn, Indiana. In 1879, when twenty-two years old, he went to Munich, where he became a pupil of the celebrated Professor Lindenschmitt. He remained under his instruction until 1883, when he returned to Boston, Massachusetts. While in Munich, Mr. Caliga won several Academy medals. Although he is indebted to Munich for his art training, the pictures painted since his return home suggest little of the conventions of the Munich schools, and set forth only its best qualities. They are well drawn and constructed, are reserved and dignified in their brushwork, and show the thoughtful and earnest student.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Quits.

A DIALOGUE FARCE IN TWO SCENES.

I.

SCENE: An artist's studio. Sketches, drawings, paintings, and various properties displayed. An unfinished study upon an easel, before which PICTOR is at work.

PICTOR (*giving a touch or two to the canvas*): "There! That 's not so bad. I 've certainly never done anything much better. Strange how easy it is, sometimes. Now, I worked all day at that thing yesterday, and then rubbed it all out. It goes just like rolling off a log, this morning. If I can only keep steadily at it without being interrupted, it will be done this afternoon. But, confound it all! there 's sure to be some old bore poking around, and coming in just when I 'm doing the best work I 'm capable of. I 'll lock the door and lie low." (*Puts down palette and brushes, and rises to go to the door. Just then a knock is heard without.*) "I told you so! Come in!" (*Enter* SCRIPTOR.)

SCRIPTOR: "Thought it was a dun, I 'll bet."

PICTOR: "No — not exactly."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, it is n't your washwoman, this time. I thought I 'd drop in this morning to see whether you 'd starved yet. There 's one beauty about you artists, and that is the fact that it 's always easy to find you alone. Now at our office there 's always a lot of things going on — people coming in and going out — authors with manuscripts, and illustrators with sketches; so that we always seem busy, you know. There 's no repose in a publisher's office."

PICTOR: "Not like a studio, eh?"

SCRIPTOR: "Not at all. Oh, I suppose you do work sometimes; but then one would n't know it except for the pictures you manufacture."

PICTOR: "They can't grow, of course."

SCRIPTOR: "That 's what I say. But I never find an artist at work. They are 'just through,' or 'just going to begin,' or 'resting a little'—"

PICTOR: "We 're a lazy set, you know. All the world knows that."

SCRIPTOR: "You don't mind my smoking a cigarette, do you?"

PICTOR: "Have a cigar — there 's a box on the mantel."

SCRIPTOR: "No, thanks. I prefer a cigarette. That is, if you don't mind—"

PICTOR: "Oh, not at all. Light it, by all means."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. Got a match?" (*Laughs, and lights a cigarette.*) "What were you doing?"

PICTOR: "I was working — that is, idling, over that thing on the easel."

SCRIPTOR: "I see. May I ask what is it intended to represent?"

PICTOR: "Oh, it 's only a little landscape study."

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, yes. 'Early Morning in the Catskills'— or something like that, I suppose?"

PICTOR: "Yes; something like that."

SCRIPTOR: "It 's not done, is it?"

PICTOR: "No. I don't think I 'll leave the canvas bare in that corner."

SCRIPTOR: "Come, don't be sarcastic."

PICTOR: "I 'm not. I mean it."

SCRIPTOR: "It 's very nice." (*Examining it closely.*) "Some of it is first-rate. Really it is. I 'm not joking. There are good things in it."

PICTOR: "I 'm glad you like it."

SCRIPTOR: "I do really. You 're getting on. Why don't you send it to some exhibition?"

PICTOR: "I don't know but I will — that is, if you really think it 's good."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, of course I 'm no judge of art. I don't set up for a 'connoozer'— as they say in 'Parree.' But I know what I like, old boy, and there are some mighty good things in that."

PICTOR: "It 's good of you to say so. It 's rarely one can get a candid opinion."

SCRIPTOR: "You really like me to say what I think?"

PICTOR: "I hope I know how to take fair criticism. You know an artist can hardly judge his own work."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, then, if you won't mind my saying so, I think there 's one thing you ought to fix up a bit."

PICTOR: "Yes?"

SCRIPTOR: "Yes. There 's a tree over there, is n't there?"

PICTOR: "Yes; I meant it for a tree."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, I suppose it 's all right. But, do you know, it seems to me too green. Could n't you soften it a little? I don't know how you fix those things, myself — but you know all about it, of course. You could darken it up a bit, or even paint it out."

PICTOR: "Yes; I could."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, don't be offended. Of course I don't know. I only give my opinion for what it 's worth. Ah!" (*catching sight of another sketch on the wall*) "*that 's* better. If you were to make it look like *that*, it would improve it twenty-five per cent.— really it would!"

PICTOR: "But that is a dry day. This other was painted after a rain-storm."

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, that 's it, is it? Well, I would n't have thought of that. But maybe the name would have told that. 'After the Storm,' eh?"

PICTOR: "Well, I had n't quite decided on a name for it."

SCRIPTOR: "No? I suppose it 's safer to wait until it 's done before naming it. It 's a great scheme, old man. Paint a cow, and if it turns out a horse, all you have to do is to change the name. What else have you got that 's pretty or new?"

PICTOR: "Oh, I don't know. Look around if you like."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, I will. But go on painting, won't you? I 'd like to see how you do it."

PICTOR: "There 's no hurry. It can wait."

SCRIPTOR: "No doubt you feel sensitive about working when there is anybody here. You don't like to make mistakes when any one is looking on." (*Goes toward the wall, and examines the sketches, hastily passing from one to another.*) "I 'm just the same about shaving. I can't bear to shave when any one is watching me. I often tell Mrs. Scriptor so. She 's sure to begin telling me her plans for the day as soon as I have got well covered with lather. Hullo! Here 's a mighty fine-looking girl — who 's that?"

PICTOR: "It 's only a quick sketch. It 's meant for Miss Walton."

SCRIPTOR: "You 're joking!"

PICTOR: "No. It 's not very good; but, not to deceive you, I meant it for her."

SCRIPTOR: "Well, she 's a mighty nice girl. I always liked her. She comes of good stock, too. As good as any in the city. She —"

PICTOR: "Don't you know we are engaged?"

SCRIPTOR: "No, I did n't. That is — I 'm not certain, now you speak of it. I think I *do* remember congratulating you,— did n't I?"

PICTOR: "Oh, no doubt. Much obliged, I 'm sure. Yes, we have been engaged for over a year."

SCRIPTOR: "I believe artists always paint their lady-loves. What 's this thing?"

PICTOR: "That? Sort of an impression. It 's only a suggestion, you know — cloud effect."

SCRIPTOR: "Glad you told me. Why don't you artists ever finish these things? What 's the use of painting over the heads of the public?"

PICTOR: "You can't very well help it when you paint clouds."

SCRIPTOR: "Ha, ha! not bad. But really, you 'd sell a sight more if you 'd finish 'em up slick and smooth. I don't say it 's high art, of course; but I say that it 's business. And business is what goes nowadays, my boy."

PICTOR: "No doubt you are right. Why don't you study art? Maybe you 'd make a big thing of it, with your capacity for business!"

SCRIPTOR: "I never thought of it. I don't think I 'd care for it much. It 's pleasant enough when you 're sketching out of doors; but then there 's no great scope for a man in art. You just fix up a model, and then toil over it for weeks; and very likely you don't sell it,

after all. But I did n't come up here to talk art; and I would n't have got on the subject, only that you asked me. I came up to see you about a story of mine. Luckily it 's right in your line — society, you know, and evening-dress, and all that. And I thought maybe you could knock off a few striking pictures to it, like those Du Maurier things in 'Punch.' Then if the story is a go, why we can 'divvy' on the proceeds. I don't care for pictures, myself. But the women like them, and they 're the ones who read the magazine stories, they say. How does it strike you?"

PICTOR: "I would n't mind looking it over."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. Of course you don't know till you have read the manuscript. I 've brought it with me. Please take care of it, as it 's the only copy I have."

PICTOR: "Oh, I 'll take good care of it."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. Here it is." (*Hands manuscript to Pictor.*) "Well, I only came up for a moment. Good-by."

PICTOR: "Good-by." (*Exit* SCRIPTOR.)

PICTOR (*as soon as the door is closed*): "I did n't punch his head! The recording angel ought to put it down in red ink."

II.

SCENE: SCRIPTOR'S working-room. He is sitting before a table piled with magazines, manuscripts, papers, and various literary adjuncts. PICTOR enters after knocking. SCRIPTOR rises and shakes hands. He points to a chair, and PICTOR seats himself.

SCRIPTOR: "Well, old man, you are a rusher! I did n't expect you for a week more, at least. You can't have read the story through already."

PICTOR: "Oh, yes. Why not? You know I only need to skim them over."

SCRIPTOR: "I don't quite understand you."

PICTOR: "Why, you know, one learns just what to expect. I had n't read more than a page or two when I saw what you were driving at."

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, say now! This *is* tough!"

PICTOR: "Tough? How? Don't think I mean to criticize you, Scrip, my boy. I know how it is. You have to dash these things off to please the 'young girl of the period.' They sell — that 's all there is to it."

SCRIPTOR: "Then you did n't like it?"

PICTOR: "Like it? Oh, yes. First-rate, first-rate!"

SCRIPTOR: "Well, you have a queer way of putting things, it seems to me."

PICTOR: "How do you mean? You don't mean to say I 've hurt your feelings?"

SCRIPTOR (*rising and walking about*): "No, no. Of course not. I like to get an unprejudiced opinion. That 's what a writer wants."

PICTOR: "Well, it 's not for me to pick flaws in the thing, you know. I s'pose it 's all right. It 'll probably go somewhere. They print lots of rot nowadays. I 've seen plenty worse than this in print."

SCRIPTOR (*savagely*): "You 're very kind, I 'm sure. What 's the matter with it?"

PICTOR: "Why, I did n't say there was anything the matter with it, did I?"

SCRIPTOR: "No, not exactly. You only 'damned it with faint praise.'"

PICTOR: "I did n't think you were so touchy. You don't consider it as good as some of the things you 've written, do you?"

SCRIPTOR: "I don't know."

PICTOR: "Well I do, then. It is n't anything like so good as your story 'Room No. Thirteen.'"

SCRIPTOR: "Oh, hang it all! I hate the name of that piece."

PICTOR: "That 's always the way with you writers — you can never judge your own work. Now that story was *new*. The character of the old miser was a daisy! That was the best thing in it."

SCRIPTOR: "No doubt. That was the character Tom Parker wrote up for me."

PICTOR: "Well, I did n't know that."

SCRIPTOR: "But what 's wrong with this story?"

PICTOR: "I did n't say anything was wrong with it. But if you want me to criticize it, why did n't you say so? I thought you wanted me to illustrate it."

SCRIPTOR: "So I did; but I like to know what you think, all the same."

PICTOR: "I don't pretend to know anything about literature; but I know what interests me."

SCRIPTOR: "Go ahead, Pictor; tell me what you think of it."

PICTOR: "Well, it strikes me that it is n't in the best of taste to make the girl marry the widower."

SCRIPTOR: "What else could I do with her?"

PICTOR: "Blamed if I know. I don't pretend to write. I only tell you how it seems to me."

SCRIPTOR: "Never mind the plot. What struck you about the writing?"

PICTOR: "It was illegible."

SCRIPTOR: "You know what I mean."

PICTOR: "The literary style, eh? To tell you the truth, I am sick of reading love-stories. One would think that men and women were a lot of moon-sick loons, to judge by the things you fellows write."

SCRIPTOR: "I don't agree with you."

PICTOR: "Very likely not."

SCRIPTOR (*emphatically*): "I think it is the best thing I ever wrote."

PICTOR: "I don't see why."

SCRIPTOR: "I don't like to brag about my own work — but did n't you think the old gardener a pretty good piece of character? It ought to be: I drew him from life. He is Jabez McIntosh — my uncle's man. You 've seen him?"

PICTOR: "You mean the old fool who talked all that dialect in your story?"

SCRIPTOR: "Yes."

PICTOR: "Oh, that explains it. I skipped all that."

SCRIPTOR: "What the deuce did you do that for?"

PICTOR (*coolly*): "I never read dialect. I don't like the stuff."

SCRIPTOR (*indignantly*): "How did you mean to illustrate the story without reading it?"

PICTOR: "I skimmed it. Any old fellow will do for the gardener. I can't draw him talking dialect — can I?"

SCRIPTOR: "Of course you can't. I 'm not an idiot. I only wanted you to enter into the spirit of the story."

PICTOR: "That 's all right. I mean to. But I did n't see much to illustrate in it. I 've brought you up some sketches to see how you like them."

SCRIPTOR: "Let 's look them over." (*Goes to the*

desk, and Pictor displays rough sketches on wrapping-paper.) "What 's this first one?"

PICTOR: "That 's the shipwreck."

SCRIPTOR: "I can't make head or tail out of it." (*Turns it over and round.*)

PICTOR: "No wonder. You 've got it upside down." (*Turning it.*)

SCRIPTOR: "But I don't see anything."

PICTOR: "Use your imagination a little. It 's only a suggestion."

SCRIPTOR: "What 's this — a shark?"

PICTOR: "Heavens, no! That 's the heroine, clinging to a spar."

SCRIPTOR: "But goodness, man! She was only three years old! That is when she was an infant!"

PICTOR: "Are you sure?"

SCRIPTOR: "Sure? Did n't I write it?"

PICTOR: "Can't you change it to fit the picture?"

SCRIPTOR: "I never heard such cheek!"

PICTOR: "Well, then, I don't see anything exciting to illustrate in the story."

SCRIPTOR: "Why, it 's full of good society situations. There 's that scene after the ball."

PICTOR (*sarcastically*): "Yes, outdoors at black midnight. It 's a fine subject!"

SCRIPTOR (*chagrined*): "I 'd forgotten that. Well" (*reflecting*), "what could you do with the grizzly-bear fight?"

PICTOR: "Where am I to get a grizzly bear?"

SCRIPTOR: "What for?"

PICTOR: "To draw. Did you think I was going to evolve one out of a fur rug?"

SCRIPTOR: "How do I know? I did n't think artists had to be written down to. How would you like to have me write up a thrilling intrigue between two lay-figures?"

PICTOR: "You need n't talk nonsense."

SCRIPTOR: "I 'm not. I thought you were a good, all-round illustrator."

PICTOR: "Well, I am."

SCRIPTOR: "Then why can't you get something out of the story?"

PICTOR: "You ought to know. I did n't write it. I like something lively. These sketches of character of yours are all right, I suppose, but there 's nothing to draw in them."

SCRIPTOR: "Then you don't care to illustrate the story?"

PICTOR: "I 'm willing enough, but I don't think it 'll sell for much — to speak candidly. What you ought to do, Scriptor, is to write a good lively ballad — something like 'John Gilpin,' say. There 's life in that, and lots to draw."

SCRIPTOR (*in amazement*): "'John Gilpin!'"

PICTOR (*boldly*): "Yes, it 's a good lively old story, and has lots of stunning situations in it."

SCRIPTOR (*stiffly*): "I guess you don't care for the story."

PICTOR (*coolly*): "No. I can't say that I do. But I 'll sling off a half-dozen sketches for it. I 've no doubt they 'll do well enough for one of the cheap magazines."

SCRIPTOR (*with reserve*): "Really, if you 'll pardon me, I don't think I 'll ask you to illustrate the story. It may not be good for much, and you may judge it correctly; but I can't agree with you. So I 'll trouble you for the manuscript, if you please."

PICTOR (*apparently delighted*): "Oh, very well. And when will you do the 'John Gilpin' racket?"

SCRIPTOR (*losing his temper*): "Do you mean to insult me? Do you think I 'd write doggerel for you to peddle around the city?"

PICTOR: "I 'm not talking of the literary merits of the manuscript. I 'm only looking at it as an illustrator, that 's all. You need n't get huffy over it. If you 'll tell me what you want me to draw, I 'll draw it for you."

SCRIPTOR (*recovering himself*): "I beg your pardon, I 'm sure. You know we 'literary fellers' are apt to be touchy. No doubt your standpoint is different from mine."

PICTOR: "Of course. I meant no offense, I 'm sure. Only I can't see much to draw in the story."

SCRIPTOR: "That 's right. I like your frankness. Perhaps it 's just as well to let it go without pictures."

PICTOR: "No, no. I 'll get you up something. I 'll look her over again. Maybe there are some good things in it."

SCRIPTOR: "All right. But — could you let me have it pretty soon? I think I know where I can place it."

PICTOR: "Why, of course. I 'll bring it up in a day or two. Good-by."

SCRIPTOR: "Good-by." (*Exit* PICTOR. *As he closes the door,* SCRIPTOR *comes to the front with a look of despair.*) "I wish I 'd never let him have the story! He has no more appreciation of literature than an Eskimo has of ice-cream. Probably he 's out of temper because I criticized those old daubs of his, the other day. I do hate a man who 's lacking in fineness of feeling!"

Tudor Jenks.

A Song to Her.

(TO S. A. S.)

MY songs are all for her
  Whose love I fain would win:
Each to her heart, a wanderer,
  Goes singing: *Let me in!*

Her eyes my beacons be,
  Her lips my rosy guides,
And in her heart a melody
  For every word abides.

Be brave, be brave, my song,
  Nor falter in the quest:
Love in her heart has waited long
  To greet the singing guest.

And be it yours to know
  The latch lift on the door;
Once in her heart — Go, lyric, go!
  Be hers forevermore!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

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